Earliest Railroad Tunnel

The first railroad tunnel was the Woodhead tunnel, in England, which was begun in the spring of 1839. The first train passed through December 2, 1845. This was over what was known as the Manchester, Sheffield & Lincolnshire railway, now the Great Central division of the London & Northeastern rallway.

Modern Bell Towers

Modern examples of ancient bell towers are the campanile of the capital at Rome: Victoria tower, by Barry, at the houses of parliament, Westminster; the Great tower of the Basalique du Sacre Coeur, Montmartre, Paris, and the memorial tower in the Brown university campus at Providence, R. I.

Much Timber in Sequoia

Enough timber is contained in one of California's trees to build 22 homes of average size. This was announced by the state department of resources in conferring distinction upon a giant Sequola near Crannel, Humboldt coun-The tree is 308 feet high and 20 feet in diameter.

Yiddish 70 per Cent German

Yiddish is the most widely spoken dialect of the Jews. Its content is 70 per cent German, 20 per cent Hebrew and 10 per cent Slavic. Since the beginning of the Nineteenth century it has been used as a literary medium by Jewish writers .- Mentor Magazine.

Magnetic Fields

The bureau of standards says that magnetic lines of force are not electric currents. Imaginary lines are used to aid in depicting the direction and intensity of the magnetic field, which is a condition in space and not a flow of anything.

Boys' Names Changing

Names for boys are changing in fashlon, according to lists of pages at fashionable weddings in London, Davids, Peters and Michaels have given place to Jeremy, Timothy and Martin, while Julian, Simon and Brian are also popular.

Self-Rule First Lesson

All government-in the home, the school, the state-is only an aid to self-government. Nothing else really controls. No one is truly law abiding until he has learned to rule himself and to obey the voice from within .-Emerson.

Smoke Cuts Off Light

The smoke pall that hangs over the average American city cuts off as much as 42 per cent of daylight on sunny mornings, and as high as 18 per cent at noon, according to a survey made by the United States public health

Golf and Energy

A scientific investigation of energy shows that a man works as hard play. ing three rounds of golf as in plowing an acre of land, says the Montreal Gazette. And some players turn over as much sod as the plowman .- Toronto Globe.

Otherwise Alike

cities and Hades is that in the latter place they don't play such up-to-date music and it has fewer tall buildings. -American Magazine.

But Call It Smoke Screen

Titanium tetrachloride is the chemical used for smoke screens. It is a liquid which turns to a heavy smoke answer. when it comes in contact with the

Almond Cultivation

The origin of the almond species was in the Mediterranean basin, and the first important cultivation in the United States has been since 1890.

No Compromise With Sin

Not only commission makes a sin. A man is guilty of all those sins be hateth not. If I cannot avoid all, yet I will hate all .- Bishop Hall.

Point Farthest North

Cape Prince of Wales is the most northerly point of North America, lying opposite East cape on the coast of

Ocean "Rollers"

The extreme height of ocean waves has been estimated at 30 feet and their length at from 600 to 700 feet



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IDLE ISLAN

CHAPTER IX—Continued

-13-He had brought snowshoes for her, along with an invitation from the Captain and Gram for her to come to the Big House until the snow was over. But Gay did not wish to leave. Now that Rand had come, the beauty of the snowstorm was increased a hundredfold. At his urging, however, she went up to put on stout boots and knickers, for a s'ort run through the woods on snowshoes. Rand helped her through the window and slipped clumsy shoes over her boots showing her how best to plod along in

Gay floundered clumsily at first, but finally, with Rand holding he. hand, they set off into the woodland. There was no breath of wind. The air was clean, cold, but not stinging. It seemed to her that the snow that touched her lips tasted of salt. Constantly she cried out with delight, at the festooning of the trees, the draping of the rocks, and on the sea-side, the great caves of ice and snow which glistened and shone like jeweled castles towered and turreted. Never had she seen the water so dark a blue, so cold.

Tears came to her eyes, tears of wonder at the beauty of the snowwhite island, and she stumbled and fell, laughing. Rand helped her up and saw the tears that glistened on her red cheeks.

"You have hurt yourself!"

"No." She put her arms around him, looking anxiously into his eyes, eager that he should understand. "It is because it is so beautiful. Doesn't it make all the little things in the world seem petty, and foolish, and not worth struggling about?"

Rand bissed the tears from her cheeks. "I knew you would feel it. It always gives me an idea it must be sort of pleasant to be dead."

"Oh, no. They cannot see it." "No, but I dare say it feels as good as it looks. Are you happy,

"I never knew what a really happy moment was until-just now. I am laughing for joy, I am weeping for joy, I am adoring you for the same

Now and then a small scared rabbit stumbled through the snow-laden brushwood, scurried quickly to cover. A snow-bird chirped anxiously on a burdened bough. Once in a while, loosened by the sun, a little shower of snow pelted them.

"It's great fun being in love with you, Rand," she said. "It seems to give me a sort of mortgage on all the outside world."

When they had returned again to the window on the valley-side, Rand helped her up and unslung the snowshoes from her feet.

She put her hands on his shoulders. "Rand, I wish it could go on forever."

"Snowing?" "No. This. Having you like this, loving you like this, being with you like this." She drew him close to her, and held him tightly with her arms. "All of it. I love it. I never It seems to be the general idea that knew what it was to be so happy."

her, their cold lips warming to the caress. But his dark eyes were very dark indeed beneath the long lashes, and his smile was a little stern when he said:

"Would it be as dear, I wonder, if it were going to last forever? Or isn't it all the sweeter because it is just

for a year?" Gay held him closer. She did not

"Because you know, beloved," he said, and his smile was ready now, though his eyes were clouded dark, "I am everything in God's world that

you thoroughly do not like." "Yes. And the one thing in it that I love with my whole heart," she

whispered. "Well, I ought to be satisfied with that," he said cheerfully. "And so ought I," said Gay. But

CHAPTER X

In the early evening the snow began to fall again heavily, and the skies seemed fairly bursting with the weight of it. Rand came once more to the window, and swung up sitting on the sill, feet dangling into the snow, as he urged her again to come to the Big House until it was over. But Gay guarded jealously all the little secret intimate joys of her Island life. She felt that she would not willingly exchange one month of common luxurious living for the joy of greeting him like this in the peiting snow at her window-sill.

And as they both thought of it at once, they looked at themselves, considering their situation, and burst into merry laughter, for he, in his heavy outdoor garb, sat strumming his feet in the snow, while she beside him, turned satin slippers to the warmth of the cheerful room, and great flakes fell upon them both allke.

"Oh, never," she cried. "I wouldn't give up a minute like this. It is such fun to find you in odd and unexpected moments.'

Rand picked a great flake from her

hair, and kissed it as it melted. "You're such a plucky little devil," be said admiringly. "And for a city girl, too. Do they teach you bravery in Greenwich Village? Is courage for sale in the Broadway shops? I don't know a native state-of-Maine girl who would stay here alone in a snow

ETHELHUESTON

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"Oh, fools rush in," she quoted "I crave experience. I have never been snowbound. And it is so sweet having you risk the storming elements to see me.'

"Now if we were married," he said, "we could be snowed in together, and the rest of the world snowed out-for all the rest of our lives."

Gay's arm tightened about his shoulder. When she spoke, her voice, although she strove to make it light, was husky. "Not for the rest of our The spring would bring a thaw."

"And we'd fight, wouldn't we? Over who should shovel the snow? I'd say, Wife, dear,"—and then, as Gay flushed, he repeated it, teasingly-"'Wife, dear, you believe in work, you adore work, you worship work, therefore you shovel the snow."

Gay's warm lips silenced his mocking. Then she said, "Run along to thy feather bed, thou sluggard. Sleep, drowse and be lazy, for tomorrow you shovel my snow."

"But when you are snowboundlonely, alone-remember what I told you, we might be snowbound to-gether." And then he shot off suddenly into the storm, and Gay closed the window, smiling at it, merely because Rand had sat there. For her joy in his presence was an unceasing marvel to her.

All night long the snow fell, and whenever Gay turned and wakened she could hear the breathless kissing of flake on flake. And when morning dawned she was snowbound indeed. All her lower windows were blinded with it. Her plazza was solidly banked.

And it was Thanksgiving. They had planned for a party dinner at the Captain's, Alice Andover, Auntalmiry and Gay as guests, and after dinner, Rand and the Budleng boys had arranged to take the girls coasting. Now it was Thanksgiving-no dinner, no party, no Rand. It was a disconsolate Gay who wandered moping around the pretty house, from room to room. "Thanksgiving, brrr! Not a thing

in the world to be thankful for-until the snow melts-and Rand comes." She had no hope of getting out of her prison that day. The entire valley was plunged in snow. The Apple Tree was just a low white roof show-

ing in a high white plain. It was noon when she heard voices beside the pine tree that stood at her porch. She ran to the window of her bedroom and looked down. Rand and the Budlong boys were there. They had ropes, and a short ladder, and a basket. No need of a ladder to reach to the branches of the pine, for its lower branches were buried and Rand pulled himself up easily into the tree, while the boys below raised a long plank, steadled it against the tree, raised and shoved it slowly up to him. And wedging it firmly against the branches, Rand shoved it toward her, slowly, and at the end with a little hat lodged it upon her sill.

"I've come for Thanksgiving dinner," he said pleasantly, as though entering a formal reception room to a formal hostess.

"There's nothing to eat-but canned

things." "So I thought, I brought my own." And then Rand was up on the plank, and slowly, hand over hand, he inched his way out and toward the sill, a distance from the tree but a scant two feet, and Gay's hands

caught him when he landed. Then the boys tossed him the end of a rope, and the heavy basket was

"You needn't come back for me," he called. "I'll slide down into the snow. Won't hurt me. Thanks, boys. So long."

"You darling," Gay said. "I had no idea you would come. I said it was a terrible Thanksgiving, and I had nothing in the world to be grateful for, and I said the snow was hideous. Fancy that!"

All her life, Gay looked back to that as a perfect day. They were like two children in their galety, in their love. They giggled joyously over unpacking the basket the Captain's wife had filled for them. There was turkey, yes, with dressing, and cranberry sauce, and a little jar of gravy. Pickles, fruit cake, pie.

"It is Thanksgiving," Gay said solemnly. "It is Thanksgiving. You are my Thanksgiving, Rand, I am very grateful to you."

After dinner they pulled up the divan before the fireplace, and sat together, very close, and Rand smoked, while Gay, both arms about him, stroked his hair, ran slender teasing fingers under his collar, touched gently the healing scar on his forehead. "I never expected to be so much in

love," she said happily. "Don't you ever expect to be more in love than this?"

"No, no. Oh, no. I hope not. I should die of it." Then she added slowly, "Rand, you think I do not really



"You're Such a Plucky Little Devil," He Said Admiringly.

love you. You think it is sort of halffun, half-thrill-sort of a fly-by-night

affair, don't you?" "I think you love me as much as you can, perhaps. But you and I-we are allke-we cannot love-love greatly. Too selfish. You think too much of getting things done. I think too much of my own pleasure. We can't love greatly because we always put ourselves first."

"I love you greatly," she said indignantly. "Too greatly. So greatly I cannot eat, sleep or work for thinking of you."

That's not love. That's-sensation. How long do you think that sort of thing will last? It will be over in a year-if it endures so long."

"Do you honestly think that, Rand? That this beautiful feeling I have for you will last only a year?" "How long does it usually last with

you? How long did it last the last "Oh, Rand. It was never like this,

never." "It never is, while it lasts. And when it comes again-it is never like

this, either." Gay stirred restlessly in his arms. "I don't believe it. It will last. It has the feeling of-eternity itself-about

They were silent for a while. "Gay," he said seriously, "this is

Monastery in Russia Place of Pilgrimage

The most strongly fortified monas- | to indicate what little fear they had tery in the world is at Solovetsk, in Archangel. This monastery is inclosed on every side by a wall of granite bowlders, which measures nearly a mile in circumference. The monastery itself is very strongly fortified, being supported by round and square towers about 30 feet in height, with walls 20 feet in thickness.

The monastery in reality consists of six churches, which are the repositories of many valuable statues, and also of precious stones. Upon the walls are mounted huge guns, which in the time of the Crimean war were directed against the British White Sea squadron.

The monks who inhabited the monastery at that time marched in procession on the granite walls while the shells were flying over their heads,

Two Church Designations

The word "protestant" includes nany churches, the Protestant Episcopal and the Methodist Episcopal among them. The word "protestant" came into use at the time of the Ref. ormation both in England and on the continent. It stood for a protest against the Roman Catholic church. The name is not particularly significant at this time when all of the churches are drawing closer together. -Brooklyn Eagle,

of an attack by the British fleet.

Thousands of people come annually to Solovetsk from various parts of Russia to view the churches and the relics. They are conveyed in steamers commanded and manned solely by the monks.

Poor Spelling Common

Poor handwriting and incorrect spelling are faults not confined to the poor and ill-educated, asserts Will West in Liberty. "As for styles of writing, I'd say that bad handwriting, like Chanel blue and reptile leathers, is very good this year. The better the financial circumstances of the writer, the worse, it seems, is the scrawl,

"Spelling-let's be kind," the writer continues, "but even the 'grand dame' stoops to 'payed' for 'paid.' 'Arctics' are almost invariably 'artics,' while for 'leggings' the more Chaucerian 'leggins' is usual. With 'hats' and 'shoes' and similar monosyllables most women do well, but 'sequins' become 'sequences' and 'suede' is repro-duced as 'swede,'"

Dangerous Curiosity

Curlosity is a kernel of the forbidden fruit which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking .-

something you don't know. The only way to hold a treasured thing isby treasuring it. Keeping it. Guarding it. Sacrificing for it. A treasure has to be treasured-or pouf-tinsel, paste, the gold just gilded. An untreasured treasure is worth nothing. You don't realize that."

"Do you, Rand, do you realize it?"
"Too well ! do." He laughed. "I realize it well enough but- What? My birthright for a mess of pottage?

"Oh, Rand! Am I a mess of pot-

tage?"

"Yes, you are one of the fleshpots of Egypt," he said, laughing. "The dearest-the sweetest-the most savory fleshpot- And I should trudge right off in the desert and wash my hands of you. But I think," and he paused to kiss her, "I think I'll stick around a while."

. It was the fifteenth of December, when island, bay and sea were finally exwrapped in the tight cold bands of wirfer, that Auntaimiry climbed the snow-covered slope to Gay's door. She said she had come for a long talk, a nice cozy afternoon. She still wore her mantle of joyous excitement, of laughter, but beneath it, she was tired, a little old woman of seventy-six years, a heavy weight of time for one

They had tea, they sewed, they talked. Gay told her many little bits of island gossip which she had from Rand. When she mentioned Alice Andover at last, Auntalmiry sparkled.

"A good woman," she said warmly. 'I've never known a better, for all her administrating. My dear, can you keep a secret? Yes, I know you can. Dearie, I'm going to have a Christmas

party, after all." And then, flushing with excitement, sparkling youthfully, she told Gay all about it. She could not bear to give it up, she would rather die than give it up, she thought indeed she would die if she must give it up. But she was curiously conscientious. What was given to her, she accepted cheerfully. But what was denied, she had no right to take. They had put a limit on her, and this limit she was bound in honor to respect. Ah, but there were a thousand devious little ways to circumvent a limit, to stretch it, honorably and fairly.

She was old, her appetite was small, her wants modest, and both appetite and wants could be stinted a little. Not that she called it stinting! She called it "handling."

What did she want, at her age, with all those glasses and jars of fine, rich, home-made jellies and fruits? Why, it was sheer extravagance, wasting such fineness on a little old shriveledup woman like Auntalmiry-extravagance, no less. So she had taken it, all her precious store, a little at a time, over to town and sold it. Indeed the shops were very glad to get such quality, and gave her a good

price for it, cash. And she had other things, too, things she never used, things that were just vanity for an old woman to keep in a drawer, and look at sometimes, and fondle lovingly, and show off to admiring visitors, fine bits of lace, silken scarfs, delicate embroideries, old gold pins, gifts that had been brought to her by friends, people who loved her, returning from trips to the city and tours abroad, from the Orient, from Italy, Paris. Why should she keep those delicate and lovely things just because she loved to look at them? Sheer vanity. And so she sold them, sold them all. No one would ever know. Gay

wouldn't tell. And then she acknowledged her need of Gay. The Apple Tree was so small, so crowded. Gay had offered the use of the Lone Pine for a party. Had she made the offer in good faith?

"Because," she said, "there's no room to dance in the Apple Tree." Oh, yes, they danced at Auntalmiry's party. It began at five o'clock, the party for the sake of the bables, and the smaller children, of whom there seemed to be disproportionately many. So it was a baby's party first, when the tree was lighted, and the children danced about it with their candies and nuts and fruits and gifts, and there was a noisy champing Santa Claus.

And then, very early, for the snow was always heavy and the night cold, the parents trundled the bables away home to bed, and the others stayed on and danced. "Danced," Auntalmiry said joyously, "until two, three, and last year, until four o'clock in the morning. Think of it, until four-* "I suppose you went on to bed and

couldn't sleep for the noise-"

"I! Go to bed! Indeed I didn't. I stayed up, and I danced a little myself. I danced with Rand three times. Oh, I had a little cold afterward-not much-I was in bed a while. I'll never hear the last of that silly little cold. I think last year was the nicest party of all-except the very first one -fifty years ago-when Buddy, my son, was born. I told you about that. He would be older than you-fifty years." She smiled at Gay. "Do you know what I think? I think Buddy may be that Unknown Soldier down in Washington. I have thought so from the first. He would be in the war, I know, he was so daring, he loved a fight. Some time-maybe next year-I shall do without the Christmas party, and instead I shall go down to Washington, and stand there, and think it is Buddy. Poor Buddy! He always thought right, he always meant right. But things always went wrong. That kind of a boy, heart full of im-

pulse, hands full of mischief, head full of nonsense. Fifty years." Then Gay put away all her work and gave up the rest of the time to getting ready for Christians.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Improved Uniform International

Sunday School Lesson

Lesson for May 6

GREATNESS THROUGH SERVICE

LESSON TEXT-Mark 9:33-37; 10: GOLDEN TEXT-For even the Son

of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life ransom for many. PRIMARY TOPIC—Doing as Jesus

JUNIOR TOPIC-The Way to Be Great.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOP-IC—How to Be Truly Great.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOP-IC—Jesus' Standard of Greatness.

Jesus with His disciples was on His way to Capernaum for the last time. He was soon to leave for Jerusalem where He was to die on the cruel cross for the sins of the world. He sought retirement in order to make clearer to the disciples the meaning of the cross. They were yet unable to understand Him. It was a most pitiable sight to behold the Son of God facing humiliation and death or man's salvation and even the disciples failing to understand the mean-

ing of His suffering. I. The Disciples Disputing as to Who Shoul Be the Greatest (Mark

9:33-37). 1. Jesus' searching question (v. 33). His omniscience enabled Him to discern their secret thoughts. The fact that the disciples were wrangling about official position while Jesus was facing humiliation and death shows how completely He was alone in the

2. The silent disciples (v. 34). The revelation of the selfishness of their hearts made them ashamed in His presence. The realization that the eye of the omniscient Lord is over us is the sure and only cure for selfish wrangling among Christians.

3. The stinging rebuke (vv. 35-37). (1) "If any man desire to be first the same shall be last of all and servant of all." True greatness expresses itself in being willing to take the last and least place and to be a servant of others.

(2) His teaching illustrated (vv. 36, 37). This He did by an acted parable of placing a little child in their midst. A little child is a symbol of dependance and ignorance. By word and example He showed that true greatness is expressed in willingness to aid the weak, instruct the ignorant, and

serve the needy. The Ambitious Request of James and John (Mark 10:35-45).

1. What it was (vv. 35-37). It was for the positions of pre-eminence in the kingdom. Christ had told them of the awful agony of the cross and also of the glory which should follow. While their request reveals pride and selfish ambition, yet faith in their Lord and a right desire were not wholly lacking. It was not entirely for their personal glory that they made this request, but because of their personal desire to be with

their Lord. 2. Jesus' reply (vv. 38-45). (1) To James and John (vv. 38-40). Their misconception rebuked,

"Ye know not what ye ask." b. Positions of glory in Christ's kingdom are earned, not obtained through favor or arbitrary assignment. The way to honor is through suffering. The cup which they were to drink was all that was embraced in the agony of the cross. Christ conceded that the positions which they craved were obtainable, but in a different way from what they thought. The way to places of glory in

self-forgetful service and suffering. (2) To the ten disciples (vv. 41-45). a. Their displeasure (v. 41). The ten disciples were displeased with the request of James and John. Their displeasure was because they were not free from the same selfish ambition; their action was not prompted by righteous indignation.

Christ's kingdom is through lowly,

b. True greatness declared (vv. 42-45). To minister to others is greater than to be ministered unto (v. 43). Among the Gentile nations, greatness was conceded to those who exercised authority over others. This is the world's conception today. Among the followers of Christ a different standard prevails. The standard of Christ's kingdom is to forget self in devoted service to others, even to the giving of one's life. The supreme example to be followed by all is Jesus Christ Himself. His whole life was spent in going about doing good, and on the cross of Calvary He made the supreme sacrifice in providing a ransom for many.

Foundations Necessary

The wise seek "the city which hath foundations."-Southern Methodist. Be of Good Cheer

Let us be of good cteer, remember-

ing that the misfortunes hardest to

bear are those which never come .-

Lowell.

Ministers The world looks at ministers out of he pulpit to know what they mean when in it.-Cecil.

God's Benefits

All eyes see God's benefits, but few see God.-Mark Guy Pearse.