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GALLOWAY.—Second Monday in April—term three weeks; First Monday in August—term two weeks; Second Monday in November—term three weeks.

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And the moon will shine high o'er the hill
And the dawn will arise from the chill and the shade
That the world may strive on with a will.
The present 'tis nothing. The light shines ahead,
And this moment, with sorrow so vexed,
Will be swiftly forgot, 'mid the joys to be spread
To-morrow—or day after next.

No matter how long you have waited to claim
The prize which your fancy holds dear,
The day yet to come has been ever the same,
A beacon resplendent with cheer.
Till on. We are sure to o'erstep it at last;
And by trifles no longer perplexed,
We will all be at peace. We will smile at the past,
To-morrow—or day after next.
—Washington Star.

THE BROKEN CIRCUIT
BY C. T. JACKSON.

The "troubleman" sat on the wash bench on the sunny side of the operator's shack at Van Dorn's, listening to the drip of water from great drifts of snow that crested the cabin and gazing over the valley and all the country, which, buried by the four days' April blizzard, glared in white splendor that pained the troubleman's eyes. Van Dorn's camp was the temporary terminus of the new railroad. Since the close of tracklaying in the previous November the operator and Jimmy Wardwell, lineman and general man in charge of the newly-constructed line, had hibernated together in the blizzards.

The last mile of the line was a cut around the base of a mighty hill, and the cut made a curving terrace, with the Root river below on one side and the rocky wall on the other. The distance to the last station was four miles, if one went straight over the high ridge that the track skirted.

To-day the ticker had joyously told the two men that their hibernation was ended. Then an engine and snowplow had pushed through the cut and to the siding at Van Dorn's, where the expectant men greeted the crew with a cheer and a boiler of hot coffee. A construction train with men and material was due in a few hours, and the train dispatcher had wired instructions to hold the snowplow at Van Dorn's until the construction train should have arrived. The instrument on the table was still clicking merrily some further message, but the ticker suddenly stopped and no assuring response flashed back. The operator watched the sounder, tested the instrument carefully and then whistled to Jim and the snowplow crew, who sat around the stove.

"Trouble on the line, Jim, somewhere—line is dead. Now what do you suppose is up? Circuit's broken between here and Elwood. Something more about the work train he wanted to say. Jimmy, lad, here's your first job this season—trouble, trouble, and the troubleman must hunt it up."

Now Jimmy was a young lineman on his first season, and at the announcement of "trouble" he was in a fever to be up and doing, as a lineman must. "Troubleman" is the term applied to the men on each division who hasten to repair the wires wherever trouble occurs. Although Jimmy was division superintendent as well as lineman, trouble at Van Dorn's was scarce, and there had not been enough to take the boy 100 yards from camp all winter. By way of pastime he had improved himself in the art of the clicking keys, although he had been a fair operator before.

"You can't do much with it, lad, if it's a break," said the operator, "but just locate the trouble, and when the crew gets in there'll be help to raise the wires through those drifts. No need to worry, for the train will have a clear run from Elwood."

So Jimmy tramped gayly down the cut with his lineman's kit and a pocket relay, which linemen seldom carry, as few of them understand telegraphy or have need to tap the wires. Half way around the curve, where the rock wall rose almost to the top of the pole, the young man found his trouble. A branch of a gnarled oak on the hillside had split from the trunk and had borne the wire down into the cut and buried it in the snow.

"I can't do much with that," said Jimmy, "but I'll climb the pole and look over the country."

While he was strapping his steel spurs around his ankles he noticed that the hillside snow frequently overhung the rock wall and was dropping in sodden masses into the cut. When he had climbed to the cross-arms of the pole and glanced up at the shining fields of the hilltop, 400 feet above him, a small cottonwood tree half way up the slope cracked sharply in the silence and crows flew cawing from the leafless branches.

"It looks queer," said the lineman.

"I do believe the whole hill is coming down!"

Far up the dazzling bluff beat a white surf of heaving snow. It grew swiftly to a crumpled, rolling wall, with the tangled brush and timber disappearing beneath it. Along the wall about Jimmy great drifts were falling suddenly into the cut; but it was not until the rushing snow was sweeping about his pole that the lineman dropped from his perch, to be buried beneath the dirty avalanche which ended its wild career on the ice-bound river below. All traces of the railroad track were obliterated in its path.

The young lineman was senseless for a little while. When he recovered consciousness he perceived nothing but vague darkness about him. His body was numbed by the pressure of the snow, but his arms and head were free. His head struck the trunk of a tree when he struggled to sit up, and all about him the tangled branches held back the debris from above. He pressed back the snow until he could drag his bruised body along the side of the wall, where he saw dimly that the brush and timber had fallen to form the narrow crevice which had saved his life.

A stealthy creaking and settling of the mass, with occasional slight falls of snow and fragments of rock and bark, made Jimmy think it would be dangerous to attempt to get out. But the April sun would swing around the western slope that afternoon, and so soften the snow that the masses above him would inevitably fall. Now or never he must get out. He crept along, crushing the snow down with his shoulders, until his head struck a cold, taut wire running diagonally from the oak branches up along the wall.

The wire! It recalled the construction train! Had it left Elwood? Around the great base of the hill and into Van Dorn's cut it might be speeding, with the 90 men of the outfit, to be hurled over the bank into the river or dashed against the rocky wall. The slide had come just where the sharp curve hid the track ahead, and there could be no warning before the train dashed into the barricade of logs, snow and boulders.

The lineman lay face down, thinking of the jovial, red-shirted crew who had welcomed him kindly and considerately when he came, a "tenderfoot," into Van Dorn's rough camp. He must try to save those men.

Jimmy tried to crawl back, thinking dizzily that he might find an outlet and flag them if not too late. A mass of snow fell heavily into his former resting place, and he dug his way up over it until he struck the telegraph wire again and attempted to tear it away from his path. He took the clippers from his kit and snapped it off, and then a new idea dashed through his mind. Was the wire still intact beyond the avalanche?

Which way did it lead from his dim tomb? If it was unbroken and free from contact with everything else except the dry snow he might use it to avert evil. Jimmy took the little relay from its case, and, pressing out the snow about him, quickly wound the loose end of the wire around the connecting post of the instrument. Then he connected the section of wire he had cut off to the other brass post and buried the free end in the ground underneath the snow, knowing that to ground the current beyond his relay would complete the circuit with any station on the line.

Then the sharp metallic clicking of the keys came with such startling swiftness that Jimmy shrank back in the darkness with an awed cry.

"Train due Elwood 1:45. Through there to Van Dorn's without stop, as instructed before. What's the matter Van Dorn's? Nothing from there since snowplow arrived."

It was the man at the last station beyond Elwood who was talking.

The operator at Elwood began to reply, but Jimmy Wardwell, with a cry as if the instrument could voice his impotent protest, seized the relay with trembling fingers on the keys and broke in:

"Flag that train! Hold that train! Slide on the track in cut. This is Van Dorn's—Wardwell. Flag that train unless too late—too late."

Then the clicking sounder brought Elwood's message: "What's that? What's matter with you? Train coming in past siding now." He evidently did not understand.

Jimmy flashed back one more desperate appeal:

"Slide in cut. Track destroyed. Flag train quick, quick, get out!"

No answer came, and in the darkness the lineman hammered unintelligibly on the keys. "He'll do it, he'll save 'em!" he muttered, deliriously; and the man beyond Elwood

began to ask what it was all about, as he had not interpreted all of Jimmy's messages. Then Elwood clicked back the glad news that he had held the train, and an excited demand for an explanation was coupled thereto.

Ten minutes later the operator rushed out to the engine, where the gang foreman and the engineer were arguing whether the tough bit of work ahead was through brown sandstone or just ordinary limestone.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "There's been a slide somewhere in the cut, and that pink-cheeked boy at Van Dorn's swears that he's telegraphing to me from under the top of the whole blamed hill! I don't understand what he's driving at, but you'd better run in slowly and see what's up."

The 90 men of the construction gang spent the rest of the afternoon in finding what was "up," or rather down. When they had traced Jimmy's hiding place, by means of the wire, and had carried him back to the station it was commonly agreed that the troubleman at Van Dorn's had undergone an experience interesting and unusual in a lineman's first year.—Youth's Companion.

TITLES ABROAD.

Often Discarded by Italians of Rank, Also by Famous Frenchmen.

Italians of rank discard titles on their visiting cards. A prime minister's wife is on the square of Bristol board simply Emilia or Giula, or Lavinia X—, though the husband may have a title. I remember, when unfamiliar with any but British ways, seeing with surprise the visiting card of a marchesa of tip-top standing in Venice. It bore merely her Christian name—Catherina—and surname. American and English ladies who marry into the Italian nobility are more tenacious of their right to parade their titles on visiting cards. The modern Greeks have only two titles, that of the king and his eldest son. The other children are called princes from Vienna westward. But two of them, in a trip round Europe, inscribed themselves in hotel registers as prince of Nowhere and count of Nothing-at-All. The titles were in Greek, written in Roman letters. The imperial children are only once styled by professors and governesses by their official title. This done on the day in which they first see them. Ever after they are Nicholas, Alexandrovitch, Olga, Nicholaiovna, or whatever their names may be.

Frenchmen who have risen to great heights of fame like to drop the prefix. Victor Hugo felt belittled when Lord Lyons addressed him as "M. Victor Hugo, Senateur." He would have liked instead: "Victor Hugo, dans son Avenue" (l'Avenue Victor Hugo). Thiers, when president of the republic, remained "M. Thiers" on his visiting card. Gambetta was only "Leon Gambetta." The love of titles is just as barbarous as the pride the red Indian takes in a crown of feathers and a girdle ornamented with scalps. The wish behind it is to lord it over one's fellow. It kills true sociability and tends to perpetuate a wrong standard of human worthiness. Countries where titles are held in greatest account are the most vulgar, save, perhaps, in Switzerland. But I imagine that English titles, if multiplied as they have been within the last decade, will be of small value 30 years hence, because common. In Portugal noblemen, unless "bosses" owing to wealth or some other distinction, are of very small account indeed. The great occupation of the late King and Queen Pia was inventing titles for future nobles. They generally sold them. I dare say the present king ekes out his civil list in the same way.—London Truth.

Remarkable Photographic Films.

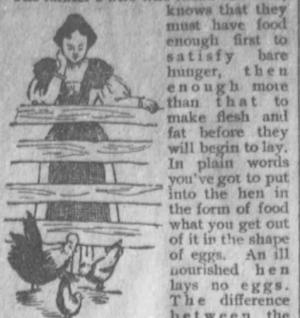
A remarkable collection of films for moving picture machinery is now being developed at the laboratory of Mr. Edison in West Orange. The pictures are of the Klondike and are intended for the exhibit at the Paris exposition. The entire series will show actual life in the Klondike as it has never before been shown. The positive pictures on the film are nine times the size of the ordinary ones, and in order to use the larger film it was necessary to reduce the speed of the camera from 45 to 20 pictures a second. The reduction of speed has, of course, resulted in a gain in clearness.

Trusting.

A woman often trusts a man with her heart, though she wouldn't let him hold her purse five minutes.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Not a Knowledge of Art.

Knowing the names of a lot of artists is not a knowledge of art.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.



The farmer's wife who raises chickens, knows that they must have food enough first to satisfy bare hunger, then enough more than that to make flesh and fat before they will begin to lay. In plain words you've got to put into the hen in the form of food what you get out of it in the shape of eggs. An ill nourished hen lays no eggs. The difference between the farmer's wife and her chickens is that she fancies she can take out of herself in daily cares and toils what she does not put back in the form of nourishment for nerve and body. But she can't. Sooner or later the woman who tries it breaks down.

The warning signs of physical breakdown are, among others, headache, weak stomach, flatulence, pain in side or back, difficult breathing, palpitation of the heart. These are only some of the indications of a derangement of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. The one sure remedy for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood and nourishes and invigorates the nerves.

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Account of Meeting of Southern Association the I. C. R. R. will sell round trip tickets to Memphis on Dec. 25th, and 26th, at rate of One Fare plus \$2.00. Return tickets limited to Jan. 8th.

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