

making an omelet in a kitchen that had begun life as a closet, while Mr. Morton put up shelves and hooks and Mr. White tacked green burlap over gloomy wallpaper. Groceries and kitchen utensils and amusing make-shift furniture kept arriving in exciting profusion. They had not dreamed that there was such happiness in the world.

"If only mother will forgive, it will be simply perfect!" they told each other when they settled down for the night in their hard little cots. They said that many times in the days that followed. The utter joy of work and freedom and simplicity had no other blemish.

For five weeks Mrs. Baldwin remained obdurate. Then, one Sunday afternoon, she appeared, cold, critical, resentful still; lifted her eyebrows at the devices of their light housekeeping; looking disgusted when they pointed out from the window the little cafe where they sometimes dined; and offered to consent to their social retirement if they would give up the teaching and come home. The twins were troubled and apologetic, but inflexible. They had found the life they were meant for; they could not give it up. If she knew how happy they were!

"How, with your bringing up, you can enjoy this!" she marvelled. "It isn't respectable—eating in nasty little holes alone at night!"

"But it is a nice, clean place, and Mr. White and Mr. Morton are nearly always with us," Dora began, then broke off at an expression of pleased enlightenment that flashed across her mother's face. "They are just very good friends," she explained gravely; "they don't take us as girls at all—that is why we have such nice times with them. We are simply comrades, and interested in the same books and problems."

"And they bother about us chiefly because we are a sort of sociological demonstration to them," Dora added. "They like experiments of every kind."

"Ah, yes, I understand," assented Mrs. Baldwin. "Well, you certainly are fixed up very nicely here. If you want anything from home, let me know. After all, it is a piquant little adventure. If you are happy in it, I suppose I ought not to complain."

She was all complacence and compliment the rest of her visit. When she went away the girls glanced uneasily at each other.

"She took a wrong idea in her head," said Dora. "I do hope we undecieved her. It would be hard for her to understand how wholly mental and impersonal our friendship is with those two."

"Well, she will see in time, when nothing comes of it," said Dora confidently. "That's their ring now. Oh, Dora, isn't our life nice!"

Mrs. Baldwin, passing down the shabby front steps, might have seen the two men approaching, one with an armful of books and the other with a potted plant; but she apparently did not recognise them, for she stepped into her carriage without a sign. The visit seemed to have left a pleasant memory with her, however; her bland serenity, as she drove away, was not unlike that of the cat which has just swallowed the canary.

### Overwhelmed by an Avalanche.

#### GREAT RAILWAY DISASTER IN AMERICA.

Latest American files give thrilling particulars of the sensational accident which occurred at Wellington, Washington, U.S.A., on March 1. Owing to a blizzard a mail and passenger train were blocked at the base of a mountain, and near a tunnel, when a terrific avalanche, carrying with it huge boulders and tree trunks, swept down the sheer mountain side without a moment's warning, and buried the cars under tons of snow and debris.

The night before the slide happened a party of ten men went to seek aid—walking along the rails through rain and snow to the nearest town. The story of one of the survivors gives a graphic picture of the peril in which the passengers stood.

"The train," said he, "was carrying fully 70 passengers. At about 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning we were stopped at the east portal of the Cascade tunnel. We stayed there until Friday, getting our meals at the bunkhouse, two meals a day. On Friday night we left the east portal, and an hour later, as we

afterwards learned, an avalanche wiped out the station and bunkhouse, killing two men. We pulled through the tunnel as far as Wellington, which is about half a mile from the west portal. At Wellington there are three tracks. On the track nearest the mountain side stood a private car, two box-cars, the engine and three of the electric motors. On the second track stood my train, consisting of an engine, baggage car, two coaches, two sleepers and an observation car. On the third track stood the fast mail, on which were 16 to 18 mail clerks. About 18 track labourers were also sleeping on this train in the day coaches."

And he continues: "All this time it snowed continuously, with terrific winds driving the drifts. There was only coal enough to maintain the heat of our coaches, which was absolutely necessary, because of the sick people aboard. For this reason we abandoned a plan to run our train back into the tunnel."

The ten men, after great privations, reached the town of Skykamish, where they sought aid, but before it could be sent a man came, breathless and exhausted, into the town to tell of the appalling disaster that had befallen.

"All wiped out," he cried. "Nothing but smooth snow where the track stood, and the train dumped into the canyon! Nobody can tell how many were killed."

All the wires were down, and no further news could be got, and because the avalanche and the blizzard had buried the lines under impassable drifts no help could be sent for some time; but eventually three relief trains, with food and men, went down. But the cars had fallen 150ft. and were buried under a mass of snow and debris packed hard as cement. Though the relief gangs worked continuously, there were but few saved.

Not only the most of the passengers were lost, but a large number of labourers, who were clearing the track, were also killed, and of 110 people estimated to have been overwhelmed, only 20 escaped serious injury. Eleven passenger cars, three locomotives, four electric motors, one rotary snow-plough, the rotary shed and the sand house were swept away by the slide; the wreckage was strewn over half a mile, and of all the railway equipment all that could be discovered was splintered timbers—the rest lies hidden under many feet of snow until the thaw comes next summer.

### An American Palace.

The magnificent Fifth Avenue palace of ex-United States Senator W. A. Clark, the finest private residence in the United States, is now ready for occupancy, after having taken seven years to construct, at a cost of £1,400,000. Mr. Clark, who owns some of the richest mines in the West, and who is many times a millionaire, with an income of £2,500,000 a year, or nearly £7000 a day, will move into the house with his family after he has given up his present residence in Paris. The house is at the corner of Seventy-seventh street and Fifth Avenue, overlooking Central Park. It is seven storeys high, and contains 121 rooms, including thirty bathrooms, a Turkish bath, swimming pool, picture gallery, theatre, statory hall, ballroom, conservatory, and roof garden. There are £400,000 worth of paintings in the picture gallery, and £200,000 worth of rugs are scattered about the house. An unusual feature of the residence is an enormous quantity of bronzes, used for decorative purposes, inside and outside the structure. Magnificent tapestries and beautiful marbles abound on all the floors. The furniture is of Louis XIV, XV, XVI, and Empire styles. Experts searched from one end of France to the other to obtain original pieces. The Empire ceiling of an old chateau was brought from France for one of the rooms of the house. The most striking feature of the mansion is a lofty granite tower, surmounted by an open loggia, 163ft above the sidewalk, from which a splendid view can be obtained of the waters about New York. Beneath the lower part of the tower is the conservatory, which projects over the street. The public will be admitted once a week to the house, as if it were a royal palace, for the purpose of viewing Mr. Clark's fine art collections. The mistress of the house was married to Mr. Clark in 1895. She was Miss Ada La Chapelle, daughter of a Canadian doctor who was an intimate friend of Mr. Clark. When the doctor died he was not wealthy, and he left his young daughter in Mr. Clark's care as her guardian.



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