

knees and thank your merciful Saviour for His everlasting love and pity.'

Her voice rose so loud that the nurse, waiting in the hall, hurried into the room.

'Don't be frightened,' she said, leading the now exhausted old lady away.

'Mrs. Marsham has had great trouble lately; she insisted on coming to you; she seemed to think—' She broke off, startled by the change in her listener's face.

Its hardness had melted, its bitterness died away; into her eyes came the soft, beautiful expression that had hitherto distinguished them. It was as though a veil had been lifted, folding her soul with sunlight and giving to her understanding a sudden vision of divine love.

Breaking into tears, she turned and laid her cheek on the boy's.

'Archie,' she whispered tenderly, 'dear little boy, mother's innocent, stainless little child, I give you back to God. I would not keep you. He knows what is best for you, my precious. Father in heaven,' slipping to her knees, 'help Thou my unbelief. Teach me to pray Thy will be done. Thy will be done—on earth—as 'tis in heaven.'—*New Orleans Daily Picayune*.

A RAILROAD HERO

When George W. Cook, Representative from Colorado, took his seat in Congress last winter to play his part on that political stage of the nation, it was just twenty years since he played the star role in a thrilling drama in real life that, but for him, would have been a tragedy with a hundred victims. In the middle 80's he was appointed superintendent of the mountain division of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. It was a job that fitted him.

The division headquarters were at Leadville, a mining camp lying high upon the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Here on a December midnight he sat.

At an adjacent table a telegraph key nervously clicked the movements of the trains struggling through mountain and storm. A listless clerk recorded the monotonous instructions to the laboring trains. All was dull and commonplace.

George Cook yawned, stretched his great limbs, and sighed for the days of snowslides and hold-ups. He bit the end off a cigar and struck a match.

But that cigar was never lit. As he languidly lifted the match there came a hurried clicking from the telegraph key. The match halted in midair; the clerk paused at his work with listening ears while the little key danced out its tale.

And this is what it told:

The railway running west from Leadville skirts the flanks of the high Sierras for several miles, and then, clambering up a narrow cleft in the mountain mass, gains Tennessee Pass, the summit of the Great Divide of the Rockies, ten miles from the mining camp. To the left of the pass rises Homestake Peak, a mountain giant shouldering its huge bulk into the blue thousands of feet above the little shanty that did duty as a station house on the summit of Tennessee.

Up from this station, with its solitary telegraph operator, ran a trail half a mile above to where, on the south face of the peak, clung the Homestake mine, great in those days of silver. The workings of the mine honeycombed the peak. A long tunnel had been driven into the vein, and from it radiated drift and level, whence had been chambered numberless tons of ore. On this wintry night, when George Cook sat listless in his office, the night shift of a hundred miners was delving in the mountain.

It was just after midnight, when the lone operator at Tennessee Pass was roused by a tremor that ran like a shudder of an earthquake through the mountain. The next instant there smote on his ear a low, menacing rumble as of distant thunder.

Rushing to the door of his cabin, his gaze swept the mountain, and he saw that a snow-field had slid from the heights, and that the mine and miners were overwhelmed. He staggered to his key, and with trembling fingers sent this message:

'Homestake mine swept away by snowslide. One hundred miners buried alive in the long tunnel.'

George Cook sat frozen with horror as the telegraph key clicked out this message. But the instant it ceased he was ablaze with white-hot energy.

In ten minutes every section boss on his division had been notified to rouse his crew, gather his tools, and stand ready. In less than half an hour there swept out of Salida, one hundred miles to the east, and Glenwood, one hundred miles to the west, double engine trains flying at express speed, tirelessly breasting the savage mountain grades and leaping along the rails in a flirtation with

death as they stormed toward the mountain top. Here and there the whirring wheels halted an instant to take on the waiting section crews, and then sped on, regardless of the sacred rights of mail or express lying sulkily on the sidings. George Cook had given them the track.

In half an hour every available shovel in Leadville—and there are many in a mining camp—was aboard a train that steamed out of the town, carrying every man that drew pay from the railroad, saving a few left for imperative duty, and, with George Cook at the throttle, swiftly climbed the grade to the pass.

As the tardy dawn of the winter day broke through the storm clouds it saw high upon the shoulder of the mountain peak two hundred eager men boring away into the wall of snow that blocked the mouth of the Homestake mine. Of course, it was all hopeless; not a man but knew it as he bent to his shovel. But a cheery word from George and he braced himself again to his task.

And now as the shovels ate their way into the heart of the fallen avalanche nature played a cruel trick upon the workers; on all sides the snow began to cave in upon them. But that didn't dishearten Cook.

In the depths of the Wolfstone and Morning Star and other great mines of Leadville were miners old and cunning in the art of timbering and shoring up great masses of rock and all manner of treacherous earth. If rock and earth, then why not snow?

He leaped on an engine, shot back to the mining camp, by turns threatened and implored the mine managers who were loath to let their best men go, and by night he had fifty of the most skilled miners in the west shouldering up the great snow curtains that hung impending over his men. Inch by inch and foot by foot he crept into the belly of the wrecked avalanche.

And now on the third day came a roar from Denver, in the valley where the magnates of the railway sat in their easy chairs. Competition with the Union Pacific and South Park Railroads was heartbreaking. They could not afford, they said, to jeopardise the interests of their line by depleting its working forces to aid in a work that, their engineers agreed, was utterly hopeless. Cook was ordered to abandon the Homestake, send the men back to their places and keep the trains running.

He obeyed one order and disregarded the other. The trains, though short of men, got through. From the little hut at the pass that had now become his headquarters one hand directed the trains that came panting up the long grades from east and west, and the other was on the pulse of every man fighting the snow wall that blocked in the Homestake miners.

Then the powers at Denver roared again. Three times they fired George Cook, and three times he put the telegrams in his pocket, went up on the icy mountain and cheered the boys to their task.

On the fourth day doubt gave way to hope; on the fifth hope to certainty, and on the afternoon of the sixth the eager picks drove through the last of the barrier and forth from the black mouth of the Homestake tunnel there staggered a hundred haggard miners. Every man buried beneath the five hundred feet of snow came forth alive.

And George Cook? Next day he was back at his desk in Leadville, pegging away at his routine work as though it were an every-day duty to snatch a hundred fellow-beings from a living tomb.

It was heroism—and business, too. Before the powers in Denver had time to denounce this flagrant breach of discipline and make him a horrible example, the tremendous increase of freight business that flowed into the Leadville office turned their thoughts into channels of peace and good-will, for Leadville shipped 1700 tons of ore a day at four dollars a ton freight, and there were three other powerful roads fighting for it. The astonished eyes of the powers perceived that miner and merchant alike came crowding to ship over 'George Cook's road,' as the Denver and Rio Grande was henceforth known.

The mountain men of Colorado sent George Cook to Congress. That is because he wanted to go. But if there is anything else on earth that he wants that these mountain men can reach, it is his.

HOW TO PAINT A HOUSE CHEAP

Carrara Paint White and Colors. Mixed Ready for Inside and Outside Use. CARRARA retains its Gloss and Lustre for at least five years, and will look better in eight years than lead and oil paints do in two. USE CARRARA, the first cost of which is no greater than lead and oil paints, and your paint bills will be reduced by over 50 per cent. A beautifully-illustrated booklet, entitled 'How to Paint a House Cheap,' will be forwarded free on application.