

CINDERELLA

Words by JAS. O'DEA

Music by W. C. POWELL

Allegro moderato.

mf *f*

Slower.

1. Let me tell of a swell lit-tle belle, Cin-der-el-la is her dain-ty name; You will
 2. Now I know when we go for a row in the glow of the pale moon-shine, That from

p *mp*

find her the kind that's in-clined just to charm you in love's sweet game. With a style and a smile all the while, she will dan-gle you
 this lit-tle miss, just a kiss will dis-miss ev-'ry care of mine. It's a treat when her neat lit-tle feet she dis-creet-ly dis-

on plays her string; She's the one lit-tle dear in whose pink lit-tle ear I would like to sing:
 by chance; And a view of her shoe, just a wee num-ber two, puts me in a trance.

CHORUS.

Cin-der-ell,..... my Cin-der-el-la sweet,..... As a belle,..... you sim-ply can't be beat;.....

p-f

Let me tell,..... just let me tell you true,..... My Cin-der-el-la, I want but you..... you.....

1 2

THE TEMPEST TOWER

(Continued from Page 6.)

"We have had a terrible storm," he explained. "The railroad will be blocked. Norman could not reach us tomorrow."

"Perhaps he will come the next day," murmured the mother, turning on her pillow and sinking once more into repose.

The watcher rekindled the fire and settled into a chair. The remainder of the night he spent in meditation. Whatever the terrors or dangers without, flight was impossible. He was in the hand of God. Every hypothesis started from that point; every proposition ended there. And thus the morning came.

In calm and sunlight and mountain beauty it fell on his vision. The storm had passed into yesterday, but in its trail lay the menace of power hidden in the white mountain crests—a power no man could stay, a giant no mortal could assuage.

The first thing on Bondair's mind was the medicine. His wife tried to tell him that its potency would avail her nothing, but the husband, resolute in his determination to do the utmost for her relief, insisted on repeating the journey to the physician.

He prepared the meager sustenance that linked together her soul and body, then brewed himself some coffee and ate a scanty lunch.

"I will be back again by supper time," he told her as he took his great coat from its accustomed place on the wall.

Before she could reply a loud voice rang at the door.

"Away! away for your lives!" bellowed the voice.

The mountaineer pushed open the door.

"Run! run for your lives!" urged the messenger. "Langdon is already destroyed. An avalanche will be on your heads in less than an hour!"

Bondair watched the courier struggle into the glimmering distance. He then softly closed the door, removed his coat and seated himself by the fire. After a long silence he spoke.

"It is true we are in danger," he said, "but we cannot flee; we will await the future here together. The messenger says Langdon is destroyed. Perhaps there is no physician now."

Then he repeated slowly "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

The sunlight broke in a halo of beauty across the room and brought a smile to Rachel's lips.

"We will be thankful for a day so bright," she suggested. "Perhaps Norman will be home tomorrow. He will bring medicine with him."

The husband did not reply. He rose and walked to the window and looked out on the grandeur of the landscape buried in white. Long he gazed, fascinated by the sublimity of the spectacle.

Suddenly, far down the mountain valley, he saw a train creeping around the point of the mountain—the only thing of life in the grave of the hidden world. His eyes never rested from the sight as the train came nearer and nearer.

"It is the Overland," he announced cheerfully. "The track is open!"

He observed his wife's lips move in response, but her speech was inaudible. Nevertheless he knew the message that passed on her lips.

On came the train till its cloud of black smoke rose at a point nearly in the rear of the cabin. The reverberation of the steel giant rattled the panes in the frail window.

Then, even as he looked, out of the bosom of the mountain came an element of destruction against which the works of man are but as a fly's power in the path of a tornado. A cloud that shut out the eye of day, a roar as of many thunders, a shock that quivered the frail dwelling to its foundations, and it was over—all in a moment.

Bondair lay on the floor, stunned and

bleeding from a wound on the temple. A flying splinter had shattered the window and cut the gash from which the blood flowed in a spurting flood. He thrust his handkerchief into the wound in an effort to check the flow of the life-fluid, in the meantime staggering to his feet.

The sight of the blood filled his wife with a new terror. "You will bleed to death!" she gasped, "and I—"

"Not so," chided Bondair; "now is no time to be fearful. Our escape has been marvelous."

He lifted himself to the window. The train had been hurled from the track by the avalanche of snow that had swept past the cabin. The wreck was in plain view from the window. In a few moments he saw several men crawl from the debris. He sighed with relief at this evidence that all were not destroyed.

He was growing weak. The blood soaked through the cloth and ran a crimson stream down his arm. He sank to the floor. He had just life enough to note that the door-latch was being agitated by some power from outside. Then he sank into oblivion.

When he regained consciousness his son was standing over him. The flow of blood was stanching, and the wound dressed as only a surgeon knows how to do such a thing. The physician was studying a newspaper clipping that had fallen from the old man's pocket.

"And you thought I was dead?" smiled the physician.

"Yes," said the father, "the paper said so. I had to believe it."

"I was ill—very ill," explained the son, "but I recovered. I recovered just in time."

He made a hurried search for some bandages.

"There are some people dying out there," he explained. "I will return soon and speak to mother."

The mother had remained as one in a trance. When the physician was gone on his errand of mercy she addressed her husband.

"Louis," she smiled, "I was just dreaming that Norman had come home; and it was real—so real. I could see him standing there by your side."

"That was not a dream," choked Bondair. "He was indeed here. He will return in a few minutes and minister to you."

"I knew he would come back," she repeated, as the sign of a great happiness settled over her countenance.

Tile for Sub-Irrigation.

The porous tile designed for sub-irrigation by an inventor of Austin, Texas, is attracting much attention, particularly in the Gulf coast region of Texas. Experienced irrigationists have long been practically united in the opinion that watering of the soil from beneath is far superior to the surface system of irrigation, but in the absence of any practical method of distributing the water into the ground, comparatively little progress has been made in that direction.

The tile which the Texas man has invented is of two kinds and the material used is concrete. One is so cast that the upper half is composed of pebbles, which are stuck together by a thin coating of cement, leaving pores between them through which the water readily passes. The course of these pores is so tortuous, that roots or earth do not choke them and prevent the free distribution of the water into the soil.

The other type of tile is solid. A hole is made in it, either on the top or bottom, and into this hole is fitted a diffusion block, composed of the gravel material and containing pores for the distribution of the water.

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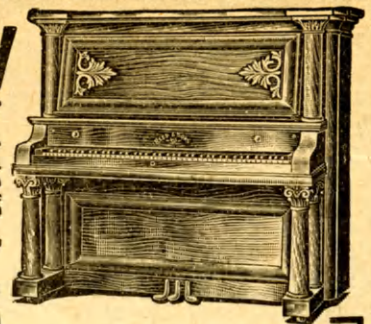
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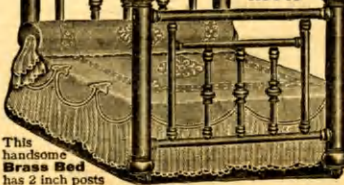
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