First Appearance of America.

Emerson deplored the fact that "proud America must bear the name of a thief, Amerigo Vespucci, the pickle dealer of Seville." It now appears, says Mr. Caxton Frazier in the Mentor, that Emerson was misinformed—that Vespucci had nothing at all to do with chosing the name of the western continents. He never used the word in any of his writings, and was a modest man who cared nothing for the spotlight.

A poet named America; a student at Heidelberg and Paris; a linguist and an eager follower of geography in an age when the ports of Europe were often in gala dress for the ships of world discoverers. Mathias Ringmann was a native of a village in the Vosges Mountains. He was born just ten years before Columbus turned his prows from Palos. Mathias and a friend, Martinius Waldseemuller, after graduating from college joined a literary society that used to meet in the old town of St. Die, near Luneville and not many miles from Strasbourg. In the spring of 1507, this group of men set up a print shop in St. Die. The first thing they decided to undertake was the printing of a map of the world and a treatise in Latin to accompany it. Ringmann enthusiastically entered into the work of translating and editing material for the booklet, called Introductio Cosmographiae, or Introduction to the Science of the General Constitution of the Universe.

Before work began on the St. Die world map the poet had made a translation of Amerigo Vespucci's report of his voyages and had indited a sonnet on the mysteries of the new-found world and the feats of Columbus, Cabral and Vespucci. From the first he was enchanted by the meter and melody of the name "Amerigo," which, translated into Latin, became Americus.

Waldseemuller's plates were about ready for printing when his young friend discovered that space had been reserved for the recently discovered lands, but no name appeared inside the fictitious boundary lines traced by the map maker. Fired by his admiration for Vespucci and his tuneful Christian name, "Let us call it America," he urged. "Let us print the name America there." Tolerantly the map maker let his youthful collaborator have his way, but he printed the name in letters very small, instead of large, as on the old continents.

The map and the treatise that appeared in 1507 were the first to advertise the new name. The Introduction to Cosmography contained in the sixth chapter the priceless passage: "Now, since these parts (Europe, Asia and Africa) have been more extensively explored and another fourth part (South and North America) has been discovered by Americus Vespucci, I do not see who can rightly forbid it to be named after the discoverer Americus, Amerigus land, or America."

he first edition of this significant old St. Die map, one thousand copies, sold quickly to universities and men of learning. No one can estimate its influence on the spread of geographical knowledge and on the map-makers of the time.

So far as known the only existing specimen of a first-edition sheet bearing the imprint "America," is the one at the Wolfegg castle.

Among mosquitoes the female is more dangerous than the male, according to a well-known scientist's investigations.

ISSUE No. 43—'25.

SIMPLE AND ATTRACTIVE HOUSEDRESS.

The straight-line mode is followed in this attractive dress and is the sort that women never seem to have enough of. For you do need several to be sure of always having a fresh one when you may need it. The one-piece front is gathered to the plain back below the shoulder-line in yoke effect, and buttons all the way down the front in the popular coat style. The shaped collar terminates in a becoming V at the front. The long sleeves are gathered into a plain cuff at the wrist, and may be made short. Patch pockets of a generous size are conveniently placed at the front. The diagram portrays the partly finished dress, and pattern No. 1169 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. Short sleeves require ⅛ yard less material. Price 20 cents.

Many styles of smart apparel may be found in our Fashion Book. Our designers originate their patterns in the heart of the style centres, and their creations are those of tested popularity, brought within the means of the average woman. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Best of Pork.

Mrs. Bluffton—"How did you like my chicken salad?"

Mrs. Plainspeak—"Simply wonderful! The best pork I ever ate."

Insect Sting Dangers.

Insect stings, of which there has lately been an epidemic, prove fatal in some cases, and while inquiries in medical circles reveal no sovereign remedy, insect stings should on no account be neglected.

A doctor remarks that as a general remedy poulticing, or the application of fomentations, is advisable. There is nothing that can be applied to the skin to make one immune from insect bites. Oil of lavender and vinegar have a reputation as preventives, but doctors have been searching for twenty years and have not found an efficacious remedy.

Lazy people are almost always planning something which they are going to do by and by. It is the work at hand that they cannot summon up the will to do.

The word "zest" comes from the French, in which language it is applied to a piece of orange peel used to give a "flavor" to wine. Similarly, we use the word as meaning to give anything a "relish."

The Fighting Ranger

BY F. J. McCONNELL and GEORGE W. PYPER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A RECKLESS RIDE.

During the critical week preceding the trial of John Marshall, Terence had been held prisoner in a lonely canyon cabin by Buck McLeod and his gang.

The ambush they had laid for him on the day he was returning from the bank at Latigo with the cheque for the balance of Mary's money had worked. They had caught him unawares, coming down upon him seemingly out of nowhere, on all sides of him at once, covering him with their guns, and he had been forced to surrender, or he would have been shot to death. Buck had taken from him the envelope he had gotten at the bank and delivered it to Taggart in Pico, while the other men disarmed him and led him to the canyon cabin where they imprisoned him.

He had been constantly on the alert for opportunities to escape, but they kept a double armed guard over him, night and day.

"He's a tough customer—we can't take any chances on him," Buck told his gang.

On the day after the trial, Buck returned to the canyon, after a conference with Taggart at the Pico Bar, in a large motor car.

"The boss says rush him across into Mexico, as far out of the way as possible," he explained.

Covering him with their guns, they forced Terence, whose hands were tightly bound, into the car. One of them sat on each side of him; Buck took the wheel. He seized the clutch, threw the car into gear, and they started off down the road at high speed.

Buck was a reckless driver. He kept acceleratiog the speed of the car to its utmost. Snorting and racing furiously, they approached the old wooden bridge across the river. The warning sign on the bridge approach read "Danger—Speed limit over bridges eight miles per hour."

Buck did not heed the sign. He was going at more than sixty miles an hour, and kept right on. The shaky wooden bridge trembled and groaned as the heavy car plunged onto it at that velocity. As the car reached the middle there was a sound of snapping timbers, a crash. The old wooden structure collapsed, dropping the careening car into the water below.

There was one nearby, watching, who saw the accident. It was Komi, the old Yaqui chief.

He saw the men struggling in the water, each man for himself, to disentangle themselves from the wreckage. Then he saw three of them, swimming desperately for the shore.

In the midst of the circling ripples, left by the plunge of the automobile, he suddenly saw a fourth head rise to the surface, sputtering, then sink again.

Komi ran to the end of the remains of the bridge, watched for his head to rise again, then dove in and swam swiftly to the spot. Just as the head rose to the surface for the third time Komi reached the drowning man and caught him by the hair.

He recognized the man as Terence. Komi started swimming for the shore, dragging Terence after him. Buck and his comrades had reached shore, and were standing on the bank, watching and waiting. They ran up as Komi pulled in and laid Terence's limp body on the ground.

"Dead," he cried, as the men approached him. "Me too late." He pointed at Terence's bound hands. "Him hands tied—can't swim. Him drown."

There was no breath stirring in Terence's breast. He lay motionless. Buck approached, kicked him with his foot, to turn him over. The limp body rolled over, and lay still.

Komi spoke again:

"Leave him body with Komi, please," he said. "Him's father Komi's friend—Komi bury him—where his father sleeps."

"No harm in that, I guess," Buck said grimly, turning to his fellows. "He won't trouble us no more now. You birds beat it back to camp. I'm streaking for the Spear Ranch to 'phone Taggart that O'Rourke croaked."

The dripping men separated, Buck going his own way in a different direction.

Komi watched carefully till all vanished from sight. Then he bent over Terence's body, cut the rope which bound his hands, worked his arms vigorously, then bent over and listened to his heart.

"Maybe yet," he muttered, "maybe yet him live."

With renewed zest he started working Terence's arms to restore respiration.

At the end of a half hour Terence still lay limp, but the old Indian kept up the resuscitatory motions, faithfully and frantically in the dim hope of still bringing him to life.

CHAPTER XIX.

AGONIZING NEWS.

Stella Montrose sat across the table in Taggart's office and listened intently.

"If Buck and the boys have put O'Rourke out of the way, as I instructed them," Taggart was saying, tapping the table with nervous fingers, "we are safe, for he won't be able to testify that Mary didn't cash that cheeque herself."

As Stella was about to reply there was a knock on the door, and Taggart motioned her to be silent.

"Come in."

The door opened, admitting Mary, accompanied by Bud Hughes. Bud stared in open-mouthed astonishment at Stella. Her face, too, lighted up with recognition at the sight of him.

"Why it's Stella," he exclaimed. "Stella Montrose," and he ran forward and greeted her warmly.

"Bud Hughes," she cried, taking his hand. "I'd never have known you—in that beard and those cowpuncher clothes."

Beaming, Bud turned to the puzzled Mary and Taggart, and explained:

"Miss Montrose and I used to do airplane stunts together in Benson's old flying circus."

He turned back to Stella and took a seat beside her. They became immediately engrossed in reminiscences of the past. Stroking his beard, and laughing, he said:

"I've threatened to yank these chin shivers off for a long time. I'll do it now." Then he added in a more serious tone, with a note of tenderness, "I'd never have grown them if I hadn't lost you, Stella. I've often thought of you, and hoped against hope that chance would bring us together again."

They chattered on.

Mary, looking pale and worried, talked to Taggart.

"That $20,000 cheque that Terence was bringing back when he disappeared, has been endorsed and cashed by an impostor," she said impulsively.

"Why an impostor?" Taggart replied. "You may be sure O'Rourke had a hand in it. I had expected as much."

"Oh, I can't believe that—not Terence," Mary protested. "He must have been held up—and the persons who got it from him forged the signature and cashed it."

"Have it your own way, then, Mary," Taggart snapped. "The fact nevertheless remains that the cheque has been cashed, the bank claims that you got the money, and O'Rourke has never returned."

Stella, talking to Bud, was listening to the conversation of Mary and Taggart, with half an ear, veiling her interest in it.

Taggart went on:

"I am afraid you will have to take this loss the best you can. Banker Dawson 'phoned me immediately after he had seen you about it. He said there is nothing that can be done about it. If you try to force them to restore the $20,000 during their present stringency, he warns that they will seize the Bar M Ranch to satisfy the notes against it. And you know he has thus far been very lenient about the delinquent payments your father owes him. We cannot afford to antagonize him on this smaller matter."

Mary showed signs of breaking down under the burden of her troubles. Taggart approached her, patted her, and said:

"There, there, Mary, we'll get you out of all these troubles. Just depend on me—I'll see you through. I'm working night and day now planning out means to save your father, the ranch, and bring about your happiness." He lowered his voice, as he bent over her, his arm about her shoulders, and said: "And you know why, Mary—because of what I have been telling you day after day now—" his voice dropped to a whisper as he bent close to her ear—"because I love you."

He pressed her hand, then rose and spoke out loud again:

"Right now I'm working up the appeal in your father's case. I shall demand a new trial, and I think we can get the verdict reversed and have your father liberated." He beamed upon her with the most winning smile he could summon to his lips.

"Meanwhile, I want you to go down to the ranch and have your boys round up all the cattle for immediate shipment and sale. If you will do that, I've got a line on a deal which I think I can put through which will solve the money problem and save the ranch. You see, Mary, I have been thinking of nothing else these days except what I can do for you."

He squeezed her hand again, desire beat in his brain as he looked longingly at her.

"Yes, I know," Mary answered, "and I do appreciate your help, Mr. Taggart, but I—"

The ringing of the telephone interrupted her. Taggart seized the instrument and answered. After listening a moment, his face became tense with surprise, and apparent shock, and he exclaimed:

"Good God, is that true?"

Inwardly he was exulting, but he concealed his elation and affected a tragic air. Mary eyed him with curious expectancy. After listening a minute or two more he hung up the receiver and turned to her. Stella was now listening intently also.

Taggart hesitated, thinking, and finally said slowly:

"Mary—that was—Komi, the old Yaqui chief. He's been trying to reach you with word that—that—" he paused that the full effect of his words might burst upon her—"that O'Rourke is dead!" he finally concluded.

Mary, stunned, wild-eyed, unable and unwilling to believe her ears, slowly rose from her chair and stared at Taggart.

"Dead?" she repeated as in a trance. "Terence O'Rourke—dead."

Uncomprehendingly she stared before her, a tragic figure. Taggart supported her in his arms, and tried to explain. Suddenly the full significance of the words came to her in a flash. Uttering a pitiful cry she collapsed in a dead swoon.

Taggart, reclining her into a chair, signalled to Stella, who had been taking in the scene with interested eyes and ears, to bring water.

Stella applied a wet handkerchief to Mary's brow, and as she revived, both Stella and Taggart tried to console her with effected sympathy. Mary, ignoring their words, again realized what Taggart had told her, and broke into agonized sobbing. Finally, controlling herself with difficulty and attempting to regain her poise she looked at Taggart with tear-filled eyes, and faltered:

"What shall I do? I have no one, now—no one—but you."

Taggart's eyes gleamed covetously, and he put his arm around the stricken girl and tried to comfort her. Secretly he was gloating in the satisfaction that he was now the sole friend she could turn to.

"I'm sorry, for your sake, that this has happened, Mary," he lied. "But you will find that I am a friend you can rely upon, and as you know, I am only too glad to do everything in my power for you."

Mary finally sat up, still weeping, trying to compose herself.

"I am stunned, overwhelmed—there are so many things," she said. "Daddy in prison—Terence dead—the ranch slipping from us—my money gone—oh, it seems so hopeless. I don't know what to do."

"Come, come, Mary," Taggart said solicitously. "You're simply all unstrung now. Go to the Bar M. with Bud—and Stella here. She'll be a companion and comfort to you—Stella's a good friend and will look after you till you feel more yourself."

Stella slipped her arm around Mary and said:

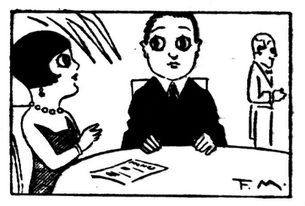
"Yes, yes, I shall be only too glad to do anything I can."

Mary thanked them all and finally arose, supported by Taggart and Stella, while Bud ran ahead to get the horses ready. Mary was helped to the door and out in the street. They put her on a horse, and Bud and Stella, mounting, rode one on each side of her, while Taggart, waving adieu, watched them off on the way to the ranch.

Returning to his office, Taggart hastened to the 'phone and called the Spear Ranch.

"Buck McLeod," he demanded into the 'phone. "Hello, Buck?—listen Buck, get your gang and pull another raid on the Bar M—to-night—and this time get every steer on the ranch. When you get there watch for a note from Stella—she'll frame how to go about things without too much fuss."

(To be continued.)



Nothing Wasted.

Her Husband—"You ordered diamond backed terrapin for dinner! Don't you know they cost one hundred and fifty dollars a dozen?"

Mrs. Junebride—"Yes. But, dear, after we're through with them we can have the diamonds set for me."

The Dead Sea's Salt.

If the common salt and magnesium chloride in solution or solid at the bottom of the Dead Sea were put together in a solid form it would make a block four cubic miles in mass.

Jesus Christ said grand things so simply that it seems as though he had not thought about them, and yet so clearly that one sees that he must have reflected upon them. This clearness joined with this simplicity is wonderful.—Pascal.

One of Life's Lessons.

Grandpa Brown settled himself in his porch chair. Serenity seemed to hover about him. As his bright eyes twinkled in my direction he smiled. "You've asked me for my receipt for taking things the way I do. You see I'm one of those who think the real object of human existence is an educational plan. It's too bad that so many of us don't take to their lessons and come to the end with lots of lessons unlearned. Of course no one takes a very high grade right through.

"Now last week I had a tooth out. For a week before and right up to the time Doctor Stevens put the forceps into my mouth I forgot the lesson I'm talking about. But when Doctor Stevens injected some anaesthetic and took out that tooth I give you my word there was no pain at all. None whatever. Yet for a week or more I worried about the pain that I must suffer—marked zero again in life's lessons, and at my time of life! I was ashamed, and I'm ashamed yet."

"Of course I know what you mean when you refer to one of the great lessons of life," said his friend. "Not to worry about what's coming. 'Sufficient unto the day,' of course."

"Yes, but I mean something more than that," said Grandpa Brown. "Not only sufficient for the day. Life is a succession of moments, seconds and a good deal less than clock seconds. If a fellow could really learn that mighty lesson! My, my! Put that fellow in the most terrible trouble or anger and you couldn't frighten him about what's coming. Life isn't years, months or even days; it's the worst kind of a coward who cannot stand a moment of discomfort or pain. Even death itself, looked at in this way, doesn't amount to much; that is, is the physical end of life. We are alive. A moment later—well, so far as the body is concerned we feel nothing. Taking moments of life quietly, one after another, is one of life's great lessons."

Musical Trees.

In Barbadoes there is a whistling tree. It has a peculiarly shaped leaf, and all its pods have a split edge. The wind passing through the pods causes them to emit the sounds that have given the tree its name.

There is a long valley packed with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the island a continuous deep-toned whistle comes from the valley, the effect being extremely weird.

In the Sudan there is a species of acaccia also known locally as the whistling tree.

Liquid Measure.

Teacher—"Johnny, what is it called when four persons are singing?"

Johnny—"A quartette."

Teacher—"And, William, what is it when two persons are singing?"

Willie (after brief hesitation)—"A pintette."
