

Mills was elected railroad commissioner, but we haven't heard anybody crow about it.

Governor Johnson's plurality will reach 80,000. The victory grows greater as it is studied.

If a split in the solid South means eventually a split in the solid North, it will be a good thing for both sections.

The West voted for Taft because he was like Roosevelt; the East voted for him because he was so different. Taft will have some difficulty keeping up that role.

Morrison county gives Johnson 982 plurality over Jacobson. Over 50 per cent increase over four years ago, and against an opposition more bitter and with more funds. Morrison county did well.

The soup house and the bread line in the big cities seem to have been endorsed along with Cannon, judging from the vote in those cities. The patrons of those institutions must like the flavor.

F. E. Gores, democratic candidate for judge of probate in Wadena county, won in that strong republican county. Gores is a hustler as well as a man of ability, and his success was deserved.

With John A. Johnson as a candidate for U. S. senator, and legislative nominees in every district pledged to vote for him, there certainly would be something doing in the North Star state in 1910.

The shooting of Ex-Senator Carmack, one of the most brilliant South-orners of his time, is a disgrace to old Tennessee. He was an unusually gifted orator and writer, a great son of a great state.

Ice is on the free list. It will probably remain so, because it is evident that the tariff revision promised will make tariff reformers hot in the collar, and the American supply won't be enough to cool them.

"Business mustn't be disturbed. Conditions may be bad; take no chance on them getting worse." Many say this caused Bryan's defeat. Business appears to have become America's god. Abraham Lincoln made some vigorous and trenchant remarks once upon a time on the subordination of reform to business necessity. But Lincoln is dead.

We hope the Governor will recommend to the legislature the enactment of a senatorial primary law. It is useless to expect that the next congress will allow the states a chance to vote on a constitutional amendment providing for election of U. S. senators by vote of the people. Many states have solved the problem through the primary, and with good results.

The Transcript tells, as an evidence of great work done by the republican organization, that Johnson's majority was cut one-half. That is not the case, far from it, but how about Roosevelt's 1268 plurality in 1904 being cut nearly 900 votes? The gentleman who wrote the article ought to enlighten the public on the "methods" as well as on organization.

The Nebraska legislature is democratic, but does not elect a senator. The succeeding legislature will do that, and it would be a fine thing for Nebraska and for the nation if Bryan were elected to the senate. He would be a senator-at-large "from the United States," and would be a potent and vigorous force in the upper house. He has already stamped his individuality upon the age and the policies of the time. A seat in the senate would give opportunity for further service. No man in the country is better fitted for such a place.

Springfield Republican: One of the strong democratic presidential possibilities in 1912 is Thos. R. Marshall, governor-elect of Indiana, and accordingly there will be interest in his views on the national election result and his attitude toward those radical causes which have in a general way divided the party against Bryan. The New York World has this message from him:—

"It seems to be the fate of great reformers like Mr. Bryan to live in history rather than in office. Disheartening as is the result in the republic, the increased vote for democratic principles in many of the states leads me to hope that the money-mad magnates will yield to treatment rather than die the death which inevitably overtakes all those who grow arrogant. The business interests will surely see that our party is not the enemy of vested rights. We strike only at vested wrongs. I hope they may be peaceably wiped out, for I fear if they are not they will be forcibly. These evils would have been cheerfully eliminated under Mr. Bryan. I hope they will be under Mr. Taft, though grudgingly."

This would not seem to be calculated to warm the ultra-conservative democrats toward him. Mr. Marshall believes, however, that party unity has been achieved out of the "white heat of persecution," and the result "augurs well for the arising of a constitutional democracy from the ashes of defeat."

A GREAT EVANGELIST.

St. Paul Dispatch: It is perfectly safe to say that Mr. Bryan stands higher in the estimate of all men today than he ever has before.

And this notwithstanding that his electoral vote will stand at a smaller figure than in 1896 or 1900.

His position today has almost nothing to do with election. It has everything to do with the man's citizenship. And today we venture to believe that William Jennings Bryan has a position not granted to Mr. Roosevelt nor to Mr. Taft, the position of the first citizen. He is the private citizen; he will go down to history as a private citizen. He will go down in American history in the class which holds Webster and Calhoun and Clay; no American of our generation has approached these un-elected giants so close as has Mr. Bryan; yet these three have a likeness among themselves, an intellectual giantism, and the greatest distinction of Bryan's is almost to be found in a difference from them.

For Mr. Bryan possesses the passion for righteousness, which, whatever material skeptics of the day may say, gives a man his final high rank. It is the very quality which has given Theodore Roosevelt his position, if some other qualities have given him more immediate influence, as well as detracted from that influence. It is the quality which has given Abraham Lincoln his place, even though he possessed more "practical" qualities than William J. Bryan. It is the quality which is working a place in history fifty years after for such despised and rejected of his times as John Brown.

And no man can venture to say that Bryan is despised and rejected of his times. He is not. He may lose an election. He has won in the esteem of his fellow Americans. He will win, not only in the esteem of history, but in the practical working out of the problems of today. As Mr. Bryan declared the night before election, with an earnest of sublime passion, he has "added to the decency and the righteousness of this nation."

And the very campaign in which he has just lost so far as actually is concerned, he has won in eventuality. That campaign was necessary. As belonging to the successful republican party, we can declare that the campaign as Mr. Bryan conducted it was a final necessity. Any other democratic candidate would have merely repeated what his opponent was doing. There was needed a difference, and Mr. Bryan furnished that.

We believe it is fortunate at the moment that he lost. And yet those who cast their ballots in the utmost desire to defeat him for president, today give him the highest honor as a citizen whose position cannot be denied, as a force in public life as necessary as that of so practical and efficient a president as Mr. Taft will make.

Mr. Watterson, in his editorial on the conclusion of the whole matter, has not overestimated the position of Mr. Bryan in the American regard, his influence over the hearts of the people, his splendid evangelism.

"The result shows that we had oversized the spiritual and undersized the material in the hearts and the minds of the people." The people are right, we believe; in the midst of the most tremendous material development any age, any country, has ever seen, they cannot desert their post. It is well that they should hear Mr. Bryan's warning voice, needful that he should speak a spiritual message. But they must act, must choose, as they have chosen.

The talk of returning prosperity is not exactly a compliment to the Roosevelt administration.

According to the Minneapolis Journal, Cannon and all that Cannon stands for, received endorsement at last week's election. The Journal is right. Here is Senator Aldrich already declaring that a "go-slow" policy on tariff revision is wise, and the chairman of the ways and means committee, Congressman Payne, echoing the sentiment. It is admitted that Cannon will be again speaker, and the sort of tariff revision that may be expected with Aldrich, Payne and Cannon in the saddle, is early to conjecture. Since election, Cannon is bolder than ever. He says that there is no need of completing the Panama canal for a generation yet, and no necessity for rush about any new-tangled ideas. It is Cannon of old, more audacious and more powerful than ever. And not at all strange. A majority of the people have endorsed him.

Monticello Times: The world is kinder than it used to be, and the sunshine of friendly interests falls alike upon the defeated hopes of political candidates, and we are common citizens once more working only for the best interests of our country. Bryan is still the Great Commoner whose great heart beats in sympathy for the oppressed, and the purity and nobleness of his life has not been tarnished by the political corruption which is so prevalent. Bryan now enters that magnificent class of people who while absolutely devoted to the cause of the people, were beaten for the office of President—Henry Clay, Webster and Blaine—the idols of their party—magnificent in mind and heart, and truly great men. The Cannons, the Dalzells, the Paynes and the special representatives of the predatory rich, have all been elected, and they swear the tariff will not be lowered, though it may be revised upwards.

Mrs. J. P. Newman of Staples, who was visiting here with her mother, Mrs. John Kerich, returned home yesterday.

A man's memory is at its poorest in remembering his own mistakes and at its best in recalling mistakes of others.—Athenian Globe.

The best known picture in the world, it has been said, is Vandyke's portrait of James II. of England as an infant, known as the "Baby Stuart." Two million copies of it are said to be in American homes, and it is equally popular in England and continental Europe.—London Express.

BRYAN ISSUES STATEMENT.

On Friday Mr. Bryan gave out the following statement regarding the election and its results:

"The election has gone against us by a decisive majority. The returns are not all in, and it is impossible at the present time to analyze or to say what causes contributed most to the republican victory. We made our fight upon a platform which embodied what we believed to be good for the American people, but it is for the people themselves to decide what laws they desire and what methods of government they prefer. I have faith that the publicity which we asked for will yet commend itself to the American people, that the election of senators by the people will be secured, that the inequities of the trust will arouse an opposition that will result in the elimination of the principle of private monopoly. I am confident that the people will see the necessity for the labor legislation and tariff reduction which our platform demanded."

I am confident, too, that the education work done in this campaign will result in securing greater protection to bank depositors. The above are the most prominent reforms for which we labored and I believe that these reforms will yet come, together with more effective regulation of railroads, and independence for the Philippines.

The nomination came from the hands of the voters; I have obeyed their command and have led as best I could. Words will not express my gratitude for the devotion which has been shown by millions of democrats during the past twelve years. Neither am I able to adequately express my appreciation for the kind words which have been spoken since the election. If I could regard the defeat as purely a personal one, I would consider it a blessing rather than a misfortune, for I am relieved of the burdens and responsibilities of an office that is attractive only in proportion as it gives an opportunity to render a larger public service. But I shall serve as willingly in a private capacity as in a public one. God does not require great things of us; he only requires that we improve the opportunities that are presented, and I shall be glad to improve the opportunities for service presented in private life."

Handy For the Dairy.

Dairymen who keep records of their cows, and all dairymen should, will be interested in the handy milk scales and record suggested in a recent circular by W. J. Fraser of the Illinois experiment station. As the illustration shows, any dairymen can adopt the

plan by simply rigging up a board to support scales and milk record, and then has the figures before him to tell just what the cows are doing. To know the value of a cow her total annual yield must be known. The only way to learn this is to keep a record of her daily milk yield.

"Water" called the customer in the restaurant where a band was playing.

"Yes, sir."

"Kindly tell the leader of the orchestra to play something sad and low while I dine. I want to see if it won't have a softening influence on this tough steak."—Exchange.

During about 700 years the Latin language was the language of court, camp and polite society from the river Tweed, in Scotland, to the Euphrates, in Asia, and from the Crimea, in the Black sea, to the pillars of Hercules, at the western extremity of the Mediterranean sea.

Mr. Joesher—Miss Antek, wouldn't you like to change your name? Miss Antek (joyfully)—Oh, John, yes; Mr. Joesher—Then why don't you make an application to the proper authorities? I believe the courts will grant you permission if you show a good reason for the change.—Cleveland Leader.

Busy Bill.

"What," asks the Wyoming Tribune, "has become of the old fashioned, freckled faced boy who got the water, chopped the wood, split the kindling, milked the cows, fed the pigs, carried the horse and did such other chores as his parents found for him to do?" He's probably being kept busy handing his lacy son money with which to buy rolled up trousers and cigarettes.—Denver Post.

Dismal Professions.

The question was recently asked in a newspaper, "What is the most dismal of professions?" Among those that occurred to us as having a claim to be so considered were grave-digging, scavenging, listening to parliamentary orations through an all night sitting and the writing of poems or articles that nobody reads. The washing of dishes may be made interesting if done scientifically.—British Medical Journal.

THE SANCY DIAMOND

Legend of Louis de Berquem and the Celebrated Gem.

A NIGHT LAMP FOR A KING.

Checked Career of the Brilliant Stone After the Death of Charles the Timid. Some Facts About the Invention of Diamond Cutting.

Louis de Berquem, says tradition, was a poor jeweler's workman, but he fell in love with the daughter of a wealthy jeweler. This avaricious father would not give his daughter in marriage to any man not possessed of gold. Louis, having neither "expectations" from relatives nor favor at court, sought to make his fortune. He had often heard the father of his beloved remark that the man who discovered a method of cutting diamonds would become very wealthy, for up to that time they knew nothing more than to scrape off the gravel, and the diamond was left in its native state. Neither lime, fire nor the mill could affect the diamond.

After many investigations and deep thought Louis bethought himself that iron is fashioned with steel, which is only hardened iron, and it occurred to him that perhaps the diamond would yield to the diamond. He made an experiment, which was at once crowned with success.

A few days later he presented himself before the rich jeweler with two diamonds cut into facets. He obtained the hand he sought and amassed a great fortune by his secret, which he divulged only after he had become wealthy.

King Charles the Timid was the principal customer of Louis de Berquem. The fastidious enemy of Louis XI. then possessed a large diamond, since become celebrated, accounted among the finest of precious stones. But this diamond was ill shapen, and the fires which it held burned in vain.

Louis de Berquem cut and polished this stone, and nothing could equal the joy of Charles the Timid when the jeweler brought him the great diamond, so glittering with light that it lit up the darkness, and this to such an extent that the prince said, "It will serve me as a night lamp." Berquem received 3,000 ducats for his work.

As for the diamond, this is the one which was found in January, 1477, on the body of Charles the Timid after the battle of Nancy. A soldier picked it up, sold it for one gold piece to a priest, who in turn sold it for three pieces of gold to a merchant, who took it to the Duke of Florence.

From the hands of this prince it passed into the possession of the king of Portugal. He sold it for 70,000 francs to one of the companions of Henri III., Nicholas de Harlay, baron of Sancy. Since this time the first large diamond to be cut is known as "the Sancy."

This legend leads to other considerations of the cutting of diamonds ascribed to Louis de Berquem at Brussels in 1465.

Hardly any one will assert boldly that no diamonds were cut before that date, but it is reasonable to suppose that Louis de Berquem regulated cutting by arranging the facets.

Long before the birth of Louis de Berquem cutting was known in India. Even in Europe we find among the treasures of the churches thick diamonds cut into table and culet, the upper sides beaten into sections. In 1860, according to the inventory of the jewels of Louis, duke of Anjou, is found an entire series of cut diamonds. There is mention of a fat diamond with six sides, of a heart shaped diamond, of a diamond with eight sides, of a lozenge shaped diamond, of a diamond pointed on four sides and of a reliquary in which was set a diamond cut in the shape of a shield.

History informs us that 150 years before the first work of Louis de Berquem there were at Paris, at the corner of the Corroyerie, several diamond cutters.

The Duke of Burgundy, after a fastidious repast given at the Louvre to the king and the French court in 1408, offered to his noble guests eleven diamonds estimated to be worth 786 pieces of gold, the money of the period.

It is hardly possible to suppose that these were uncut diamonds; all of which goes to prove, notwithstanding some opinions, that Louis de Berquem did not invent the process of diamond cutting.

It is no less interesting to follow the fortunes of the Sancy a little further. It remained in the Sancy family some time, and Henri III. took it from them. It was destined to serve as a pledge for the raising of a body of Swiss soldiers, but the servant entrusted with bringing this diamond to the king was attacked, put to death, and the diamond was thought to be lost. Finally it was discovered that the servant had been assassinated in the forest of Dole and through the care of the priest had been buried in the village cemetery. Then the Baron de Sancy resolved that the diamond must not be lost. In fact, they found it in the stomach of the hapless, faithful servant, who swallowed it at the moment that he fell. According to the inventory of 1791 the Sancy weighed 33 1/2 carats.

It disappeared in 1792 to reappear in Russia. Its value is estimated at a million francs. Before the revolution it was among the French crown jewels.—New York World.

Silence is sometimes the severest criticism.—Baxter.

BEEF FOR THE SHOW RING.

To produce a beef animal for show purposes it is not sufficient that the animal be given a few weeks of training at the end to round him into proper condition. It is essential to commence the training of the animal at birth. For beef purposes it has been my experience that the calf from an Angus cow, sired by a white or roan Shorthorn bull, has given the best satisfaction. I aim to have the calf born some time between Dec. 1 and the last of January. This will get the calf into proper condition, so that he will derive the benefits of the early seed in the spring.

From birth until August the calf is allowed to run with the mother. The cow is milked twice each day, so that a supply of milk will be maintained for the calf as long as desirable. When six weeks old it is given a little linseed oil cake and yellow turnips. About the middle of May the cow and calf are turned into the pasture, where they are left until the 1st of August. The calf is then taken from the mother and put into a box stall, which is kept well bedded with clean, fresh straw.

The calf is suckled twice each day and given plenty of green feed. In the morning I give him also a little linseed cake and in the evening a little grain, consisting of equal parts of

oats and bran. His exercise consists of an hour or two each afternoon in an open lot. After Sept. 1 I also feed him a few turnips.

About three weeks before the opening of the show I commence to give the calf more personal care and training. His feed continues as before, but his exercise is all taken at the rope's end. Each afternoon I lead him up and back a half mile lane. He is allowed to travel at his own leisurely pace, but is required to keep moving and to keep his head held up. After this he is given a lesson in standing, turning around and starting at the snap of the whip. Through this means he soon loses all shyness and will feel at ease when led into the show ring. Each day, usually in the morning, I sponge him off with cold water and blanket him, thus encouraging the growth of the hair.

A few days before he is expected to be shown I polish his horns, oil his hoofs and curl his coat of hair. To polish his horns I first go over them with the rasp, followed respectively by the emery, sandpaper and a piece of glass. This treatment is applied but the first time, and each day following I polish the horns with a pumice stone and a little olive oil. His feet are trimmed and a little oil and lampblack occasionally applied to give them a darker appearance. To curl the hair the calf is first sponged off with cold water until his hair is thoroughly wet.

Now, beginning at the head and working back, I comb his coat straight down. Next I turn the comb edgewise and draw a series of parallel lines the long way of the animal. This is followed by combing lightly from the bottom upward, which leaves the

hair in long, horizontal rows of curls. The hair is neatly parted in the middle on the forehead and backward over the neck to the shoulder. This is repeated each day until the day of the show. On the morning that he is to be shown I polish his hoofs and horns and curl his hair. He is not given much feed, as this would give him a pouchy appearance. After this he is given a short walk and is then ready to be led into the show ring.

To handle an animal in the show ring requires a good deal of skill and adeptness. A poorer animal, well shown, quite often takes a blue ribbon over a better one poorly shown. I aim to keep the fore feet of the animal on a little higher ground when possible. The head of the animal must at all times be held high and when standing should stand evenly on all four feet. The showing is, of course, the climax of the whole thing. I try to keep one eye on the animal and the other on the judge.—John Palmer, Herdsman at University of Illinois.

Flocks That Pay.

It is not necessarily the largest flock that nets the largest profits. A smaller one well cared for and freed from loafers may pile up the net gain much faster even if the gross income should be decreased.

He Moved No More.

(Original.)

A man with red beard and hair, the latter protruding in front from a hole in his woolen hat, freckled, homely, stood on a crest peering at something in the distance. His attitude denoted surprise. He nervously ran his thumb under his left gaiter, thrust the other hand in his pocket, took it out and shaded his eyes with it. His had been the only cabin within ten miles, and now, since he had visited this part of his domain, a log hut had gone up within two miles of him and smoke was curling from the chimney.

Starting forward, he triangulated his cowhide boots toward the strange edifice. When he reached it he looked in at the open door. The only sound was from a loud ticking clock. A child about six months old lay asleep in a crib manufactured from the limbs of the trees growing on the ground, the bark remaining where nature had placed it. The man entered the room—there was but one—approached the child and looked down upon it with a singular expression on his weather beaten face. Then he put his brown forefinger under its pink and white dimpled hand, and the little one's fingers tightened on it.

Presently he went to the door and looked out. No one was in sight. He turned. A flour barrel stood in a corner. Dipping his finger in soot on the chimney, he wrote on the barrel head:—

Dere Sur, I dont want no nabura. Ef you wont sell out to me I got to move.

SIRUS MOFFATT.

Mr. Moffatt, having written his message, left the premises, casting a parting glance at the slumbering child. That night he slept but little. For years he had been moving away from his fellow men. He didn't mind bears or coyotes or snakes, for they were his legitimate prey, if not companionable, but he didn't like men, because he said "there's a law agin shootin' 'em." He had moved many times and now, being over forty years old, was becoming averse to change. Yet here was a family settled right under his nose.

He waited a week, thinking that his neighbor would communicate with him, but he didn't. So at the same time of day (6 in the morning) as he had made his first visit he made another. He found the same conditions. The door stood open; the clock rattled off the seconds; the child slept. But there was one thing new. On a board over the fireplace intended for a mantel rested the lid of a cracker box on which was written:

WONT BUY OR SELL.

Cyrus looked disappointed. He turned to the child. Five rosy toes peeped from under a blanket. The man took the big toe between his thumb and finger very gingerly. It seemed made of wax, and he was afraid of crushing it. Then he put his forefinger again in the little palm to feel the clutch of the pink fingers, and when it came a grin overspread his ugly features. Then he walked to the fireplace, read the message again and grew serious. It angered him. Turning the box lid over, he wrote on the other side:

I'm cumin to morrow mornen at this time to drive you out.

As he was leaving he again caught sight of the child, paused, glanced back at the message he had written, pondered, then stalked out of the house and away.

The next morning, taking down his rifle from the wall, he went to his neighbor's cabin. He expected that this time he would find his man and what other members of the family there might be. He was surprised to find only the child. It was awake. It had kicked off its blanket, and a pair of chubby little legs were high in the air. It smiled at him. Approaching, he clasped its two ankles in his great wrinkled fists. The child made a grab for his red beard and pulled sturdily.

The noisy clock had ticked away some twenty minutes when the child suddenly took it into its head to squall. Cyrus looked about for something to appease it, and, seeing a nursing bottle half full of milk, he put the nipple into the little one's mouth. But it continued to squall, thrusting its arms forward. Cyrus took it up, sat down in the only chair in the room, gave it the bottle, and it was happy. So was he.

Now, Cyrus had set his rifle against the chimney and was not in a position either offensive or defensive. He was ta-t-ang and ba-b-ang to the child as women do when suddenly he heard a voice say:

"Han's up, stranger!"

The voice was a soft one, but Cyrus started. Looking up, he saw a woman standing in the doorway, covering him with a revolver.

"I can't," said Cyrus, "thout droppin' the baby."

"Y' come over to drive me out, did y'?"

The words were not spoken in a fierce tone. Indeed, the woman was laughing at the picture before her.

"Where's yer man?"

"Hain't got no man. I'm a widder woman. My man died before the child was born."

Here were a lone woman and a child trying to get on without their natural protector, the most touching of all conditions. Cyrus surrendered in heart as well as in person.

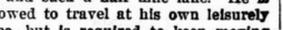
"Reckon y' kin stay if y' want to," he said. "How did y' happen to come here, ennyway?"

"My husband bought this property jst before he died. I had nowhere else to go."

Cyrus Moffatt neither moved on any more nor did he wish to. A babe had softened him. He became its legal protector.

F. A. MITCHELL.

READY FOR THE SHOW RING.



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