GRAUSTARK

...By...

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Grenfall Lorry, a wealthy American globe trotter, stumbles into acquaintance with a charming foreign girl on the train from Denver to Washington. The pair are left behind when the flier stops for repairs in West Virginia.

CHAPTER II.—Lorry wires ahead to hold the train. He and the unknown girl ride twenty miles at a tearing pace in a mountain coach. There is no lovemaking, but a near approach to it as the rolling stage tumbles the passengers about.

CHAPTER III.—Lorry dines with the foreign party, consisting of Miss Guggenslocker, Uncle Casper and Aunt Yvonne. They are natives of Graustark, a country Lorry had never heard of before.

CHAPTER IV.—Lorry shows the foreigners the sights of Washington. They leave for New York to sail on the Kaiser Wilhelm. Miss Guggenslocker naively calls Lorry her "ideal American" and invites him to come and see her at Edelweiss.

CHAPTER V.—Wildly infatuated, Lorry hurries to New York. The name Guggenslocker is not on the steamer list. He sees the steamer off. Miss G. waves him a kiss from the deck.

CHAPTER VI.—Lorry joins his old friend, Harry Anguish, an American artist, in Paris. Graustark and its capital Edelweiss, are located by a guidebook. The Americans get no trace of the Guggenslockers there.

CHAPTER VII—Lorry sees his charmer driving in a carriage with a beautiful companion of her own sex. He gets a glance of recognition, but the carriage rolls on, leaving his mystery unsolved. Later he receives a note at his hotel signed Sophia Guggenslocker, inviting him to visit her next day.

CHAPTER VIII.—In the evening Lorry and Anguish ramble about the grounds of the castle where dwells the court of the Princess of Graustark. They overhear a plot to abduct the princess and resolve to capture the plotters red handed.

CHAPTER IX.—Following the conspirators, Lorry finds himself in a room he heard them designate as that of the princess.

CHAPTER X.—Lorry tells the princess of the plot. Mutual recognition; she is Miss Guggenslocker. Dannox, the guard, is in the abduction plot. He tells Lorry with a terrible blow. Anguish to the rescue.

CHAPTER XI.—Lorry quartered in the castle. The princess visits him, but forbids all talk of love.

CHAPTER XII.—Graustark is bankrupt and owes the neighboring princedom of Axphain $30,000,000. The creditor demands cash or the cession of the richest districts of Graustark.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Prince of Axphain offers to extend the loan if the princess will marry his son Lorenz. Prince Gabriel of Dawsbergen also bids for the princess' hand with offer of a loan. Yetive tells Lorry that she belongs to her people and will marry Lorenz.

CHAPTER XIV.—Lorry discovered kissing the princess while she is seated on the throne. He quits the castle by royal command.

CHAPTER XV.—Betrothal of the princess to Lorenz. The Americans recognize Gabriel as chief conspirator in the abduction plot.

CHAPTER XVI.—Lorenz toasts the princess lightly in a cafe. Lorry dashes the glass from his hand. Challenge to a duel. Lorenz assassinated. Lorry charged with the crime.

CHAPTER XVII.—Princess Yetive commits Lorry to prison. All Graustark rejoices at the death of Lorenz.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SOLDIER.

OFF went the carriage with a dash, the rumble of its wheels joining in the grewsome roar of the elements. For some time the two sat speechless side by side. Outside the thunder rolled, the rain swirled and hissed, the wind howled and all the horrors of nature seemed crowded into the blackness of that thrilling night. Lorry wondered vaguely whither they were going, why he had seen no flashes of lightning, if he should ever see her again. His mind was busy with a thousand thoughts and queries.

"Where are we going?" he asked after they had traveled half a mile or so.

"To a place of safety," came the reply from the darkness beside him.

"Thanks," he said dryly. "By the way, don't you have any lightning in this part of the world? I haven't seen a flash tonight."

"It is very rare," came the brief reply.

"Devilish uncommunicative," thought Lorry. After a moment he asked, "How far do we travel tonight?"

"A number of miles."

"Then I'm going to take off this wet coat. It weighs a ton. Won't you remove yours?" He jerked off the big rain coat and threw it across to the opposite seat, with the keys and the lantern. There was a moment's hesitation on the part of his companion, and then a second wet coat followed the first. Their rain helmets were also tossed aside. "Makes a fellow feel more comfortable."

After this there was a longer silence than at any time before. The soldier drew himself into the corner of the seat, an action which repelled further discussion, it seemed to Lorry, so he leaned back in the opposite corner and allowed his mind to wander far from the interior of that black, stuffy carriage. Where was he going? When was he to leave Graustark? Was he to see her soon?

Soon the carriage left the smooth streets of Edelweiss, and he could tell by the jolting and careening that they were in the country, racing over a rough, rocky road. It reminded him of an overland trip he had taken in West Virginia some months before, with the fairest girl in all the world as his companion. Now he was riding in her carriage, but with a surly, untalkative soldier of the guard. The more he allowed his thoughts to revel in the American ride and its delights the more uncontrollable became his desire to see the one who had whirled with him in "Light Horse" Jerry's coach.

"I wish to know how soon I am to see your mistress," he exclaimed impulsively, sitting up and striking his companion's arm by way of emphasis.

To his surprise, the hand was dashed away, and he distinctly heard the soldier gasp. "I beg your pardon!" he cried, fearing that he had given pain with his eager strength.

"You startled me. I was half asleep," stammered the other apologetically. "Whom do you mean by my mistress?"

"Her royal highness, of course," said Lorry impatiently.

"I cannot say when you are to see the princess," said his companion after waiting so long that Lorry felt like kicking him.

"Well, see here, my friend, do you know why I agreed to leave that place back there? I said I wouldn't go away from Graustark until I had seen her. If you fellows are spiriting me away—kidnaping me, as it were—I want to tell you I won't have it that way. I must know right now where we are going in this awful storm!"

"I have orders to tell you nothing," said the soldier stanchly.

"Orders, eh! From whom?"

"That is my affair, sir!"

"I guess I'm about as much interested in this affair as anybody, and I insist on knowing our destination. I jumped into this thing blindly, but I'm going to see my way out of it before we go much farther. Where are we going?"

"You—you will learn that soon enough," insisted the other.

"Am I to see her soon? That's what I want to know."

"You must not insist!" cried the soldier. "Why are you so anxious to see her?" he asked suddenly.

"Don't be so blamed inquisitive," cried Grenfall angrily, impatiently. "Tell me where we are going or I'll put a bullet into you!" Drawing his revolver, he leaned over, grasped the guard by the shoulder and placed the muzzle against his breast.

"For God's sake, be calm! You would not kill me for obeying orders! I am serving one you love. Are you mad? I shall scream if you keep pressing that horrid thing against my side." Lorry felt him tremble and was at once filled with compunction. How could he expect a loyal fellow to disobey orders?

"I beg your pardon a thousand times," he cried, jamming the pistol into his pocket. "You are a brave gentleman, and I am a fool. Take me where you will. I'll go like a lamb. You'll admit, however, that it is exasperating to be going in the dark like this."

"It is a very good thing that it is dark," said the soldier quickly. "The darkness is very kind to us. No one can see us, and we can see no one."

"I should say not. I haven't the faintest idea what you look like. Have I seen you at the castle?"

"Yes, frequently."

"Will you tell me your name?"

"You would not know me by name."

"Are you an officer?"

"No. I am new to the service."

"Then I'll see that you are promoted. I like your stanchness. How old are you?"

"I am—er—twenty-two."

"Of the nobility?"

"My father was of noble birth."

"Then you must be so too. I hope you'll forgive my rudeness. I'm a bit nervous, you know."

"I forgive you gladly."

"Devilish rough road this."

"Devilish. It is a mountain road."

"That's where we were too."

"Where who were?"

"Oh, a young lady and I some time ago. I just happened to think of it."

"It could not have been pleasant."

"You never made a bigger mistake in your life."

"Oh, she must have been pretty, then."

"You are right this time. She is glorious."

"Pardon me. They usually are in such adventures."

"By Jove, you're a clever one!"

"Does she live in America?"

"That's none of your affair."

"Oh!" And then there was silence between them.

"Inquisitive fool!" muttered Gren to himself.

For some time they bumped along over the rough road, jostling against each other frequently, both enduring stoically and silently. Suddenly Lorry remembered the lantern. It was still lit with the slide closed when he threw it on the seat. Perhaps it still burned and could relieve the oppressive darkness if but for a short time. He might at least satisfy his curiosity and look upon the face of his companion. Leaning forward, he fumbled among the traps on the opposite seat.

"I think I'll see if the lantern is lighted. Let's have it a little more cheerful in here," he said. There was a sharp exclamation, and two vigorous hands grasped him by the shoulder, jerking him back unceremoniously.

"No, no! You will ruin all! There must be no light!" cried the soldier, his voice high and shrill.

"But we are out of the city."

"I know! I know! But I will not permit you to have a light. Against orders. We have not passed the outposts," expostulated the other nervously.

"What's the matter with your voice?" demanded Lorry, struck by the change in it.

"My voice?" asked the other, the tones natural again. "It's changing. Didn't it embarrass you when your voice broke like that?" went on the questioner breathlessly. Lorry was now leaning back in the seat, quite a little mystified.

"I don't believe mine ever broke like that," he said speculatively. There was no response, and he sat silent for some time, regretting more and more that it was so dark.

Gradually he became conscious of a strange, unaccountable presence in that dark cab. He could feel a change coming over him. He could not tell why, but he was sure that some one else was beside him, some one who was not the soldier. Something soft and delicate and sweet came into existence, permeating the darkness with its undeniable presence. A queer power seemed drawing him toward the other end of the seat. The most delightful sensations took possession of him. His heart fluttered oddly. His head began to reel under the spell.

"Who are you?" he cried in a sort of ecstasy. There was no answer. He remembered his match safe and with trembling, eager fingers drew it from the pocket of the coat he was wearing. The next instant he was scratching a match, but as it flared the body of his companion was hurled against his and a ruthless mouth blew out the feeble blaze.

"Oh, why do you persist?" was cried in his ears.

"I am determined to see your face," he answered sharply, and with a low cry of dismay the other occupant of the carriage fell back in the corner. The next match drove away the darkness and the mystery. With blinking eyes he saw the timid soldier huddling in the corner, one arm covering his face, the other hand vainly striving to pull the skirt of a military coat over a pair of red trouser legs. Below the arm that hid the eyes and nose he saw parted lips and a beardless, dainty chin; above, long, dark tresses strayed in condemning confusion. The breast beneath the blue coat heaved convulsively.

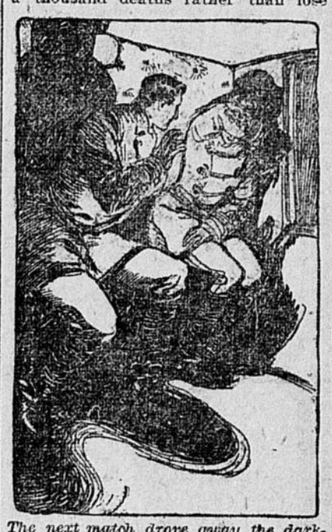
The match dropped from his fingers, and as darkness fell again it hid the soldier in the strong arms of the fugitive—not a soldier bold, but a gasping, blushing, unresisting coward. The lithe form quivered and then became motionless in the fierce, straining embrace. The head dropped upon his shoulder, his hot lips caressing the burning face and pouring wild, incoherent words into the little ears.

"You! You!" he cried, mad with joy. "Oh, this is heaven itself! My brave darling! Mine forever—mine forever! You shall never leave me now! Drive on! Drive on!" he shouted to the men outside, drunk with happiness. "We'll make this journey endless. I know you love me now—I know it! Oh, I shall die with joy!"

A hand stole gently into his hand, and her lips found his in a long, passionate kiss.

"I do not want you to know! Ach, I am so sorry! Why, why did I come tonight? I was so strong, so firm, I thought; but see how weak I am! You dominate me; you own me, body and soul, in spite of everything—against my will. I love you, I love you, I love you!"

"I have won against the princes and the potentates! I was losing hope, my queen—losing hope. You were so far away, so unattainable. I would brave a thousand deaths rather than lose



The next match drove away the darkness and the mystery.

this single minute of my life. It makes me the richest man in all the world. How brave you are! This night you have given up everything for my sake. You are fleeing with me away from all that has been dear to you."

"No, no; you must not be deluded. It is only for tonight, only till you are safe from pursuit. I shall go back. You must not hope for more than this hour of weakness, sweet as it is to me!" she cried.

"You are going back and not with me?" he cried, his heart chilling.

"You know I cannot. That is why I hoped you would never know how much I care for you. Alas, you have found me out! My love was made rash by fear. You could never have escaped the vengeance of Axphain. I could not have shielded you. This was the only course, and I dared not hesitate. I should have died with terror had you gone to trial, knowing what I knew. You will not think me unwomanly for coming with you as I am. It was necessary—really it was! No one else could have"— But he smothered the wail in kisses.

"Unwomanly!" he exclaimed. "It was by divine inspiration. But you will come with me, away from Graustark, away from every one. Say that you will!"

"I cannot bear to hear you plead, and it breaks my heart to go back there. But I cannot leave Graustark—I cannot! It would be heaven to go with you to the end of the world, but I have others besides myself to consider. You are my god, my idol. I can worship you from my unhappy throne, from my chamber, from the cell into which my heart is to retreat. But I cannot, I will not, desert Graustark—not even for you!"

He was silent, impressed by her nobility, her loyalty. Although the joy ebbed from his craving heart, he saw the justice of her self sacrifice.

"I would give my soul to see your face now, Yetive. Your soul is in your eyes. I can feel it. Why did you not let me stay in prison, meet death and so end all? It would have been better for both of us. I cannot live without you."

"We can live for each other, die for each other—apart. Distance will not lessen my love. You know that it exists. It has been betrayed to you. Can you not be satisfied—just a little bit—with that knowledge?" she pleaded.

"But I want you in reality, not in my dreams, my imagination."

"Ach, we must not talk like this! There is no alternative. You are to go; I am to stay. The future is before us. God knows what it may bring to us. Perhaps it may be good enough to give us happiness—who knows? Do not plead with me. I cannot endure it. Let me be strong again! You will not be so cruel as to battle against me now that I am weak. It would only mean my destruction. You do not seek that!"

His soul, his honor, the greatest reverence he had ever known were in the kiss that touched her brow.

"I shall love you as you command—without hope," he said sadly.

"Without hope for either," she sobbed.

"My poor little soldier," he whispered lovingly as her body writhed under the storm of tears.

"I—I wish—I were a—soldier!" she wailed. He comforted her as best he could, and soon she was quiet—oh, so very quiet! Her head was on his shoulder, her hands in his.

"How far do we drive?" he asked at last.

"To the monastery. We are nearly there," she answered in tones far away.

"The monastery? Why do we go there?" he cried.

"You are to stay there."

"What do you mean? I thought I was to leave Graustark."

"You are to leave—later on. Until the excitement is over the abbey is to be your hiding place. I have arranged everything, and it is the only safe place on earth for you at this time. No one will think of looking for you up there."

"I would to God I could stay there forever, living above you," he said drearily.

"Your window looks down upon the castle; mine looks up to yours. The lights that burn in those two windows will send out beams of love and life for one of us at least."

"For both of us, my sweetheart," he corrected fondly. "You say I will be safe there. Can you trust these men who are aiding you?"

"With my life! Quinnox carried a message to the abbot yesterday, and he grants you a temporary home there, secure and as secret as the tomb. He promises me this, and he is my best friend. Now, let me tell you why I am with you, masquerading so shamefully"—

"Adorably!" he protested.

"It is because the abbot insisted that I bring you to him personally. He will not receive you except from my hands. There was nothing else for me to do, then, was there, Lorry? I was compelled to come, and I could not come as the princess—as a woman. Discovery would have meant degradation from which I could not have hoped to recover. The military garments were my only safeguard."

"And how many people know of your—deception?"

"Three besides yourself—Dagmar, Quinnox and Captain Dangloss. The abbot will know later on, and I shiver as I think of it. The driver and the man who went to your cell, Ogbot, know of the escape, but do not know I am here. Allode—you remember him—is our driver."

"Allode? He's the fellow who saw me—er—who was in the throneroom."

"He is the man who saw nothing, sir."

"I remember his obedience," he said, laughing in spite of his unhappiness. "Am I to have no freedom up here—no liberty at all?"

"You are to act as the abbot or the prior instructs, and, I must not forget, Quinnox will visit you occasionally. He will conduct you from the monastery and to the border line at the proper time."

"Alas, he will be my murderer, I fear! Yetive, you do not believe I killed Lorenz. I know that most of them do, but I swear to you I am no more the perpetrator of that cowardly crime than you. God bears testimony to my innocence. I want to hear you say that you do not believe I killed him."

"I feared so at first—no, do not be angry—I feared you had killed him for my sake, but now I am sure that you are innocent."

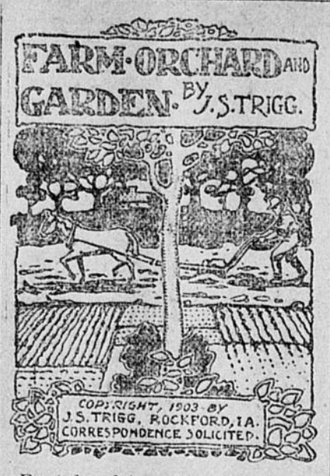
The carriage stopped too soon, and Quinnox opened the door. It was still as dark as pitch, but the downpour had ceased except for a disagreeable, misty drizzle, cold and penetrating.

"We have reached the stopping place," he said.

"And we are to walk from here to the gate," said the princess, resuming her hoarse, manly tones. While they were busy donning their raincoats she whispered in Lorry's ear, "I beg of you, do not let him know that you have discovered who I am."

(To Be Continued.)

The new Baptist church at Ft. Dodge has been dedicated.



Frosted and immature corn may be best utilized in the silo.

The cribs of the corn belt are to be filled with a good average crop of corn this fall.

From the woman's standpoint a man should be just like a Percheron horse—big and strong, but very docile and tractable.

The several byproducts of corn, cotton and oil have now become of almost as much importance to the world as the original materials. The same is largely true of our meat products.

If there could be secured just three stalks of corn in the hill and there be no hills missing, and each stalk would produce an ear eleven inches long, a yield of 140 bushels to the acre would be obtained.

The government estimate of the damage done by the great floods of the central west the past season is in excess of $40,000,000, and this does not include the incidental injury in the lowering of crop yields outside the direct path of the floods.

Abnormal weather conditions in the northwest have so stimulated the strawberry beds that in many places we get reports of a second crop of berries. This is a curious freak of nature which is rather boasted of, but the truth is that where the second fruiting occurs it will greatly injure the crop of next season.

Farming by the disk harrow methods induces slovenliness and superficiality in the cultivation of the soil. Vast areas of grain producing territory are now worked almost wholly with this tool, and the good old fashioned plowing of the fields is a lost art. Valuable tool as the disk harrow is, it should never be made to take the place of the plow.

Ellis county, Tex., is bragging over a cotton crop worth $5,000,000, and Rush county, Kan., is pointing with pride to a crop of winter wheat worth $2,500,000. And these are only isolated counties in two great states. Stocks may touch a low ebb in Wall street and poverty show its head among the manufacturing sections, but there never can be very hard times in those sections of the country where original wealth is created at such a rate as in those referred to.

He is sixty and a farmer, rich, but has no sense. He has always set the pace which kills—more land, more land, more crops, more work. His wife died ten years ago, worn out trying to keep his gait; his boys have each run away the first chance they had; his daughters have married any old stick of a man to be able to get away from home. The sons and the worthless sons-in-law are now watching and waiting like buzzards on a fence for the old man to die so that they may divide up his possessions. There will be a big funeral some day soon—seventy-five or more carriages and all that—and that's the end of old Jones.

Natural law favors a diversification of farm products rather than specializing or devoting the farm to the production of any one crop. No truth is more easy to comprehend than this—that when any one form of animal or vegetable life is given entire control of the land some disease is almost sure to appear sooner or later to compel the change to something else. A little of many things will contribute not only to freedom from disease, but better assure satisfying financial returns. By way of illustration we note that 150 or 200 hens may be kept successfully on a farm, but increase the number to 1,000, and for many reasons they will not pay. The same is true of sheep and hogs.

We are more and more impressed with the practical value of the idea suggested in these notes a year ago—the joint ownership of a flock of, say, 300 sheep by eight or ten adjoining farmers, the flock to be under the constant care of a shepherd, aided by a trained dog, these sheep to be kept primarily as weed destroyers on highway and field and utilizers of waste grain and forage on the farms of their owners. Thus kept, the two great objections which obtain against the keeping of sheep—the cost of fencing and the losses by dogs—would be wholly removed. The logical result of so keeping such a flock of sheep would be fewer weeds, clean highways and an incidental annual profit for the owners more than sufficient to pay all their taxes. The flock could be either wintered in a body or divided up for this purpose among the owners. Another advantage would be fresh mutton all the year round when it was wanted.

The White Brahma is one of our best winter egg producers, but she makes one tired with her uselessness during the summer.

Cheap lands and unquestioned fertility of soil don't really count for very much when there comes a foot of snow and ice a half inch thick in middle September.

It is better to have but $3,000 when one is sixty and good health as the net result of a life lived moderately and well than to have $60,000 and a wrecked constitution as a result of trying to own the earth.

The corporations are not consistent in barring out men over forty from their service, for nearly all the best general officers of the roads and their boards of directors are gray haired men—men with brains and experience.

A flock of hens running at large on a farm homestead will not yield the profit the same flock would when yarded and properly fed and cared for. A friend who has tried both ways tells us that he gets nearly twice as many eggs under the last named method as he did when his chickens ran wild.

We find the cow which freshens in the fall to be more profitable than the one fresh in the spring. It is easier to regulate the ration of the milk cow in winter than in the summer, and our experience is that her fall calf gets a better start in life also. It is a good arrangement all round to have the cow dry in dog days.

An economic fact of the greatest significance is the falling off in the demand for steel—structural steel for building, for rails and the like. This fact marks the end of the boom conditions of the past four years. In a year from now it may be possible to secure both material and men for building enterprises at a reasonable figure.

It is claimed that the music of a brass band will kill mosquitoes. A western Chautauqua meeting which at first was almost broken up by the pest became entirely free from them after the services of a brass band were secured. This singular fact, if fact it is, does not surprise us, for some bands we know are calculated to drive away all animate things.

One eastern railway corporation is at work trying to solve the important question of a future supply of ties for the use of the road by setting out its right of way with black locust trees. The roads have on the average not less than four acres of land available for this purpose for each mile of road and in the level prairie sections even more and this land could be put to far better use, devoted to timber culture than to be an annual expense to the corporations to keep the weds cut down.

Everything has its innings sooner or later, and the summer of 1903 has been a bee year all through the west. An unheard of crop of white clover bloom lasting over a period of six or seven weeks started them, and they just swarmed and swarmed and piled up the honey at a rate never known before. They have made hives of the trees, holes in the ground, got into the attics of houses, lined the sides of schoolhouse and barn with masses of well filled comb and have brought the price of the most luscious of sweets down to 8 cents a pound. Great year for the bees!

There is much comfort connected with getting things all in shape for the winter—fuel in the shed, plenty of fodder in the barn, corneribs filled up, plowing all done, water supply handy for the stock, the cellar filled up with vegetables and canned fruits. When this is all done, as it may and should be, the man who has worked fourteen hours a day for five months may look forward to the winter season with pleasure as a time for a measure of rest and recreation. One trouble is that too many of us try to get ready for winter after it is here, and then there is no fun connected with it.

England raised only 45,000,000 bushels of wheat this year and wants 208,000,000 bushels more from some country in order to feed her people, most of which will be supplied from this country. Then she has got to come here for a good share of her meat, for nearly all her fruits and for all the cotton with which to supply her immense factories. Each year we buy less and less of her manufactured products, and each year the balance of trade grows larger against her. If it were not that she is able to sell her lords and dukes at big prices to our fool American girls and that she has a batch of old ruins and relics which Americans pay her big money to see, we would own the whole island inside of fifty years.

The tenacity with which some things, and usually the mean things, hang on to life and persist in the effort to propagate themselves is well illustrated in our experience with a burdock this season. We saw it come up in the spring and let it grow until June, when we fixed it, as we then thought, by cutting it off four inches below the surface. Along in July we noted that it had made another good start and was sending up a well filled seed head. We cut it again. Along in late September, passing by, we noticed that it had still vigor enough to push up a feeble stalk, upon the tip of which was a tiny blossom bud. This beat us, and we let it alone on the broad and humanitarian ground that anything which would try so hard to live and reproduce itself should, as far as we were concerned, have a chance.

THE OLD FOLKS.

The old folks and the care of them after they have become no longer able to care for themselves is a subject in which nearly all are interested and one very closely allied to our religion and our civilization. While as a people we term ourselves pretty well civilized, there is still a lot of barbarity practiced in this connection. None of us has to look very far or very long to see cases which make our blood boil at the ingratitude and lack of filial regard on the part of children toward their parents, some permitting the old folks to spend their last days in some poorhouse or asylum, others permitting them to exist outside such places in the direst poverty or indifferently allowing some kind hearted son or daughter to bear the entire burden of the old people's support. Now, here is a little plain talk for the old people themselves, or, rather, those who know they will be in that class in a short time. If as a result of your toil and labor you are possessed of a little property, you just hang on to it hard and tight. Don't let it go to help some son or daughter, no matter what may be the emergency. So long as you have money or property others will care well for you, and dependence, the very heaviest burden of age, will not be yours to carry. In a general way it is best for old people to have their own home unless death has divided them. Age brings a certain amount of crankiness even to the best of us, and the right to say what one pleases and do as one wishes is probably appreciated more when one reaches seventy than ever before. The love of money may be the root of all evil, but nevertheless the possession of good hard cash or its equivalent will do more to smooth the days when the grasshopper has become a burden than any other thing. Old people should eat away at the principal of their little capital and should not deny themselves needed comforts or even luxuries in order to hand down their property intact to their heirs. Let the heirs scratch and earn some for themselves. Somewhere we have read of the pathetic story of a woman who, fearing a burial at the expense of others, had figured out the cost of the funeral expenses and had worked hard and long to lay aside the money needed for this purpose and who practically starved herself to death rather than touch a penny of the hoard. It should be, if children are rightly brought up and a family bond of love and affection binds the family together, then when father and mother become helpless and old they would be most welcome guests at the home of any one of their children, but we feel almost justified in saying that such cases are the exception rather than the rule. The next best thing is for old people to hang on to their property, for money will sometimes go farther than affection.

THE UNTOUCHED WOODS.

We found our way into a bit of the old forest not long since, a small tract of the primeval woods lying in a valley up among the hills, which the ruthless hand of man had not yet despoiled, no trace of his work visible save a healed scar on the side of some of the big sugar maples, showing where he had tapped the tree for its sweet. There were big basswoods, elms and maples whose tops shut out the sun a hundred feet in the air, some ancient and decaying relics lying prone on the earth, victims of some summer windstorm, and moss covered, feeding their more lucky kin. Here was the impressive silence of the woods, the calm of the chancel of a great cathedral, beyond the reach and sound of the rush and riot of an outside world, a silence broken only by the bark of a fox squirrel, the muffled drumbeat of the lord of the woods and the tinkle and babble of a little brook fretting down the glen. Here grew the most exquisite ferns and mosses, an inch in depth, like the pile of a Wilton carpet. All too soon the spirit of greed and of progress, you will call it, while we call it savagery, will invade this lovely retreat, and the blows of the woodman's ax will sound like the tolling of the bell over departing souls. Then will come the strident, rasping sound of the saw, and these monarchs of the woods will be sacrificed to make plank for hogpens and washing machines, fork handles and tubs. Then the fire will get in its work, and, as with the end of the world, all that is left will be burned up, and the hillside spring will dry up and the little brook cease to run and sing, and some hairy, club fisted human will turn it into a hog pasture or scar the once beauty spot to raise pumpkins, tobacco or taters. And then just think of any man made in the image of God doing such a dirty piece of business! But he'll do it and keep doing it as long as he can make a dollar by doing it.

CLEARING A FARM IN WASHINGTON

We all know in a general way that there grows big timber out in Oregon and Washington, but only recently have we realized what effort and expense are connected with the clearing of an acre of this heavily timbered land to fit it for a crop. Fancy having a stump eight or nine feet across in the land which you wish to convert into a garden patch, with roots thirty feet in length and three feet in diameter where they leave the stump, and this wood, both stump and roots, so sodden with water all the time that it is almost impossible to burn it! Fancy twenty such stumps on an acre, often more, and costing $20 each to remove them, and you will understand why cleared land in that country ought to bring a high price.

Jos. Ridge