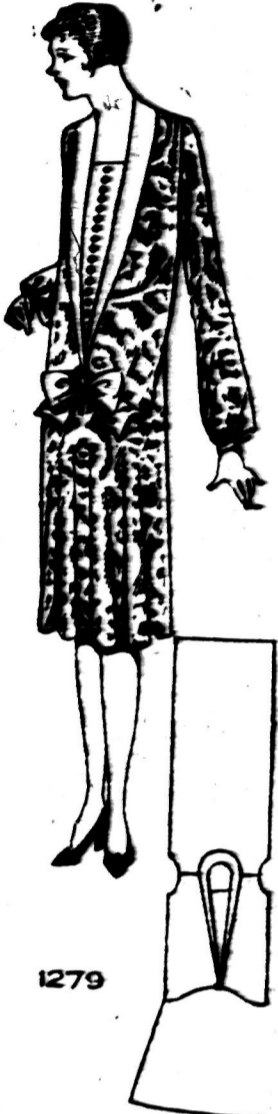


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Wooden helmets for miners are being manufactured in England.



ISSUE No. 7-27.

The Grandmother.

The slightest turn of memory takes me back at any time to Earlham, to the big sunny hall where we used to assemble for morning prayers. The hall was broad and square, rather bare of furniture; against the walls there were seats, velveted and fringed, once of a strong old crimson, but now faded away into soft rose-leaf colors under the suns of many summers; there was a round table, where our grandfather sat with his large Bible. At prayer time there were also benches, set out in rows, for the servants who came filing in through a swing door in one corner.

Prayers began with the unaccompanied hymn. Our grandmother, standing before the wide chimney, struck into the first notes, with a little toss of her lace-capped head—lifted up her singularly sweet and resonant voice, and the rest of us followed in unison. She sang... with a voice as fresh as a girl's, soaring and pealing with perfect ease; and her voice had a quality that I never seem to have heard in another, clear and vivid and poignant, like some kind of silver-wired harp. She soared into the melody quite at random, with no thought of the pitch; and sometimes it was a trying one for the congregation, and after the first verse she would cry "A little lower," and start the second verse in a more tomable key. She sang from the heart, and the words of the hymn floated upon the melody, dominating it, using it, so that the tune became an accompaniment to the words. Our repertory was not greatly varied; but often and often as the same familiar song was repeated... she would utter the words of praise and thanksgiving with a thrill, a radiant conviction, as though she made them her own for the first time.

A cool green light fell through the windows, which looked northward into an avenue of great limes, murmurous and odorless in summer noontides; and our grandmother would gather us to this end of the room, the coolest retreat in the house, in the heat of the long brilliant day. The space in the bow-window was raised like a dais above the level of the room; there was a green velvet window seat, and a huge old Chinese jar, standing on the floor, holding relics of ancestral lavender and rose leaves. There on the window seat our grandmother drew us round her and read to us, sweetly and playfully, ancient moral anecdotes, stories out of tiny little volumes that she cherished—or Bible stories, if it were Sunday. She read with a charming, trilling liveliness, dropping into soft mysterious undertones, breaking out again with silvery merriment—she had her own way in everything she did.—From "Earlham," by Percy Lubbock.

In Quietness and Confidence.
The winter earth and winter sky are no more quiet than am I; The leafless vineyards seem as bare Of leaping joy or quiet care. The laden sky is silver white, The clouds are full of molten light, The trees against the horizon's space Their patterned branches interlace.

Your quietness to you I yield, I rest beside this fallow field; I wait while you are waiting, earth, Nor pine for color or for mirth. I send my longing with the rains, I walk these birdless, unleafed lanes, My heart is homing here with me, It asks no winter gift to see.

In quiet now,—both I and you,— We warn the fields, "Lie holden, too; The clouds with solemn sunsets burn, With twilight they to pearl-gray turn. Above the dark spread over me, Look up and see, the skies are free, The air is cloud-thick, mists confine The dim horizon's close-shut line."

In quiet now, both you and I— We soothe the trees,—This will go by, Be strangers now, and lease no bough, No songster goes a-nesting now, Ye cannot speak the wind's dumb heart; His voice is heard when sap doth start, Take storm and all with naked bough, And wait for joy, for springtime's vow." —Margaret Troil Campbell, in Christian Science Monitor.

The Difference.
"Why is the World Court unlike a good hotel?"
"I give up."
"Because the more reservations you make, the harder it is to get in."

The Reason.
Father—"Can I help you with your home work to-night, son?"
Son—"Thanks, Dad, but teacher thinks it would be better if I got it wrong myself."

Athletes use Minard's Liniment.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

In a convict gang toiling on a road on the outskirts of Walla Walla is Ben Darby, serving a five-year five-year sentence for robbery committed while a victim of assault due to wounds received in the war. A chance meeting with Governor McNamara, an old friend of the prisoner, results in recognition. Melville pleads with Governor McNamara to have the prisoner examined. The mental test is made by Forest, a noted alienist of Seattle. A small box is brought forth and Darby remembers its contents, the V.C. given him for valor in the war.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.
McNamara focused an intent gaze first on Ben, then on the alienist. "It is, then—as you guessed."
"Absolutely. The night of his arrest marked the end of his trouble; you might say that his brain simply snapped back into health and began to function normally again, after a period of temporary mania from shock. In other words, he has been slowly convalescing since that night; under the proper stimuli I have no doubt that everything would come back to him."

"And our friend here—Melville—offers to supply those stimuli."
"Exactly. And it's up to you to say whether he gets a chance."
Thoughtfully the executive drummed his desk with his pencil. Presently a smile, markedly boyish and pleasant, broke over his face. He turned slowly in his chair.
"Darby, I suppose you followed what the doctor said?" he asked easily.
"Fairly well, I think."
"I'll review it, if I may. It seems, Ben, that you have been the victim of a strange set of unfortunate circumstances. Due to the efforts of an old family friend we've looked up your record. You served in France with Canadian troops and there you won, among other honors, the highest honor that the Government of England can award a hero. There you were shell-shocked, in the last months of the war. This good friend of yours has a plan outlined that he'll tell you of later, that will not only be the best possible influence toward recalling your memory, but will also give you a clean, new start in life."
"So you needn't return to Walla Walla, Darby. I'm going to parole you—under the charge of your benefactor, Melville, from now on it's up to you."

CHAPTER II.

HIRAM MELVILLE'S WILL.
There was a great house-cleaning in the dome of the heavens one memorable night that flashed like a jewel from the murky desolation of a rainy spring.

The Seattle citizenry, for the first time in some weeks, recalled the existence of the stars. A magnificent moon rose in the east, too big and too bright to compete with.
No living creature who saw it remained wholly unmoved by it.
But to no one in the city was the influence of the moon more potent than to Ben Darby, once known as "Wolf." Darby through certain far-spreading districts, and now newly come from the State capital, walking Seattle's streets with his ward and benefactor, Ezra Melville.

Forest had given over the case: it was Melville's time for experiments to-night. All the way out he had watched his patient, sounding him, studying his reactions; and all that he had beheld had gone to strengthen his own convictions.
"I don't see any harm in tellin' you that the guesses you've already made are right. Your name is Ben Darby—and you used to be known as 'Wolf' Darby—for reasons that sooner or later you may know. Abner Darby was your father. Edith Darby was your sister that ain't no more. You went awhile to MacLean's College, in Ontario."

"Now, Ben, I'm going to put a proposition up to you. I'm hoping you'll see fit to accept it. I don't see it makes a whale of a lot of difference whether you get your memory back or not."
"The reason I'm going to take you where I'm going to take you is for your own good."
"I'm willing to take your word for that, Mr. Melville," Ben interposed quietly.

"And I might say, now's as good a time as any, to let up on the 'Mister.' My name is Ezra Melville, and I've been known as 'Ezram' as long as I can remember, to my friends. The Darbys in particular called me that, and you're a Darby."
"I'll say in the beginning I can't do for you all I'd-like to do, simply because I haven't the means. On this expedition to come well have to go on the cheap. No Pullmans, no hotels—sleeping out in the hay when we're caught out at night."
Ben tried to cut in, to ask questions, but the old man's words swept his own away.
"To begin at the beginning, I've got a brother—leastwise had him a few

THE SKYLINE OF SPRUCE

weeks ago—Hiram Melville by name. Ezra went on. "He was a prospector up to a place called Snowy Gulch—a town way up in the Caribou Mountains, in Canada. Some weeks ago, I got a letter from him. The letter's right here."
"The mighty glad that I've got something, at least worth lookin' into, to let you in on. I only wish it was more."
"Why should you want to let me in on anything?" Ben asked clearly.

"The direct question received only a stare of blank amazement from Ezra. "Why should I—" he repeated, seemingly surprised out of his life by the question. "Shmeh, and quit interruptin' me. Maybe I'm getting a little too old to do much. I want a buddy—someone who will go halfway with me."
"Therefore I suppose you go to the 'pen' to find one," Ben commented, wholly unconvinced.
"I'm going to make this proposition good," Ezra went on as if he had not heard. "Listen to this!"
Opening the letter, he read laboriously:



"So you needn't return to Walla Walla, Darby, I'm going to parole you."

"Dear Brother Ezra:
"I rite this with what I think is my dying hand. It's my will too. I'm at the hotel at Snowy Gulch—and not much more time. You know I've been hunting a claim. Well, I found it—rich a pocket as any body want, worth a quarter million any how and in a district where the Snowy Gulch folks believe there ain't a grain of gold."
"It's yours. Come up and get it quick before some thieves up here jump it. Look out for Jeffery Neilson and his gang they seem some of my dust. I'm too sick to go to recorder in Bradleyburg and record claim. Get copy of this letter to carry, put this in some safe place. The only condition is you take good care of Fenris, the pet I raised from a pup. You'll find him and my gun at Steve Morris's."
"I felt myself going and just did get hear. You get supplies horses at Snowy Gulch go up Poor Man Creek through Spruce Pass over to Yuga River. Go down Yuga River past first rapids along still place to first creek you'll know it cause there's an old cabin just below and my canoe landing. Half mile up, in creek bed, is the pocket and new cabin. And don't tell no one in Snowy Gulch who you are and where you going."
"Go quick brother Ez and put up a stone for me at Snowy Gulch."
"Your brother
"Hiram Melville."

"And you haven't heard whether your brother is still alive?"
"I got a wire the hotel man sent me. It reached me weeks before the letter came, and I guess he must have died soon after he wrote it. I suppose you see what he means when he says to carry a copy of this letter, instead of the original."
"Of course—because it constitutes his will, your legal claim. Just the fact that you are his brother would be claim enough, I should think, but this simplifies matters for you. You'd better make a copy of it and you can leave it in some safe place. And of course this claim is what you offered to let me in on."
"That's it. Not much, but all what I got. What I want to know is—if it's a go."
"Wait just a minute. Before we go any further, tell me what service I've done you, what obligation you're under to me, that gives me a right to accept so much from you?"
"It might have been in the moonlight that Ezra's eyes glittered perceptibly. "You're in my charge," he grinned. "I guess you ain't got any say comin'."
"Wait—wait." Ben sprang to his feet and caught by his earnestness, Ezra went up too. "I sure appreciate the trust you put in me," Ben went on slowly. "For my own part I'd give everything I've got and all I'd hope to ever get to go with you. It's a chance such as I never dared believe would come to me again—a chance to get away and get a new start, in a

country where I feel, instinctively, that I'd make good."
The dark vivid eyes seemed to glow in the soft light. "Ezram, see if I talk frankly; and if it sounds silly I can't help it." Ezra continued. "You've never been in prison—with a five-year sentence hanging over you—and nobody giving a damn."
"But I can't take all that from a stranger. You must know how it is. A man can't, while he's young and strong, except charity."
"Good Lord, it ain't charity!" the old man shouted. "I'm gettin' as much pleasure out of it as you." His voice sank again; and there was no hint of mirth in his face.
"It was long ago, in Montreal," Ezra went on, after a pause. "I knew your mother, as a girl. She married a better man, but I told her that every wish of hers was law to me. You're her son."
Night is always a time of mystery in Snowy Gulch—that little cluster of frame shacks lost and far in the northern reaches of the Caribou Range.

Only a few have any idea of sympathetic understanding with it. Among these was Beatrice Neilson, and she herself did not fully understand the dreams and longings that swept her over at the fall of the mysterious wilderness night.
It seemed hardly fitting in this stern, rough land—the soft contour and delicacy of the girl's features. As she passed the door of the hotel one of the younger men who had been lounging about the stove strode out and accosted her.
"Going home?" the man asked. "I'm going up to see your pop, and I'll see you there, if you don't mind?"
(To be continued.)

Misunderstood.
Beggars and novelists have several things in common. Two of the most obvious are a constant lack of hard cash and the frequent necessity for drawing upon their imaginations.
Weary Willie was trying to get a coin out of the housewife by harrowing her feelings with a blood-curdling account of an accident in which he had been involved recently.
"Yes, lady," he whined, "it was awful. I heard the chugging of the engine and smelt gasoline. I sprang, but it was too late—the machine passed over me."
"And did the motor car hurt you?" asked the kind lady as she handed him a coin.
"Motor, me am?" said the beggar in feigned surprise. "It was an aeroplane!"



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