THE BATTLE=CRY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

Author of "The Call of the Cumberlands" — *Illustrations by C. D. RHODES*

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CHAPTER I.

The leaves of poplar and oak hung still and limp; no ghost of breeze found its way down there to stir them into movement or whisper. Banks of rhododendron, breaking into a foam of bloom, gave the seeming of green and white capped waves arrested and solidified by some sudden paralysis of nature. Sound itself appeared dead, save for hushed minors that only accentuated the stillness of the Cumberland forest.

Now, as evening sent her warning with gathering shadows that began to lurk in the valleys, two mounted figures made no sound either, save when a hoof splashed on a slippery surface or saddle-leather creaked under the patient scrambling of their animals.

In front rode a bareheaded mountaineer astride a rusty, brown mule.

The second figure came some yards behind, carefully following in the other's wake on a mule which limped. This second mule bore a woman, riding astride. She was a young woman, and if put now her slender shoulders also drooped a little, still even in their droop they hinted at a gallant grace of carriage.

The young man was very slender and, though conveyed by the drab mission-ary, "Good Anse" Talbott, riding astride a lame mount and accoutrered with saddlebags and blanket-roll, her clothes were not of mountain calico, but of good fabric, skillfully tailored, and she carried her head erect.

Indubitably this was a "furriner;" a woman from the other world of "down below." But who was she, and why had she come? As to that, word had gone ahead of her and been duly reported to the one man who knew things hereabout; who made it a point to know things, and whose name stood as a challenge to innovation in the mountains.

When at morning she had started out from the shack town at the end of the rails, "Bad Anse" Havey's informers had ridden not far behind her. Later they had pushed ahead and relayed their message to their chief.

She had often heard the name of Bad Anse Havey. The yellow press of the state, and even of the nation, was fond of using it. Whenever to the lawless mountains came a fresh upblazing of feudal hatred and blood was let, it was customary to say that the affair bore the earmarks of Bad Anse's incitement. Certain it was that in his own territory this man was overlord and dictator.

Like one of the untamable eagles that circled the windy crests of his mountains, he had watched with eyes that could gaze unblinking into the sun all men who came and went through the highlands where his aerie perched. Those whom he hated, unless they, too, were of the eagle breed, fierce and resourceful and strong of talon, could not remain there.

This slender young woman, astride a mule, was coming as the avowed outrider of a new order. She meant to make war on the whole fabric of illiteracy and squalid ignorance which lay intrenched here. Consequently her arrival would interest Bad Anse Havey.

Once, when they had stopped by a wayside mill to let their mules pant at the water trough, she had caught a scrap of conversation that was not meant for her ears; a scrap laughingly tossed from bearded lip to bearded lip among the hickory-shirted loiterers at the mill door.

"Reckon thet thar's the fotched-in woman what aims ter start a school over on the head of Tribulation," drawled one native. "I heard tell of her t'other day."

With a somewhat derisive laugh another had contributed:

"Mebby she hain't talked thet pro-lesk over with Bad Anse yit. Hit mought be a right good idee fer thet ter go on back down below, whar she b'longs at."

The girl was thinking of all this now as she rode in the wake of her silent escort.

In a moment of almost cringing despair she wished indeed that she were back thar down below whar she b'longed at."

Then, almost fiercely, drawing back her aching shoulders, she cast her eyes about on the darkening scene and raised her voice in anxious inquiry: "How much farther do we have to go?"

The man riding ahead did not turn his face, but flung his answer apathetically backward over his shoulder: "We got to keep right on till we comes ter a dwellin'-house. I'm aimin' fer old man Fletch McNash's cabin a leetle t'ther risk of a mile from hyar. I 'low mebby he mought shelter us till mornin'."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Ef he doesn't, we've got ter ride on a spell further."

The girl closed her eyes for a moment and pressed her lip between her teeth.

At last a sudden turn in the road brought to view a wretched patch of bare clay, circled by a dilapidated paling fence, within which gloomed a squalid and unlighted cabin of logs. At sight of its desolation the girl's heart sank. A square hovel, windowless and obviously of one room, held up a wretched lean-to that sagged drunkenly against its end. The open door was merely a patch of greater darkness in the gray picture. Behind it loomed the mountain like a crouching Colossus.

At first she thought it an abandoned shack, but as they drew near the stile a dark object lazily rose, resolving itself into a small boy of perhaps eleven. He had been sitting hunched up there at gaze with his hands clasped around his thin knees.

As he came to his feet he revealed a slim stature swallowed up in a hickory shirt and an overample pair of butternut trousers that had evidently come down in honorable heritage from elder brethren. His small face wore a sharp, prematurely old expression as he stood staring up at the new arrivals and hitching at the single "gallus" which supported the family breeches.

"Airy one o' ye folks got a chaw o' terbacey?" he demanded tersely, then added in plaintive afterthought: "I hain't had a chaw terday."

"Sonny," announced the colorless mountaineer with equal succinctness, "we want ter be took in. We're be-nighted."

"Ye mought ax Fletch," was the stolid reply, "only he hain't hyar. Hes airy one o' ye folks got a chaw o' terbacey."

"I don't chaw, ner drink, ner smoke," answered the horseman quietly, in the manner of one who teaches by precept. "I'm a preacher of ther Gawspel. Ain ye Fletch's boy?"

"Huh-huh. Hain't thet woman got no terbacey nuther?"

Evidently, whatever other characteristics went into this youth's nature, he was admirably gifted with tenacity and singleness of purpose.

Over Her Stood the Woman Who Had Been Across the Stile.

Juanita Holland smiled as she shook her head and replied: "I'm a woman, and I don't use tobacco."

"The hell ye don't!" The boy paused, then added scornfully. "My mammy chaws and smokes, too—but she don't straddle no hoss."

After that administration of rebuke he deigned once more to recognize the missionary's insistent queries, though he did so with a laconic impatience.

"I'm yer Fletch hain't hyar." The boy started disgustedly away, but paused in passing to jerk his head toward the house and added: "Ye mought ax thet woman ef ye've a mind ter."

The travelers raised their eyes and saw a second figure standing with hands on hips staring at them from the distance. It was the slovenly figure of a woman, clad in a colorless and shapeless skirt and an equally shapeless jacket, which hung unbelted about her thick waist. As she came slowly forward the girl began to take in other details. The woman was barefooted and walked with a shambling gait which made Juanita think of bears pacing their barred inclosures in a zoo. Her face was hard and unsmiling, and the wrinkles about her eyes were those of anxious and lean years, but the eyes themselves were not unkind. Her lips were tight clamped on the stem of a clay pipe.

"Evenin', ma'am," began the mountaineer. "I'm Good Anse Talbott. I reckon, mebby ye've heerd of me. This lady is Miss Holland from down below. I 'lowed Fletch mought let us tarry hyar till sunup."

"I reckon he mought ef he war hyar —though we don't foller taking in strangers," was the dubious reply, "—but he ain't hyar."

"Where air he at?"

"Don't know. Didn't ye see him down the road as ye rid along?"

"Well, now—" drawled the missionary, "I hain't skeercely as well acquainted hyarabouts as further up Tribulation. What manner o' lookin' man air he?"

"He don't look like nothin' much," replied his wife morosely. "He's jest an ornery-lookin' old man."

"Whither did he sot out ter go when he left hyar?"

The woman shook her head, then a grim flash of latent wrath broke in her eyes.

"I'll jest let ye hev the truth, stranger. Some triflin' fellers done sa'intered past hyar with a jug of licker, an' thet fool Fletch hes jest done follered 'em off. That's all thar is to hit, an' he hain't got no license ter ack thataway nuther. I reckon by now he's a-layin' drunk somewhar."

For a moment there was silence, through which drifted the distant tinkle of cowbells down the creek. Beyond the crests lingered only a lemon afterglow as relict of the dead day. The brown, colorless man astride his mule sat stupidly looking down at the brown, colorless woman across the stile. The waiting girl heard the preacher inquiring which way the master of the house had gone and surmising that "mebby he'd better set out in search of him;" the words seemed to come from a great distance, and her head swam giddily. Then, overcome with disgust and weariness, Juanita Holland saw the afterglow turn slowly to pale gray and then to black, shot through with orange spots. Then she grew suddenly indifferent to the situation, swayed in her saddle, and slipped limply to the ground.

The young woman who had come to conquer the mountains and carry a torch of enlightenment to their illiteracy had fainted from discouragement and weariness at the end of the first day's march.

The weariness which caused the fainting spell must have lengthened its duration, for when Juanita's lashes flickered upward again and her brain came gropingly back to consciousness she was no longer by the stile.

She was lying in the smothering softness of a feather bed. On her palate and tongue lingered an unfamiliar, sweetish taste, while through her veins she felt the coursing of a warm glow.

Over her stood the woman who had been across the stile when she fainted, her attitude anxiously watchful. In one hand she held a stone jug, and in the other a gourd dipper. So that accounted for the taste and the glow, and as Juanita took in the circumstance she heard the high, nasal voice, pitched none the less in a tone of kindly reassurance.

"Ye'll be spry as a squirrel in a leetle spell, honey. Don't fret yoreself none. Ye war jest plumb tuckered out an' ye swooned. I've been a-rubbin' your hands an' a-pourin' a little white licker down yore throat. Don't fret yoreself none. We're pore folks an' we hain't got much but I reckon we kin make out ter enjoy ye somehow."

The four walls of the cabin might have been the rocky confines of a mountain cavern, so formlessly did they merge into the impalpable and sooty murk that hung between them, obliterating all remoter outline. Only things in a narrow circle grew visible, and at the center of this lighted area was the slender figure of a girl holding up a hard taper, its radius of light yellow and flickering.

As the mountain girl felt the eyes of the strange and, to her, wonderful woman from the great, unknown world on her, her own dark lashes fell timidly and the hand that held the taper trembled, while into her cheeks crept a carmine self-consciousness. Juanita, for her part, sensed in her veins a new and subtler glow than that which the moonshine whisky had quickened. The men and women of the hills had made her heartsick with their stolid and animallike coarseness. Now she saw a slender figure in which the lines were yet transitory between the straightness of the child and the budding curves of womanhood.

It was to such children of the hills as this that Juanita Holland was to bring the new teachings. But even as she smiled the child—for she seemed to be only fifteen or sixteen—surrendered to her shyness and, thrusting the taper into her mother's hand, shrank out of sight in some shadowed corner of the place.

Then Juanita's eyes occupied themselves with what fragmentary details the faint light revealed. The barrel of a rifle caught the weak flare and glittered. The uncarpeted floor of rude puncheon slabs lay a thing of gaping cracks, and overhead there was a vague feeling of low rafters, from which hung strings of ancient and shriveled peppers and a few crinkled "hands" of "natural leaf."

"Dawn," commanded the woman, "take yore foot in your hand an' light out ter ther barn an' see ef ye kin find some aigs."

As Juanita watched the door she caught a glimpse of a slight figure that vanished with the same quick noiselessness with which a beaver slips into the water.

"I reckon ye kin jest lay thar a spell," added the woman, "whilst I goes out an' sees what victuals I kin skeer up."

Left alone, the girl from Philadelphia ran over the events of the day—events which seemed to smother her under a weight of squalor and foreboding.

At length from the road came loud shouts of drunken laughter, broken by the evident remonstrances of a companion who sought to enjoin quiet, and by these tokens the "furrin" woman knew that the lord of the squalid manor was returning, and that he was coming under convoy. She shrank from a meeting with Fletch McNash; but if she went out by the only door she knew she would have to confront him, so she lay still.

Fletch was deposited in one of the split-bottom chairs by the doorstep.

"I jest went over thar ter borry a hoe," he proclaimed, "an' I met up with some fellers and thar was all manner of free licker. They had white licker an' bottled-in-bond licker, an' none of 'em didn't cost nothin'. Them fellers jest wouldn't hardly suffer me ter come away."

"An' whilst ye war a-soakin' up thet thar free licker them pertater sets was a-dryin' up waitin' fer be sot out," came the stern wifely reminder.

Between the strident voices came every now and then the softly modulated tones of the stranger whose words Juanita lost. Yet, somehow, whenever she heard them she felt soothed, and after each of these utterances the woman outside also spoke in softer tones.

Whoever the stranger was, he carried in his voice a reassuring quality, so that without having seen him the girl felt that in his presence there was an element of strength and safeguarding.

At last from one of the beds she heard a scuffling sound, and a moment later a childish form opened a door at the back of the cabin and slipped out into the darkness

That revealed an avenue of escape. Juanita had not known that these windowless cabins are usually supplied with two doors, and that the one into which the wind does not drive the weather stands open for light on wintry days. Now she, too, rose noiselessly and went out of the close and musty room. It was quite dark out there and she could feel, rather than see, the densely foliaged side of the mountain that loomed upward at the back.

In her brooding she lost account of time. At last she heard a voice sing out from the stile:

"I'm Jim White, an' I'm a-comin' in."

A thick welcome from Fletch McNash followed, and then again silence settled.

After a while, as she sat there on the rock, with her chin disconsolately in her hand and her elbows on her knees, Juanita became conscious of footsteps and knew that someone was coming toward her. Then she caught the childish voice which already impressed her—the voice of the stranger who had brought home the half-helpless householder.

"I reckon we're out of earshot now, I reckon we kin hev speech here; but heed your voice an' talk low."

In the face of such a preface the girl shrank back in fresh panic. She had no wish to overhear private conversations.

She huddled back against the rock and cast an anxious glance about her for a way to escape. Behind lay the mountain wall with its jungleilke growth, where her feet would sound an alarm of rustling branches and disturbed deadwood. But the men were strolling near her, and to try to reach the house would require crossing their path.

Then the second shadow spoke, and its voice carried beside the musical shrillness so common to the hills the tensiness of suppressed excitement.

"Thar's liable ter be hell ternight."

The girl thought that the quiet stranger laughed, though of that she could not be certain.

"I reckon ye mean concernin' Cal Douglas?"

"Thet's bit; when I rid outen Peril this afternoon ther jury hed done took ther case, an' everybody 'lowed they'd find a verdict afore sundown."

"I reckon"—the taller of the two men answered slowly, and into his softly modulated voice crept something of flinty finality—"I reckon I can tell ye what that verdict's goin' to be. Cal will come clear."

"Thet hain't ther pint," urged the messenger excitedly. "Thet hain't why I've rid over hyar like a bat outen hell ter catch up with ye. I was almin' ter fotch word over ter ther dance, but as I come by hyar I seen yore hoss hitched out thar in ther coral, so I lit an' come in. I reckon ye knows thet cote an' thet jury. That's yore business, but thet hain't all."

"Well, what's the balance of it?"

Talk out. What are ye almin' to tell me?"

"I met up with a feller in Job Heath's blind tiger jest outside Peril. He'd drunk a lot of licker an' he got ter talking mighty loose-tongued an' free."

The girl sickened a little as she felt that her fears were being realized, and one hand went impulsively up to her breast and stayed there. The young man with the shrill voice talked on impetuously.

"Ever sence the trial of Cal Douglas started good old Milt McBrIar hain't been actin' like hisself. Him an' Breck Havey's been stompin' at ther same hotel in Peril, an' yet Milt hain't 'peared ter be a-bearin' no grudge whatsoever. When ther jury was med up Milt didn't seek ter challenge fellers thet everybody knowed was friends of Cal's. Milt didn't even seek ter raise no ball when ther judge ruled favorable ter Cal right along. This feller what I talked ter 'lowed thet Milt didn't keer ef Cal came clar."

The listening man once more answered with a quiet laugh. "Do ye 'low that that old rattlesnake, Milt McBrIar, aims to stand by an' not try ter hang or penitentiary kin of mine for killin' kin of his?" he inquired almost softly.

"Thet's just hit." The answer came quickly and excitedly. "This feller 'lowed thet old Milt aimed ter show ther world thet he couldnt git no justice in a cote thet b'longed to Anse Havey, an' then he aimed ter 'tend ter his own justice fer hisself. He 'lows ter hev hit homemade."

"How is he goin' to fix it?" The question was a bit contemptuous.

"They figger thet when Cal comes clar he'll ride lickety-split, with a bunch of Havey boys, over hyar ter this dance what's a-goin' forward at

He Was Standing, as She Entered, a Little Back From the Hearth.

ther plint. Some of Milt's fellers aims ter slip over thar, too, an' while Cal's celebratin' they aims ter git him ternight."

"Do they?" The taller man's voice was velvety. "Well, go on. What else?"

"They aims ter tell the world thet they let ther law take hit's co'se fust, but thet Bad Anse Havey makes a mockery of ther law."

For a moment there was silence, and the quiet voice commenced, ironically: "My God, them fellers lay a heap of devilfry up against Bad Anse, didn't they?"

After a moment of silence, through which Juanita Holland was painfully conscious of the quick beat of her own heart, she heard again the unexcited voice of the tall stranger. Now it was the capable tones of a general officer giving commands.

"Did ye give warnin' in Peril?"

"No—I couldn't get to speak with Cal. He was in cote—and seein' as how they didn't figger on raisin' no hell twell they git over hyar—I didn't turn backwards. I come straight through. I 'lowed this was ther place ter fix things up."

"You rid over to the dancin' party. Get the older fellers together. Keep the boys quiet and sober—cold sober. Watch thet old fool, Bob McGreegor. Don't spread these tidings till I get there. If Cal comes over there tell him to keep outen sight. Nothin' won't break loose before midnight. That's my orders. By God Almighty, I aim to have peace hereabouts just now!"

The speaker's voice broke off and the two men passed out of sight around the corner of the house.

CHAPTER II.

The girl rose and made her way unsteadily to the back door and let herself in. She threw herself on the bed and lay there, rapidly thinking. It was obvious that her absence had not been commented upon. A few minutes later she heard the voice of Mrs. McNash singing out: "You folks kin all come in an' eat," and found herself, outwardly calm, making her way around to the shed addition which served jointly as kitchen and dining-room.

When she entered the place Fletch McNash was already seated, and sagged over his plate with the stupid inertia of dulled senses.

Juanita found herself unaccountably eager to see the tall stranger whose voice had reassured her; who had appeared first as the Samaritan bringing home the helpless; then as the man whose words gained prompt obedience—and finally as the self-declared advocate of peace.

He was standing, as she entered, a little back from the hearth, with the detached air of one who drops into the background or comes to the fore with equal readiness. She found that in appearance as in voice he bore a rough sort of impressiveness about him. In the brighter light stood the messenger, a gaunt youth, in whose wild, sharp features lurked cunning, cruelty and endurance. But the other man, who stood a head taller, fell into a pose of indolent ease which might wake instantly into power.

It was a face strongly and ruggedly chiseled, but so dominated by unfaltering gray eyes that one was apt to forget all else and carry away only a memory of dark hair—and those eyes.

Then, as they sat at table and the girl struggled with her discomfiture over each unclean detail of the food, she raised her eyes from time to time, always to encounter upon her the steady, appraising gaze of the dark stranger.

When they rose from the table the stranger drew Fletch, now somewhat sobered by his meal, aside, and the other men retired to the chairs in the dooryard. Then the girl from the East slipped away and took up her solitary place on top of the stile, where she sat thinking.

At last she was conscious of a presence besides her own, as of someone standing silently at her back.

Rather nervously she turned her head, and there, with one foot on the lower step of the stile, stood the young stranger himself. Once more their eyes met, and with a little start she dropped her own.

"I kinder hate to bother ye, ma'am," said the even voice, "but I can't hardly get across that stile whilst ye're settin' on it."

There was no note of badinage or levity in his tone, and his clear, drawn features under the moonlight were entirely serious.

Juanita rose. "I beg your pardon," she said hastily, as she went down the stile on the far side.

"That's all right, ma'am," replied the man easily, still with a serious dignity as he, too, crossed the road.

While he was untying the knot in his bridle-rein the girl stood watching him. In the easy indolence of his movements was the rippling something that suggested the leopard's frictionless strength.

The very quality that gave this young stranger his picturesqueness and stamped him as vital and dynamic in his manhood sprang from that wild roughness which he shared with his eagles and Dawn shared with her woodlike flowers. And yet it was somehow as though the man whose voice was so calm, whose movements were so quiet, whose gaze was so unarrogant, was crying out in a clarion challenge with every breath: "I am a man!"

Suddenly she wondered if in him she might not find an ally. She felt very lonely. To have counsel with someone in these hills less stupidly phlegmatic than Good Anse Talbott would bring comfort and reassurance to her heart. She must cope with the powerful resourcefulness of Bad Anse Havey, he of the untamed ferocity and implacable cold-blooded shrewd intelligence. If some native son could share even a little of her viewpoint she would find in him a tower of strength.

Perhaps he had yielded to the unspoken appeal of the deep, rangeful eyes that were always gray, yet never twice the same gray, and the sweetly sensitive lips so tantalizingly charming, because they were fashioned for smiles and were now drooping instead.

"I reckon," he said, "you find it right different, don't you?"

She nodded.

"But it's very beautiful," she added as she swept her hand about in a gesture of admiration.

It was he who nodded at that, very gravely, and almost reverently, though at the next moment his laugh was short and almost boyish.

"I reckon God never fashioned anything better—nor worse," he told her. "When you've breathed it an' seen it an' lived it, no other place is fit to dwell in, an' yet sometimes I 'low that God didn't mean it to be the habitation of men an' women. It's cut out for eagles an' hawks an' wild things. It belongs to the winds an' storms an' bear an' deer. It puts fire into veins meant for blood, an' the only crop it raises much is hell."

"You—you've been out in the other world—down below?" she questioned.

"Yes; but I couldn't stay down there. I couldn't breathe an' live. I sickened—an' I came back."

She turned to him impulsively.

"I don't know who you are," she began hurriedly, "but I know that you brought this man home when he was not in a condition to come alone. I know that you sent a man ahead of you to keep peace at the cabin. I know you have a heart, and it means something—means a great deal—to feel that someone in these hills feels about it as I feel."

She stopped suddenly, realizing that she was allowing too much appeal to creep into her voice, that she had come to fight, not to sue for favor.

"—I thought maybe you would help me," she finished, a little falteringly. "Would you mind telling me your name?"

He had unhitched his horse and stood with the reins hanging from one hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Keeping Cheese.

To keep cheese from molding in a wet season spread the cut surface thinly with butter.

HOW GREAT INDUSTRY BEGAN

Chemist May Be Said to Have Stumbled Over a Discovery of Immense Importance.

An experimenting chemist, endeavoring to produce artificial quinine, using a base known as aniline, not only obtained coloring matter called mauve, but laid the foundation for the coal-tar color industry, which has developed until today almost every color and shade of color is derived from coal tar. Aniline had been obtained previously from the indigo plant "anil." The discovery of mauve created a large demand for the artificial aniline base, and gave unexpected value to benzine. It yielded aniline by being treated with nitric acid and with the borings of cast iron powdered into dust. Having done its work in the aniline still, the dust was used by the gas maker to cleanse his coal gas from sulphur, and then it passed to the manufacturing chemist, who burned the sulphur out of it and produced a superb aniline dye. Carbolic acid—a cycle of operations whose beginning and end was the utilization of waste. This method of producing color was responsible for the desolate madder fields of France and Holland and for the loss to the Hindus of their long-cherished indigo cultivation. Anthracene, one of the heavier oils of coal tar, caused the fall of the madder-growing industry. The madder produced violets, reds, blacks, purple and dark browns. Anthracene was sold very cheaply for lubricating purposes until certain chemists heated it with zinc filings and produced alizarin, and then the secret of the madder plant was discovered in this way. Chemistry displaced agriculture, one pound of alizarin having the coloring power of ninety pounds of madder, and the lubricating oil sold at a trifle as waste became a valuable coloring matter.

Exploring Our Friends.

One day I found an exquisite clump of sweet violets hiding in the very heart of a bed of nettles! And I think this discovery gave me more pleasure than those I found in the protective company of the harmless ivy! That is what Froude tells us he found in Thomas Carlyle. That is what we should find in one another, if only we had eager, patient, and love-washed eyes. Human life is not all nettles; to affirm it is the perverted judgment of the cynic; they who have a passion for God will find the Godlike everywhere; they will find the violets of real loveliness even in the midst of the noisome waste. And when they have found them their fellow searchers shall hear an exultant shout and they shall come together, and in the gracious discovery there shall be a common rejoicing in the truth.—J. R. Jowett, D. D., in the Christian Herald.

To Remove Putty.

To remove old putty from a window after the glass has been taken out, pass a hot soldering iron or poker over it. This softens it and it is easily removed.

BUSINESS IN CANADA IS GOOD

Successful Crops and Big Yields Help the Railways.

The remarkable fields that are reported of the wheat crop of Western Canada for 1915 bear out the estimate of an average yield over the three western provinces of upward of 20 bushels per acre. There is no portion of that great west of 24,000 square miles in which the crop was not good and the yields abundant. An American farmer who was induced to place under cultivation land that he had been holding for five years for speculative purposes and higher prices says that he made the price of the land pay for this year's crop of oats. No doubt others, too, who took the advice of the Department of the Interior to cultivate the unoccupied land, have done as well.

But the story of the great crop that Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta produced this year is best told in the language of the railways in the added cars that it has been necessary to place in commission, the extra trains required to be run, the increased tonnage of the grain steamers.

It is found that railway earnings continue to improve.

The C. P. R. earnings for the second week of October showed an increase of $762,000 over last year, the total being only $310,000 below the gross earnings of the corresponding week of 1913, when the Western wheat crop made a new record for that date. The increase in C. P. R. earnings for the corresponding week of that year was only $351,000, or less than half of the increase reported this year. The grain movement in the West within the past two weeks has taxed the resources of the Canadian roads as never before, despite their increased facilities. The C. P. R. is handling 2,000 cars per day, a new record. The G. T. R. and the C. N. R. are also making new shipment records. The other day the W. Grant Morden of the Canada Steamships Company, the largest freighter of the Canadian fleet on the Upper Lakes, brought down a cargo of 476,315 bushels, a new record for Canadian shipping. Records are "going by the board" in all directions this fall, due to Canada's record crop. The largest Canadian wheat movement through the port of New York ever known is reported for the week ended to October 15th, when since shipments of the new crop began in August, 4,246,791 bushels have been released for England, France and Italy. This is over half as much as was shipped of American wheat from the same port in the same period. And while Montreal, Montreal, not New York, is the main export gateway for Canadian wheat, New York gets the overflow in competition with Montreal.—Advertisement.

DEMAND FOR PURE ENGLISH

New York Publication Censures the Style in Which Street Car Notices Are Worded.

"Public notices ought to be examples of the best writing. They should be written by masters of style. Take, for example, the notice in the street cars:

"Passengers requiring transfers must request same from conductors at the time of depositing fares in box."

Of course, that is understandable. It is about as good English as one would expect in a judge's opinion. But it is not good enough for a notice that hundreds of thousands of people are to read every day. Here is New York spending forty millions a year for its service and other instruction for children who, when they ride in the street cars, are exposed to manners, English and tariffs, as to transfers, to "request same from conductors."

Shocking! Of course the notice ought to read:

"Passengers who want transfers must ask them when they put their fares in the box"—Life.

RECOGNIZED DEBT TO MICE

Mr. Grewcher Grateful That He Didn't Have to Partake of the Welch Rabbit.

"Yep," said Mr. Grewcher, "nothing was made in vain. Everything that's earth produces may serve some useful purpose, if you can only find out what it is. There is a whole lot to think about in that story of the mouse that gnawed the net for the captured lion."

"Mebbe there is," replied his wife. "But I'm willing to bet that was the only kind and considerate mouse known to the animal kingdom."

"You are wrong, love, you forget," retorted Mr. Welsh rabbit party was attended last night."

"Yes. But there wasn't any Welsh rabbit?"

"And as a result, we are all comfortable and happy today instead of being miserable and dyspeptic. And we owe it all to the fact that a few kind hearted mice gnawed around during the afternoon and ate up the cheese."

Confused Deities.

An Englishman was visiting in an American family in which there was a young boy of eight years. The nobleman was addressed by all members of the family as "My Lord." As soon as the family were seated at the table the lord was served first of all. Each dish was offered him with the remark, "My Lord, will you have this?" or "My Lord, do you like this?" It happened that the pickle was overlooked, and the nobleman reached to get some. The small boy, looking displeased, punched his mother and said in a loud whisper:

"Mother, mother, God wants a pickle."

Spending a dollar before it is earned is like eating an egg that is to be laid tomorrow.