## Feud of the Raccoon-Loop

By Robert Adger Bowen

Author of "A Knight of the Lariat," "Mandy of the Twin Bar,"
"Plain Betty Deane," "The Blue Ridge Mystery,"
"Because of Queechie," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHECKMATE.

For a brief moment Jess stood looking at Buck, her startled eyes unwavering. Without noticing Worthing, she came farther into the room.

"So you wouldn't do what I asked you!" she cried. "You wouldn't keep quiet when I asked you to!" Worthing caught the half-smothered He gave Buck no chance to re-

ply to them. Sit down, Jess." Command rang in the tones, kindly but firm. Almost unconsciously, Jess obeyed it. Worthing drew up his own

"Jess," he said, and he looked clearly into the girl's eyes as he spoke, "Buck has told me nothing of what happened today except what has concerned himself. I know no details. I

cerned himself. I know no details. I do not want to know them."

He leaned closer to her, lowering his voice to a whisper. "I want silence to rest on it all—as silence has rested on what has gone before."

Buck had risen, and moved over to the open window, the first touch of bitterness at his fate assailing him. He meant that no word of his should ever involve Jess Kilrain's name. Yet her seeming mistrust of him wounded Buck in his tenderest spot.

In the silence of the room he heard her question to Worthing: "What has

her question to Worthing:

"That he blew up the dam—that it was he, not Blass Cardross."

Buck could not d\_ubt the relief in the girl's next words: "An' that is all?" she cried. "He said no more than that?"

Before Worthing could answer, Buck stood beside him.

"You shall not lie for me, Worthing," he said and turned, facing Jess. "I told him I shot Blass Cardross an' then blew up the dam, Jess. There'd been then a long grudge atween us two. I went over there meanin' mischief. I went a-purpose, mad at seein' the sufferin a-purpose, mad at seein' the sufferin' of the cattle on the Loop. An' havin' done what I done, I mean to make a clean breast of just what I done to-morrow 'fore the law."

Silent, wide-eyed in a palsying terror, the girl looked into his face. "You won't do that!" she cried at length. "You won't let him do that, Earle Warthing! It would mean they'd hang

worthing! It would mean they'd hang you, Buck!"
"P'raps!" he assented. "They've hung men for less an' let 'em off for more. I'll take what's comin' to me."

Till take what's comin' to me."

Then Worthing expostulated, pleaded, exhausted his powers of persuation. Buck remained firm.

"There ain't nothin' else I wouldn't do for you, Worthing," he protested, swaying by an emotion that trembled in his voice. "I can't do this. I'd despise myself forever for a coward. "Twon't touch no one else. Miss Cardross knows we was enemies. We almost come to blows before her wunst. But I've always faced the music, an' I ain't goin' to live a lie now."

He stood for a moment, head bent,

He stood for a moment, head bent, showing the effort it cost him to hold his own against Worthing's pleas. He straightened suddenly.

"I reckon I might as well be goin' now," he murmured. "This is worse 'n hangin' already—if hang I've got

He moved toward the door, but, on the moved toward the door, but, but the instant, Jess Kilrain, who had sat vatching him, a strange warring of emotions in her white face, sprang from her chair, calling to him to stop. "Tve somethin' to say," she cried.
"Listen to me, both of you: You know
I loved Blass Cardross. For many
months I loved him, thinkin' all the make me his wife. You know, Earle passed Worthing, how far that dream was would Worthing, how far that dream was from the truth. Day after day, week after week, month after month, he kept pttin' me off—an' still, like the fool I was, I didn't see, didn't guess—never reckoned he was the man he was till that she wore was a n that day you know of when you that day you know of when you In the stable she saddlied.

low for what he said.
"Then I knew—knew what a fool I'd been, an' how he'd lied to me, lurin' me on, foolin' me, waitin' always for his hour. I hated him then—like a My lips burned with the mem'ry of his tkisses. I hated myself. I hated every to me who looked at me. I hated you, Buck Brannon, for darin' to say to me the things you said."

She mayed quietly forward until she oman hates whose been treated so

She moved quietly forward until she stood before them.

hadn't seen him until today— there on the dam. I hadn't known till then how dead my love was or how live my hate was. It leaped in me like a fire. He saw then he'd lost me orever—lost what he wanted of me-an' the devil in him came out." She faced Worthing only now.

"Buck Brannon tells you that he of Blass Cardross dead," she cried. lies. He lies to save me! Ask if I did not strike that man 'cross he face with my quirt. Ask him if re didn't struggle on the dam. But on't b'lieve him when he says he shot Blass Cardross

"'Twas me that done it, an' sent him ead over the wall after he'd threatned to kill me an' insulted me worse han death—an' if Buck Brannon goes to the law an' says he done it, I'll go, too, an' It'll be his word 'gainst mine, an' it'll be me they will believe—I swear it to God!"

She ceased, heaving breath catching her throat looking from one to the ther as they watched her in dumb mazement. Before they could speak o stop her she had gone.

CHAPTER XIX.

RUSHING WATERS. that was the strangest night in ck's life. Alone in his cabin he lay spless, thinking of all that Jess Kilain's impassioned action might mean.
As he lay there thinking, the soft night of the forest.
As he lay there thinking, the soft night of the forest.
As he lay there thinking, the soft night of the forest.

Reaching the leeping plains, the arguments Worth-

had used recurred to Buck

never quarreled with Buck now. She never teased him. Oftentimes, rest-less and dissatisfied himself, the young fellow wished she had. In some subtle way she had receded from him into a more unapproachable distance.

In truth, Jess was on guard. A wonderful thing had happened to her. Even in that shocked moment when she had stood looking down upon Blass Cardross' dead body it had been of Buck that she had thought. He had saved her. He was thereby himself in danger.

Strang, nameless emotions in her heart as she had watched him, so clean and capable, so fine and hu-man, so wholly hers in his love. The scales had fallen from her eyes, yet even as her admiration had grown and that first sweet, wild sense of her power over his power, fear had grown, too, in Jess Kilrain's awakened heart.

So Jess had ridden from him that day, her soul in a tumult of feelings of which not the least were the wonder and marvel at herself for her blind-ness, her folly, the new, quick bound-ing capacity within her for joy that seemed to be sweeping her off her feet, a sudden zest for life which not even the thought of death as she had just seen it, averging and terrible could seen it, avenging and terrible, could serve to daunt.

Yet her fear daunted it, and even before the news of the dire results of Buck's exploding of the dam became known, Jess had determined she would plead with him through his love for her to be silent about Cardross' death.

She had been quick to avail herself of the impression that had at once established itself in every one's mind as to the source of that explosion, and she had likewise been quick to see that Buck was not going to take shelter under it. So she had gone to Worth-

Her action there had come at moment's inspiration. Love and life were in the balance, and Jess threw in her woman's soul to give full measure. She had won, as she knew she would. Then, having won, Jess drew the woman's caution about her—drew it all the closer because of the exposure she had made.

And as though to put the past yet more remote, the face of nature now underwent a change.

The long drought broke, and the au-tumn came in with rains that seemed endless. Where the creek and river beds had lain dry as bleached bones the water rushed in freshets that spread over the banks and swirled like maelstroms among the trunks of the trees, drowning some trunks of the which a few weeks before had been perishing of thirst.
The forced inactivity of the days

The forced inactivity of the days wore on Jess Kilain. One morning she stood by the window watching the downpour and wishing she had a man's work that would take her out in it.

"There's plenty of woman's work you might do," said her aunt, to whom Jess had unwisely communicated her desire.
"My hards would drap off if they hung."

'My hands would drap off if they hung

"My hands would drap off if they hung as idle as your's, Jess."
"Is that why you keep your tongue goin' so, Aunt Agnes?" asked the girl.
"Though I don't b'lieve it would stop findin' fault with me if it did drop off." Agnes dusted vigorously not to say virtuously. "My tongue finds no more fault than there's fault to find," she de-

The girl drummed for a moment "Listen to me, both of you: You know I loved Blass Cardross. For many months I loved him, thinkin' all the time he loved me, too, an' was goin' to make me his wife. You know, Earle Worthing how for the window pane with indignant fingers. Then she turned about.

"You should ha' married a parson, the passed her aunt. "Your children works." She beginning the passed her aunt. would ha' been angels-an' horrid lit

She went on to her room, donned rubber boots and over her riding clothes put on a black slicker. Even

In the stable she saddlied her

and rode forth.

The heavy black earth stuck like wax until she reached the plains, soft and soggy under her pony's hoofs. There she broke into a splashing caner, the cold rain whipping in her face,

him with an intensity that now and again frightened her lest it rob her of her secret and bring to happen that very thing she yearned for hungrily. But she had learned her lesson, that lesson of a stinging shame that even now sent the hot blood into her cheeks when she remembered the way she had cheapened herself with Blass Cardrose Never, she swore to herself, would she

do the shadow of that again. Rather would she let Buck think her old antagonism toward him once more

Ask old antagonism toward fifth once more cross lived in her heart.

He was avoiding her, she knew, and Jess could imagine the rebellion in his shot heart. She had bought his compliance with her wishes, and then refused the payment—the only payment that could have salved his hurt manhood. But just because Jess had dared so bravely that night did she shrink the more now. And already the torturing doubt that Buck despised her for her conduct— that his love for her had died under the exaction she had put upon it—was forming vaguely in Jess' mind. Could she blame him, she asked herself now,

with forlorn cander, if guessing her love he should deem it a platry thing? He should never guess it again. She had scorned and repulsed him often. Not by the lifting of an eyelash would

she have him think she played for him rode into the river woods. Heavy drops from the trees fell upon her coated body like shot. Her pony

slipped and slid on the sodden loam Reaching the ford, Jess saw at a glance that it would be a hazardous thing for her to attempt to make it.

swimming and perilous foothold and he might go with a due regard to his own safety. little enough leeway to safety.

It was not long before the girl from

through the opposite woods along the road to the ford. her elevated post saw him coming nov

She was surprised that any one could have made the ford that day, and very real uneasiness made itself felt in her as she watched Buck's nearer approach. Just where the road shelved into the turbid water he paused, and,

raising his eyes, saw her.

A quick pleasure flashed into Burk' eyes, though instantly he reminded himself that she could have known of his coming or expected to see him there. Then he gave his attention to

his reluctant horse.
"Is it safe, Buck?" called Jess.

"Oh! I reckon so. I got over this mornin' all right." His horse wheeled around suddenly putting him with spurs and quirt once more at the risk. A risk it was

he knew. "There's a big log comin' down,' called out Jess. "Wait till it goes by

The log swirled by, eddied and caught among the hanging roots and vines beneath the bluff upon which Jess sat.

"I wouldn't stay on that bank, Jess,"
urged Buck, "It's badly scooped out,
an' the bank is crumblin' somethin'
fierce higher up the river."
On the words he carried his horse

plunging and floundering into the cur-rent, heading the frightened animal well up stream lest he be swept below the ford and down the river. Jess saw his danger then, and her heart stood

Despite his best endeavors the horse lost headway in the rapid current.

Then for a time he seemed to be holding his own, but it was the progress of the treadmill. If he should be swept beyond the ford where the banks always precipitous, were now actually cut under the force of the water, the chance for horse and rider would be

slender, indeed. And that seemed about to happen, for the current eddying in shore was swirling them down at an angle that would miss the shelving ford.

In the helplessness of her terror Jess groaned. But Buck knew his danger, too, and realized that, unaided, the horse would not make his escape. Jess held her breath as she watched.

Uncoiling his snake lariat from the horn of his saddle, Buck took a few hasty but well considered swirls. sent the rope flying outward and up-ward toward the stump of a cottonwood about whose base the noose set-tled and drew taut as he wound the lariat by a deft twist around the sad-dle horn just in the moment when the battling horse was borne beyond the

Urging the animal forward once more, Buck drew in the slight slack of the rope inch by inch, and in a mo-ment more stood in safety on the sloping bottom, his horse spent and shiv

So tense had been the strain on Jess So tense had been the strain on Jess that the reaction left her faint, and she did not move even when she heard Buck call to her. He stood coiling his lariat, and blowing his horse, hidden from sight of the girl by the higher bank upon which she was.

"Jess," he called again, "come away from that bank. "Tain't safe there"

from that bank. from that bank. "Tain't safe there."
In that moment Jess wished he would ride on homeward and leave her ie. She did not want him to see weakness that was upon her and alone. which she could not conquer by effort

Instead of going on, Buck, leaving his horse to wait for him, clambered up the bank and drew near her.

In her nervousness Jess released her knee from the pommel and slipped to the ground. Her face was still very white, and her hand on the rein trempled as whe led her pony forward a few bled as she led her pony forward a few paces

"Why, Jess," Buck cried, "did it frighten you so! "Twarn't no real danger 'cept for the horse. I could ha' swum for it, had it come to that." He had not seen her thus alone since that memorable day on the dam. The evidence of her distress about him; the

nearness of her body to him, picturesque for all its ugly habiting in rain-proof rubber; the appealing expression in her eyes—an appeal of which Jess herself was unconscious—the remote-ness of them both from all others— these things sent the love of her rushing to Buck's heart.

"Jess," he asked suddenly very grave, "why did you say what you did to Worthing that night? Tell me." She looked him fairly in the eyes, very pallid, very still.

"'Cause it was so, Buck. 'Cause it was the truth."

"It wasn't the truth!"

"It wasn't the truth!"

"It was in my heart to have it so," she persisted. "It was in my mind. I reckon God Almighty would call it so. An' all you done, you done for me."

"I'm a man," he said, his voice muffled. "'Twarn't all done for you, Jess

led. "'Twarn't all done for you, Jess-for you an' me!" Instinctively the girl drew back, sudden fear in her dark eyes—fear not alone of him, and, therefore, the more baffling to Buck.

Quickly his voice rang out in sharp, alarmed command, and he sprang for ward, seizing with one hand the girl and with the other the startled pony. For God's sake, come!" he cried

and pulled them forward.

It was in the nick of time. There was a crashing, tearing, splashing sound behind them as the ground upon which Jess and her horse had be standing crumbly suddenly and plunged into the river below.

Jess Kilrain had never swooned in all of her strong, young life, but now a faintness that was overwhelming claimed her. She reeled against her pony, who, still startled, swerved aside, leaving the girl swaying unsteadily. Yet even then she lifted a protesting hand as Buck leaped toward her.

"It is where you belong!" he cried exultant for all his pity as his arms closed about her and her head rested weakly against his breast. "It is where I'm going to hold you, Jess, over my heart forever. Hold you till the rivers of hell freeze over an' the little rivers of hell freeze over an' the little devils go skatin'. Hold you! Don't you hear me, Jess?"

CHAPTER XXI. IN THE WOODS.

The feud between the two ranches did not cease with the death of Blass Car-dross, and that it did not do so was due in large measure to the resentment and desire of personal revenge of one

That man was the cowpuncher, Bill Grange, who had been taken on the Racoon river outfit upon his dismissal from the Loop. He had always been an unpopular member of the Loop outfit; and though not the sort of man of whom a dangerous criminal is usually made, he was crafty and revengeful

ng had used recurred to Buck.

In reality what he had done had been ustified—how much so Jess's recital and made horribly clear. Wearied out t last by the circling of his thoughts, 3uck fell asleep.

Though he did not know it then, Jess ad won.

She took her victory as a matter of ourse—so far, at least, as her outaged behavior showed. She evaded peeting Buck all she could and, as the ays went by, her bearing fell once lore almost into its accustomed maner—almost, yet not altogether. She in thing for her to attempt to make it. So she drew her pony back toward the higher overhanging bank, and sat him there watching the mad race of the river at her feet.

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNHEARD DECLARATION.

Buck Brannon had crossed that ford earlier in the morning, going on an errand for Kilrain, and he was not relishing a repetition of the feat. Neither could he have thought of it ahead,

Therefore, Grange had resolved to the meet disaster once again through Jess Kilrain's influence and her father.

Therefore, Grange had resolved to

would he horse. It had been hard harry the Loop to the limit of which Found on the Dead Body of a Soldier.

In this he succeeded in various ways, nor at first did they at the Loop sus-pect the source of the annoyances. Cattle rounded up for a certain purpose overnight would be found scattered in wild disorder in the morning.

They suspected the Raccoon River sheep dogs, but not as incited thereto by a human marauder.

The milk cows turned out overnight in the home runs would come up in the morning to their calves wild eyed and with scant milk, as though they had been chased and terrified, and again suspicion fell on the dogs. Now and then, as of old, the slaughtered carcass of a calf would be discovered, sure sign of the presence on the Loop of a murdering collie.

Then other things happened for which a dog could not be blamed. A shelter house near the Raccoon River border burned down. Ba fences were cut and ruined. Barbed wire

The obnoxious sheep again began their invasions; and in one conflict, en-suing between a vicious old ram and a longhorn bull more pugnacious than wary, the buil had been left dead on the field of battle, and his companion herd stampeded across the Owl creek, where a steer, breaking over the low bank, had plunged to his death in one of Buck's sunken hogsheads.

It was Jess Kilrain who first definitely connected Grange with these and other similar happenings.

That autumn morning the girl had ridden out into the woods about the creek where the persimmons, touched by successive frosts, hung luscious upon the trees or were dropping over ripe to the ground. Pecan nuts, too, had rewarded her search; and Jess, glorying in the crisp day, happy in her self imposed solitude, hitched her pony to a sapling, and, seating herself by the trunk of a cottonwood, cracked her pe-cans in a dreamy leisure. She was nursing these days to her

Like a ripening flower, her own love was coming to its perfection. She guarded it jealously as yet—guarded it for the fulfillment of its promise. She still held herself aloof from Buck, not in coveres reserved. in coyness, nor in coquetry, but as one lingers on the threshold of a joy, al-most afraid to profane it by a glimpse

within.

She knew she could not continue to hold herself so for long.

More than once she had encountered a look of determination in Buck's eyes that had rendered her resistance as water in her veins. Since that day when she had lain in his arms, there would now and then come into his face a hint of conscious mastery that, had he but known it, was as sweet as life to the girl—was life in its tremulous delight and foreshadowing of a glad surrender.

Jess paused with the half of a pecan
on the way to her lips, and turned her

head slightly. She could almost have been sure she She could almost have been sure she had heard a step in the dead leaves of the woods above her. Her pony, with drooping head, stood immovable, its ears, which had been indicating the habitual apathy of the cow pony when not in movement, now alert.

"What is it, Buster?" she asked, and saw the ears answer at the name.
"I reckon it's a rabbit, or a coon, or

"I reckon it's a rabbit, or a coon, or a possum that can't wait till night to get some of them sugary 'simmons. But it ain't, though!'

There was more than surprise in the sudden decision which, at the same time, brought Jess to her feet.

There might have been nothing unusual or to be startled by in the fact of a man being in those woods at that hour, but intuitively the girl felt there was something to cause both surprise and concern in the sudden turning

away of the horseman who must have run almost upon her and her pony be-fore aware of their proximity. Something furtive, too, about the man's action in quickly shifting the object he carried across the saddle horn, and his slouching body, gave Jess an

unpleasant shock.

"Bill Grange!" she called sharply.

"What are you doin' in these woods with that brandin' rod?"

The man swung the long iron over his shoulder and spun around.

"What's that to you, Jess Kilrain?" he demanded. "Am I soilin' this preclous land to ride over it?"

Jess climbed the slope that lay between them. unpleasant shock.

tween them. "I'm not so sure that you ain't, Bill.

'I'm not so sure that you ain't, Bill. Somebody's been soilin' it pretty often lately. That's a Racoon River iron," she said, looking sharply from the branding rod to the man's face, "What does you need it over on the Loop for?"

The man laughed with a covert insolence. 'Time was," he retorted, "when you was more interested 'bout the Raccoon River than you was 'bout the Loop. T'other way about now, eh, Jess? Oth-

er chips to burn! The girl's face flushed with anger.
"You hound!" she cried below h

breath. "You sneakin cayute!"

He laughed again.

"Sneakin' ain't in your line now, eh?"
he sneered. "Didn't work no how did
it, Jess?" He put his horse in motion. "I must be movin' on," he said.

"You're bound for a halter bout your neck!" declared Jess. "That's what what you're bound for. You've stole that brandin' rod from the Raccoon River. I wonder why!"

"Keep on wonderin', damn you!" Grange cried in sudden fury. "But keep your wonder to yourself, Jess Kilrain. I owes for certain things a'ready. Don't you force me to pay. There ain't no love lost 'tween me an' any one on the Loop, let alone Buck Brannon an' your

He rode on at that, leaving the girl not a little perturbed and vaguely uneasy. Slowly she went back to her waiting horse.

Jess did not dream any more that day. For a time she sat thinking, more and more convinced that Grange's pres-

ence on the Loop boded no good for He might have been taking that iron to the forge at the fork of the public roads, but for some reason Jess doubted

Suddenly it occurred to her that she might ride that far to see if he had been telling her the truth. She would miss her dinner, but that did not matter. The service the might be read. The service she might be render ing her father and Earle Worthing far

She went over to her pony, tightened the loosened cinches, and, getting into the saddle, rode up to the plateau of the plains, turning northward until she might strike the ford, and so on over towards the roads beyond the river.

CHAPTER XXII.

CAUGHT.

For a time Jess saw no living creature on the wide expanse of the prairie. She knew that most of the men that day were far distant on the western ranges, where many head of cattle had been shifted before they should be brought to the more sheltered runs on

he nearer approach of the winter. She forded the creek, and some distance farther on, not, indeed, without some misgiving, for the river still ran high, crossed the Raccoon itself on a much safer ford than the one over Buck had swam his horse that

other day. (Continued What, one wonders, were the circumstances and the spiritual experiences under which these lines were written? Had he come through great tribulations? On what spot on Gallipoli was it written, and did the writer foresee his own swift end? The lines appear in the Australasian Intercolleg,an:—Note in London Spectator.

Jesus, whose lot with us was cast.

Who saw it out from first to last;
Patient and fearless, tender, true.
Carpenter, vagabond, felon, Jew—
Whose humorous eyes took in each phase
Of full rich life this world displays;
Yet evermore kept full in view
The far-off goal it leads us to;
Who, as your hour neared, did not fall—
The world's fate trembling in the scale—
With your half-hearted band to dine,
And speak across the bread and wine;
Then went out firm to face the end,
Alone, without a single friend;
Who felt as your last words confessed—
Wrung from a proud unflinching breast
By hours of dull, ignoble pain,
Your whole life's fight was fought in vain;
Would I could win and keep and feel
That heart of love, that spirit of steel,
I would not to Thy bosom fly
To shirk off till the storms go by;
If you are like the man you were
You'd turn in scorn from such a prayer,
Unless from some poor workhouse crone,
Too toilworn to do aught but moan.
Flog me and spur me, set me straight
At some ville job I fear and hate: Unless from some poor workhouse crone. Too tollworn to do aught but moan. Flog me and spur me, set me straight At some vile job I fear and hate: Some sickening round of long endeavour, No light, no rest, no outlet ever; All at a pace that must not slack, Tho' heart would burst and sinews crack; Fog in one's eyes, the brain aswim, A weight like lead in every limb And a raw pit that hurts like hell Where the light breath once rose and fell, Do you but keep me, hope or none. Cheery and staunch till all is done, And at the last gasp quick to lend One effort more to serve a friend. And when, for so I sometimes dream, I've swum the dark—the silent stream—So cold it takes the breath away—That parts the dead world from the day, And see upon the further strand The lazy, Istless angels stand; And, with their frank and fearless eyes, The comrades whom I most did prize; Then clear, unburdened, careless, cool, I'll saunter down from the grim pool And join my friends. Then you'll come by The Captain of our company, Call me out, look me up and down, And pass me thro' without a frown, With half a smile, but never a word; And so—I shall have met my Lord."

China's Industrial Revolution. By Maynard Owen Williams in Outlook. The introduction of modern extensive farming in China will do for Americaning in China will do for farming in China will do for American implement makers what the European war has done for the munition makers. Four hundred million live Chinamen will eventually offer as good a market for American goods as a few million dead Europeans. Only a small proportion of China's land is being used to feed one-fourth of the human beings on this globe, and soon the day beings on this globe, and soon the day will come when the nations will turn to the finest intensive farmers in the world for food. Railways, steamships, a national press, good government— these are the benefits that must fol-low the introduction of extensive farming to the best farmers in the world, more than 300,000,000 of them. Chris-

now operating in China to introduce wheeled vehicles and extensive farming in the interior of the vast em An industrial revolution is beginning in China. For the first time in the history of the world, the Chinese, freed from superstition by Christian missionaries are opening the richest coal and iron deposits in the world One of the greatest steel mills in the world is situated at Hanyang, 600 miles inland. Farmers are becoming industrial workers. Fewer men will have to produce more food in China. Intensive culture can do no more. That is where American extensive agriculture, taught by mission schools, will come in. But before the millions of acres in China covered by the graves of centuries car be utilized for agriculture the mission schools will have to substitute a new religion for the ancestor

tian missions are the only

worship which robs China of its rich-est acres by covering them with the wide spreading tombs of countless an The Soul of the Country Newspaper

From Harper's Magazine Our papers, our little country papers, seem drab and miserably provincial to strangers; yet we who read them read in their lines the sweet, intimate story of life. And all these touches of nature make us wondrous kind. It is the country newspaper, bringing together daily the threads of the town's life, weaving them into something rich and strange, and setting the pattern as it weaves, directing the loom, and giving the cloth its color by mixing the lives of all the people in its color pot—it is this country newspaper that reveals us to ourselves, that keeps our country hearts quick and our country minds

hearts quick and our country minds open and our country faith strong.

When the girl at the glove counter marries the boy in the wholesale house, the news of their wedding is good for a 40-line wedding notice, and the 40 lines in the country paper give them self respect. When in due course we know that their baby is a 12-pounder, named Grover or Theodore or Woodnamed Grover or Theodore or Wood-row, we have that neighborly feeling that breeds the real democracy. When we read of death in that home we can mourn with them that mourn. When we read of death in that nome we can mourn with them that mourn. When we see them moving upward in the world, into a firm, and out toward the country club neighborhood, we rejoice with them that rejoice. Therefore, men and brethren, when you are riding through this vale of tears upon the California Limited and by chance pick up the little country newspaper with its meager telegraph service of 3,000 or 4,meager telegraph service of 3,000 or 4,000 words—or, at best, 15,000 or 20,000; when you see its array of countryside items; its interminable local stories; its tiresome editorials on the water-works, the schools, the street railroad, the crops, and the city printing, don't thrown down the little rag with the verdict that there is nothing in it. But know this, and know it well: If you could take the clay from your eyes and read the little paper as it is written you would find all of God's beautiful, sorrowing, struggling, aspiring world in it, and what you saw would make you touch the little paper with reverent

A Blade of Grass.

A Blade of Grass.

Thou art only a blade of meadow grass,
Beside the footprints of those who pass;
But ths wings of butterfiles rest o'er thee
And bees confide in thee, dreamily,
In thine ear little insects chirp and sing,
And unto thee trembling dewdrops cling.
When shadows grow deeper, the daylight
dies,
And deeper, the daylight

dies, And, chilling tide, somber mists arise, Erect, undismayed, thou dost vigil keep Beside the river, while others sleep. Thy lot is to stand, and to wait, day by day, And yet, even so, thou are serving alway! -Harriet Appleton Sprague, in the Living Church.

\*\*\*\*\*\* THE IDEAL WIFE.

From the Wichita Eagle.

From the Wichita Eagle.
The Ideal wife needs a dozen
personalities. She must be a mother to her husband when he is childish, a nurse to him when he is ill,
a coquette when he is a flirtatious,
a tailor when he needs a button, an
applauding audience when he is
sad, a good cook when he is hungry, a business adviser when things
go wrong, and all the time a patient, encouraging, light-hearted
comrade! Considering all this it is
astonishing how many women dare

astonishing how many women dare

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

attempt the job.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* "Today we bring our fairest

blossoms. For the heroes tried and true, Under grassy mounds low lying, Where the flags float 'neath the blue."

-W. B. Olds.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Park Godwin on the Death of Lincoln. The great captain of our cause-Abraham Lincoln-smitten by the basest hand ever upraised against human innocence, is gone, gone! He who had borne the heaviest of the brunt in our four long years of war, whose pulse beat livelier, whose eyes danced brighter than any other, when "The storm drew off

Its scattered thunders groaning around the hills,'

in the supreme hour of his joy and glory was struck down. One who, great in himself, as well as by position, has suddenly departed. There is something startling, ghastly, awful, in the manner of his going off. But the chief poignancy of our distress is not for the greatness fallen, but for the goodness lost. Presidents have died before; during this bloody war we have lost many eminent generals—Lyon, Baker, Kearney, Sedgwick, Reno and others; we have lost lately our finest scholar, publicist, orator. Our hearts still bleed for the companions, friends, brothers, who "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." but no loss has been comparable to his, who was cur supremest leader—our safest counsellor—our wisest friend—our dear father. Would you know what Lincoln was, look at this vast metropolis tropolis, covered with the habiliments of woe! Never in human history has there been so universal, so spontaneous, so profound an expression of a nation's bereavement.

Yet we sorrow not as those who are rithout hope. Our chief is gone, but ret we sorrow not as those who are without hope. Our chief is gone, but our cause remains; dearer to our hearts because he is now become the martyr; consecrated by his sacrifice; more widely accepted by all parties; and fragrant and lovely forevermore in the memories of all the good and the great rragrant and lovely forevermore in the memories of all the good and the great, of all lands, and for all time. The rebellion, which began in the blackest treachery, to be ended in the foulest assassination; this rebellion, accursed in its motive, which was to rivet the shackles of slavery on a whole race for all the future: all the future; accursed in its means, which have been "red ruin and the breaking up of laws," the overthrow of the mildest and blessedest governments, and the profuse shedding of brothers' blood by brothers' hands; accursed in its accompaniments of violence, cruelty and barbarism, and is now doubly ac-cursed in its final act of cold blooded

murder.
Cold blooded, but impotent, and defeated its own purpose! The frenzied hand which slew the head of the government, in the mad hope of paralyzing its functions, only drew the hearts of the people together more closely to strengthen and sustain its power. All the north once more, without party or division, clenches hands around the common altar; all the north swears a more earnest fidelity to freedom; all the north again presents itself. the north again presents its breasts as the living shield and bulwark of the nation's unity and life. Oh! foolish and wicked dream, oh! insanity of fanaticism, oh! blindness of black hate—to think that this majestic temple of human liberty, which is built upon the clustered columns of free and inde-pendent states, and whose base is as broad as the continent—could be shak-en to pieces, by striking off the ornaments of its capital. No! this nation lives, not in one man nor 100 men, however able, however endeared to us; but in the affections, the virtues, the ener-gies, and the will of the whole American people.

The Roll Call. "Corporal Green!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood And "Here!" was the word the next

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell— This time no answer followed the call; Only his rear man had seen him fail, Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the fading light. These men of battle, with grave, dark looks. As plain to be read as open books, While slowly gathered the shades of

night. The fern on the hillside was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the popredder stains than the poppies

knew; And crimson dyed was the river's flood. For the foe had crossed from the other side, That day in the face of a murderous That swept them down in its terrible

And their life blood went to color the

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there Two stalwart soldiers into the line, Bearing between them this Herbert Kline, Wounded and bleeding, to answer his

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Hiram Kerr!"-but no man replied, They were brothers, these two, the sad wind sighed, And a shudder crept through the corn-

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier 'Deane carried our regiment colors," said 'Where our ensign was shot, I left him

Just after the enemy wavered and broke. "Close to the roadside his body lies, I paused a moment and gave him a drink. He murmured his mother's name, I And death came with it and closed his

Twas a victory, yes; but it cost us For that company's roll, when called at night, Of 100 men who went into the fight The number was small that answered "Here!"

Memorial Day.

Flowers red for the valuant courage That could die for native land; Flowers blue for the manly purpose. Loyal heart and ready band Evergreen for lasting honor That they bere beneath the sod; Flowers gold for deathiess glory; Flowers white for the peace of God.

Replies to the Methodist temperance society's query show that the 482 daily papers in this country declining liquor advertisements in February, 1915, had in February of this year increased to