

"Now, now, little feller, you're all safe. We'll take care of you. Don't talk about it. There's not much you can tell me."

His first glance around the elearing had revealed to Spence the whole story of the tragedy, down to the last detail-man and boy surprised at their campfire, the murder of the father, the boys' escape (how he could not guess), the looting of the camp, the disppearance, of the raiders. One of the men spoke:

"By G-! Spence, did ye ever see the beat of it- that kid buryin' his dad and givin' him the best funeral he could ?"

Spence shut him up with a gesture He motioned to his men to gather up the few odds and ends, the books and a few tools.

. "You scout ahead on the back trail," he ordered, and one of the bearded men slipped into the forest.

"Now, son-Davy's your name, ain't it ?--we'll be making tracks toward Fort Laramic. This ain't a healthy country right now. This is Cheyenne work. I know their signs. We'll talk about that later. Questions I want to ask. D'ye feel able to travel?"

Davy nodded. His heart was still too heavy for talk. Later he was to understand the miracle of his receue. Spence had been scouting eastward with a small party, sent by the trader at Fort Laramie to get reliable news of the alarming reports. They had been camping near Crow Creek when the sound of rifle firing, barely

lible, at a great distance, reached them. Spence's trained ear made out in the firing the

nd plain, the eyes of the scattered posts of the fur company. They quickened Davy's interest, helping him to put aside his misery.

Silent Spence came to him later in the day. He found a seat upon the bench outside the trading store and pulled at his pipe a long time without saying a word. Then:

"I've been thinkin' over your situation, little feller," he said. "You've been kind of a puzzle, what to do with, but kind o' works out this way. I'm driftin on west, to Californy -got some business out thereand I aim to take you to Sacramento. I know just the place for you. A boy hadn't oughter grow up without any schoolin' and you can git it there. I've figgered it all out, Davy, and it's the best bet as the cards lay. This country's no place for a boy to be knockin' around in, 'specially when there's Injun trouble. So tomorrow we'll hit the trail."

Davy's story had become known to everybody in the trading host. His misfortunes, and most of all, his manliness and his bright face, had won the hearts of the roughest of the folk collected at the post. They felt that something should be done, but nobody did anything until Mrs. Steele, the trader's wife, took affairs into her capable hands.

"Laws amighty!" she said that night to her spouse. "You men make me sick. You all stand around and talk, talk, talk! Why don't you do somethin' fer that fatherless boy?" "What kin a feller do?" asked Bill Steele, as one who raves instruction from on high. "Well if I must tell you, you big lummox," said the wife of his bosom, "you can pick up that hat of yours layin' there and drag your lazy hulk out to every man jack in the post. Tell 'em to spill all they can afford into the hat, and when they've done that to reach for more. It'd be a cryin' shame to start that child out without means!"

skeerce, compared to what they orce was. Country's gittin' crowded like. Don't-look like there's much new country left." For three months they rode the trail, following the well-beaten road to the Green River, then southeast through Nevada and the foothills of the Sierras and over the mountains past Donner Lake along an old emigrant trail. At Emigrant Gap they descended the Sierra Nevadas at the headwaters of the American river, and moved down into the valley of the Sacramento. They came to the town late in September. Spence took Davy to the home of Henry Brewster, a friend of many years. To the Brewstrs he told Davy's story and asked them if they would give Davy a home and see to his schooling. Mrs. Brewster took Davy straight to her motherly heart.

"He shall be our own boy," she said. If little Henry had lived he'd be this laddie's age. It will cheer up the house to have him about."

"I can be a lot of help, ma'am,' said David, sturdily. "I used to sort o' keep house for daddy."

"Bless your heart," said good Mrs. Brewster. "Housekeepin's no work for a man-child. There will be plenty of chores for a lively boy, goodness knows, but we'll see about that."

"The boy pays his way," said Spence. He handed them the buckskin bag, heavy with gold. CHAPTER VII-

A WHITE EAGLE WITH A RED HEART

In Sacramento, in the home of the Brewsters, Davy Brandon came happily to young manhood. He had good schooling from a Bostonian, a stern, hard-handed pedagougue, yet with a rare faculty of interesting his pupils. No fonder of books than any other young human animal, Davy studied faithfully, nevertheless, because he had given his promise to Spence for whom he had an affection that touched idolatry. Spence had been kind to his daddy. Spence had brought him to safety and a home. So Davy waited and worked, yearning for the time when he could join his hero in that rugged company of eagle men that ranged the mountains and the plains.

During these years, in which

-and I'll follow his trail for years if I ever strike it-I'D kill him with my bare hands. "Then there's the railroad

that people are talking so much about. Some think it will never be built. But it will be, Uncle Hank. daddy believed in it with all his heart. That's what brough him West, hope of find. ing a possible line for the road through the foothills and the mountains. He used to talk to me for hours about the road and what it would do for the country. He always said he wanted me to have some part in it. Maybe you think I'm foolish, but I believe my daddy is watching me, hoping I will find a way to help the road, to lend a hand in building it.

"I hate to part from you, Uncle Hank, but that's the way I feel about it. I wanted you to understand, but I'll go back East with you if you say you need me."

Henry Brewster sat pulling his pipe, the same old, strong-smelling pipe that poor Ma Brewster used to rail against so often. For several minutes he held his peace staring into the leaping flame of the fireplace.

"I reckon," he said slowly, "you're on the right trail Davy. I don't hold much by vengeance, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I can understand your feelings. If I was young I guess I'd feel about the same. I guess I'd want to keep goin' until I'd got my hands around the neck of that murderin' devil. A white renegade is a thousand times worse'n the Injuns he excites to wickedness. How do you calculate to come up with him?"

"I don't know yet," said Davy. "But I know the country he ranged in with his Cheyennes, the bad lands east of Laramie. That was his hangout, in the hills. The last I heard of Spence he was back at Fort Laramie. I thought if you didn't need me, I might travel east with you to the fort; find Spence and maybe pick up news."

"That's the best plan," said Brewster." You're a grown man, Davy. Not many around here can best you with rifle, revolver or fists, but you'll need Spence's long head. You're free to go.

After 22 Years Of Effort, Church Union In Canada Has Been Achieved

From the New York Times.

After twenty-two years of negotiation, church union in Canada becomes an accomplished fact. The Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches of the Dominion cease to function as distinct denominations, and in accordance with the votes of their governing assemblies, and with the sanction of the Canadian parliament, merge their forces and their properties under the name of the United Church of Canada. As the three denominations represent a total of some 2,500,000 persons, or 30 per cent. of the Canadian population, the United Church becomes at once the largest Protestant body in the Dominion.

The basis of union was really settled, except for minor modifications, in 1911, when it was almost unanimously approved by the Methodists and the Congregationalists. Two years ago it passed the Presbyterian General Assembly with a vote of 426 for union and 129 against. Broadly speaking, the lengthy and detailed document which the negotiating committees compiled aimed to preserve in the United Church what was most distinctive and valuable in the three uniting denominations. Since 1923 this "basis of union" has come up for debate and ratification in seven of the Provincial Legislatures and in the Parliament at Ottawa.

In bringing together such diverse elements the United Church represents no small achievement. Naturally, this radical step ran counter to extreme conservative opinion in the three bodies concerned. But the chief barriers to amalgamation proved to be sentimental rather than theological. Loyalties to honored names, honored forms, honored traditions, loomed large in the debates. Presbyterians recalled their covenanting past; Methodists looked back to their circuit-riding forebears, and Congregationalists thought with affection of those early individualistic souls and groups who had kept the faith. In the Presbyterian church, the congregations of which voted 1,673 for union and 657 against, a split took place. The anti-unionists have decided to remain outside the new church and have formed themselves into a "Presbyterian Association."

The United Church of Canada typifies the value of co-operation and the futility of perpetuating slight denominational differences in home and foreign mission fields. Church leaders in Canada speak continually of the union as the "great adventure" and enter upon it as pioneers? The successful culmination of the long_years if negotiation in the Dominion for church union will doubtless give fresh stimulus to similar movements now on foot in Scotland and Australia, as well as here in the United States.

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE. Sunday was the 148th anniversary of the adoption by congress of Betsy Ross' flag, the Stars and Stripes. No one can deny that the flag has had 148 years of glory and decency. It's a fine thing to go through 148 years never asking for anything that doesn't belong to you, and when forced to fight, always winning.

If advice could save, we should all be saved. President Lowell of Harvard says the world needs foresight and tells seniors "to search for what is real wruth." "What is truth?" said Jesting Pilate, and would not wait for an

answerk How shall a Harvard senior, gazing into the big world, like a chick fresh from its shell and still inside the incubator, know what the

CHANCE ACQUAINTANCES. John Burroughs.

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Nearly every season I make the acquaintance of one or more new flowers. It takes years to exhaust the botanical treasures of any one considerable neighborhood, unless one makes a dead set at it, like an herbalist. One likes to have his floral acquaintances come to him easily and naturally, tke his other friends. Some pleasant occasion should bring you together. You meet in a walk, or touch elbows on a picnic under a tree, or get acquainted on a fishing or camping out expedition. What comes to you in the way of birds or flowers, while wooing only the large spirit of open-air nature, seems like special good fortune. At any rate, one does not like to bolt his botany, but rather to prolong the

TODAY

heavy report of ASharpe's and to him every rifle spoke with an individual voice. Indians did not earry Sharpe's rifles as a general thing, so he reasoned that a white man or white men had been jumped by hostiles. Leaving two men in charge of the camp, he hurried southward with the others, traveling fast, antil he picked up the trail of a small party of Indians that had veered eastward only a little while before. They had followed this trail to the clearing where the Brandens had camp-Brandons had camped.

From the camp on Crow Creek, where Spence made the boy take rest and strong coffee, they made their way westward, taking the Laramie Trail. Davy rode behind Spence or one of the others. They made the settlement, twenty-five miles, late that evening, with Davy exhausted and carried in Spence's arms. He was asleep when they put him to bed in a room back of the old trading store, and it was late the following morning when he opened his eyes. Miserable as he was, he felt much better after he had doused his face in the water bucket and still better when he had made a hearty breakfast upon venison and bannock, with coffee to wash it down.

In every boy there is astonishing resiliency. Davy was conscious of interest in his new surroundings, in the rude trading post that had been built as far back as 1821 by the French trader, Jacques La Ramie, in the fort, with its quadrangle of huge logs, its watchtowers at the four corners, and in the humans that moved about the enclosure or outside the stockade among the tepees, shacks and dugouts. Friendly Shoshoni, haters of the Cheyennes, were in to trade their pelts, their tanned buckskins, for powder and ball, and the food of the white man; tall, splendid-looking red men carrying themselves haughtily. Happy-faced Frenchmen from the north, fur trappers mostly, with an interpreter or two of mixed blood; teamsters from the Oregon country, strapping fellows, usually well-liquored with the traders' tanglefoot whiskey at two bits the drink; and lean, hawk-faced scouts, free lances of a thousand trails of mountain

"Reckened Spence was seein' after the boy," said Bill. "You reckened!" said Mrs.

Steele, scornfully. "Show me your tracks, Bill Steele !" Bill got, willingly enough,

for he was a goodhearted fellow. and the result of his circuit of the post was amazing. Everybody had contributed, the French trappers, the swearing mule-whackers, the scouts and, to Steele's surprise, even the Indians. Bill turned over coin nuggets and gold dust that Spence roughly figured out to the value of \$1,000, a lot of money in those days. Mrs. Steele completely reclothed Davy, then entrusted to Spence a small pack stuffed with extra clothing, articles from the shelves of Bill's store, a pair of boots, shirts, hankerchiefs, a hat and and beaded buckskin shirt, breeches and moccasins, a present from the squaws in the Shoshoni camp near the fort. They started next morning, Spence, Davy and an old scout named Horn that everybody called "Powder," He had come into the country in '22, with General Ashley and Bridger and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's outfit, and there he had taken root. To Davy the old man took a vast liking, for the boy's smile seemed to open all hearts. It was old Powder who gradually withdrew Davy's mind from mournful thoughts. He told him a hundred tales of the old days, of the trip he had made with Bridger to the Great Salt Lake, the first white men, probably, to gaze upon that strange, inland sea, though there was a legend of a visit made by the Spanish friar, Father Escalante, as far back as 1776; of the many Indian fights he had taken part in, and of the struggles and battles between the rival fur com panies.

"But times is changin'!" said the old man. "Fur critters are

he shot up like a young pine, he helped Henry Brewster keep the store which did a brisk trade with goldseekers and settlers heading west, and with the travelers who had made their pile or who had been conquered by the country and were turning back to the easier ways of the settled East. To Ma Brewster Davy had become as dear as if he had been her own flesh and blood. He found a thousand little ways of easing her burdens. She blessed the day that Silent Spence brought the orphaned boy to her home. "He's just the best boy that

ever was," Ma Brewster often said to husband or neighbors-"' 'Course, he's got plenty of spirit and devilment in him. He won't let anybody run over him. not a mite. But he's sweet and fine, is Davy, with a heart like gold."

In later years this part of his life was always dim and vague to Davy, perhaps because it had been so secure, peaceful and happy. It was ended when he was nearing his twenty-second year, ended with sadness. Ma Brewster, whosse health had been failing for years, succumbed to an illness that even her gallant spirit could not conquer. She passed her last hour on earth with her hand in Davy's. A few weeks after her death Henry Brewster announced his intention of returning to Indiana.

"Now that Ma has gone, I just don't care to hang on here any longer," he said, as they sat together in the home which seemed so empty and lonely. "I have done pretty well, Davy. I've made enough to keep me comfortable the rest of my life. Better come with me. I'll buy a good farm back in Dearborn county, on the Ohio, and we'll run it togetheer. When I'm gone it'll all be yours."

"Uncle Hank," said Davy, "you have been good to me-a real father-and I know what I owe to you. But my heart is here in the west. There are things I feel I must do. You know how my daddy diedmurdered by a white man, butchered with an ax while he was held down. There's never a day passed, Uncle Hank, that I have not said to myself, I've got to find that man and pay him out if I ever run across him

I'd like to have you, boy, but] won't stand in your way."

Brewster had a buyer for the store, one anxious enough for the trade to pay a fair price, so this matter was quickly disposed of. When everything had been sold. excepting the few household articles that he wanted to take back East, they completed their plans for the journey. Brewster surprised and delighted Davy one morning by presenting him (TO BE CONTINUED)

"The Man Who Died Twice"

By Edwin Arlington Robinson (The Macmillan Company, \$1.25) There is no keener joy possible to a reader than that of discovering beauty in the pages of a book. Any book worth reading at all, may have humor, irony, keen characterization, absorbing plot, and all these are causes for rejolcing. But when you come to the phrase or passage that makes your heart give a sudden jump, that perhaps brings a tear of pure emotion to your eye, and seems to go deep within you and awaken echoes of "things half felt," then you have been in the presence of beauty, insofar as you possess the power to apprehend that rare attribute. There is no poet living today, with perhaps the exception of John Masefield, whom I find so emotionally thrilling and so artistically satisfying as Edwin Arlington Robinson. And "The Man Who Died Twice," the Pulitzer prize winning poem, of 1924, seems to me the finest of any of his poems. Perhaps that is because I have just finished reading it and its austere force is a very present thing.

It tells the story of Fernando Nash, a genius who squandered his birthright in vileness. "There was in the man,

With all his frailties and extravagances,

The cast of an inviolable distinction That was to break and vanish only

in fire When other fires that had so long

consumed him Could find no more to burn; and

there was in him A glant's privacy of lone com-

munion With older giants who had made a

music Wherof the world was not impossibly

Not the last note; and there was in him always,

Unqualified by guile and unsubdued By failure and remorse, or by redemption,

The grim nostalgic passion of the great

For glory all but theirs."

But it is unfair to the poem, to snatch passages here and there. You must read it all to get its sweep and dignity. Then you will know what I mean by discovering "beauty" in the pages of a book.

truth is? Dr. Fosdick, another clergyman, says "the lawlessness of the Ameri-

can people is appalling." Yet things have been worse. We have durders, but fewer than one for every 100,000 people. They had one in Adam and Eve's family, when there were only four human beings altogether. Abel cut down the popu-lation by 25 per cent.

The Rev. Dr. Fosdick complains of our jazz in music, free verse in poetry, and in morals do as you please. But what's all that compared to Sodom and Gomorrah. We are doing well, compared with

the ancients.

Peter Dutka, ambitions Czecho-Slovakian came here at 30 years of age, worked in coal mines, saved money and learned English. He already spoke five languages. He went to Pennsylvania state college, studied until 4 o'clock in the morning, cut his sleep to three or four hours, and he gets his degree today.

Those that give it to him will see a determined emaciated man, his weight cut down 26 pounds for lack of sleep. He will be praised, and deserves It.

But, he could have done as well without that degree, getting knowledge more slowly.

But never in his life will he be able to make up that loss of sleep. Remember, young gentlemen, money gone, you can get it back. But nervous energy gone, through lack of sleep, you will never recover.

Gertrude Ederle, a young American woman planning to swim the English channel, yesterday swam from New York City to Sandy Hook, 18 miles, in less than eight hours. She fought the tide during the last hour of her swim, and finished, apparently not fatigued. She goes to England Wednesday, and will train for the channel swim with Jabez Wolf, famous British veteran, who several times has tried and failed to make the great swim.

Germany is agitated. The great Stinnes house, its heirs quarreling among themselves, appears close to bankruptcy. Other concerns totter. The thorough Germans will make an intensive census and see just how they stand.

In one way they stand well. Butchery of the mark has wiped out their internal debt. The Germans, as 2, nation, owe nothing, except what they owe the Allies.

Payments to the Allies amounting to only 160 odd million dollars a year at first, less than \$3 per German per year, will not strain the resources of such a country.

An intensive census of England

Insulting. From the Chicago News. "I am never going to Smith's house again," declared Jones. "Why not?" asked his wife. "Last night they demonstrated a machine for tejling how much people are lying."

are lying."

"And just before they tried it on me they poured a quart of oll on the wheels."

A cow owned by Ben Sherman, a farmer, living near Worthington, Ia., is wearing an iron leg as the result of having broken one of her own. As she is a valuable animal, her leg was amputated by Dr. Walden, veterinar-ian. It was replaced by the artificial one which Mr. Crane, the blacksmith,

and France might show conditions more alarming than in Germany. Luckily for the British when war began, the other countries of the world owed British investors \$35,000,-000,000. English capitalists held foreign securities for that amount. During the war that was cut down by half at least.

The British government is rich, it has great resources and knows how to lay and collect taxes. The Eritish people are harrassed with taxation, and feel poor.

In France, it is the other way around. The French government is poor, finds it difficult to collect taxes. The French people on the other hand, their exports far in excess of their imports, are, as individuals, more prosperous than the British people. We are the fortunate ones, here in America, both government and peo-

ple rich. Let's be grateful.

President on Tolerance.

From the Kansas City Star.

Read in the light of recent developments in the United States, the president's address at the Norse-American Centennial yesterday was an implied plea against the spread of intolerance that has been menacing the unity of American life. This, we take, it, was the meaning his emphasis on the way in which the national spirit had come from a diversity of racial elements.

This spirit has developed without compuision, without persecution. It developed because American has ideals appealed to the best in human nature of whatever race.

There has been a tendency of late to get away from this free development. Earnest persons, believing strongly in their own ideas, have been trying by law to run everybody in their mold. The country has recently gone through a political campaign in which a group tried to create a religious issue. Just now attention is centered on a state where the legislature has attempted to interfere with the details of the teaching of scientific truths and has set up its own interpretations.

It is not in this way that the American republic has grown. Its founders were broadly tolerant men. They laid down fundamental principles of tolerance in the constitution. These principles were developed under the leadership of Thomas Jef-ferson into a body of political doctrines which guided the course of the new nation.

Tolerance is in the background of a century and a half of American history. It was to this great historical experience that President Coolidge so finely appealed.

Explained. From the Freeman's Journal. Judge—How is it you haven't a law-yer to defend you? Prisoner—As soon as they found out that I hadn't stolen the money they would not have anything to do with the case.

American films have popularized the American bungalow, with its built-in furniture and many modern living con-ventences, to the people of Brazil. For-ly-five per cent. of the new dwellings going up in Sao Paulo, Brazil, at the present time, are copied from the Cal-fornia product. The only difficulty en-countered is the general absence of a servant's room; all middle class Bra-silians have servants, due to the cheap-ness of labor.

