

Extracts from Mrs. Elia W. Peattie's New Novel, "The Belzaguered Forest."

There is really only one misfortune in the world which is worth mentioning, and that is to remain unexpressed.

I am not afraid of anything but repression and whisperings and concealment and reservations. . . . The worst form of impiety to me, is to let the human forces be unused. The heart and the brain, these are vats filled with grapes, and it is the work of each man to press out the wine.

Thoughts are—like mother-of-pearl. They alter each second; they have indescribable half-lights, and vanishing, nameless tints. The man who could describe them would be a poet past any poet who ever lived. In moments of confidence we may say something which approaches a revealing, but it is dull and coarse. It is a base coin employed for purposes of exchange because the true gold is beyond our reach.

Souls are balls of crystal, touching at one point only.

American caste is something like the mist on the mountain side. It looks as if it were there when you see it at a distance, but as you draw closer to it it becomes impalpable, or can be felt only by a slight chill which pervades your body, but to which you presently become accustomed.

Virtues are to be lived, not talked about.

The artistic temperament and the trained conscience make a good combination and one not often to be found.

Fate is like a merchant; it will take all it can get—and it is possible for the conscience to be prodigal with restitution.

Life in the camp in winter is like being in a gigantic porcelain vase, and with all the memory of one's life enclosed in the vase. "They are the spices of my pot-pourri, for I think myself as mere ashes of roses, or at best a handful of leaves left over from blossom time."

When drab souls get up to heaven I suppose they'll be set a little to one side where the glory can't fade them.

Thus fell the tall pine: "I saw the beautiful shaft tremble; a shrill, musical vibration ran its length, then a high note of alarm and despair seemed to burst from it—it was like the cry of an inconceivably mighty violin—and it swayed, then toppled, slowly at first, then faster—faster—the great trunk dragging it. Then came the tragic plunge, the crash, a chaos of flying branches, a rush of scurrying echoes from the hills, and then silence. It would call to the morning no longer; no longer watch the wheeling of slow constellations; no longer gather to itself the perfumes of spring as they floated up from the ardent south; no longer entangle the streamers of the northern lights in its aspiring top. It is dead!"

Quoth John Cadmus: "If I see a man who seems dissatisfied with his terms of life I wonder if it wouldn't be a mercy in me to knock his brains in. When I see a jaded woman dragging herself down to the city to work every day to support an existence that has no chance for her or anybody else, I have difficulty to restrain myself from pushing her under the car wheels and making an end of her. I always desire to blow up

ugly houses with dynamite and place gun powder under ready made clothing establishments. I'm a sort of peripetetic providence out of a job."

Milly—Billy, do you know you've a pretty mouth? It's a pity to waste such a mouth on a man.

Billy—I never waste it on a man.—Town Topics.

Missionary—Are you going to burn me at the stake?

Cannibal—No; I'll just bake you to a turn. You don't know what an excellent cook I am.—The Polynesian.

"Beware the microbes in a kiss!"
Stern science ever cries;
But then, when ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

No member of the legal profession ever handed down an opinion requiring such wonderful acumen as did a reporter from Washington recently, writing of the weather. While not making any specific prediction regarding the effect of the rains, he ventures the opinion that "all those crops that are not irretrievably ruined will be benefited by the breaking of the drought. It will take the average mind several hours to digest such a solid chunk of wisdom as that."

DAYS IN BEAVER CANON.

BY FLORA BULLOCK.
For The Courier

Geologists have almost admitted that the Black Hills is an enchanted land. They cannot explain its formation nor account for its wonders. They simply know that at some time before the Dawn the new Earth trembled, and lifted great stores of its hidden treasures nearer the sun and within reach of man's prying hands. In all this broad land there is no piece of ground of like extent that is so rich with a variety of gifts, and at the same time so fascinating in beauty. People who have traveled the world over and have paused in many picturesque spots say that there are nooks and corners of the Hills which are unsurpassed. Yet most of those who journey Hillward know only the main-traveled roads and well-beaten burro tracks. Thrice blessed is he, however, who can get out into the heart of the Hills, where few summer sojourners have penetrated, and explore the canons known only to the Indians of old, the deer who are following if not preceding them on the path to extinction, and the ranch man, herald of a new era. He will find lovely slopes by brooks where he will want to pitch his tent, narrow canons, high-walled with red rock precipices, and always the weird, blue black mountains in the distance lure. Do not let them entice you to move from your lookout, for long is the road that leads to them, and the blue black haze is as illusive and unattainable as the rainbow. In truth, there is something uncanny in the way certain hills seem to recede as you approach them and follow when you turn your back. Mt. Pisgah, a great, long, green hulk with a white stone crown, never leaves you, if you travel northward from this point, and you never seem to reach it. I have hoped to follow the horse's nose up its slopes, but I fear I shall never get to it, though it appears to be very near.

You will not have been in Beaver Canon an hour before you will hear somebody say, "up on the prairie."

Preferences ? ? ? ?

WE long ago learned that to argue against a woman's preferences was a mere waste of time—consequently we never try. We sell every good sort of typewriter in its best form. One of these will suit your requirements. Plenty of unbiased advice, however, if you require it.



P. E. ALMOND,

1106 O Street . . . Telephone 759

LINCOLN, NEBR.

You will soon come to think that is certainly an enchanted region, and a curiosity to go hence will seize you. After the long up-grade drive of seven miles, it will be a joy to come out on a wide, slightly rolling prairie, where great fields of oats and wheat are ripening for the harvest. No crop failure there, but a land of heavy laden, yellowing greenness. Isn't it queer to see those large, smooth stones that lie along the road, telling their chapter in the story of creation? Some New England settler has begun to pile them along under his wire fences, and in time they will form a picturesque addition to the prairie landscape.

The ranchman landed me at a primitive log shack on a little hillside close by a large grove of quaking aspen trees that cluster around a spring of Nature's own nectar. I cannot imagine what possessed the builder of this cabin to locate it on the slope of the hill, the windowless north end being about a foot lower than the south end. From the door I looked straight into a stony hillside, and it was slight compensation to know that from that hill I could see, by the aid of a field glass, the line of the Big Horn mountains far to the west. The ranchman explained that the inclined floor was meant for a water shed; when it rained, a frequent occurrence here, the water that came in under the door would flow right through. But the first settler did not even boast of a floor. When a young man of more progressive spirit bought out the claim and came up for his first night of the required tenancy, he found cold comfort. It was in the dead of winter,—and winter "up on the prairie" is a thing to be feared,—and he brought his brother-in-law to keep him company. One slept on the board which served as a bed while the other kept up the fire on the floor. The ranchman regaled me with such cheerful tales as these while we ate our lunch. Then while he worked at his haying, I sought the solitude of the aspen grove, and filled my fingers with gooseberry stickers—just as if I were not alone, away off at the end of the world. Hardly a bird call broke the silence or interrupted the talking of the aspen leaves, the grasshoppers out on the hillside buzzed like rattlesnakes, but oh, there are no snakes on the "prairie!" They cannot warm their skinny backs sufficiently in that cool latitude.

One is not even afforded the company of stray cows, for the prairie is not a cattle country. So it is possible to be very much alone, and barring

poetic moods, very lonely in that high and supposedly enchanted land.

Give me, rather, a jolly crowd, with a wagonful of truck, bound for a day's camping. Up the Beaver canon—a real narrow canon, not a wide valley—is an ideal place. Under pines on a sloping hillside, with a view of red and white rock ledges and high gypsum buttes in front, beyond which peers the inevitable black-robed Pisgah; in front, the clear bubbling Beaver where trout lurk. The Doctor says they are only good to eat; they take the hook like suckers,—that explains my luck. There is a house not far away for shelter from storms, and numerous side canons and mountain trails invite the rovers. With the beautiful and great old limestone at your back,—deer and wild birds roosting up there,—with pine needles under your feet, with the anthem of the pines blended with the song of the brook, and the sky opening wide before you—what more could a body wish? Add the crowd and the merry laughter and joking, the ravenous hunger and the unconventional appeasing of it,—where are your seaside resorts and summer hotels beside it?

Company at the ranch. Such a baking and stewing and frying, such rattle of dishes and bustling in kitchen and sitting room. Grown folk, young folk, children and babies, and all happy and young. It is not like having company to tea in town. For the ranch is a long way off, and they must come to stay all night and several days. Do you remember how it was when all the sons and daughters came home to the farm for a holiday? Such gaiety, such excitement. Why, we even forgot to watch the teams that pass, trying to name the occupants, unless we discover some addition to the company. How lonely it seems when they have all gone away, when there is no baby to play with, no little chaps to amuse. One may love mountains and skies, finding contentment among them for awhile. But, after all, the human interest is supreme, and no one can be truly happy long alone.

F. H. PIERSON,
Grain, Provisions
and Stocks.

1035 N St. . . Lincoln, Neb.