

TOP OF TWO OREGONIAN FIR TREES

HOW A LASTING FRIENDSHIP WAS FORMED BETWEEN THEM

ON THE TOP OF a mountain that rose from a broad, clear stream, away from those further bank a valley swept to other distant mountains lying soft and green against the deep, blue sky, a long, long time ago, a fir cone lay on the coarse grass, wonderingly gazing at its surroundings.

It had been there only a short time. A storm was raging and a rude wind had tossed it from the branch of the white fir tree where it had swung all summer long. It had often wished it might be down on the ground where there were so many strange things growing, but now it found it very lonely so far away from the mother tree. Besides, the rain was beating down, making the earth all sticky, and holding the cone fast. This was a new experience, and one it did not like a bit, for it was accustomed to swaying and rolling about on feathery boughs, so it was out of humor, like some people, who, after they leave the parent tree, are out of humor with the world, because it is not what they thought it would be. So, when another cone dashed down upon it and then bounced off a little way, it explained, quite roughly:

"Can't you watch where you are going? It is bad enough to be down here in all this mess without being whacked in that fashion."

"I beg your pardon. I am very sorry if I hurt you," replied the other cone; "but the wind was blowing so I could not tell where I was going to land. It is uncomfortable down here, isn't it?"

"Well, I should say so," said the first cone, somewhat cheered by the kindly spirit of the newcomer and glad of companionship. "Can't you roll over here a little nearer?" he said, "and be sociable?"

"I wish I could, I should like to," said the other, "but I sit so hard in a muddy place that I cannot move, even with the help of the wind."

"That is just my fix," answered number one. And then they both laughed over their funny predicament, which made them feel more comfortable.

It was really very fortunate for these two cones that they had each other for company way up there on the lonely mountain top, for they were the only ones that had been blown such a distance. As the wind continued to blow a hurricane and the rain was pouring down in torrents, they kept rolling back and forth till it grew very dark and the wind tossed some leaves along that covered them and smoothed their voices.

Thus they lay in the dark earth, beneath the leaves all winter, each unhappy and longing for the sunny days and dancing boughs they had known before. And so, when the sun showed and the warm wind in the Spring they felt its warmth down in the ground and began to grope for it, just as many people feel the influence of something higher, better, nobler than what they find around them, and keep groping, groping, till they find it and then, we have a poet, philosopher, inventor or maybe a better citizen or kinder neighbor.

Finally, up through the brown leaves two little green heads were peeping.

"Hello, there," cried the first cone—only now he was not a cone, but a tiny tree—as he caught sight of the other shapely little green head, "I think I met you before, only then your gown was brown and now it is such a nice green."

"Oh, yes, I remember," she answered. "I hurt you when the wind blew me about as."

"You didn't hurt me any. I was just out of humor because I was uncomfortable."

"Well, I am so glad that, and isn't it lovely to be out in the sunshine again?" "Yes, only I feel that if I have to go it alone I shall have to see that my under-pinnings are good."

"Yes, indeed, if the wind blows as it did when I first came down here, I hope I shouldn't have to roll over and over again like I was before."

"Well, take a good, strong hold with your roots and you will be all right."

"Oh, thank you for telling me. It is just what I will do, I had not thought of that. It was so much nicer high up, where I grew that I am going to try to get up there again."

"So am I, and I believe we can do it, too."

Thus they began together to grow upward in the sunshine. Each year they gained a little height, and from the dark green of their last year's growth pushed tender green branches further out. Their trunks grew larger daily and their roots took hold more firmly in the soil, so that they stood very straight and firm, only bending when the wild winds blew, then quickly springing back and standing straight and upright.

"It is true, that when the blast was fiercest, one of them was fearful lest those roots might not hold fast and suddenly reached out toward the one that stood so firm and fearless, and he, wishing to reassure her, put forth his boughs in her aid, and thus it chanced that presently their branches met and intertwined. Then they knew no fear, no lack, but when the gale was highest, together rocked, tossing their branches, laughing, whistling and only singing defiant songs at it. When the gusts came down and closed around them so that they seemed quite apart, they murmured softly to each other through their folds. And on the nights when the moon hung in the starry heavens and their silvery light glistened on their glossy needles, they gently rocked and away, whispering and softly humming sweet melodies and lullabies.

In their boughs, many birds found shelter, building their nests there, rearing their young and singing happy songs. The wild Indian often rested in their ample shade, and slender-footed, soft-eyed deer would pause in their cool shadow to rest their panting sides, then with their antlers held high in the air, sweep lightly on to where the drinking water gushed. And the mountain lion, very eyes stealthily, noiseless, would crouch beneath them, watching for prey. Presently more cones fell around them, and gradually a young forest sprang up.

Thus, for many long years they grew, she tall and straight and stately, he sturdy, strong and stalwart. Of the ugly knot upon his trunk, he never told her. It grew around upon the other side away from her. How came it there? It may be, when the young sapling was quite tender a playful squirrel sharpened its teeth upon the bark and bit too deep, or an Indian lad in passing struck it with a stick, or some insect may have stung it. At any rate, it grew there, a great rough bumpy, and when they came to be quite goodly

girth and their branches hung so high, nothing could reach them, she said one day:

"I think we are quite as high as when our mothers tossed us on their boughs."

"Yes," said he, "we are, but I think we can go higher."

"I think so, too. Perhaps we can reach the stars that show so brightly when the sun is gone. I would not seek to reach the sun that is so dazzling, nor the moon that is so sweet and gentle, but we might reach those kindly stars that come so close when the sun and moon are gone."

So starward they commenced to climb, getting higher and higher and higher till often passing clouds would brush their tops. Then they were glad and would whisper:

"We are almost there."

Presently white men would sometimes camp beneath them, and after awhile steamboats came to pass up and down the beautiful river that flowed at the base of the mountain. But still they kept on going upward. On cloudy nights their goal seemed far away, but on clear nights, when the heavens sparkled like a gem-set dome, they felt that their journey was almost done.

And they might be thus, still reaching upward, had it not happened that one day into the forest came two men and all the trees of goodly size they smote twice with an ax, leaving them marked with a white scar.

When they came upon those two great trees standing side by side, so high upon the mountain top, they paused and walked around them to judge their girth, and turned their faces back to see their tips.

"Those are grand trees," said one. "They must be very old."

"Yes," said the other, "there is lots of lumber in them."

"That straight one, without a blemish, would make a fine mast."

"Well, we are not after masts nor lumber now, but we will cut them down."

So into their sides the ax cut the mark for the choppers.

When the choppers were busy despoiling the forest, they too, paused at sight of those two grand trees, standing alone, so tall and straight upon the mountain top. But soon sharp blades were busy cutting and tearing, till, with an awful crash, the one with the blemish fell, mu-

lating many other trees as it went and leaving the slender one mournfully swaying and rocking alone. She, too, was soon low beside her companion, her beautiful branches all crushed and torn.

Axes and saws then cut away the branches and sawed the logs up into lengths and split them into pieces. The pieces of the one with the blemish were hauled away first and sent flying down the mountainside in a chute filled with flowing water. At the foot of the chute they were piled up on a dock and then were quickly loaded on a boat that was lying on the water there. When they all were in the boat was full and it turned and floated down the stream till it reached a place on the river where wood was stacked in long rows. There it left its burden. Presently wagons came and carried this wood away to homes and mills and factories.

The other log was destined to a more surprising experience for when its piece ended the journey down the mountain and by boat they were among many harsh sounds, unlike the melodies of the forest. But from way off somewhere there came the sound of rushing water, like the brook that used to bubble down the mountain side, only the sound was mightier and it was comforting. Soon the sticks were taken and all the bark roughly shorn from them, then they were sawed up into small lengths and cast into a terrible machine that cut and minced them into little chips. These were carried up, up, in little pockets fastened to a belt and thrown into vats of torturing chemicals that ate and cut and burned them into a pulpy mass. This new form the mass found its way down into great, oblong tubs, where it was kept turning round and round amongst blue-hot water to make its consistency. Next it was sent traveling into a very long room, down the whole length of which stretched a wonderful machine, equipped with steel rollers, and over the machine the formless pulp commenced its journey.

First, it passed in a thin stream through a long, narrow crack the width of a coarse sieve, that carried on to a fine one, the water meantime escaping from it through the coarse perforations. When it arrived at the finer sieve, bubbles had commenced to form upon its surface, so

lay the white wreath of the morning paper. "I see," said the man; "the draft must have drawn it into the fire when I dropped it. I thought the fire was burning very briskly this morning."

A few weeks later, down in the office of a factory where the furnace fire glowed all day, a man said to the janitor who was cleaning up:

"Here, Jim, I wish you would burn these old Oregonians; here is the file for the whole month of March; they take up too much room."

And just as the fireman had thrown some sticks into the furnace among them one with part of a great knot on it, the janitor tossed in the file of papers and again there was such a roaring and crackling the fireman turned off the draft and listened closely at the flues.

And it also happened that on a time as two comrades journeyed together over the top of a mountain they came upon a spot that overlooked such a beautiful view of river and valley, with mountains beyond, that they decided to tarry there for the night. Said one, pointing to two large stumps that stood but a little way apart:

"There is a capital place to build a fire. We can swing astick between the two stumps and roast our game upon it."

"That is so," replied the other, "and that brushpile will make first-class fuel." From the fragrant heap of brush, sticks were brought and piled between the stumps. Three ones of the men thrust a newspaper beneath them to start them burning.

"Don't burn today's paper!" exclaimed the other, "it may be a long time before we see a later one."

"Oh, this is not today's paper; it is an old one that came around some lunch. We shan't need it any more. Let's see, it is March 16th."

So the match was touched to it and it lit the crackling sticks. As the evening wore on the two comrades piled the fire high, placing on it the last branches from the brush heap, and as the glorious blaze shot up, the stars came out in the deep, blue heavens and kept a vigil, while all that remained of the two trees that began life side by side and helped each other to climb skyward burned till they glowed like one small earth-star, then sank down and faded till there was only a heap of white ashes.

carefully wrapped and labeled it again and journeyed by boat; then was placed on a heavy dray and trundled over noisy streets and rolled into another noisy place where there was machinery and inky smells, the correct odors of pines and flowers that the forest had. People were going to and fro, and wires flashing messages which men put into type and set in long rows, then placed them in a frame which they fastened in a great machine in which the roll of paper had also been placed, and the machine began to work and throb quite noisily, rolling the type with the inky roller, then pressing it on the paper as it sent it gliding through, and as it came out on the surface of this paper was printed the record of the world's doings for a day. There were stories of tragic deaths, of births and happy marriages, of nations falling, of storms, diseases, heroic deeds, intrigues and strife, set up in columns, side by side, sheet upon sheet, printed and folded—a modern morning newspaper.

And so it happened one morning in a certain March, when a wood fire was burning cheerily on the hearth of a pleasant home, the Oregonian fell with a thud on the porch outside. Some one got it, and as he stood by the fire unfolding it the blaze from a log with part of a large knot upon it, shot up so brightly he paused to look at it, then said to himself:

"It seems to me this paper crackles very noisily."

"Then some one from another room cried out, 'Come here quick, and see; the baby's tooth is through!'"

"So the paper with its burden of news was dropped for a while. When they came back for it, no paper was to be found, though back and forth they searched, till some one cried:

"Why, there it is!"

Sure enough, there on the glowing coals

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FROM LADDERMAN TO DEPUTY-CHIEF

STORY OF A FIGHTER OF FIRES—HOW DAN HALE WON THE "THREE TRUMPETS" BY EPES WINTHROP SARGENT

"DAN, me boy, I'm proud of ye." This was Danny Hale's greeting when he turned up for breakfast the morning after Mrs. Callahan's rescue. One name had been slightly scorched by the flames, but he had not been reported sick.

The elder Hale held in his hand a morning paper, which gave a full account of the rescue, and praised the young fireman warmly.

"And ye but a month in the department," murmured Mrs. Hale, fondly, as she leaned over his chair. "Dan, when I heard the firebells ring at night, I did think, 'It's my boy going into danger, but now I'll think I'm wrong, it's my boy going to the help of the helpless.'"

Nothing more was said, but as he sat in the front room after breakfast Millie Franks rushed into the room like a whirlwind, a paper in her hand.

"Danny," she almost sobbed, "you're a hero," and her eyes glowed as Dan never had seen them before.

Dan felt very much as he had when, a small boy, he sat in state on a birthday, enjoying a temporary importance that both pleased and awed him. It was even worse when Jack Callahan, "The Captain," they used to call him at school, came in to thank him.

"It's many a time I've licked you, Dan," he said, brokenly, "but you can call me 'pink' now if you want to, and I won't say a word."

"Then what's the use?" retorted Dan. "The fight was always the fun."

Even the men of No. 9 were inclined to show him more attention. It was like the college man when he passes the first year and ceases to be a "freshie." There was a disposition to treat him as one of themselves.

Nothing was heard of Cross' report till Dan's probation ended. The three months had just elapsed, and Dan, had been formally appointed a fourth-class fireman at \$80 a year. No knight, winner of the golden spurs, ever felt greater elation than was Dan's when for the first time he put on the brand-new uniform with the shiny buttons and the maltese cross he had so coveted when a youngster. He cut his breakfast short to go over and show himself to Millie. When she had duly admired his appearance, he went across the street, proudly conscious of the stare of the people.

Burton, who had the clock watch, grinned as he entered. "My, ain't we grand!" he called out, then dodged the parcel Dan shied at his head. "Get your coat is too tight for you," he continued, seeing that Dan had no more ammunition.

"It's not too tight to keep me from punching your head," retorted Dan, good-humoredly, as he went up the stairs. Burton shouted after him: "The Cap'n wants to see you, Dan. He's in his room."

"Sit down, Dan," said Cochran. "I've just had a letter from uptown (headquarters). Chief Cross recommended that you be transferred to a truck company, because we need good ladder men. Cross supposed that you would be assigned to No. 4, where he makes his headquarters, but I am instructed to order you to report tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock at No. 6. It looks as if Chief Corby had his eye on you. Six of the truck house. I am sorry to have you go. We'll all be sorry, but it is a great boost and you deserve it. Remember, lad, we are all your friends here, and will watch your advancement."

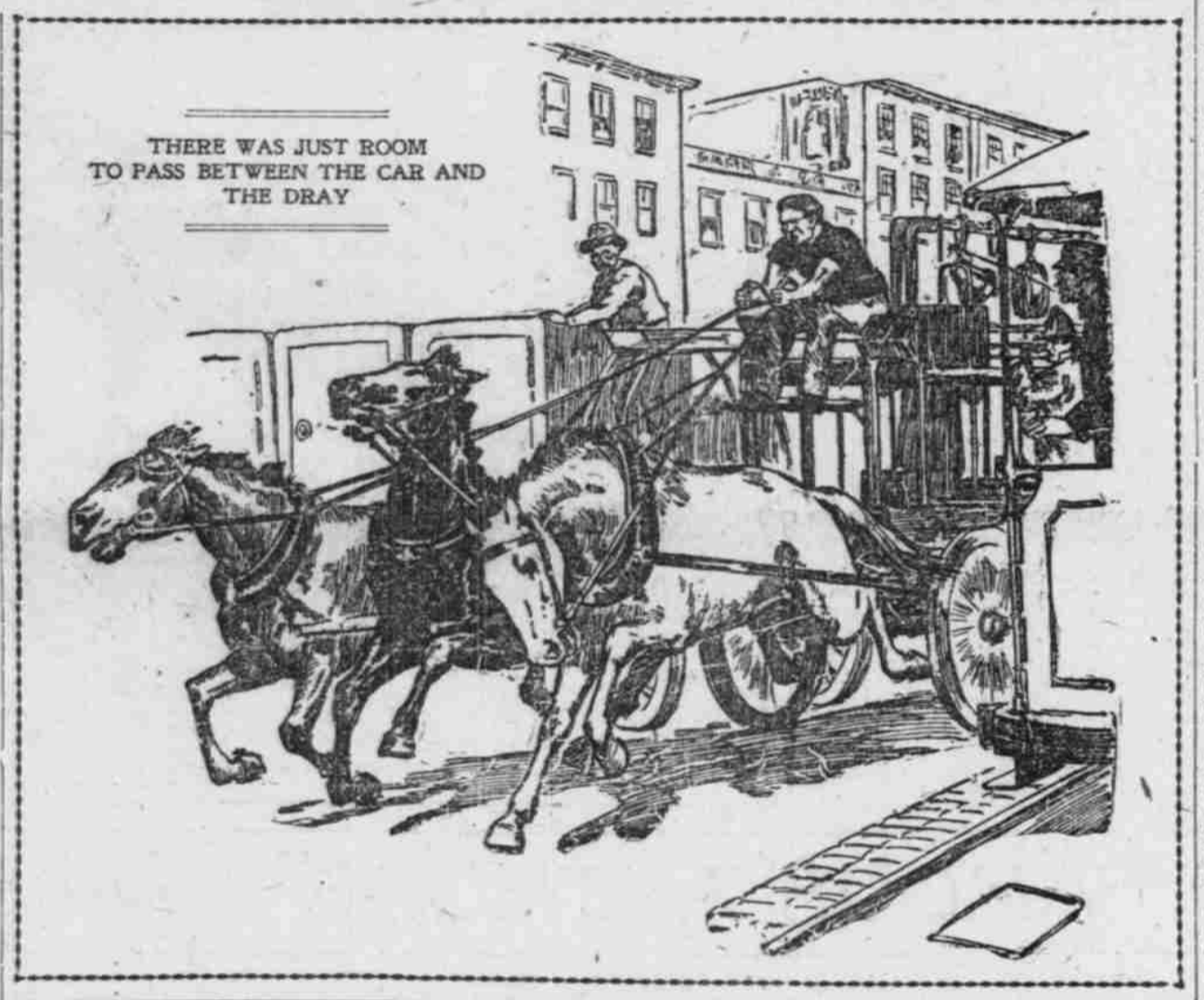
No. 4 had been built but a few months, and was one of the finest fire structures in the country. Located in the heart of the business section, it was what is known as a double company. In addition to the truck, there was a hook and a double force of men. It was also the station of Gore, one of the Deputy Chiefs, who rank between the Battalion Chief and the full Chief.

Gore was one of the old-timers, and his thorough knowledge of the business made him a favorite with Corby, who sent him the best men. To be promoted to the name was a matter of merit, and until Dan received his assignment the lowest man was a second-grade fireman who had gained especial distinction in the three years he had served.

The lower floor of the house was of tile, the walls white-glazed brick, and the ceiling stamped metal. Above were rooms of the two Captains and the Deputy, in addition to the large dormitory. Even the men had needle baths and all modern improvements. It was one of the few houses lighted by electricity, and when the ball on the telegraph dropped it turned the lights full on in the dormitory.

When Dan reported to Captain Franks the next morning that veteran regarded him curiously, but with evident satisfaction.

"So you're the young fellow who got on the roll of honor before you were fairly on the payroll, are you?" he asked. "Well, you keep it up. That's the sort of men we want," and, taking him to the door,



he turned him over to one of the men. Dan was put on the "one-wheeling" list now, which meant that he took the full three hours, and visited home but once a day. He missed the home meals sadly, but this arrangement at least enabled him to take dinner with the folks, and generally there was an hour to spare afterward. To Dan this seemed the sweetest of the day, as he sat in the familiar front room with his parents and Millie. He was one of the busiest in the city. Dan's delight was to take the tiller. The heavy truck, large enough to carry the huge 85-foot extension ladder, was too unwieldy to be steered by the horses, and the rear wheels were guided by a tiller-man, lashed to a seat directly over the hind truck. It was considered a great feat, however, to guide the tiller. Credit for a successful run was always given to the driver and tiller-man.

Hansen, who held the reins over the powerful blacks on 6 truck, was the crack driver of the department. With his 40 years' experience he was a bit jealous. He had heard how Dan had gained his place by his daring ride in the butcher's cart, and he did not relish the predictions freely made that some day he would supplant him.

Smith and Cole, both experienced drivers, also served with 6. Smith driving the water tower while Cole took the place of either man at meal hours. In this way there were always two good drivers in the house. A driver is supposed to know not only about the best streets, but to keep posted on all excavations, builders' piles and obstructions. Dan tried to keep track, too, for he was frequently at the tiller.

One afternoon Cole fell on a grating and broke his arm, while Hansen was at dinner. The ambulance had just driven away when the telegraph sounded and men and horses dashed to their places.

Gore, with his light buggy, was out of the house first, and Smith sprang to the driver's seat of the tower. Captain Franks stood in front of the truck horses, and as the rein snaffle was snapped on the bits he looked up to see that Cole threw them off the cords supporting the harness. The driver's seat was empty.

Then for the first time Cole's accident was recalled.

"Hale!" "Yes, sir." Dan ran up. "Get up there!" Dan sprang to the seat and caught the driver's belt to the ring at the further side. Reaching for the pear-shaped pull he gave it a jerk, the harness was free and 6 sprung out of the house.

The tower already had gone half a block. Dan gritted his teeth. If the tower reached the fire before the truck it would be the first time in the history of the new 6. The sensation was exhilarating. He had three of the best horses in the department, and he could depend on them. He eased up a little on the reins and the speed increased. He had turned the corner into Broadway, and the horses were galloping on the smooth asphalt, dangerous in wet weather even to the rubber-shod horses, but the heavy apparatus rolled along as easily as a toy express wagon. Skillfully guiding his steeds through the maze of traffic, he made the half-mile run to River street, from which the alarm had been sent in. Just beyond he could see the heavy black smoke rolling out of the burning building. Suddenly the tower turned down Henry street, one block this side of the river, and as the turn was made Smith waved his hand and pointed ahead. Between Henry and River a sewer excavation blocked one side of the roadway clear to the car tracks. The track was blocked at that point by cars going both ways, and a heavy dray with three large safes stood at the curb at the other side.

There was no chance here to take the truck to the sidewalk, but there was just room to pass between the car and the dray.

To get-through and avoid circling the block would mean a full minute saved. In the critical stages of a fire seconds are minutes. He would also be Smith to the fire and save the record. His jaw set firmly as he swung across the car tracks. The gap was only half a block away. The men clinging to the step saw that he was going to take the risk, and they clung close to the side. The tiller man kept the rear wheels straight, and with a rattle the horses were in the gap, then the truck lurched forward. On one side the button of Captain Franks' coat sleeve rattled against the woodwork of the trolley car; on the other there was an inch and a half to spare. Now they were free of the crush, and as they swung up in front of the building the men set up a cheer. Thirty seconds later Smith turned the corner, and to his utter surprise saw a 35-foot ladder being raised.

Filling his pail at the hydrant, Dan washed out the mouths of the panting horses, and as he did so he kissed them on the forehead. When the fire was over the men crowded round to shake his hand. Best of all, Chief Corby came up, saying:

"That was great driving, Hale. I was right behind you, and I never saw better. Keep up this gait and you will be wearing one of these some day," as he touched his five-trumpet star.

Ready to Supply Them. "I can give you a few points on that sign," said the schoolboy to the man who had just finished painting. "Well, let's hear them," said the painter. "Why, that's all," rejoined the boy. "It needs punctuating."

WHY THE LITTLE MAID STOLE A TOMBSTONE

SHE WAS AFRAID THAT HER GRANDMA'S GRAVE WOULD BE LOST

MARY MAMMA knew a little girl who stole a tombstone!" said Baby Blaise.

"Oh, dear me, sue, what did she want of such a horrible thing?" cried Baby Brown, who was visiting at Baby Blaise's, celebrating their sixth birthday.

"I bet she wanted to give it to her mother for a mourning board," said Brother Bob Blaise.

"No, sue, I don't suppose it was really stealing. You see, her grandma was dreadfully sick, and one morning Dr. Michel—only of course she wasn't a doctor then—just a little 12-year-old girl came back for an early and across the meadow to her grandmother's cottage and looked into the window, and saw her lying propped up on pillows, and the nurse sound asleep on a cot."

"She just whispered 'Grandma's hands' after the flutter had subsided, Baby Blaise continued.

"I am going to tell you a great secret, you know Dr. Michel's name, and she and chol, who is so awfully good to the poor people in Chicago. You remember she told us such interesting stories of the time when she was nurse in an African hospital! Well, Dr. Michel saw the little girl who stole the tombstone?"

"My! She don't look a bit like a thief!" gasped Brother Bob.

"Oh, I don't suppose it was really stealing. You see, her grandma was dreadfully sick, and one morning Dr. Michel—only of course she wasn't a doctor then—just a little 12-year-old girl came back for an early and across the meadow to her grandmother's cottage and looked into the window, and saw her lying propped up on pillows, and the nurse sound asleep on a cot."

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She dragged over to her grandma's other grave.

and everybody came in, and do you know that they let that little girl comb her grandma's beautiful hair that fell almost to her feet. Finally they buried her in an old, old French graveyard, and Dr. Michel used to go to the cemetery every Sunday. There was a dreadful epidemic that summer, and lots of people died, and there were so many new graves that Dr. Michel could hardly find her grandmother's.

"One day she came home crying that

if they didn't put up a tombstone pretty quick they would certainly lose grandma. But nobody wanted to bother with it—she said, 'You must bury grandma's tombstone, because you lost most of her money'; and another said, 'You ought to get it, because I spent it all on the mortgage and you are rich while I am poor.'"

"And all this time her grandma's grave was stinking and sinking as if it was ahammed of them and wanted to get her mound out of sight. At last they promised that some time they would take her to another graveyard where their grandpa was buried, but Dr. Michel was so worried about it that she hustled around and found an old gravestone like a cross, that was dirty and stained, for it was about 200 years old."

"It was all worn smooth,