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## The Story of a Tree

> A fying bird dropped from his slender
> A small brown seed, plucked from a fir-tree's cone For many days it Unheeded, there The elements. At length a frightened dee Escaping from the cougar's stealthy chase,
Set his fleet foot upon the prostrate seed, Pressing it in the earth. Aad thus a tree Was planted. In the warm, molst ground for months
It slept, nourtshed in naturo's wondrous way, A forest's embryo. When winter's time Was past, and milder winds blew o'er the land, Thrusting its sturdy blade up to the ught.
And thus a tree was born.

> And dew and raln all lent their mystle skill, $\begin{aligned} & \text { Yean pased, and }\end{aligned}$ And lo! upon the hillside bleak, there waved Among its branches fair, blrds sang in Joy And there the wild canary built her nest,
And reared her tender brood.

> And now in glorious might and majestyed The fir-tree stood, the monarch of the wid.
Its strength and power were not attained wi Great struggles and discouragements. The storms Of many winters on its rugged form Had fercely beat in vain. Tempestuous gales Had bowed Played round its lofty hend; but frmer yet
it stood, defying wind and flood, In mute Resistance sending its atrong, fibrous roots Still further in the sympathettc ground. It seemed as though a great Power understoo
The mission of the tree, and gave it strength. Around Its glant form, a forest vast Dropped by the flying bird.

> The surface of
The country now was changed. The trees' deep shade Conserved the waters of the springs and broc
And through a splendid sylvan alsle, a swift Stream fowed, whlle all the little rivulets Forming a noble river far below
> Near by, the patient beaver built his dams.
> Within the sombre wooded shades, there dwel A motiey life. The wily panther met The grizzly bear in battle to the death; Pursued and trapped the timid mink and hare; Across the mossy, fallen trees, pausing To slake thetr thirat from out the rippling brook,

aten of $L$. H. Helemer and aro pre



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## To slay these harmless creatures of the woods.

Time passed away, and through the forest depth oft came the red man for thls winter store
of food and furs. At last ne too was gone Ot food and furs. At last he too was gone,
And once agnin the dark wilds knew no sou
of human yotce,

Uncounted years fled by. Then one sad day
A strange, new sound rang through the dusky gladed Twas not the note of brd or beast; the sound
Re-echoed through the litening grove, and The great trees drooped thelr traseled heads,--save one The patriarch of the wild. Straight it stood, And as the loud, quick ring of ax on wood,
Came nearer and more clear, sadyy it bowed
Its hoary bead and

A crasih of breaking twiga anc oonghs was heard
A low, deep rumble as of thunder, shook The earth, and through of the anclent forest A melanchoty lamentation swelled; The great trees tossed their feathery arms on high,
And swayed from side to side as though in pain; Upon the atr a mournful sigh arose.
And then ensued a stlence as of death Short space elapsed before the hewers came: Short space elapsed before the hewers came;
Straight to the forest's aire they went, and ere The summer's sun had set, upon the ground, Prostrate before its own, the monarch lay,A monarch still, though shorn of kingly power And stripped of all its royal robes of green. A few days more, and through a rough, whid
The patient oxen and thetr drivers walked The patient oxen and their drivers walked A tree no longer, but a sevseless log. Incapable of movement, sound or tife O'er tedfons, devious ways thetr path they took Until the river's brink was reached, and then With strength and skill combined, the glant log With many of its slaughtured forest mates With many of its slaughtured forest mates,
Till winter's coplous rains should free them
Thetr funera! ride to the Ther funeral ride to the great mill below.

For months in heaped confunion did they He,
Unconscious, thoueh bereft not of all power: The blg raft rode nerenely to tos tate. With vise-llke clasp the patelarel ombriced Bearing it swiftly to its second death A fow short moments more, and what Af glistening boards. Swiftly the sawn had done Their work, and now to mortal vision
Revealed, the fir treets heort Can tell the matchless bean' y of that whod who Its countleas convolutions, penciled lines Ot growth, Its light and shade, concentric rings, And coloring delicate, made all that looked Admire. It seemed as though the forest's alr Was in the fresh-sawn boards,--the scent of The breath of summer and of balmy apring Nature, that wondrous alchemlat, dettly Worked her transformations, Retnearna Was the fir tree's soul. What before bad seeme On its wild, native hills its ection. On its wild, native hills its work was done Its misesion now to tell to all mankind The gospel of beauty and useful strengt

It chanced, when in the lumber yard it lay. A rallioad magnate, famed from shore to shore. Walked thorugh the place. His quick eye saw at once Its beauteous grain and charm; and there he cho Thee an the tifl truto The beauty of the wood a marvel is To those famillar not with forest of The weat.
 To make it ready for its malden trip. The master saw the mellow-tinted board The salon for my bride shall finlshed be. And now o'er unknown seas to lands af Where dueky nativea gaze in milld surprise, The spirlt of the fir tree strays, bearin

## et not

Exhausted was the great log'o fruitful yleld To other distant countrles, laden shipn some of the falr-gralned wood they proudly boro And oft their sullors unto allens told
The story of the fir's tenaclous strengti.

It further chanced, in the swift courae of time That in our nation's capital was reare To show the glory of some slater states In the faif country of the distant south. The forest products of our land were scanned To find most ftulig woods to ornament These chassic halis. A true friends of the west, The Douglas fir, and asked that nome be To grace the noble rooms. According And carved medallions tell the story of The Ar.

On Arrica's burning coasts; distant Austrain's sua-kissed platus and uhores, and wid fanlla's storled bay gleama blue and falk, And famine-stricken Chinaay rivers fow: the product of the br tree found a hono. There will it rest until the tauch of Thme.

