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Heart of Happiness by PEGGY O'MORE

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a path ever stopped that little hoy-den? She found the lowest spot on the west edge of the road, tossed her hags up and then wild, a run went up the side. It was like try-ing to run up an escalator-the steps slipped back under her --but like on an escalator she reach-ed the top. Eagerly she brushed through the west greasewood until the pines be-gan, and there she could find an occasional open space thick with needles. And finally when it seem-ed she would have to leave her ingspag, she came to the clearing and her home looked down on her. Great rocks upheld the two-storied log building, buiging out for verandas which circled north and west. From there the many win-dows looked have, me tarperles. Hurrying now, wet shrubbery

rises. Hurrying now, wet shrubbery ratching at her, bags catching a every outstretched limb, she wenn a, went around to the front of the ouse and raced up the stone stair-ay to come to a sharp stop. The door stood open. Cautionsity she approached. But

The door stood open. Caulously she approached. But the door did not stand open. There was no door, not upright. What had been the heavy object carved from a giant slab of redwood and freighted there lay hacked into a hundred pieces. And the drapes had been torn down. And the furniture! Chairs, legs hacked off. Divans had been turned over, the upholstery slit, the filling drolling out in moldy heaps.

Lamps were smashed if they could

smashed, those of metal twisted, d such pictures as had been on a walls had been disfigured, the paintings seemingly cut by sharp

Again she shivered and would have turned back, but Chips assertied thereal. Anger arose like a hot shade hood is all this and a pretty and the colis of the electric ators when a hot reactive the key she heat of the whole solution have turned back, but Chips assertions of the secaped, neither dishes nor rugs nor windows, and found the colis of the electric ators when a hot reactive the key she heat of the secaped of the kitchen as the whole would have revealed withing, were written epitaphs. The con the white walls, the only surface which could have revealed the kitchen as the secaped of the secaped

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