

GRANDMA'S OLD BOOK

Leonore Found Romance in It, but Found Much More in Real Life.

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY.
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One of the ancient and interesting things to be found in Grandma Pearson's ancient and interesting red farmhouse was the big scrapbook she had been forty years making. She had begun it when a girl, and now at the age of sixty she was still occasionally pasting in an item.

The first third of the book, as might be expected, was devoted to such items as would interest girls, and among them were recipes to make yourself beautiful, the significance of dreams, how to catch a beau and other nonsense.

Each year when Miss Leonore Min-turn, grandchild, came down to pass a few weeks with grandma, she haled a rainy day with joy. She was eight-ten, but she would get that big scrap-book down on the floor and lie at full length as she read it. She had been brought up in the city, but she had the same superstitious and capricious as the girl of the country.

"If you dream of a black fox three nights running you will live and die an old maid," read one of the items.

The girl partly believed it, but when she asked grandma for corroboration the answer was disappointing.

"It may be so, but I never knew a case of it."

"Didn't you ever know of a girl who dreamed of a black fox three times running?"

"No, nor a red fox, either. There was Sarah Jumper. She dreamed of a coon five times running, but instead of living an old maid she had three husbands before she got through."

"But it surely means that you are going to fall in love if you look down the well and see your face in the water."

"Yes, I suppose it does; but girls are pretty sure to fall in love, even if they never look down a well."

But as the girl read on she gave a gasp of surprise. She had come across the following:

"If the sun comes up very red and you are standing under a pear tree and a white dove alights on your shoulder, it means that you are going to meet a stranger."

"Why, I should think it would. It seems to me it ought to."

"Grandma, I don't believe you believed in any of these things when you were a girl," pouted Miss Leonore.

"Well, you will find one here that says if a girl dreams that she falls asleep under a sunflower and is awakened by the twitter of a robin, a strange young man is coming along to fall in love with her."

"But did you ever know it to hap- pen?"

"Hannah Baker always vowed and declared that it happened, but Hannah was a good deal of a liar. She said that the man who came along was Tom Perkins, whom she afterward married."

"And they lived happy forever more?"

"No, they didn't. That's the worst think about dreams. Hannah and Tom fought like cats and dogs within three months and separated."

"And never made up?"

"Not as I ever heard of. You mustn't pay much attention to those old items about dreams and things. Those were days when girls were very silly."

It was the first time that grandma had ever cast a doubt on the absolute veracity of the items, and the girl went out into the orchard and set down and had a good cry. She had believed since she could understand, and it was a bitter disappointment to be told at last that she had been believing in a lot of nonsense. Grand- ma finally called her in to show her how to make a custard for supper, and Miss Leonore dried her tears.

"But something may happen yet."

"Of course it may. Things are al- ways happening. I've had that spotted cow for thirteen years, and it'd have as soon thought the judgment day would come as that she would kick, but what did she do the week before you came but haul off and give me a rap that sent me agin the fence. Keep your feet dry and things will happen right along."

Three days later, while Miss Leonore was chasing the calf around the lot, she ran a thorn into her foot. If she had had her shoes on at the time she might not have run so fast, but she would have escaped the thorn. Grandma had to take her teeth to the thorn, and there were yells and sobs.

"I told you something might hap- pen any day, and now it has."

"But I won't be able to step on that foot for several days," was protested.

"I know it, and that's what you get by playing the tumbler. I will make a bread and milk poultice to draw the poison out."

The next day grandma received word by a boy that a woman half a mile away wanted her and she said to Miss Leonore: "You will have to keep house alone for a couple of hours, but there will be nothing to make you afraid."

"But there may a young man come along," was answered.

"But you get into this rocking chair and put your foot up in this one, and don't pay the least attention if anyone knocks. A peddler may come along, but he'll go away after he is tired of knocking."

Grandma had gone about half an hour when there came a knock at the door. No, it was not a knock. The old lady hadn't quite shut the door after her, and the wind had pushed it back without the creakle being aware of it. There she sat, almost dozing, and the poultice foot looking as big as a beer keg.

"Ahem! Ahem!"

"Oh, my!"

It was a young man in the act of lifting his hat, and he stood fairly in the door.

"I called to see—" he began.

"You must go right away, sir."

"Couldn't I ask—
"No, sir; go away."
"Yes, yes, I beg pardon."
And with a look that certainly in- cluded that big foot he walked away. Did he have black eyes and curly hair? Did he wonder what ailed her foot? Did he suspect in the remotest degree that a great big girl like her had met with an accident while chas- ing a calf barefooted?

In the girl's anxiety she found her- self across the room and peeking out of the window at the stranger's back as he walked away. She thought he had a good figure, but had got no further when a twinge caught that foot and she had to go hopping back to her chair.

"I know we should have liked each other at first sight, and yet I must have a foot on as big as a barrel of soft soap. I told him to go, but I think it was the sight of the foot that scared him," she sobbed.

When grandma returned and was told of the incident she said: "I don't know who on earth it could have been. He lifted his hat, did he?"

"Most gracefully."

"Then it wasn't any man living within twenty miles of this. He came to ask something, did he?"

"He did, but I choked him off. I wish I'd let him say away. Drat this foot!"

"I suppose," said grandma, looking very thoughtful, "that providence ordained that you should chafe that calf?"

"And get that thorn in my foot?"

"Yes."

"And be laid up when a stranger called?"

"That's it, dear. That young man saw you was a nice girl. He saw you had met with an accident. You have aroused his curiosity and interest."

"Yes, grandma, and then?"

"He'll surely be back again in two or three days."

"And—and—"

"I guess I'd better change the poultice. If providence has planned to bring you two together she's got to do it, unless you go and get stung on the nose by a bumble bee before that foot gets well."

That foot got well like magic. The third day saw the patient hobbling around and keeping eyes on the high- way.

"You must not be too interested," cautioned grandma.

"Oh, I'm all right," was the laugh- ing reply. "It's silly, as you say, to think that anything romantic could come out of that old scrapbook. If anyone comes it will be a chicken buyer or a tin peddler, and as there is nothing romantic about them, I will take my book and go out in the orchard."

But the man came, and was neither after chickens, nor did he have wash basins and dippers to sell. It was Mr. James Brinkley, the artist from the city, whose errand that day and the day or two previous had been to buy an acre of ground of grandma's property to build him a bungalow on.

In making a short cut out to the house the artist climbed the fence to pass through the orchard and inspect the fruit.

"Why—why—?" exclaimed Miss Leonore, as she rose up as they came sud- denly face to face.

"Have I scared you again?" he asked with a pleasant laugh. "I was at the house the other day, you remember?"

"Why—yes, and I had a thorn in my foot."

"A thorn! I thought it might be a stone bruise. Mother had to poultice them for me when I was a boy."

The girl wondered if he would further say that he got them by chas- ing calves around, but as he did not she dropped the subject and accom- panied him into the house.

Grandma Pearson had long been land poor and she was pleased at the opportunity to make a sale. When it came down to naming figures the artist laughingly said:

"They call me a rather hard man to deal with, and perhaps I am. At any rate, I should like to know what goes with this land."

At this juncture Miss Leonore seem- ingly had her suspicions aroused and silently vanished from the house.

"What goes with the land?" queried grandma with a laugh, "why, all you can get."

Whitman the Prophet.

Walt Whitman was a prophet who, like so many of his breed, called aloud before his time had ripened, a poet whose fratricide for America lies dimly in the future. Undismayed, buoyant with fierce conviction and unshakable faith, he moved amid the thunders of ruin menacing the republic and the later insidious threats of its decay, the bard of manhood, the chanter of de- mocracy, the laureate of labor.—North American Review.

No Conscience at All.

"How does it happen that you are in liquor again when you promised not to take another drink for six months?" asked the ascetic person.

"It was the luckiest accident you ever heard of," said the bibulous one, enthusiastically. "I met a friend who led me to a bar and told me my money was counterfeited."

Worth the Risk.

"Botts was run over by a handsome limousine yesterday."

"Hurt much?"

"No. A stunning girl who was in the car made the chauffeur pick Botts up and she held his head in her lap all the way to the hospital."

"Think of a thing like that happen- ing to Botts, who has no soul!"

Get a Hobby.

Horace Greeley once said: "Young man, go West." I give advice as val- uable and more easily followed: I say, young man, get a hobby; preferably get two, one for indoors and one for out; get a pair of hobby horses that can safely be ridden in opposite direc- tions.—A. Edward Newton, in the At- lantic.

What Would Be Something Else.

The secretary of agriculture says that the skunk is one of man's best friends. "We can stand that as long as the skunk doesn't aspire to being one of our closest friends."

Climbing in June Snows

By MARION RANDALL PARSONS, Treasurer of the Sierra Club.

IN JUNE, Yosemite valley is at the very height of its beauty. The deciduous trees are in new leaf, maples and dogwood in tenderest, brightest green, oaks tipped with pastel shades of pink and red in prophesy of their autumn glory, azaleas in full bloom, and the meadows a rippling mass of exquisite grass bright- ened with flowers.

After a week or more in the valley, following the better-known trails, get- ting muscles in condition again after city-bound days, we were anxious to see what spring was like in the snowy upper country. Accordingly, as pack animals were not to be obtained for love or money, we prepared to make pack animals of ourselves, and knap- sack out to Mount Clark (11,500 feet) on the southwestern boundary of the park, the most prominent peak of the Merced group.

There were four of us in the party, two men and two women, and we planned to be out two nights with a comfortable margin of provisions for a third night, if necessary. Bacon, hard- tack and that blessing to mountaineers, soup, made up the bulk of our com- missary, re-enforced, however, by the raisins, chocolate, dried fruit, beans, spaghetti and cheese. Our personal outfits, of course, were reduced to bare essentials.

Share Alike With the Men.

We women who "knapsack" pride ourselves on being able to do our share, so, while we do not pretend to carry such heavy packs as the men, we carry our own outfits and a part, at least, of the general commissary supplies. Short-skirted, flannel-shirted, with hobbled boots to the knee and "shocking" hats, we are as easy in our own clothing and as re- gardless of wind or weather as the men themselves.

In Little Yosemite we made a camp beside the smoothly flowing Merced, and after lunch set out on a ramble

hour we were ready for the trail, or for the march, rather, as we expected to leave trails behind us and strike across country to the base of Mount Clark.

Hot Rocks to Warm Cold Beds.

We held it to be a tribute to our skill as mountaineers, however, when we found an old sheep trail following the very route we had planned to take. For many miles we followed it through the rolling forest east of Mount Starr King, through Starr King meadow, and out near the crest of a granite ridge near Clark Fork. Here we left it behind and struck across the open coun- try, over ridge after ridge, across stream after stream, until we came to the northerly fork of Gray creek, where we made a camp. We had reached the altitude of about 8,500 feet, and snowdrifts lay deep all about us. But firewood was abundant and our little nook among the tall fir promised every comfort that a knap- sacker need expect.

In default of extra bedding we took hot rocks to bed with us.

The night passed comfortably and we were up at dawn ready for the as- sault on Mount Clark, confident also of success. As we climbed the snow lay even deeper about us. The forest of fir and mountain pine gave way to the harder white-bark pine, the tree of timberline. Up to the top of the ridge it crept, at the top a mere shrub, bent and twisted beneath the winter's weight of snow.

As we climbed, our horizon to the south and west widened. We were looking across the valley of the Illi- noisette toward the snowy divide separat- ing us from the south fork of the Mer- ced where lies Wawona and the splen- did Mariposa grove of sequoias. Yo- semite valley was but a blue rift in the forest with only its great domes, Half Dome, Sentinel Dome and Starr King, rising into an prominence.

Far different was our view to east- ward from the crest. Our ridge ended on the east in an abrupt precipice. Through a broken "chimney" or win-

CAP and BELLS



TOO MUCH FOR BOOK AGENT

Busy Man Also Had Something He Wanted to Show Breezy Caller— It Was the Door.

"I've something I want to show you," said the breezy caller. "I couldn't go away without showing it to you. My conscience would reproach me if I didn't show it to you."

"Well, what is it?" asked the busy man.

"It's a book, the most valuable book ever published. A compendium of knowledge. Six hundred pages. Nu- merous illustrations. And the price is—"

"Hold on," said the busy man. "There's something I want to show you. I'd be mad all day if I didn't show it to you."

"What is it?" asked the breezy caller.

"The door. Good-day."

A Helpful Hint.

"I am almost in despair about my condition," a somberly stated Alexander Akenside, the well known dyspeptic. "I cannot seem to find anything that will help me. My stomach—"

"I doubt there being any help for you, Ellick," interrupted Sanford Mer- ton, a pessimistic person. "But if you would have your stomachic symptoms deleted by a competent censor it would relieve the rest of us mightily."—Puck.

Two Viewpoints.

"Alas!" sighed the writer. "If I did not have such a large family making daily demands on me what master- pieces I could write and what wealth I could win."

"It's tough working all alone," sighed the writer across the way. "If I only had a family to work for and to make effort worth while, what mighty things with the pen I could accomplish!"—Judge.

Hard to Decide.

Proudly—if Dobleigh has finished his painting, why doesn't he send it to the exhibition and let people see it? Emmerley—Because he's in a quan- dary about giving it a name. Some of his friends want him to enter it as "The Falls of Niagara" and others ad- vise him to turn the canvas upside down and call it "A Yellowstone Park Geyser."—Puck.

On the River Styx.

"Something wrong here," said Char- on to himself after collecting the tickets on his ferry boat. "There are eight passengers on board and I've only seven tickets. It looks like I was getting a shade the worst of it this trip."

A Long Peace River



THE PEACE river was first brought to the notice of the world by Alexander Mackenzie. Not satisfied with following to the Arctic ocean the river which bears his name, he went up the Peace river, crossed the Rocky mountains and made his way to the Pacific ocean, which he reached in Sep- tember, 1793. The previous winter he had spent at Fort MacLeod, built for his convenience, and afterwards continued as a trading post. Fort MacLeod is located on the north side of Peace river, six miles above Peace River Crossing, and nearly opposite the mouth of Smoky river.

Last summer the American museum sent an expedition up into that coun- try, and the trip up and down the Peace river is interestingly described by Pliny E. Goddard in the American Museum Journal. After telling some- thing of the changes in trade routes and of the preliminary journey from Edmonton to Peace River Crossing, he continues:

The Grenfell, the little river boat that was to take us downstream, had steam up and dinner cooked when we arrived. About two that afternoon we crossed the Peace and took on several cords of wood. With a whistle to jeer at the company's boat which had ex-

siderably influenced by more than a century of contact with white and half-breed traders and servants of the fur company.

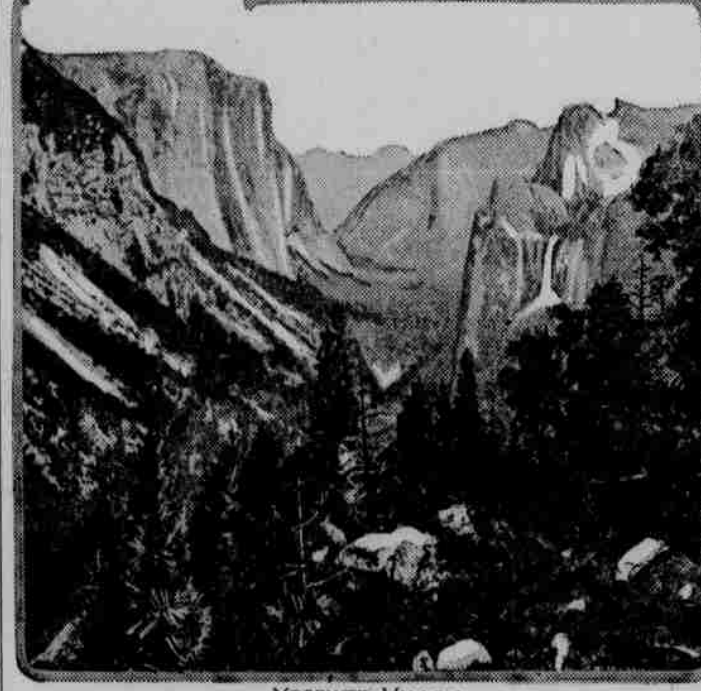
Slow Trip Upstream.

Returning upstream Vermillion to St. John in August was another matter as regards speed. The current was not quite so strong, but the steamer belonged to the Hudson Bay company. The ways of the company are still the old ways of the north. There must be a French-Cree word for manana since the thing itself certainly exists. The boat was comfortable, however, the weather perfect and the compan- ionship excellent.

It took three weeks to reach Fort St. John, where from the river banks, 900 feet high, the Rocky mountains are to be seen. The first of civilization in the persons of several young settlers went to St. John with us.

Here also are remnants of once powerful Beaver tribes, who in early days burned the trading post and killed the traders. As treaty had been paid considerably in advance of the advertised date, the Indians were nearly all back from the river secur- ing food for the winter.

A week's stay was made at Dunvegan, some miles from which place a band of Beaver live on the reserve.



YOSEMITE VALLEY

up toward the base of Half Dome. Up Clark's Rest trail we climbed, and then pushed through the forest to the brink of Tenaya canyon, a gorge almost as deep as Yosemite valley itself, inaccess- ible to all but the hardest mountaineers. The great chasm, more than 2,000 feet deep, lay at our feet. Half Dome towered majestically against the sky, and still farther we could see the shadowed cliffs of El Capitan and the Cathedral Rocks.

My companion on this ramble elected to climb Cloud's Rest before re- turning to camp, so I made my way back to Little Yosemite alone. Near the foot of the trail, in a glorious little mountain meadow, I surprised a beautiful buck, the largest I have ever seen in the Sierra. His horns were in velvet, and he stood so near me that I could see the quick, nervous move- ment of his nostrils as he watched me. For two or three minutes we stood there regarding one another. Then, with a nonchalant wag of his funny little tail, he turned and made off through the woods, as unharmed and indifferently as if I, too, had been a woodland creature.

A knapsacker's camp is a simple af- fair—a bed of pine needles, a few stones rolled together to make a fire- place, a pile of firewood gathered to- gether, and there is home. By five o'clock next morning we were astr.

Where one's possessions are so few, washing dishes and packing is a mat- ter of scant ceremony. In less than an

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

Barnes Torner—In the piece we play tonight the scene is laid about the time of the Spanish war.

Hiram Subbubs—Yep, and the eggs the boys have been buyin' up was laid about the same time.

E Pluribus Unum.

Hinkedink—Doctor Diggelwig is a specialist, isn't he?

Plunkelunk—Yes. He has two spe- cialties.

Hinkedink—What are they?

Plunkelunk—Consultations and fees.

Woman Again.

Visitor—What brought you here?

Prisoner—I owe me downfall to a woman.

Visitor—How was that, my poor man?

Prisoner—She yelled for the police.

Corroborative Detail.

"It doesn't follow that a man is serious simply because he is always sending a girl sweets and conserves."

"I don't know about that. I should take such presents as a candied expression."

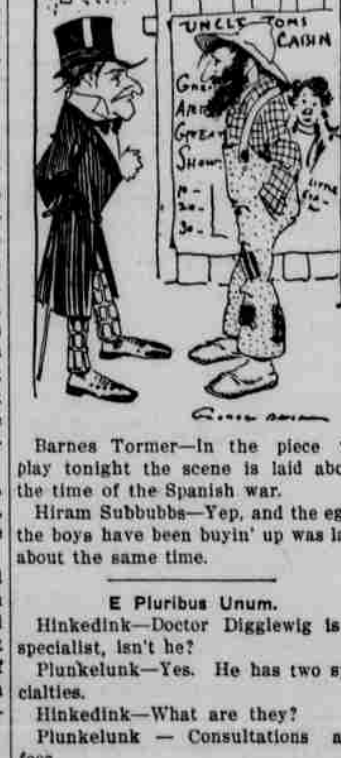
A Plum.

Madge—How is Dolly getting on in politics?

Marjorie—Fine! A rich brother So- chalist is going to marry her and let her spend all his money.—Judge.

When the Time Will Come.

Man With Paper—Here's a preach- er in Syracuse, New York, declares that the time will come when there will be no liars in the world." Pes- simist—"Well, the world is due to end sometime."—Canadian Courier.



ONE OF THE MANY ISLANDS OF THE PEACE RIVER

pected to pull out before us and did not, we moved downstream.

The little Grenfell could make about fourteen miles, and the river itself was making eight because the water was very high. It was liquid mud carrying driftwood and logs—even whole trees. The sun slowly moved from south to west, from west to northwest, and then was hidden behind the river banks. That it had set we could not be certain, for there was plenty of light until about eleven o'clock, when we tied up to the banks so the en- gineer could sleep.

Islands Are Numerous.

The river is full of islands. In the 300 miles there are about two hundred of them, covered with pine and spruce timber. As we proceeded the banks grew lower and the river wider. That night we tied up at North Vermillion and went down to the river bank in- stead of up, the river was so high. Here, 400 miles from the railroad, there are two little communities of whites and half breeds, one on either side of the river. They get mail once a month and are glad to get it, al- though it is usually two months old when it arrives. The whites are well- read, well-educated, and have the true northern hospitality. The half-breeds form a class by themselves. They read a little French, but prayer books and catechisms are all that are avail- able to them in French. Only a few of them have been as far from home as Edmonton, the others consider Ver- million the center of the earth.

With Vermillion as a base six weeks were spent in ethnological work. During this time a trip was made to a trading post on Hay river on the oc- casion of "treaty paying." Nearly all the Indians of Canada receive cash payments from the Dominion govern- ment once a year. A band of Slavey Indians, practically untouched by civ- ilization except as to dress, trade at this post, which is 700 miles from the railroad by the usual route of travel. The Beaver Indians, who hunt be- tween Hay river and the Peace, are greatly reduced in numbers and con-

TAKES ANIMALS AS PLEDGES

New York Man Runs Pawnshop Prob- ably Only One of Its Kind in the World.

Among the curious industries or sources of livelihood in New York city is an animal pawnshop. As you take a watch to an ordinary pawnshop to raise money on it, so you may take a watchdog to the animal pawnshop. Recently a man did this, getting \$20 on a dog that was easily worth \$50, the pawnbroker said. But he was a trick dog which had been taught to open doors. So in due time he opened a door and let himself out while let- ting the pawnbroker in. D. Potter, who is the trainer for the New York hippodrome, owns the shop. He takes camels, lions, elephants, any animals. There are no charges for interest on the loan, the only charge being for the keep of the animals, among which at almost any time are dogs, monkeys, bears, goats, cats, coons, foxes, par-rots, canaries. At one time he had 40 trick donkeys in pawn. The profits arising from the charges for feed and care are enough to make the insti- tution pay. Once he had a lion in pawn which broke his chain in the stable and went roaring around trying to get out. The employees were nearly scared to death, and it was only after heroic efforts that they mustered courage to capture him. As a matter of fact the animal was a decrepit beast that had served his time in side- shows. The proprietor trains animals of all kinds and deals in them, so his line of pawnshop for them is a part of other business, and he has thus come to have perhaps the only pawn- shop of the kind in the world.

Wouldn't Buy a Veil.

I knew an old lady who was a tightwad. She was so stingy that when her husband died she didn't want to buy a black veil. So while the minister was preaching she went out of the back door and took the crepe off of the front door and fixed it on her hat. When the undertaker went to get the crepe he couldn't find it.—Chicago Tribune.