



**"I'LL STOP HIM!"**

Synopsis.—Dissatisfied because of the seemingly barren outlook of his position as a school teacher in a Canadian town, John Harris determines to leave it, take up land in Manitoba and become a "homesteader." Mary, the girl whom he loves, declares she will accompany him. They are married and set out for the unknown country. They select a homestead, build a home and begin their life work of making the prairie fertile farm land. Returning from selling his first crop, Harris finds his wife despondent almost to insanity from loneliness, and with the immediate expectation of becoming a mother. A son is born to them, to whom they give the name of Allan. The story now jumps forward twenty-five years. Harris is prosperous and all for getting rich. Mary is toll-worn and saddened over the change in her husband. Allan works with his father. Beulah, the pretty daughter, is rebellious at the shut-in farm life. Jim Travers is an unusual hired man. And he is secretly in love with Beulah. Harris and his son clash with Jim and he leaves. Beulah quarrels with her father and prepares to leave home secretly.

**CHAPTER VII—Continued.**

"Mother, this is too much!" the girl exclaimed.

Her mother started and looked up. "You're leaving us, Beulah?" she asked. There was no reproach in her voice, nor even surprise, but a kind of quiet sorrow. "I couldn't let the poor brutes suffer," she explained.

"Yes, I'm leaving," said Beulah. "I can't stand it any longer."

The mother sighed. "I've seen it coming for some time," she said, at length. "I suppose it can't be helped."

"You're so passive," returned the girl, with a touch of impatience. "You make me want to fight. Of course it can be helped, but it can't be helped by always giving in."

"Your father has met one of his own mettle at last," said the mother, and the girl fancied she detected a note of pride, but whether of father, or daughter, or both, she could only guess.

"Well, it's all very sad. Your father is a good man, Beulah. . . I should send you back to your bed, but somehow I can't. I—I don't blame you, Beulah."

She had finished the last cow. Beulah helped with the pails of milk, and the two women went back to the house together. When Mary had washed her hands she took her daughter's face between her palms and kissed her on the cheeks. Slowly Beulah's arms stole about her neck, and it took all the steel in her nature to prevent surrender.

"Stay till morning, Beulah. Your father may be disposed to give and take a little then, and you'll do the same, won't you? . . . Oh, my girl, don't break up our home like this!"

"You can't break up what you haven't got. Aside from you, why should I call this place home? I work here, and get my board and clothes. Well, I can work other places, and get my board and clothes. If I've got to be a cog in a money-making machine, I will at least choose the machine."

"What plans have you made? Where are you going?"

"Haven't made any plans, and don't know where I'm going. But I'm going. At present that's enough. The plans will come along as they're needed."

"Have you any money?" asked the mother, with a brisk effort at cheerfulness. She was already planning for her daughter in the new world she was about to enter.

"Enough to start me. That's all I need. I can earn more. It's not work I'm afraid of, although I suppose father won't be able to see it that way. He'll put all this down to laziness and obstinacy. It's neither. It's just a plain human craving to live."

"I sometimes wonder whether I'll be able to stand it through to the end," her mother whispered, somewhat fearfully, as though frightened by the admission. "I've—I've seen it coming with you, and I can't help feeling that perhaps this is only the beginning."

"Oh, mother, if you should!" cried the girl. "That would do it—that would open his eyes. He'd see then that there is something in the world besides wheat and cows, after all. If you would come—if you would only come too, things would be different."

"But I couldn't do that," said the mother, after a silence, and as though speaking with herself. "He's my husband, Beulah. You don't understand."

They talked then, in secret, sorrowful confidence, of many things, things

for their ears only, and the gray was returning in the northern sky when the girl again left the house, and this time swung resolutely down the road that led to Plainville. Her heart was now at rest, even at peace. In the sacred communion of that last hour she had come to see something of her mother's problem and sacrifice; and although she was going out into the world alone, she felt that somewhere, some time, was a solution that would reunite the broken family and tune their varying chords in harmony.

From an unhappy sleep in his room upstairs John Harris was awakened by the whine of the cream separator. A quiet smile stole across his strong, still handsome face. "Beulah has decided to be sensible," he whispered to himself.

In the morning the Harris household was astir early as usual. The farmer and his son gave their attention to the horses while Mary prepared breakfast, and it was not until they were seated at the table that Harris noticed his daughter's absence.

"Where's Beulah?" he demanded.

"I don't know," his wife replied.

"Ain't she up yet?"

"I don't know."

Harris rose from the table and went upstairs. He entered his daughter's room without knocking. The bed had not been slept in, and a strange apprehension suddenly tightened about his chest. He returned quickly to the kitchen.

"Mary, I want to know where Beulah is."

"I can't tell you where she is, John. She left here last night."

"Left here? Do you mean that she has run away?"

"Not just that, perhaps, but she has gone, and I'm not looking for her back for a while." The mother's voice was dry, and she talked in the restraint of subdued emotion.

"And you knew she was going?"

"I knew before she left. I didn't."

"No. You didn't think it was worth mentioning to me. Just a matter we could talk about any time. I suppose you thought I wouldn't care."

"Well, you didn't seem to care very much, John. You gave your orders and went to bed. Beulah could obey or get out. You might have known she had enough of your own spirit to soon settle that question. She settled it just as you would have settled it if you had been in her place."

"Oh of course, I'm to blame for the whole thing," said Harris, and his throat was thick as he spoke. His daughter was very dear to him, and that she would leave home had never entered his head. Why should she? Wasn't he a good father? Didn't he give her a good home, with plenty to eat and wear, and a little money to spend from time to time, and no questions asked? What more could a man do than that? Already his heart was crying out for his daughter—the cry of broken strings which never knew their strength until they broke. And, lest gentleness should be mistaken for weakness, he clothed his real feelings in sharp words to his wife.

"Of course, you must take her part. I suppose you advised her to go. It was an awful thing for me to tell her she must do her work, but a small thing for her to run away. Well, I hope she likes it. If she thinks I'm going to hitch up a buggy and go chasing around the neighborhood, begging her to come back, she's mistaken. She's gone of her own free will, and she can come back of the same, or not at all."

"I wouldn't look for her back too soon," remarked Allan. "Looks to me as though this thing had all been figured out ahead. Jim went yesterday morning; Beulah goes last night. Just a chance if they ain't married by this time."

"So that's it, is it?" exclaimed Harris, jumping up from his untouched breakfast. There was a fierce light in his eye and a determination in his face that boded ill to any who opposed him. He seized his wife roughly by the shoulder. "And you were a party to this, were you? You—you wouldn't even stop at that? Well, I'll stop it. I'll stop him, if I do it with a bullet. I'll show him whether any—any—hired man—can cross me in a matter of my own family."

His wife had risen, and was clinging to his wrists, half for protection, half in supplication. "Now, John," she pleaded, "don't be rash. You don't know that Beulah's gone with Jim, and you haven't a word of proof of it."

"Proof! What more proof do I want? When did ever Beulah carry on like this before? Didn't she al-

ways do as she was told? And haven't they been thick as molasses this while back? Wasn't it over wasting time with her that Jim got fired, and not a word of admission of the real facts from him? What more do you want than that? You thought I wouldn't be interested in that, either."

"I didn't know it," she protested, "and I don't believe it. I don't believe either Beulah or Jim had any such thought in their head. But even if they did, Jim Travers is as decent a young man as there is in Plainville district, and you've nothing to be ashamed of except your own temper, that drove them away in the way they went."

"I won't listen to that kind of talk from you any longer," said Harris sternly. "I'll chase the young reprobrates to earth, if it takes all summer. And unless you can clear yourself of being mixed up in this—well, there'll be something to settle on that score, too. Hitch up the drivers, Allan, and be quick about it."

"You're not going to leave your plowing, are you?" asked his wife. The words sprang to her lips without any misintent. It was such an unusual thing for her husband, on any account, to leave the farm work unfinished. The practice on the Harris homestead was work first, all other considerations second.

"That's enough of your sarcasm," he snapped. "I would think when our name is threatened with a disgrace like this you would be as anxious to defend it as I am. How is it you go back on me in a moment like this? You're not the woman you once were, Mary."

"And you're not the man you once were, John," she answered. "Oh, can't you see that we're just reaping what has been sown—the crop we've been raising through all these years? Beulah's very life has been crying out for action, for scope, for room, for something that would give her a reason for existence, that would put a purpose into her life, and we've not tried to answer that cry. I blame myself as much as you, John, perhaps more, because I should have read her heart—I



should have seen the danger signals long ago. But I was so busy, I didn't think. That's the trouble, John, we've been so busy, both of us, we haven't taken time to keep up with her. We've gathered some property together, and our cares have grown in proportion, but that which was more to us than all the property in the world we have lost—because we valued it less." The tears were slowly coursing down her cheeks, and her thin, work-worn arms were stealing about his neck. "Don't think, dear," she whispered, "that I'm indifferent, or that this hurts me less than you, or that I would shield myself from one lot of my just blame, but let us face the fact that it has been our mistake rather than Beulah's."

He removed her arms, not ungraciously. "I never thought it would come to this," he said. "I thought I humored her every way I could. As for our hard work—well, work makes money, and I noticed Beulah could spend her share."

"You don't understand, John. It wasn't the work, it was the making a god of work, and giving it so much of our lives that there was none left for her. That's why she looked somewhere else—if she has looked somewhere else."

"Allan works as hard and harder than ever Beulah did, and Allan doesn't feel that way about it."

"That's true," she admitted, "but Allan's ambition is work. He works and is satisfied, but Beulah thinks, and is not satisfied. It's the difference in their nature, and we didn't take it into consideration." In every phrase she tried to link his blame with hers, that the burden might unite instead of separate them.

"If she'd thought a little more before this mad prank it would have been better for everybody," he said. "Well, she'll have plenty of time to think yet." He stepped to the kitchen door, and from the nail above took down the repeating rifle.

"You're not going to take that!" she cried. "Don't take that, John. It can't possibly do any good, and it may do a lot of harm."

"I won't do anything foolish," he answered, "but I'll take it along, just the same."

Allan, with the drivers harnessed to the top buggy, was now at the door. Without saying good-by to his wife Harris joined him, and the two set off on their search. Almost at the gate they met George Grant, who had come over to haul water for another day's plowing. He stopped in some surprise at the turnout.

"I guess we won't be plowing today," said Harris. He hesitated before George's questioning look, and a certain sense of family shame came upon him. But it was evident that he could hardly search for Beulah without mentioning her departure, and he might as well make a clean breast of the affair.

**"My Dear Mother: Here I am in the shadow of the Rockies."**

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**TREES GIVE MILKLIKE JUICE**

Tropics Provide Pretty Fair Substitute for the Animal Product in Use in Northern Climes.

In British Guiana and the West Indies, particularly on the banks of the River Demerara, there grows a tree known to the natives as the hyahya, which yields from its bark and pith a juice slightly richer and thicker than cow's milk. The tree is about forty feet high and eighteen inches in circumference when full grown, and the natives use its juice as we use milk, it being perfectly harmless and mixing well with water.

The Cingalese have a tree—they call it kiriahuma—which yields a fluid in all respects like milk; while in the forests of Para grows a tree called the massendendron, which gives a milklike juice. It can be kept for an indefinite time and shows no tendency to become sour.

On the other hand, certain trees in the valleys of Aragua and in Caugua yield a similar fluid, which, when exposed to the air, begins to form into a kind of cheese, which very soon becomes sour.

In the Canary Islands there is a tree called tabaya dolce, of which the milk, thickened into a jelly, is considered a delicacy.

**Orthodoxy's Duty to Heresy.**

I believe that progress depends more upon the safeguarding of the rights of heresy than upon the protection of orthodoxy, says a writer in the Century. Every forward step in history had, in the very nature of the case, to begin with an attack upon the then existing order. Had effective means for preserving the status quo existed from the dawn of human history, instead of our today living amidst surroundings of culture and safety, we should probably be chasing one another with clubs through the forest and drinking blood from the scraped skulls of our victims, while the head of some primitive Patrick Henry afforded a delectable dish for some embryo censor. All this is the most frayed and weathered platitude, but unless we base our conception of liberty and our policies of freedom upon it, we are doomed either to political and social stagnation, on the one hand, or to riotous revolution on the other.

**The Koala, or Australian Bear.**

The koala is a small, pouched animal of Australia, resembling the bear in appearance. It is sometimes called the Australian bear. It is about 24 inches long and 12 inches high at the shoulder, and has no tail. Its fur is very thick, soft and woolly. The animal's long toes enable it easily to grasp the branches of trees, from which it often hangs with its back downward. It sleeps in the day time in the top of a blue-gum (eucalyptus) tree, on the leaves of which it feeds, but it also roams around on the ground digging up roots. The mother carries her cub in her pouch when it is very young, and when old enough to leave the pouch it rides on her back. The natives of Australia eat the flesh of the koala, and often climb the highest trees in search of the animals.

**On the Wrong Scent.**

Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving and in serving others.—Drummond.

Naturally.

"I put my foot in it today."

"What did you do?"

"Tried on a new pair of shoes."

**AROUND ORCHARD**

**BEST TOOLS FOR GRAFTING**

Thick-Bladed Knife or Chisel, Hammer or Mallet to Aid Splitting, and Grafting Wax.

When in the spring the sap begins to move in the stock, be ready; this occurs early in the plum and cherry, and later in the pear and apple, says a writer in Farm Journal. Do the grafting, if possible, on a mild day during showery weather. The necessary tools are a chisel, or a thick-bladed knife or a grafting iron (with which to split open the stock after it is sawed off smoothly with a fine-tooth saw), a hammer or mallet to aid the splitting process, a very sharp knife to trim the scions, and a supply of good grafting wax. Saw off a branch at the desired point, split the



1. Splitting the Stock. 2. Scion Ready to Put in Place. 3. Scions in Place. 4. Cross-Section of Stock and Scions. 5. Scions and Cut Protected by Wax.

stock a little way down and insert a scion at each outer edge—taking care that the inner bark of the scion fits exactly against the inner bark of the stock.

Trim the scions wedge-shaped, as shown in the picture; insert them accurately; the wedge should be a trifle thicker on the side which comes in contact with the stock's bark. Lastly, apply grafting wax. Each scion should be long enough to have two or three buds, with the lower one placed as shown. The "spring" of the cleft holds the scions securely in place, and therefore, tying should be unnecessary. If both scions in a cleft grow, one may later be cut away.

You can't graft a pear or an apple on a cherry or plum tree, nor vice versa. The stone fruits and the pomaceous fruits are separate families and refuse to intermarry.

One authority likes to make his grafting wax this way: One pound of resin, one-half pound of beeswax and one-quarter pound of tallow, melted together and applied with a brush. Keep in an iron pot; heat for use when wanted. He says: "It is best to use scions which were cut very early this spring or last fall; they can be kept in moist sawdust or sand."

**TREES GIRDLED BY RODENTS**

Scions Placed Together and Covered With Wax Eventually Heal Over Injury to Trunk.

Bridge-grafting will often save trees that have been girdled by mice. It is best to do it in the early spring, but may be tried with good results even after the buds begin to swell.

Pieces of round wood are sharpened at each end. Then openings are made in the bark both above and below the girdled place, with a half-inch chisel. The shoots are then bent outward, the bending making enough pressure to force the points of the shoots into the chisel cuts and hold securely. The shoots can then be given additional strength with grafting wax. The shoots will grow with the tree and heal over the wound in a few years. These connections help the tree to live until nature can help in healing over the wound. About four or five bridge grafts are used on small trees and more if the trees are very valuable and there is time for the work.

**TOOLS TO CONTROL BORERS**

Good Jackknife and Piece of Wire Are Favored for Peaches, Quinces and Apples.

The best way to control borers is to dig them out. A spade and a three-cornered scraper to scrape away the earth, a good jackknife for peach trees and a knife and piece of wire for quinces and apples are the tools required. Look over the trees in May and September or October.