

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

The assay offices at Boise, Idaho, and Helena, Mont., close June 30.

Eight deaths from heat are reported in Philadelphia, and three in St. Louis.

Oregon weather bureau states that the rainfall for the year is five inches short.

Two women in California are running on opposition tickets for the office of lieutenant governor.

An "arson squad" of suffragettes caused extensive damage to the Episcopal church at Ballylesan, Belfast, Ireland.

Seven contestants in the recent Oregon primaries were tied. A stenographer in the state house drew lots to settle the contests.

"Divine Sarah" Bernhardt was suffering from a severely "twisted knee" when she arrived in Lorient, France, from Aix Les Bains.

Scott East, 64 years old, is traveling afoot from Boise, Ida., to Los Angeles, in search of his brother. They have been separated 45 years.

A big celebration and street parade was given the convicted dynamiter at Leavenworth, Kan., when they arrived to begin serving their sentences.

The \$30,000,000 dry goods firm of H. B. Claflin & Co., of New York City, the largest in the United States, has gone into the hands of a receiver.

Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, is being guarded against gunmen, at Butte, Mont., where mining troubles are rife.

At the general conference of the Church of the Brethren in session in Seattle, a resolution was passed urging members to "work against fashionable and immodest apparel."

The 200 or more Hindus marooned on a Japanese ship in the harbor at Vancouver, B. C., are said to be penniless and without water, and with a poor chance of getting aid.

Under a "new constitution of freedom" for business given by anti-trust legislation soon to be passed by congress, President Wilson promises the country the greatest business boom in its history. This was the President's final answer to the opponents of trust legislation at this session of congress and to prophets of evil times delivered with determined expression and every word emphasized with a clenched fist.

A plan is under consideration in the Navy department to divide the battleship fleet and maintain half of it with a permanent station on the Pacific coast after the opening of the Panama canal, according to word received by the Navy officials at Mare Island.

Slit skirts, open at the sides and in front, are the newest thing in women's wear for tennis at the Casino or on the lawns at Newport, R. I. Sometimes the slits permit just a glimpse of white, blue or pink pantaloons that gripped at dainty knees by elastic bands.

Theodore Roosevelt and his leading associates finally settled questions which, it is felt, will decide the fate of the Progressive party in New York state this fall. After it was all over, Colonel Roosevelt made a statement setting forth their decisions.

Nearly half the "Old Witch City" of Salem, Mass., rich in historic buildings and traditions, was devastated by a fire that caused an estimated loss of \$20,000,000; destroyed 1000 buildings, including a score of manufacturing establishments and made 10,000 of the 45,000 residents homeless.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: New club, 77¢/78¢ per bushel; new forty-fold, 79¢; new bluestem, 82¢; old club, 86¢ nominal.

Milfeed—Bran, \$23 per ton; shorts, \$25; middlings, \$30.
Barley—Feed, \$20@21 per ton; brewing, \$21.50@22; rolled, \$23.50.

Hay—Choice timothy, \$16@17 per ton; mixed timothy, \$12@15; valley grain hay, \$10@12; alfalfa, \$10@11.

Oats—No. 1 white milling, \$22@23.25 per ton.
Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36.

Vegetables—Cucumbers, 75¢@81¢ per dozen; eggplant, 15¢ per pound; peppers, 20¢; radishes, 15¢@17¢ per dozen; head lettuce, \$1.75 per crate; artichokes, 85¢ per dozen; celery, \$1.50; tomatoes, 75¢@81.50 per crate; spinach, 50¢ per pound; rhubarb, 24¢@3¢; cabbage, 14¢; asparagus, 14¢@1.50 per dozen; peas, 46¢ per pound; beans, 60¢; corn, 30¢@35¢ per dozen.

Onions—Red, \$3.25; yellow, \$3.25 per sack; Walla Walla, \$2.50@2.75.

Green Fruits—Apples, old, \$1.50@2.00; new, \$1@1.25 per box; cherries, 30¢ per pound; apricots, \$1.50 per box; cantaloupes, \$1.25@2.00; peaches, 50¢@1 box; plums, \$1@1.25; watermelons, 14¢@2¢ per pound; loganberries, \$1@1.15; black caps, \$1@1.25; casabas, \$2.25 per dozen; potatoes, Oregon, new, 14¢@2¢ per pound; turnips, new \$1.25; carrots, \$1.50; beets, \$1.50.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, case count, 22¢@23¢; candled, 25¢@26¢.

Poultry—Hens, 15¢; broilers, 18¢@20¢; fryers, 20¢@22¢; turkeys, 16¢@20¢; dressed, choice, 25¢@26¢; ducks, 10¢; geese, 8¢@9¢.

Butter—Creamery prints, extra, 27¢ per pound; cubes, 22¢@23¢.

Pork—Fancy, 10¢@14¢ per pound.
Veal—Fancy, 12¢@13¢ per pound.

Cattle—Prime steers, \$7.25@7.50; choice, \$7.75@8.00; medium, \$6.75@7.00; cows, \$6.25@6.50; medium, \$6.00@6.25; heifers, \$6.25@6.75; calves, \$6.00@6.50; bulls, \$3.00@3.50; stags, \$5.00@5.25.

Hogs—Light, \$7.25@8.05; heavy, \$6.25@7.25.
Sheep—Wethers, \$4.20@4.75; ewes, \$3.25@4.25; yearling lambs, \$4.50@4.75; spring lambs, \$5.50@6.00.

Wool—Valley, 20¢@23¢; Eastern Oregon, 16¢@20¢; mohair, 1914 clip, 27¢@28¢.

President Wilson Retuses Demands of Suffragettes

Washington, D. C.—Five hundred members of the General Federation of Women's clubs marched to the White House Wednesday and drew from President Wilson a final refusal to accede to the demands that he support the movement for a woman's suffrage amendment to the Federal constitution.

The President reiterated his statement to previous delegations that his party had not embodied this question in its platform, and then for the first time announced his personal conviction that the suffrage issue was one for settlement by the states and not by the Federal government.

The women went away plainly disappointed and chagrined, some of them talking of immediate action against the Democratic party. Headed by such leaders as Mrs. Ellis Logan, Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley, Miss Rheta Chiles Dorr and Miss Alice Paul, they had marched to the White House with banners playing and banners flying. They massed themselves in the historic east room, many carrying babies, who added their share to the unusual scene by cooing or crying accompaniments to the speeches.

Once inside the White House, the women made no demonstrations and allowed their leaders to do the talking. There was no applause as the President entered the east room, accompanied by Colonel Harts, his military aide, in full dress uniform. Mrs. Ellis Logan, president of the District of Columbia Federation of Women's clubs, told the President of the adoption of a suffragist resolution at a recent general convention of her organization in Chicago. She then introduced Mrs. Wiley and Mrs. Dorr.

The later spoke of the strength of the suffrage movement and said that the situation has changed materially since the Baltimore convention. There was a short pause, and then President Wilson stepped forward and addressed his callers.

Senators Clash in Hearing On Nicaraguan Treaty

Washington, D. C.—Senators Root, of New York, and Smith, of Michigan, had a lively clash in the foreign relations committee Wednesday during the discussion of the Nicaraguan treaty, which some senators feared at one time might develop into a personal encounter. James Brown, New York banker, was testifying.

According to senators who heard of the trouble, Senator Smith was questioning Mr. Brown about the payment several years ago of alleged revolutionary claims amounting to more than 21,000,000 pesos to Nicaraguans friendly to the administration of President Adolfo Diaz, and asked him if these payments were not a crime on the part of Nicaraguans.

Senator Root is said to have suggested to the witness that he refuse to answer the question. This interruption led to a wrothy interchange, in which Senator Smith was said to have declared that Mr. Root favored the proposed Nicaraguan treaty and announced that hereafter his remarks about the New York senator would be made publicly.

West Virginia "Dry"

Charleston, W. Va.—With the tolling of church bells throughout the state, West Virginia at midnight June 30, entered the column of prohibition states. The last day of licensed sale of liquors was bedecked by five tragic deaths. One man was murdered in a saloon and robbed of 90 cents. Mingo county had the bloodiest record, as four deaths occurred there. When three deputy constables attempted to arrest Hiram Prince, who had drawn a gun in a saloon, and in the shooting which followed all were killed.

Fears Felt for Observers

Red Bluff, Cal.—Grave apprehension exists for the safety of a party of observers who left Warm Springs to visit the crater. No word has been received from them since the new outbreak of the peak and it is generally feared that serious injury may have befallen them. A report is current that a party of forest rangers was near the crest of the peak when the eleventh eruption began and that harm was done to them by the shower of rocks and volcanic substance. The report cannot be verified.

Leper Studies Wireless

Washington, D. C.—Archibald Thomas, a leper, confined at the leper colony at Penikese Island, near New Bedford, Mass., will receive a license from the Navy department as an amateur wireless operator, should he prove himself competent, and it is said there is no doubt he will. Thomas has learned wireless telegraphy by work with poor equipment during the five years he has been a member of the colony.

Housewives in Spain Riot

Madrid.—Food riots caused by high prices began here Wednesday. Bands of housewives demanded that the price of potatoes should be lowered and, their demand not being complied with, they seized many sacks at the market and threw the potatoes into the street. Similar procedure was carried out at the bakeries. The police are having great trouble in coping with the mobs.

"Father of Lords" Dies

London.—The Earl of Wemyss and March, the father of the house of lords, died Wednesday. Born in 1818, the Earl of Wemyss was until recently considered one of the liveliest members of the house of lords. At the age of 82 he contracted a second marriage, with Miss Grace Blackburn, niece of the late Lord Blackburn, although at the time he had several great-grandchildren.

Island Strife Spreads

Washington, D. C.—Dominican revolutionists have been defeated at San Pedro Macoris, on the southern coast of the island, according to reports to the State department. This is the second battle on the south coast, indicating the spread of hostilities, which until recently had been confined to Puerto Plata and the northern districts.

The PLACE of HONEY-MOONS

by HAROLD MACGRATH

Pictures by C.D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Eleonora da Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Ed Courtland's appearance there. Multitudinously, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kanchacha the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is accosted by a street girl who gives him the address of Flora Desimone, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleonora, whom he is determined to see. Courtland enters Eleonora's apartments. She orders him out and shoots at him.

CHAPTER IV.

Captive of Runaway.

At the age of twenty-six Donald Abbott had become a prosperous and distinguished painter in water colors. His work was individual, and at the same time it was delicate and charming. One saw his Italian landscapes as through a filmy gauze; the almond blossoms of Sicily, the rose-laden walls of Florence, the vineyards of Chianti, the poppy-glows Campagna out of Rome. His Italian lakes had brought him fame. He knew very little of the grind and hustle that attend the careers of his whilom associates. His father had left him some valuable patents—wash-tubs, carpet-cleaners and other labor-saving devices—and the royalties from these were quite sufficient to keep him pleasantly housed.

His earnings (not inconsiderable, for tourists found much to admire in both the pictures and the artist) he spent in gratifying his mild extravagances. So there were no lines in his handsome, boyish, beardless face; and his eyes, though usually clear and happy. Perhaps once or twice, since his majority, he had returned to America to prove that he was not an expatriate, though certainly he was one, the only one existing between him and his native land being the bankers who regularly honored his drafts. And who shall condemn him for preferring Italy to the desolate center of New York state, where good servants and good weather are as rare as are flawless emeralds?

Half after three, on Wednesday afternoon, Abbott went moodily at the weather-torn group by Dalou in the Luxembourg gardens—the Triumph of Silenus. His gaze was deceptive, for the rollicking old bibulous scoundrel had not stirred his critical sense nor impressed the delicate films of thought. He was looking through the bronze, into the far-away things. He had arrived early that morning, all the way from Como, to find a thunder-bolt driven in at his feet. Across his knees fluttered an open newspaper, the Paris edition of the New York Herald. All that kept him from blowing away was the tense if sprawling fingers of his right hand; his left hung limply at his side.

It was not possible. Such things did not happen these unromantic days to musical celebrities. She had written that on Monday night she would sing in La Boheme and on Wednesday, Faust. She had since vanished, vanished as completely as though she had taken wings and flown away. It was unreal. She had left the apartment in the Avenue de Wagram on Saturday afternoon, and nothing had been seen or heard of her since. At the last moment they had had to find a substitute for her part in the Puccini opera. The maid testified that her mistress had gone on an errand of mercy. She had not mentioned where, but she said that she would return in time to dress for dinner, which proved conclusively that something out of the ordinary had befallen her.

The automobile that had carried her away had not been her own, and the chauffeur was unknown. None of the directors at the opera had been notified of any change in the singer's plans. She had disappeared, and they were deeply concerned. Singers were generally erratic, full of sudden indispositions, unaccountable whims; but the Signorina da Toscana was one in a thousand. She never broke an engagement. If she were ill she said so at once; she never left them in doubt until the last moment. Indecision was not one of her characteristics. She was as reliable as the sun. If the directors did not hear definitely from her by noon today, they would have to find another Marguerite.

The police began to move, and they stirred up some curious bits of information. A man had tried to bribe the singer's chauffeur, while she was singing at the Austrian ambassador's. The chauffeur was able to describe the stranger with some accuracy. Then came the bewildering episode in the apartment; the pistol-shot; the flight of the man; the astonished crowd; the woman whom the faithful American would never explain. The man who was allied with the description given by the chauffeur had obtained entrance under false representations. He claimed to be an emissary with important instructions from the opera. There was nothing unusual in this; messengers came at all hours, and seldom the same one twice; so the conductor's suspicions had not been aroused. Another item: A tall handsome Italian had called at eleven o'clock Saturday morning, but the signorina had not seen down word that she could not see him. The maid recalled that her mistress had intended to dine that night with the Italian gentleman.

His name she did not know, having been with the signorina but two weeks. Celeste Fournier, the celebrated young pianist and composer, who shared the apartment with the missing prima donna, stated that she hadn't the slightest idea where her friend was. She was certain that misfortune had overtaken her in some inexplicable manner. To implicate the Italian was out of the question. He was well-known to them both. He had arrived again at seven, Saturday, and was very much surprised that the signorina had not yet returned. He had waited till nine, when he left, greatly disappointed. He was the Barone di Monte-Verdi in Calabria, formerly military attaché at the Italian embassy in Berlin. Sunday noon Mademoiselle Fournier had notified the authorities. She did not know, but she felt sure that the blond stranger knew more than anyone else. And here was the end of things. The police found themselves at a standstill. They searched the hotels but without success; the blond stranger could not be found. Abbott's eyes were not happy and pleasant just now. They were dull and blank with the reaction of the stunning blow. He, too, was certain of the Italian. Much as he secretly hated the Italian, he knew him to be a fearless and an honorable man. But who could this blond stranger be who appeared so sinisterly in the two scenes? From where had he come? Why had Nora refused to explain about the pistol-shot? Any woman had a perfect right to shoot a man who forced his way into her apartment. Was he one of those mad fools who had fallen in love with her, and had become desperate? Or was it some one she knew and against whom she did not wish to bring any charges? And she might be, at this very moment, suffering all sorts of indignities. It was horrible to be so helpless.

The sparkle of the sunlight upon his ferrule of a cane, extending over his shoulder, broke in on his agonizing thoughts. He turned, an angry word on the tip of his tongue. He expected to see some tourist who wanted to be informed.

"Ted Courtland!" He jumped up, overturning the stool. "And where the dickens did you come from? I thought you were in the Orient."

"Just got back, Abby."

The two shook hands and eyed each other with the appraising scrutiny of friends of long standing.

"You don't change any," said Abbott.

"Nor do you. I've been standing behind you fully two minutes. What were you glooming about? Old Silenus offend you?"

"Have you read the Herald this morning?"

"I never read it nowadays. They are always giving me a roast of some kind. Whatever I do they are bound to misconstrue it." Courtland stooped and righted the stool, but sat down on the grass, his feet in the path. "What's the trouble? Have they been after you?"

Abbott rescued the offending paper and shaking it under his friend's nose, said: "Read that."

Courtland's eyes widened considerably as they absorbed the significance of the heading—"Eleonora da Toscana missing."

"Bah!" he exclaimed.

"You say bah?"

"It looks like one of their advertising dodges. I know something about singers," Courtland added. "I engineered a musical comedy once."

"You do not know anything about her," cried Abbott hotly.

"That's true enough." Courtland finished the article, folded the paper and returned it, and began digging in the path with his cane.

"But what I want to know is, who the devil is this mysterious blond stranger?" Abbott flourished the paper again. "I tell you, it's no advertising dodge. She's been abducted. The blond!"

Courtland ceased boring into the earth. "The story says that she refused to be married, that she refused to be married."

"Man, I was hoping!"

"Three meals a day in the same house, with the same woman, never appealed to me."

"What do you want, one for each meal?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Man of Spirit.

Few persons ever stop to consider, says the Journal of the American Medical Association, that when they speak of "a man of spirit" they are really, however unwittingly, employing the language of the days of Claudius Galen, a noted Roman physician, born A. D. 130. That the term is yet used is testimony that the old doctrine of spirits is not obsolete. Galen perhaps had a conception of nerve trunks as conductors of something—he called it spirits—to and from the brain and spinal cord. The natural spirits were that property which gave to blood the capacity of nourishing the tissues of the body. The vital spirits were acquired in the heart; and when at last the blood with its vital spirits went to the brain and experienced a sort of refinement for the last time, the animal spirits were separated from it and carried to the body by the nerve trunks. The animal spirits of Galen have become the nerve impulses of today. These are not electricity, but they produce it, and can be manifested by it.

Wild Deer Beg Food.

Starving and exhausted chamois, stags and roe deer (chevreuils) are descending from their mountain fastnesses in the Canton of Grisons and the Swiss Tyrolean frontier Alps into the villages, practically begging for food and with all fear lost.

On these mountains the snow lies six feet deep and the cold has been intense. Even above Arosa and Klosters famished deer have been found, while near Davos a large stag was discovered in a stable.

In the Praetigau valley eight chamois and twelve deer are now "on pension" in the villages, but a number of the animals have been found dead on the paths and roads. It is forbidden by law to harm these animals in the canton, and when they are restored they will be liberated.

A further fall of black snow is reported from Macolin, near Bienna, while at Wetzikon, Canton of Zurich, gray snow fell.

Irish all over. But for all that, you will find that her disappearance will turn out to be a diva's whim. Hang it, Suda, I've had some experience with singers.

"You are a blockhead!" exploded the younger man.

"All right, I am," Courtland laughed. "Come on over to the Souf and have a drink with me."

"I'm not drinking today," tersely. "There's too much ahead for me to do."

"Going to start out to find her? Oh, Sir Galahad!" ironically. "Abby, you used to be a sport. I'll wager a hundred against a bottle of pop that tomorrow or next day she'll turn up serenely, with a statement that she was indisposed, sorry not to have notified the directors, and all that. They do it repeatedly every season."

"But an errand of mercy, the strange automobile which cannot be found? The engagement to dine with the baron? Celeste Fournier's statement? You can't get around these things. I tell you, Nora isn't that kind. She's too big in heart and mind to stoop to any such devices," vehemently.

"Nora! That looks pretty serious, Abby. You haven't gone and made a fool of yourself, have you?"

"What do you call making a fool of myself?" truculently.

"You aren't a suitor, are you? An accepted suitor?" unruffled, rather kindly.

"No, but I would to heaven that I were!" Abbott jammed the newspaper into his pocket and slung the stool over his arm. "Come on over to the studio until I get some money."

"You are really going to start a search?"

"I really am. I'd start one just as quickly as you, if I heard that you had vanished under mysterious circumstances."

"I believe you honestly would."

"You are an old misanthrope. I hope some woman puts the hook into you some day. Where did you pick up the grouch? Some of your dusky princesses give you the go-by?"

"You, too, Abby?"

"Oh, rot! Of course I never believed any of that twaddle. Only, I've got a sore head today. If you knew Nora as well as I do, you'd understand."

Courtland continued toward the exit, his head forward, his gaze bent on the path. He had the air of a man deep in thought, philosophic thought, which leaves the brows unmarred by those corrugations known as frowns. Yet his thoughts were far from philosophic. Indeed, his soul was in mad turmoil. He could have thrown his arms toward the blue sky and cursed aloud the fates that had set this new tangle at his feet. He longed for the eyes and some mad beast to vent his wrath upon. But he gave no sign. He had returned with a purpose as hard and grim as iron; and no obstacle, less powerful than death, should divert or control him. Abduction? Let the public believe what it might; he held the key to the mystery. She was afraid, and had taken flight. So be it.

"I say, Ted," called out the artist, "what did you mean by saying that you were a Dutchman?"

Courtland paused so that Abbott might catch up to him. "I said that I was a Dutchman?"

"Yes. And it has just occurred to me that you meant something."

"Oh, yes. You were talking of Da Toscana? Let's call her Harrigan. It will save time, and no one will know to whom we refer. You said she was Irish, and that when she said a thing she meant it. My boy, the Irish are notorious for claiming that. They often say before they see clearly, 'Mrs. Crabshaw replied: "What's the use feelin' so bitter? William's the only child we've got, and if his wife ain't our kind that's no reason why we should treat him as if he was our worst enemy. I s'pose he thought it would be different when he married her. Now she's got the appendicitis and there's no knowin' what may happen. He wants to send little Henry

Jonathan Crabshaw's Glorious Fourth

By S.E. Kiser

"N O, SIR," said Jonathan Crabshaw, "I ain't got any money to waste in any such way. If the rest of the people of this town want to make fools of themselves, that's their business. Let 'em go ahead and do it, but you needn't expect me to put a cent in this fund you're raisin'. What do I care how much the people of Greenville are goin' to spend celebratin'? Let 'em spend a million if they can raise it. They'll only have that much less to spend for things that might do their town some good."

"But don't you see," said Thomas Spurgeon, "that we can't afford to let Greenville get ahead of Paddington in this matter? Since the old-fashioned way of celebratin' the Fourth has been done away with every town that amounts to anything has a general display which is for the benefit of everybody. By stoppin' the sale of dangerous explosives and all that sort of thing we can have a day of comfort and safety; but we owe something to the youngsters, so we propose to have a fine exhibition of fireworks in the evening. It will be in charge of men who know how to handle such things, and you can readily see that it will be much bigger and more thrilling than it would be if everybody celebrated in his own way. Besides, there will be no chance for the boys to lose their fingers or have their eyes put out. The people of Greenville have been boastin' that they beat our town in everything, and we want to show them for once that they can't do it. Don't you feel that you can afford to contribute a couple of dollars?"

"No, I wouldn't contribute a couple of cents for any such foolishness. I tell you it's all poppycock. It's nothin' more nor less than burnin' money up. What's the use teachin' the kids that they're to expect something every time we prevent 'em from actin' like a lot of crazy young savages. I'm glad the shootin' has been stopped. I wish they'd stop everything—fireworks and all. Them's my sentiments, and that's all I've got to say."

It was on the following day that Jonathan Crabshaw's wife received a letter from their son in the city.

"Jonathan," she said when he came in from the garden, "William's wife's got to go to the hospital."

"That's just like them city women," he grumbled. "They're always goin' to hospitals. If William had married a girl from the country he'd be a blamed sight better off than he is. Why is he writin' to us about her hospital, anyhow? I s'pose he's hard up and wants money, eh?"

"I'm afraid your heart's hardened, pa," Mrs. Crabshaw replied. "What's the use feelin' so bitter? William's the only child we've got, and if his wife ain't our kind that's no reason why we should treat him as if he was our worst enemy. I s'pose he thought it would be different when he married her. Now she's got the appendicitis and there's no knowin' what may happen. He wants to send little Henry

"No, I wouldn't contribute a couple of cents for any such foolishness."

down here to stay with us for a week or two."

"Oh, that's what he wants, is it? It's a wonder he feels like trustin' him with us. Here he is, nearly ten years old, and we ain't never seen him. And they named him after her pa, too, when, by rights, he ought to be named after me. Write back and tell 'em to keep him there. I don't want no boy around here—specially no city boy."

Mrs. Crabshaw looked at her husband for a long time. He was generally considered a "hard" man. Everybody knew that he had plenty of money, but no one ever saw him spend any of it. His wife, who was growing feeble, was compelled to do her own housework and get along upon the bare necessities. He had driven his son away from home and then blamed him for not returning, humble and penitent. Most of his time was spent in his garden. It was the only thing he seemed to care for.

Having given his wife orders to write that he had no place for their grandchild, the old man took it for granted that the matter was settled and walked out of the house.

It was on the second of July that Jonathan Crabshaw, who was busy in his garden, heard the hinges of the gate squeaking. He looked up and

saw a little boy who had just stepped inside. No little boy had ever entered there before. Jonathan Crabshaw's garden was forbidden territory. Even his wife was afraid to go into it.

"The little boy stood for awhile, looking at the "hard" old man who was half leaning upon his hoe.

"Well," the old man asked, "what do you want here?"

"I want to come in and help you," the little boy replied.

"Get out!"

"Are you my grandpa?"

"Your grandpa? What do you mean?"

"I'm Henry. Grandma told me you was out here all alone."

Jonathan Crabshaw dropped his hoe and began rubbing the dirt from his hands.

"How did you get here?" he asked.

"I came all by myself on the train," the little boy said. "My papa put me in the car and grandma was waiting for me when I got here. My mamma is very sick."

"There was a big apple tree in one corner of the garden near the gate. Under it was a seat which Jonathan Crabshaw had made for himself. He went to it and sat down.

"Come here," he said.

The little boy went to him and leaned upon his knee.

The old man had a "hard" look, but in spite of that the little boy bore a strong resemblance to him.

"So your name's Henry, is it?"

"Yes. And your name's grandpa, isn't it?"

"The "hard" look seemed to fade out of Jonathan Crabshaw's face.

"Well," he said with something that was almost a smile, "that ain't exactly my name, but you can call me it.

"Are You My Grandpa?"

You've got another grandpa, though, haven't you?"