

THE JOURNEY HOME.

Years and years ago, when I was just a little lad An' after school hours used to work Around the farm with dad, I used to be so wearied out, When eventide was come, That I got kinder anxious like About the journey home.

THE GREENHORN.

When Torger Amundsen wrote his first letter from the Oregon fruit valley to his Hildegarde, waiting in far-away Norway, he could frankly say that his few days there had given him but little opportunity to come to know the neighbors, and the fat letter could be filled with glowing accounts of the orchards and gardens cupped in by the porcelain-tinted mountains. Later it was not so easy to write.

Torger had pushed his way westward from New York, stopping for months at a time in the great cities that stood on the inland waterways, wherever his fresh young strength and the hand skilled in his father's boat works at the fjord would bring him the high wages he was eager for. Thus he had added to the inheritance of money enough for the little farm of fruit and chickens that had caught the dreams of both himself and little Garde. A country home in America, and, if it might be, not too far from the sea and the mountains, that was his goal. He did not mind the grimy, homeless year and more he spent in crossing the States to find it.

It was Garde who fretted lovingly in her exquisite penmanship that her Torger, the big blond favorite of all the folks, young and old, in the old sea town, should be lonely and unfriended in crowded, dirty Cleveland and Chicago.

"It sounds very fine, the money you are making to add to the inheritance, but it troubles me that you should be lonely for even a few months and have no chance to make new friends. Hurry quickly to the Western country and find our home place and the neighbors that will be family folks to you until I come running over the sea. All the friends in our good town will be hard to leave, but I would fly from them so rudely as to say not even a good bye if it were the only way to get to you. And next year I will be free, and I will come, and you will have ready for me in America a few new friends of the old folks like Uncle and Auntie, and of the children like little Dagmar with her curls of gold, and of the young people, who may even like our old songs and stories when I can make them over into English."

With this warm, urgent message of little Garde's still carried in his pocket, though it was now some months old, it was not easy for Torger to write from Paradise Valley after that first letter.

He had picked up in his months in America, with the usual readiness of the Northland immigrant, a knowledge of English that met all his business needs. That it did not satisfy him in any sense was due both to the proud Norse spirit that had come down from his ship-building forefathers and to his overwhelming conviction that the man who would claim Garde Holm ought to be as learned as the pastor, as fine in manners as the count, and as rich and clever as the Americans.

He reached out eagerly for new words and phrases in his contact with the men of the valley, buying the lumber for his bungalow, the berry bushes for his garden, and learning from them the proper way to treat the fruit trees already started on his acres. He added daily to the careful hoarding of American words, laying them up for little Garde.

He worked alone all day long at the bungalow, beginning at sunrise. When it was no longer possible to see to drive a nail true in the walls that were fast enclosing the big living-room and the cupboarded kitchen and the sunny west bedroom, he turned his long legs out to wander up and down the valley roads that were almost like village streets, so neighborhood close were the bungalows, each on its five or eight acres. He went out to find for Garde the friends she had such utter faith in his finding. Groups of young people sauntered along in the mild evening coolness, chatting, laughing, singing. If he crossed their paths there were nods or American "Hellos," but they never drew Torger into the group. Sometimes he followed behind them for a time for the mere warmth of human closeness.

Once, when they were singing on the steps of the town hall under a summer moon, he dropped down on the outskirts of the group and joined in on "America." His full rich tones startled them. But he did not sing on the next song; "America" was the only one he knew in the new tongue. He sat on for a while feeling warmly of the valley at last, while the shrill voices of the girls and the strenuous barking of the boys raced through "I Hate to Get up in the Morning" and "Bing Was His Name." When the group broke up into couples Torger started back to the shell of a house.

that was fast growing weather-tight and fit for living. His heart was light when he thought that this was a great matter to tell Garde.

A lagging couple trailed his steps. Their voices carried clearly on the night air, and they were conscious only of themselves.

"Gee," said the boy's voice, "but that Norsk has some voice. But did you get his accent? It'd make angels weep—with joy!"

A girl's soft laugh answered. It was Della Martin, the neighbor on the left, small, black-haired, lively. The first time Torger had seen her he had picked her out as the friend who could make Garde's first homesick days in the new land easy and happy.

"What could you expect from such a big gawky greenhorn?" laughed Della. "You ought to hear him say 'yacker' and 'yanuary' and 'Paradise Walley.' It's simply killing! We all call him the 'Greenhorn.'"

Torger went blindly along under the shadow of the trees, so that the moonlight might not pick out his great green length on the road that had such a new and terrible publicity. He dropped to his cot without undressing. He must think out the bitter truth. "She was always a pig above me; but she thought me a gentleman in Norway, and that over here I would soon be a real American, respected by all. I have no right to bring her far away to live with a man who can earn from his neighbors only such a word as 'Greenhorn.'"

The next day he did not sing at his work. Singing did not go with the letter he had written. He had told Garde as gently as he could that he loved her with all his unchanging Norse heart, but that he was a poor fellow with no university degree like hers, and not much in manners, either, though his mother had trained him carefully and it was not to be laid to her shame that he was not so polished as the learned men of Norway or as these Americans. Perhaps she would better marry the university professor who had wooed her so formally and sincerely in the university town. She would have high position and be able to stay near her friends. It would not hold her to her promise, or think her aught but wise if she decided not to come to him in America.

He went doggedly about his work during the weeks before the reply could come to this letter. Even the wonder of the fresh early morning in this lovely valley, and the delight of the sun dropping down behind pearly-tinted mountains failed to stir him.

The day his letter came his heart beat with such tremendous beats that it was hard to slit the envelope and take out her wonderful ardent, scolding letter, a letter written in strange dear streaks by a cross little girl and a saucy maiden and an inexpressibly tender woman. He hammered like mad at the little house all day. It seemed as though he would finish it by nightfall, and then reach across the great sea with his long arms and snatch his own little girl. He whistled and whistled, and then stopped to laugh aloud to himself at the thought that he was outwitting America, for he could get out of his heart all the loves songs without an accent.

A child passing on the road set him to thinking of Dagmar. He must begin at once with all his wiles of boat-making and his skill in fashioning doll cradles to win little friends for Garde.

And he would go out on the road again at night and be more genial himself. He was probably mistaken about these neighbors, who were so slow to take him in and who had never invited him into their homes as the hospitable townsmen at home would ask any stranger, nor even asked him to the public meetings like the Community Club. Very likely they had thought he did not care about such matters. He would go now, anyhow. He would go to the next meeting of the club, like a Norse gentleman, in his black suit and stiff white shirt, as his countrymen always went to meetings of discussion and literature.

All the valley came to the Community Club. Sometimes the men provided a speaker on fruit-raising or cooperative marketing, sometimes the young people sang or gave crude little plays, the actors giggling as frankly as the audience. But always, there was joyousness and comradery among these Americans. Now Torger would be of it, forcing himself in as no one of his countrymen would, except for his lady's sake.

The room was crowded. The school-teacher read a paper on Glacier Park, and compared the mountains with the famed ones of Switzerland. As he talked and the lantern slides vividly picturing them, Torger's eyes danced and shone beneath his fine, upstanding blond hair. Beside him sat a tall young man from whom he had bought berry bushes. Seely had been tremendously busy every time they had met, representing as he did a nursery house besides running his own ranch. But he had always been friendly and enthusiastic about all the Western country and particularly their valley. Now, in this new atmosphere, he seemed suddenly like one of the true neighbors Garde had been so sure of.

"They are very fine, those American mountains," Torger said with a sigh, when the stereopticon had showed its last slide and the room was again light, "but they have no sea running between them, yumping halfway up the sides as in Norway." The fjords are more beautiful still.

Seely was interested. "Of course," he said. "I've always heard that. And you're from Norway yourself, aren't you?"

"Over here not two years yet," smiled Torger.

Seely jumped to his feet. "We've got someone here, folks, who has seen with his own eyes some of the grandest scenery of Europe. We ought to have him tell us something about it. Mr. Chairman, this is Mr. Amundsen, one of our new neighbors."

The chairman was genial. "Glad to have you talk, Mr. Amundsen. Take all the time you want."

Garde seemed suddenly at Torger's very elbow. This was the thing that would be life and joy to her, a double opportunity, since he could tell these

American neighbors about his own beautiful rocky homeland. He plunged in ardently, with picturesque English flavored ruggedly with his long tongue that seemed to fit the story he was telling of wild fjords, and rough seas, stout little boats and sea heroes, bitter winters and long, day-lighted summers.

The fire and color and heart in the strange address held all the room captive for a quarter of an hour. Then the boy came suddenly back to this American valley. He flushed a bit, half stopped, and then looking around on the neighborly faces he said very slowly, his very depth of feeling exaggerating his strong Northern accent, "It is grand there in Norway; but I think it is best to be here, right here in Paradise Valley."

As the last word came out a titter ran along the back benches where the young people sat, and quite audibly after it an echo, "walley, walley."

The Greenhorn turned, white to the lips, and walked straight out into the night.

A score of startled hands tried to hold him. Older voices protested, censuring the young folks who women spoke in hushed excitement full of pity. But when they found they could not hold him, the Community Club turned to its games and food and soon forgot the white-faced boy.

Only young Seely followed his headlong flight and saw the hopelessness that drowned all life out of Torger's face. Even he did not understand that the cruel, thoughtless insult had struck beyond the big man's body to the little, delicate-mannered, high-spirited lady; that great fear had been laid to Torger that he could not bring his tender, trusting, friend-craving little mate to meet such monstrous humiliation.

"Hold on there, Amundsen. Wait for me," pleaded Seely. "You've got to understand that it will never happen again. You held them spellbound by your story of Norway."

"There never will be another chance for it to happen again," Torger said sternly.

"Our American young folks are sometimes thoughtless; but they are not hard. They'll yet be the best friends you have in the world, if you will only forgive them. \* \* \* forgive us \* \* \* this time."

They walked for hours, circling the valley roads. Seely felt that he could not leave the bruised boy. After an hour's silence, striding side by side, the only word he could get was the quiet comment: "If you had come newly to my country of Norway and had honored us by telling us of your own land in our strange new tongue, no matter how badly you spoke it, we would have said: 'How well he speaks our language after being here such a short time.'"

"By George!" Seely exclaimed, "that's true. I never thought of it that way. I bet it never comes to most of us Americans that way. All you folks from over there learn to speak our irregular language a lot faster than we could ever pick up yours. We'd be dubs at it. \* \* \* But if you'll give me a chance, Amundsen, the folks of Paradise Valley will show you what we think of a man who comes over and makes good in every way, as you have. \* \* \* Oh, I hope you'll stay among us, and—"

"There is nothing else to do," Torger said simply. "My land here, my house, they have taken all the inheritance money, and the savings, too." He hesitated as though he longed to say more, give some hint of his dream for the little home; but suddenly the raw wound of the evening stung him unbearably; "Good-night," he said.

Even when he added, by force of habit, his boyhood's parting phrase, "Thank you for your good company on the road," there was no life or hope in his face or voice.

No doubt the valley would have redeemed itself after that; but overnight, a night of pain and bewilderment and decision, the Norsk boy had changed his way of living. In the dawn he had decided: "There must be no chance that any one should ever laugh at my little Garde. She will take the language I speak. But she will have only me to take it from at first. It is for me to get English perfectly. I must sell everything in the garden at once and go to school. I must start with the babies. I will work at night in the city for money to keep a good sum for little Garde; but most of all I will study, study."

It was not an easy thing to do. He marched into the valley school that first morning with the air of a king, speaking and reading and writing of his own accord.

He would begin at the very beginning and learn it all. So they gave him a chair in the primary room. He did not seem to be even aware of the rest of his class, Tommy and Gracie and Eunice, all aged seven, and looking only a quarter of his height. He studied with a white intensity that took him through a grade in a month. He heard and saw nothing but the direct words that the teacher spoke to him or the task she set him on his tablet.

In the old days, a quarter-hour like the recess time would have meant the chance to romp with eager-eyed little boys or to tell wondrous Northland tales to crowding little girls. Now the children might have been wooden images.

At noon he hurried home from his chores, caring for his great flock of chickens that was to surprise Garde, who was joyously boasting that when she should come he could add chickens to his little ranch. Directly after the school hours, he turned his long stride to make the four miles across country to the electric line that ran into the puzzle. What he did there was long a puzzle to the valley, but they knew that he never came back until the wee hours before dawn, and that then he slept heavily for a few short hours before another day of the intense schooling.

The only glint of human warmth that crept into his soul during those winter months, when even Seely's persistent efforts failed to find his valley door unlocked, was from the strange Oriental soul of his night employer. From six o'clock until two the next morning Torger's hours were spent as a waiter in a Chop Suey House, the only job that would leave

him time for his schooling and a little sleep, and would at the same time lay up some treasure of silver for Garde. And when his great news came unexpectedly soon, it was only to Mr. Chang that he could let out even a hint of the purpose of his errand East.

"I am starting to New York tomorrow. I shall not be back for several weeks. I am to be married there to a lady from my old home. I have a home ready for her in the country near here. When we come back I shall want always to be with her, to take care of her, so I shall not come back here to work. I have a little ranch with fruit and chickens, and I can keep busy with building and cabinet work. You have been very kind to me, Mr. Chang."

"Oh, dat's allee light, allee light," grinned the Oriental. "Vely happye laadee get Mistel Toelge. Allee good Amelican son."

In the valley Torger made short work of getting some one to look after his chickens and to do the first spraying of the fruit trees in the event that he did not get back within the expected two weeks and a half. The sting of his mortification was still so strong upon his heart that he did not say where he was going, or why, to any neighbor.

He bought his first ticket only to Chicago, intending to stop there for a day or two with an old seafaring friend of his father's who was now captaining a freighter on the lakes. But the captain was starting that same evening for Buffalo, so Torger came back alone from the crowded wharf through the bustling traffic of lower town, his head still full of memories stirred to new life by his old friend's chat.

He was hurrying to the station after seeing the captain's boat weigh anchor, when the thing happened. It was not an uncommon thing. Every day's sheet of a great city's daily carries a like item—an automobile crash with several injured, one seriously. This time it was a pedestrian who suffered most, a young man carrying in his pocket the address of an Oregon fruit valley. The hospital wired West at once.

Paradise Valley was touched. "He was such a nice, hard-working boy," every one said, "and he seemed so kind of eager and happy, with all his shyness, until that dreadful night at the Community Club. We'd have made that up to him a thousand times if he had let us, and maybe he wouldn't have been too proud to forgive us if we could only have got together. But he was so busy afterward with that sudden fit of schooling and working in town nights at something or other."

They wired back to Chicago to take the best possible care of the Norwegian boy, who hadn't any kin that they knew of, and if it was necessary they'd send Mr. Seely east to bring him home when he was able to travel. They didn't know where he was going, or on what errand, or they'd be glad to attend to that, too, for him.

Twice in those first weeks Torger came back briefly to the real world of responsibility. A quick flash of pain and unrest shot through him; there was something he should be doing for Garde. But that was as far as the thought got.

"I wish we could relieve him from whatever is on his mind," said the doctor. "His strong body would come back quick enough if it had the chance; but his nearest neighbor don't know what he is traveling East for. We can't do much for him until his mind clears of itself."

The precious days slipped by. To one little immigrant girl, waiting at Ellis Island for her big blond boy with the voice of the musical sea and the smile that was as dearly welcome as Northern sunshine, those days were like great, heavy stones building a prison for her. Twenty-one of those stones would seal the prison door and shut her out of America. If Torger did not come to marry her in three weeks she must go back to Norway, so the officials said.

A strange new fear took possession of her. Once he had written her that he would not hold her to her promise if she wished to change her mind and marry the professor at the university. Perhaps now, he had changed his mind, and would marry some American girl.

Her ready Norse pride fought hard with her love after this evil idea came, and she parted at last reluctantly with the city address Torger had given her, so that the Government might wire West and find out what detained the young man. "For the past six months I have written him here," she said.

So the wire went, asking if Torger Amundsen would not start East at once to meet his bride in New York. The answer that came back was signed Chang Fu, but in unmistakable English it affirmed, "Torger Amundsen left for New York three weeks ago. Left no address."

After that there was nothing that the Government could do, though sympathy pulled strongly at both matrons and officials for the proud little girl from Norway. The stones of that final third week dropped into place one by one. The prison was complete. Dry-eyed, with delicate head erect, Hildegarde Holm walked back to the steamship that was to take her back to Norway.

The terrible, quiet pain of a lost dream was in her eyes, a dream of a big, gentle-faced boy in a low-roofed home in a valley cupped in by opalescent peaks of mountains. But she turned her eyes to the sea, so that no one might see, and pity her.

Back in the orderly, efficient life of the big hospital Torger came at last to himself, and with all urgency, "Hold Hildegarde Holm. Torger Amundsen injured. Will send friends for Miss Holm."

Seely had appeared by this time from the valley, and he offered to run down to New York at once and take Garde to his own sister's there. But before he could start, the word came back that the girl's ship had sailed forty-eight hours earlier.

"Have called her immediate return on landing on other side," the Government replied.

"We must just wait now?" questioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said the spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd let it down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wireless Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."—By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Woman's Home Companion.

tioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said the spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd let it down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wireless Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."—By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Woman's Home Companion.

tioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said the spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd let it down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wireless Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."—By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Woman's Home Companion.

tioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said the spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd let it down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wireless Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."—By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Woman's Home Companion.

tioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said the spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd let it down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wireless Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."—By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Woman's Home Companion.

tioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said the spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd let it down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wireless Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."—By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Woman's Home Companion.

tioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said the spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd let it down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wireless Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."—By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Woman's Home Companion.

tioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said the spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd let it down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wireless Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."—By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Woman's Home Companion.

tioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said the spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd let it down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wireless Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."—By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Woman's Home Companion.

tioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said the spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd let it down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wireless Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."—By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Woman's Home Companion.

tioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said the spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd let it down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wireless Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chucked in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."—By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Woman's Home Companion.

FARM NOTES.

—Poultry Manure Quite Valuable. —The average poultry raiser attaches little or no value to the manure produced by his flock. Its gradual accumulation beneath the perches of his fowls receives only occasional attention in many instances, and even when cleaned out more frequently is thrown away. When its removal becomes necessary he considers it one of the unavoidable and unpleasant evils that go with the business.

But poultry manure has a very real value, and may become a profitable by-product of the plant. It has been determined by the Maine experiment station, working in co-operation with the United States Department of Agriculture, that the average night droppings of the medium breeds amount to 30 pounds a year for one fowl. On this basis 100 fowls would produce 3,000 pounds, or 1½ tons. The analysis of this manure shows it to be especially high in two of the three principal fertilizing elements. If the plant food contained in a ton of average fresh poultry manure were bought at the price paid, usually, for it in the form of commercial fertilizers, the outlay would be about \$10.

Taking into account the fact that the quality of manure produced in the day time is at least equal to that produced at night the specialists find that one average hen produces about 60 pounds of manure in a year. However, only the night droppings are available for use, as the droppings are widely scattered over the yards and ranges. The night droppings from 1,000 hens would be worth about \$150 a year. As hen manure, as it usually is cared for, contains only about one-half its original value, the loss through this form of neglect must be very large for the entire country.

The town or city back yard poultryman has two real incentives to induce the saving of his hen manure. In the first place his poultry house should be kept clean if his fowls are to be healthy, and, in the second place, the manure may be used immediately during a large part of the year in the orchard, or around berry bushes. However, if this immediate use is resorted to the manure should be applied somewhat sparingly. It is from two to three times richer in phosphoric acid than the ordinary farm manures. This, of course, is due to the kinds of feeds used, and also to the fact that liquid and solid matter are together.

It can be handled most satisfactorily if mixed with loam to remove stickiness in the summer. In the winter it should be mixed with a fair proportion of loam, sawdust, or coal ashes, sifted dried earth, hard plaster, or gypsum. Wood ashes and lime should never be used as they set free the nitrogen, which must be avoided.

To put manure on the ground in the winter would mean to lose one-half or more of its value. The better plan is to store it in barrels or boxes until time to use on a growing crop. When stored this way the container should have several large holes bored in it to admit air. Some plants having several thousand fowls have large bins of untreated, dried earth in about the same proportion may be substituted. After being treated in this way the manure should be put in a sheltered place until used. If the materials are kept handy the business of mixing soon become a routine task.

—The marketing season for guinea fowl is during the latter part of summer, and throughout the fall. At this time the demand in the city markets is for young birds weighing from 1 to 2 pounds each. At about 2½ months old guinea fowls weigh from 4 to 10 pounds, and at this size they begin reaching the markets in August. As the season advances the demand is for heavier birds.

The usual practice in marketing game birds is to place them on the market unplucked, and in most markets guineas are sold this way. They appear more attractive with feathers on, and sell more readily. Dressed, the small size and dark color of the skin are likely to prejudice the prospective customer who may be unfamiliar with the bird's excellent eating qualities. For hotel and restaurant trade, however, guineas should be dressed in the same way as common fowl. Better ask the dealer, before shipping, whether he wants the feathers on or off.

The Department of Agriculture has learned that if the feathers are to be left on the birds all that is necessary in preparing for market is to bleed them by severing the principal blood vessels of the neck, allowing them to hang head downward until bleeding is complete.

If the feathers are to be removed it should be done by dry picking. When the brain is pierced after severing the blood vessel in the neck the feathers are loosened by a convulsive movement of the muscles and can be removed easily.

—Some folk have the right kind of fowls, house and feed them properly, and still don't get eggs early in the winter because their hens are too old. It seldom pays to keep hens for laying after they are 2½ years old. They may give a profit, but younger fowls will give more. Many poultrymen who make a specialty of winter-egg production keep only pullets, disposing of even the yearling hens before it is time to put them in the winter quarters.

Early hatched pullets, if properly grown, ought to begin laying in October or early in November and continue