

# North of Fifty-Three

by  
**Bertrand W. Sinclair**  
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## HAZEL GETS A TERRIFYING GLIMPSE OF THE RUTHLESS WAYS OF THE WILDERNESS.

**Synopsis.**—Miss Hazel Weir, a stenographer, living at Granville, Ontario, is placed under a cloud by circumstances for which she is entirely blameless. To escape from the groundless gossip that pursues her, she secures a position as schoolteacher at Cariboo Meadows, in a wild part of British Columbia. There, at a boarding house, she first sees "Roaring Bill" Wagstaff, a well-known character of that country. Soon after her arrival Hazel loses her way while walking in the woods. She wanders until night when she reaches "Roaring Bill's" camp fire in the woods. He promises to take her home in the morning, but she is compelled to spend the night in the woods. After wandering in the woods all the next day, "Roaring Bill" finally admits that he is taking Hazel to his cabin in the mountains. Hazel finds upon their arrival at the cabin that she cannot hope to escape from the wilderness before spring. During the long winter "Roaring Bill" treats Hazel with the greatest respect. He tells her he loves her and tries to induce her to marry him, but she refuses. In the spring he takes her to Bella Coola, where she can get a boat to Vancouver. At Vancouver Hazel takes a train for Granville, but on the way she realizes that she loves Wagstaff and decided to return to him. "Roaring Bill" is overjoyed and together they travel to a Hudson bay post and are married. After several months they decide to go farther into the mountains to a spot where Bill is confident there is gold.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

On the second day they crossed the Skeena, a risky and tedious piece of business, for the river ran deep and strong.

Presently the way grew rougher. If anything, Roaring Bill increased his pace. He himself no longer rode. When the steepness of the hills and canyons made the going hard the packs were redivided, and henceforth Hazel bore on his back a portion of the supplies. Bill led the way tirelessly. Through fies, river crossings, camp labor, and all the petty irritations of the trail he kept an unruffled spirit, a fine, enduring patience that Hazel marveled at and admired. Many a time, wakening at some slight stir, she would find him cooking breakfast. In every way within his power he saved her.

Many a strange shift were they put to. Once Bill had to fell a great spruce across a twenty-foot crevice. It took him two days to hew it flat so that his horses could be led over. The depth was bottomless to the eye, but from far below rose the cavernous growl of rushing water, and Hazel held her breath as each animal stepped gingerly over the narrow bridge. One misstep—

Once they climbed three weary days up a precipitous mountain range, and, turned back in sight of the crest by an impassable cliff, were forced to back track and swing a fifty-mile detour. September was upon them. The days dwindled in length, and the nights grew to have a frosty nip.

Early and late he pushed on. Two camp necessities were fortunately abundant, grass and water. Even so, the stress of the trail told on the horses. They lost flesh. The extreme steepness of succeeding hills bred galls under the heavy packs. They grew leg weary, no longer following each other with sprightly step and heads high. Hazel pitied them, for she herself was trail weary beyond words. The vagabond instinct had fallen asleep. The fine aura of romance no longer hovered over the venture.

Sometimes when dusk ended the day's journey and she swung her stiffened limbs out of the saddle, she would cheerfully have foregone all the gold in the North to be at her ease before the fireplace in their distant cabin, with her man's head nesting in her lap, and no toll of weary miles looming sternly on the morrow's horizon. It was all work, trying work, the more trying because she sensed a latent uneasiness on her husband's part, an uneasiness she could never induce him to embody in words. Nevertheless, it excited, and she resented its existence—a trouble she could not share. But she could not put her finger on the cause, for Bill merely smiled a denial when she mentioned it.

Nor did she fathom the cause until upon a certain day which fell upon the end of a week's wearisome traverse of the hardest country yet encountered.

They broke out of a canyon up which they had struggled all day onto a level plot where the pine stood in spongy ranks. A spring creek split the flat in two. Beside this tiny stream Bill unslashed his packs. It still lacked two hours of dark. But he made no comment, and Hazel forbore to trouble him with questions. Once the packs were off and the horses at liberty, Bill caught up his rifle.

"Come on, Hazel," he said. "Let's take a little hike."

The flat was small, and once clear of it the pines thinned out on a steep, rocky slope so that westward they could overlook a vast network of canyons and mountain spurs. But ahead of them the mountain rose to an up-standing backbone of jumbled granite, and on this backbone Bill Wagstaff bent an anxious eye. Presently they sat down on a boulder to take a breathing spell after a stiff stretch of climbing. Hazel slipped her hand in his and whispered:

"What is it, Billy-boy?"

"I'm afraid we can't get over here with the horses," he answered slowly. "And if we can't find a pass of some kind—well, come on! It isn't more than a quarter of a mile to the top."

Just short of the top Bill halted, and wiped the sweat out of his eyes. And as he stood his gaze suddenly became fixed, a concentrated stare at a point northward. He raised his glasses.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed. "I believe—it's me for the top!"

He went up the few remaining yards with a haste that left Hazel panting behind. Above her he stood balanced on a boulder, cut sharp against the sky, and she reached him just as he lowered the field glasses with a sigh of relief. His eyes shone with exultation.

"Come on up on the perch," he invited, and reached forth a long, mus-

cular arm, drawing her up close beside him on the rock.

"Behold the Promised Land," he breathed, "and the gateway thereof, lying a couple of miles to the north."

They were, it seemed to Hazel, roasting precariously on the very summit of the world. On both sides the mountain pitched away sharply in rugged folds. Behind them, between them and the far Pacific, rolled a sea of mountains, snow-capped, glacier-torn, gigantic.

"Down there," Roaring Bill waved his hand, "there's a little meadow, and turf to walk on. Lord, I'll be glad to get out of these rocks! You'll never catch me coming in this way again. It's sure tough going. And I've been scared to death for a week, thinking we couldn't get through."

"But we can?"

"Yes, easy," he assured. "Take the glasses and look. That flat we left our outfit in runs pretty well to the top, about two miles along. Then there's a notch in the ridge that you can't get with the naked eye, and a wider canyon running down into the basin. It's the only decent break in the divide for fifty miles so far as I can see. We're lucky to hit this pass."

"Suppose we couldn't get over here?" Hazel asked. "What if there hadn't been a pass?"

"That was beginning to keep me awake nights," he confessed. "Do you realize that it's getting late in the year? Winter may come—bing!—inside of ten days. And we caught in a rock pile, with no cabin to shelter my best girl, and no hay up to feed my horses! You bet it bothered me."

She hugged him sympathetically, and Bill smiled down at her.

"But it's plain sailing now," he continued. "I know that basin and all the country beyond it. It's a pretty decent camping place, and there's a fairly easy way out."

He bestowed a reassuring kiss upon her. They sat on the boulder for a few minutes, then scrambled downhill to the jack-pine flat, and built their evening fire. And for the first time in many days Roaring Bill whistled and lightly burst into snatches of song in the deep, bellowing voice that had given him his name back in the Cariboo country. His humor was infectious. Hazel felt the gods of high adventure smiling broadly upon them once more.

At noon, two days later, they stepped out of a heavy stand of spruce into a sun-warmed meadow, where ripe yellow grasses waved to their horses' knees. Hazel came afoot, a fresh-killed deer lashed across Silk's back. Bill hesitated, as if taking his bearings, then led to where a rocky spur of a hill jutted into the meadow's edge.



Swung the Keen Blade in the Heavy Grass.

A spring bubbled out of a pebbly basin, and he poked about in the grass beside it with his foot, presently stooping to pick up something which proved to be a short bit of charred stick.

"The remains of my last campfire," he smiled reminiscently. "Packs off, old pal. We're through with the trail for a while."

### CHAPTER XI.

**Four Walls and a Roof.**

Brought to it by a kindlier road, Hazel would have found that nook in the Klappan range a pleasant enough place. She could not deny its beauty. But she was far too trail weary to appreciate the grandeur of the Klappan range. She desired nothing so much as rest and comfort, and the solemn mountains were neither restful nor soothing. They stood too grim and aloof in a lonely land.

There was so much to be done, work of the hands; a cabin to build, and a stable; hay to be cut and stacked so

that their horses might live through the long winter—which already heralded his approach with sharp, stinging frosts at night, and hurries of snow along the higher ridges.

Bill staked the tent beside the spring, fashioned a rude fork out of a pruned willow, and fitted a handle to the scythe he had brought for the purpose. From dawn to dark he swung the keen blade in the heavy grass which carpeted the bottom. Behind him Hazel piled it in little mounds with a fork. She insisted on this, though it blistered her hands and brought furious pains to her back. If her man must strain every nerve she would lighten the burden with what strength she had. And with two pair of hands to the task, the piles of hay gathered thick on the meadow. When Bill judged that the supply reached twenty tons, he built a rude sled with a rack on it, and hauled in the hay with a saddle horse.

"Amen!" said Bill, when he had emptied the rack for the last time, and the hay rose in a neat stack. "That's another load off my mind. I can build a cabin and a stable in six feet of snow if I have to, but there would have been a slim chance of haying one a storm hit us. We wouldn't go hungry—there's moose enough to feed an army ranging in that low ground to the south."

"There's everything that one needs, almost, in the wilderness, isn't there?" Hazel observed reflectively. "But still the law of life is awfully harsh, don't you think, Bill. Isolation is a terrible thing when it is so absolutely complete. Suppose something went wrong? There'd be no help, and no mercy—absolutely none. Nature, when you get close to her, is so inexorable."

Bill eyed her a second. Then he put his arms around her, and patted her hair tenderly.

"Is it getting on your nerves already, little person?" he asked. "Nothing's going to go wrong. I've been in wild country too often to make mistakes or get careless. Life isn't a bit harsher here than in the human art heaps. What does the old, settled country do to you when you have neither money nor job? It treats you worse than the worst the North can do; for, lacking the price, it denies you access to the abundance that mocks you in every shop window, and bars you out of the houses that line the streets. Here, everything useful is yours for the taking. No, little person, I don't think the law of life is nearly so harsh here as it is where the mob struggles for its daily bread. It's more open and aboveboard here; more up to the individual. But it's lonely sometimes. I guess that's what ails you."

"Oh, pour!" she denied. "I'm not lonely, so long as I've got you. But sometimes I think of something happening to you—sickness and accidents, and all that."

"Forget it!" Bill exhorted. "That's the worst of living in this big, still country—it makes one introspective, and so confoundedly conscious of what puny atoms we human beings are, after all. But there's less chance of sickness here than any place. Wait till I get that cabin built, with a big fireplace at one end. We'll be more comfortable, and things will look a little rosier. This thing of everlasting hurry and hard work gets on everybody's nerves."

The best of the afternoon was still unspent when the haystacking terminated, and Bill declared a holiday.

When the fire had sunk to dull embers, and the stars were peeping shyly in the open flap of their tent, she whispered in his ear:

"You mustn't think I'm complaining or lonesome or anything, Billy-boy, when I make remarks like I did today. I love you a heap, and I'd be happy anywhere with you. And I'm really and truly at home in the wilderness. Only—only sometimes I have a funny feeling; as if I were afraid. I look up at these big mountains, and they seem to be scowling—as if we were trespassers or something."

"I know," Bill drew her close to him. "But that's just mood. I've felt that same sensation up here—a foolish, indefinable foreboding. All the out-of-the-way places of the earth produce that effect, if one is at all imaginative. It's the biggest of everything, and the eternal stillness. It would be hard on the nerves to live here always. But we're only after a stake—then all the pleasant places of the earth are open to us; with that little old log house ever we get tired of the world at large. Cuddle up and go to sleep. You're a dead-game sport, or you'd have hollered long ago."

And, next day, to Hazel, sitting by watching him swing the heavy, double-bitted ax on the foundation logs of their winter home, it all seemed foolish, that heaviness of heart which sometimes assailed her. She was perfectly happy. They had plenty of food. In a few brief months Bill would wrest a sack of gold from the treasure house of the North, and they would journey home by easy stages. Why should she brood? It was sheer folly—a mere ebb of spirit.

Fortune favored them to the extent of letting the October storms remain in abeyance until Bill finished his cabin, with a cavernous fireplace of rough stone at one end.

Followed then the erection of a stable to shelter the horses. Midway of its construction a cloud bank blew out of the northeast, and a foot of snow fell. Then it cleared to brilliant days of frost. Bill finished his stable. At night he tied the horses therein. By day they were turned loose to rustle their fodder from under the crisp snow. It was necessary to husband the stock of hay, for spring might be late.

After that they went hunting. The third day Bill shot two moose in an open glade ten miles aside. It took them two more days to haul in the frozen meat on a sled.

He also laid in a stock of frozen trout by the simple expedient of locating a large pool, and netting the speckled denizens thereof through a hole in the ice.

So theirarder was amply supplied. And, as the cold rightly tightened its grip, and succeeding snows deepened the white blanket till snowshoes became imperative, Bill began to string out a line of traps.

December wings by, the days succeeding each other like glittering panels on a black ground of long, drear nights. Christmas came. They mus-

tered up something of the holiday spirit, dining gayly off a roast of caribou. For the occasion Hazel had saved the last half dozen potatoes. With the material at her command she evolved a Christmas pudding, serving it with brandy sauce. And after satisfying appetites bred of a morning tilt with Jack Frost along Bill's trap line, they spent a pleasant hour picturing their next Christmas. There would be holly and bright lights and music—the festive spirit freed of all restraint.

A day or two after the first of the year Roaring Bill set out to go over one of the uttermost trap lines. Five minutes after closing the door he was back.

"Easy with that fire, little person," he cautioned. "She's blowing out of the northwest again. The sparks are sailing pretty high. Keep your eye on it, Hazel."

"All right, Billum," she replied. "I'll be careful."

Not more than fifty yards separated the house and stable. At the stable end stood the stack of hay, a low hummock above the surrounding drift. Except for the place where Bill daily removed the supply for his horses there was not much foothold for a spark, since a thin coat of snow overlaid the greater part of the top. But there was that chance of catastrophe. The chimney of their fireplace yawned wide to the sky, vomiting sparks and ash like



She Was Working on a Pair of Moccasins, After an Indian Pattern.

a miniature volcano when the fire was roughly stirred, or an extra heavy supply of dry wood laid on. When the wind whistled out of the northwest the line of flight was fair over the stack. It behooved them to watch wind and fire.

Hazel washed up her breakfast dishes, and set the cabin in order according to her housewifely instincts. Then she curled up in the chair which Bill had painstakingly constructed for her special comfort with only ax and knife for tools. She was working on a pair of moccasins after an Indian pattern, and she grew wholly absorbed in the task, drawing stitch after stitch of shrewdly and neatly into place. When at length the soreness of her fingers warned her that she had been at work a long time, she looked at her watch.

"Goodness me! Bill's due home any time, and I haven't a thing ready to eat," she exclaimed. "And here's my fire nearly out."

She piled on wood, and stirring the coals under it, fanned them with her husband's old felt hat, forgetful of sparks or aught but that she should be cooking against his hungry arrival. Outside, the wind blew lustily, driving the loose snow across the open in long, wavering ribbons. But she had forgotten that it was in the dangerous quarter, and she did not recall that important fact even when she sat down again to watch her moose steaks broil on the glowing coals raked apart from the leaping blaze. The flames licked into the throat of the chimney with the purr of a giant cat.

No sixth sense warned her of impending calamity. It burst upon her with startling abruptness only when she opened the door to throw out some scraps of discarded meat, for the blaze of the burning stack shot thirty feet in the air, and the smoke rolled across the meadow in a sooty mangle.

Bareheaded, in a thin pair of moccasins, without coat or mittens to fend her from the lance-toothed frost, Hazel ran to the stable. She could get the horses out, perhaps, before the log walls became their crematory. But Bill, coming in from his traps, reached the stable first, and there was nothing for her to do but stand and watch with a sickening self-reproach. He untied and clucked the reluctant horses outside. Already the stable end against the hay was shooting up tongues of flame. As the blaze lapped swiftly over the roof and ate into the walls, the horses struggled through the deep drift, lunging desperately to gain a few yards, then turned to stand with ears pricked up at the strange sight, shivering in the bitter northwest wind that assailed their bare, unprotected bodies.

Bill himself drew back from the fire and stared at it fixedly. He kept silence until Hazel timidly put her hand on his arm.

"You watched that fire all right, didn't you?" he said then.

"Bill, Bill!" she cried. But he merely shrugged his shoulders, and kept his gaze fixed on the burning stable.

To Hazel, shivering with the cold, even close as she was to the intense heat, it seemed an incredibly short time till a glowing mound below the snow level was all that remained; a black-edged pit that belched smoke and sparks. That and five horses humped tail to the driving wind, stolidly enduring. She shuddered with something besides the cold. And then Bill spoke absently, his eyes still on the smoldering heap.

"Five feet of caked snow on top, of every blade of grass," she heard him mutter. "They can't browse on trees, like deer."

He had stuck his rifle butt first in the snow. He walked over to it; Hazel followed. When he stood, with the rifle slung in the crook of his arm, she tried again to break through this silent aloofness which cut her more deeply than any harshness of speech could have done.

"Bill, I'm so sorry!" she pleaded. "It's terrible, I know. What can we do?"

"Do? Huh!" he snorted. "If I ever have to do before my time, I hope it will be with a full belly and my head in the air—and mercifully swift."

Even then she had no clear idea of his intention. She looked up at him pleadingly, but he was staring at the horses, his teeth biting nervously at his under lip. Suddenly he blinked, and she saw his eyes moisten. In the same instant he threw up his rifle. At the thin, vicious crack of it, Silk collapsed.

She understood then. With her hand pressed hard over her mouth to keep back the hysterical scream that threatened, she fled to the house. Behind her rifle spat forth its staccato message of death. For a few seconds the mountains flung whiplike echoes back and forth in the valley. Then the sibilant voice of the wind alone broke the stillness.

Numbered with the cold, terrified at the elemental ruthlessness of it all, she threw herself on the bed, denied even the relief of tears. Dry-eyed and heavy-hearted, she waited for her husband's coming, and dreaded it—for the first time she had seen her Bill look on her with cold, critical anger. For an intolerable time she lay listening for the click of the latch, every nerve strung tight.

He came at last, and the thump of his rifle as he stood it against the wall had no more than sounded before he was bending over her. He sat down on the edge of the bed, and putting his arm across her shoulders, turned her gently so that she faced him.

"Never mind, little person," he whispered. "It's done and over. I'm sorry I slashed at you the way I did. That's a fool man's way—if he's hurt and sore he always has to jump on somebody else."

"Don't, Bill!" she cried forlornly. "I know it's my fault. I let the fire almost go out, and then built it up big without thinking. And I know being sorry doesn't make any difference. But please—I don't want to be miserable over it. I'll never be careless again."

"All right; I won't talk about it, hon," he said. "I don't think you will ever be careless about such things again. The North won't let us get away with it. The wilderness is bigger than we are, and it's merciless if we make mistakes."

"I see that," she shuddered involuntarily. "It's a grim country. It frightens me."

"Don't let it," he said tenderly. "So long as we have our health and strength as we can win out, and be stronger for the experience."

"How can you prospect in the spring without horses to pack the outfit?" she asked, after a little. "How can we get out of here with all the stuff we'll have?"

"We'll manage it," he assured lightly. "We'll get out with our furs and gold, all right, and we won't go hungry on the way, even if we have no pack train. Leave it to me."

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### JAPAN ISSUES NEW CURRENCY

Fractional Amounts in Paper Money, Relieving a Great Need, Now in Circulation.

Two recent steps taken by the Japanese government illustrate the difficulties attendant upon the use of subsidiary coin whose metal value is comparatively close to its mint value, states Commerce Reports. Announcement was made recently that paper fractional currency would be issued to the amount of 30,000,000 yen (\$14,940,000). Early in November a portion of this issue was put in circulation. The new notes are exchangeable for regular bank notes and are legal tender up to ten yen (\$4.95).

More recently the Japanese government has announced three prizes of 1,000 yen, 500 yen and 300 yen for the best designs submitted for a new silver 50-sen piece (24.9 cents). The new coin is to be materially smaller than the one now in circulation.

The present 50-sen piece is 80 per cent pure and weighs 2.7 momme (0.3235 ounce Troy). The coin, therefore, contains 0.2404 ounce of pure silver and 0.0631 ounce of copper. At par the money value of the coin is 24.95 cents. This corresponds to 95.7 cents per ounce Troy if the value of the copper is disregarded.

For a considerable period the excess of the bullion value over the mint value made it profitable to melt Japanese subsidiary coin or ship it to China. The country, as a consequence, became denuded of small change, and it was and is extremely difficult to get money changed except through money changers at comparatively high rates. It was no unusual thing to pay ten sen, or even more, to change a five-yen note; and in that case the buyer would receive four one-yen notes and only the fraction less than a yen in subsidiary coin.

### Protecting the Bank.

The public entrance doors of the Bank of England are so finely balanced that a clerk, merely by pressing a knob under his desk, can close them instantly. This, of course, has been designed with a view to prevent robbery by mobs. But inside the building ingenious machinery has also been set up to prevent robbery by persons who, by cunning, have gained access to the premises at night, or by dishonest officials.

The bullion departments are nightly submerged in several feet of water, and wherever the money is stored ingenious alarms have been fixed up. If during the day a dishonest person should take even so much as one from a heap of a thousand sovereigns in the safe the whole pile would immediately sink, and a pool of water occupy its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

### Turkish Language Easy.

The Turkish language, although spoken in many dialects, is so uniform in plan that anyone who speaks Ottoman Turkish can be understood while traveling from European Turkey through Asia Minor and Central Asia.

### FIVE LOVE LETTERS

By AGNES PLUMS.  
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Colorado Springs, June 14.

My Dear Mr. Meredith: I suppose I owe you an apology. I really ought to have let you know before I left Chicago, and would have done so had you troubled yourself to let me hear from you during my last two weeks at home. Of course I understand that our discussion of your absurd jealousy is the cause of your silence. I really did think you above such petty feelings, and trust by this time you have overcome them.

Very sincerely,  
Caroline Carrolton.

Colorado Springs, June 22.

My Dear Ted: I wrote to you more than a week ago, and have received no answer. I didn't think you would stay angry at me so long—especially when I wrote you the first letter. Really, Ted, I'm awfully sorry I didn't let you know before I went away, but I was so wild at you! I am beginning to see that perhaps you had a little cause for your anger that night—just a little. Please write to me soon.

Yours,  
Carol.

Colorado Springs, June 29.

My Dear Teddy: By this time you must have had my second letter to last five days, and yet you won't answer. Well, I'm going to keep on writing till you do, for I'm bound you shall know that I still want you to forgive me. Please, Ted, please! I'll explain everything about that horrid drive, and I'll do anything to show how sorry I am and I was so mean about it that night, if you'll only write to me and tell me that you still love me. I know you do, for you aren't the kind to forget a girl in a hurry. It's strange that you can still love such a hateful thing as I am, but I feel sure you do. Oh, you must, Teddy, darling.

If I don't hear from you soon, I'll go into the nursing business, and take care of a sick young man in his hotel. He is away down the hall, but the chambermaid sometimes tells me about him. It seems the poor fellow was knocked down on the street, where he ran out and picked up a baby who was on the car track. It was a brave act and made him a hero, but it broke his leg.

For my part, I am not interested in anyone now but my distant Teddy, who is angry with me. Please forgive and write to  
Carol.

Colorado Springs, July 4.

Teddy Dear: This is a pretty nice Fourth of July, but I don't care much. Do you remember the picnic we went to one year ago today? That was the first time you ever made love to me. I can see you yet as you stood in front of my hammock, talking so earnestly; and I laughed. Oh, well, I'm getting my pay now.

I'm going to tell you all about that horrid affair with Paul Elliot. I wish to goodness I'd told you before.

It was this way. Of course, when I promised to go driving with you I meant to go, and I got ready and waited. You said "four o'clock," you know; and when you didn't come, and Paul did, at ten minutes past four, why, I said I'd go with him for meanness. I remembered how you disliked him, and I had made such a special point of being ready on time that I wanted to punish you for being late. I felt cut up when we passed you down about a block driving so fast, for I knew what a horrid position it put you in, and how delighted Paul was; and besides, it was the first time you had ever failed to be on time.

Then that night when you came up and talked so awfully to me—you've no idea how stern and angry you were, Teddy, and how scared I was—why, I just wouldn't tell you how sorry I was. You made me lose my temper so quick that I didn't have time to tell you while I was repentant, and after that I didn't want to say anything but how angry I was.

You had never spoken to me so before, and—well, I didn't like it very much. I can't forget what you said when you left. You banged the door, too, Teddy, did you know it? It rings in my ears: "You never cared for me a bit, or you couldn't have put me in such a position. Since you won't explain, I'll go, and wait till you do!" Those words hurt me more than I can tell, Teddy, and I can't forget them.

Now that I have at last explained, will you come back to me again? You know you said you would—and I can't live without you.  
Carol.

P. S.—The lady next door is in, and is telling Aunt Mary about the young man with the broken leg. She says he is "such a fine, handsome fellow." I wish she could see my "fine, handsome fellow!"  
C. C.

Colorado Springs, July 8.

My Darling Girl: Your letters have just been forwarded to me. I am up with the broken leg—hurry up and come to me; I am wild for a sight of you. I heard you had gone to your uncle's in Salt Lake, and started after you, but broke my leg the day I struck you. Isn't it all the strangest thing you ever heard of—special Providence or something? If you aren't here in five minutes, I'll be up there on a stretcher, broken leg and all. Darling, hurry!  
Ted.

### Classify Him.

Reggy—Yaas, I confess I prefer dear old England to this country. I should like to be a subject of the king.

Peggy—Vain longing. Of course, you can never be anything but an object.

### Great Need.

"Miss Prim told me the other day she was so embarrassed she changed continents."

"Well, she didn't do it before she needed too."

### WESTERN CANADA'S CROPS

Got an Excellent Start. Big Yields Now Assured.

Never in the history of Western Canada did the seed enter the ground under more favorable conditions. The weather during the month of April was perfect for seeding operations, and from early morning until late in the evening the sun shined brightly on every acre that could be profitably sown. Farmers entered heart and soul into the campaign of greater production. There was the time and the opportunity for careful preparation, and consequence with favorable weather from now on there will be a vastly increased yield. They realized it was a duty they owed to humanity to produce all that they could on the land, in addition to the patriotic aspect, they are aware that the more they produce the greater will be their own returns in dollars and cents.

In many districts wheat seeding was completed by the 1st of May, after which date oats and barley on large acreages than usual were planted.

As has been said, favorable weather conditions made possible excellent seed-bed preparation, and the seed has gone into the ground in unusually good shape. The available moisture in the soil has been added to by rains, which have not been so heavy, however, as to interfere long with the working of the fields. The grain is germinating freely, and