

IN A MOOTED GROVE

A Tangle That Was Settled In Court and Then Out of Court.

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON. (Copyright, 1928, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Well," said Hills shortly to the gray haired lawyer, who seemed rather bored with the whole matter, "what do you advise?"

"The attorney grinned unpleasantly. "Rip up this fence and set it where it belongs—200 yards to the south," said he. "Your deed reads perfectly clear. This fence belongs to the other side of the grove. The grove is yours. You've paid for it."

Hills frowned. "I hate trouble," he observed. "I'm a newcomer here. I don't want to start on my career as owner of this place by antagonizing people."

"Then let it go," said the other disgustedly. "Let 'em put their fences on to your land as much as you please. In a little while, let 'em once get the



"OH!" SHE SAID, LOOKING UP IN EMBARRASSMENT, "OH!"

idea you're an easy mark, and they'll encroach on you right and left."

Hills straightened himself, and his eyes flashed.

"If it's a matter of precedent"—he began.

"It is," said the lawyer laconically. "I know the crowd round here."

"Very well, then," said Hills; "I'll have the gardener and some of the men fix this matter up in short order. Back goes the fence where it belongs. Two hundred yards to the south, you say? Good! I'll see it goes there."

"A man may just as well stand up for his rights," the lawyer remarked, "and in this vicinity I know perfectly well what I'm saying when I advise you to keep 'em off your toes at the outset."

Hills turned on his heel and made his way back toward the house, the lawyer following.

Twenty minutes later Tim, the gardener, was tearing down the offending fence, while two helpers he had involved into service were digging post holes for its resetting on the other side of the grove.

But next morning Tim, with a haggard expression on his homely face, appeared before Hills, who was lounging in the library of the house he had recently purchased.

"The fence is back, sir," he began—"back just where it was before we tore it down."

"Then take it down once more and set it the other side of the grove," Hills commanded.

All the morning Tim labored again with his helpers, but at dusk Hills, walking down to inspect the job, found the fence in its original position.

"I'm" he mused. "Well, take a hard in this thing personally, I think, Ho, Tim?"

Tim, who was coming through the bushes, hastened his steps.

"You see how it is," said Hills to his gardener. "Call the men and move it once more. I shall keep an eye on it after you move it this time."

Once again the fence came down and went up again farther to the south. Darkness came on, and Tim and the men worked by the light of lanterns. When the work was done Hills said curtly:

"I'll stay here now until this matter is settled one way or the other. Bring me down a bite to eat, Tim."

Tim brought the lunch from the house, and Hills settled himself with his back against a pine to keep his vigil at the fence.

It was nearing 11 o'clock when he heard footsteps and low voices. He arose and strode to the fence. Two men armed with shovels and saws were already starting in on it.

"That fence stays just where it is this time," said Hills quietly.

"Does it, indeed?" said a quiet voice, and out of the darkness stepped a young woman.

"You have no right to this grove," said the girl. "You, I presume, are Mr. Hills, who has bought the Armitage place?"

"I am," said Hills.

"This grove is ours," she went on. "You are Miss Gray?" Hills asked. The girl nodded.

"Permit me to say I am equally sure it is mine," said he. "I have not moved the fence without being very sure of my position."

The girl bit her lips. "If my men move it, what will you do?"

"They aren't going to move it, Miss Gray," said Hills very quietly.

"There is law in the land," she said. "I am a going to let the men make any trouble now, but the courts shall decide it."

She moved away, followed by the two men, who were muttering angrily.

But Hills heard nothing more of the fence save a word from his attorney,

who informed him the Grays had taken the matter to court and through his own alertness they had lost their case. Hills grinned and was relieved that the matter was settled.

Some weeks later he strolled down to the mooted grove. He was sitting on a stump when he heard a strange sound to the left—the sound of some one sobbing. He arose and moved softly in that direction. There, seated on a fallen pine, her face covered with her hands, was Miss Gray.

"Oh!" she said, looking up in embarrassment. "Oh!"

She jumped to her feet and started to move away.

"Miss Gray, just a moment, please," said Hills, stepping quickly to her side.

Something in his voice made her halt her footsteps, even against her will.

She faced him, defiantly. "You'll pardon my trespassing, I trust," she said slowly. "But this grove is very much to me—and since we lost it."

"I didn't understand about it," Hills said contritely, but the girl was gone.

Next evening, after a busy day at the county seat, Hills drove over to the Grays.

He had a careful little speech all prepared, but somehow, face to face with the girl, the speech took sudden wings.

"I have brought you the deed to that grove," he broke out awkwardly, "and now you must take it and put your fence where it was originally," he hurried on.

"Indeed not," said she. "I couldn't possibly do that. The grove is yours. We are quite wrong in the matter."

Long did Hills argue, but the girl was obdurate. He walked homeward feeling decidedly like a cad.

However, Hills was a persistent mortal, and thereafter he went daily to the Grays, ostensibly to argue with the girl about accepting the grove, but in reality to know it was something utterly different that took him on his daily errand.

"Now, why," said the girl one evening after some two weeks of this—"why should you be so anxious to give up that grove when you were so anxious to keep it in the first place?"

"Well," said Hills, with an uneasy laugh, "there's a Scriptural injunction, you know, about loving your neighbor. I believe we are instructed to love our neighbor as ourself. Now, I have gone that injunction one better. I—I love my neighbor, very much better than I do myself or anything else in the world. I—I hang it—I'm rather awkward about saying things, but perhaps you understand."

Her hand rested lightly on his arm, and she was smiling up at him radiantly.

"I'll take the grove now," she laughed softly.

The minister's looks.

No workman can do good work with out sufficient tools. Boons are the minister's tools. He must have them if he is to serve his people well. Yet many a minister's salary is so small that he is unable to provide the commonest necessities for his family and have enough left to supply himself with needed books. The church that makes it impossible for its pastor to buy books harms itself even more than it harms the minister.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Etiquette.

In our republican atmosphere of fashioned etiquette has ceased to be necessary, but the word "etiquette" is suggested whenever one hears the phrase "that's the ticket," for "etiquette" is French for "ticket," and its present English signification springs from the old custom of distributing tickets or etiquettes which contained the ceremonies, etc., to be observed at any formal event, exactly like our word "program."

An Alibi.

Examiner—What is an alibi? Candidate for the Bar—An alibi is committing a crime in one place when you are in another place. If you can be in two other places, the alibi is all the stronger in law.—Puck.

Corroded by Water.

In a German village an underground lead and water pipe was found greatly corroded and perforated. Investigation showed that the soil in which the pipe had lain was permeated by very impure water and consequently contained large quantities of ammonia, ammonium nitrate and other compounds, which had attacked the lead pipe, forming lead carbonate, nitrate, nitrite and chloride. All of these lead salts, except the carbonate, are more or less soluble in water. The carbonate is insoluble in pure water, but is soluble in water containing carbon dioxide. Iron pipes coated with asphalt should be employed for underground conduits. If lead pipes are used they should be imbedded in asphalt.—Scientific American.

Learn to Laugh.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to do something for others. Even if you are a beset man, there is always something that you can do to make others happier, and that is the surest way to attain happiness for yourself.—Exchange.

His News.

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the Billville citizen, "is that the river has riz an' drowned all yer cattle, an' yer uncle has broke jail; likewise the widder woman you wuz ago-in' ter marry has runned off with a book agent. Outside of these here things, we air all doin' well."—Atlantic Constitution.

Slightly Different.

"Ten years ago that fellow borrowed the passage money to come to this country."

"And now he's worth millions, eh?"

"No. He seems sort of thriftless. Ows for his passage money yet."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Plain Talk.

"I think she's double faced."

"Oh, don't say that! One face like hers is bad enough!"—Comic Cuts.

HER CHOICE.

The Man She Did Not Pick and What He Discovered.

By CLARISSA MACKIE. (Copyright, 1928, by the Mail and Express Company.)

Beth Lewis was lost. On every side were sand and crisp brown vegetation and the hopelessness of the Arizona desert. Overhead were a cloudless blue sky and a burning sun.

Beth's red lips closed resolutely as she urged her tired horse along the faintly defined trail which had led her astray.

"We will make for that little canyon, Lightfoot—that little break in the rise beyond," said Beth, stroking the shiny black mane. "Perhaps—perhaps—there will be shade and water for us there."

When miles of burning sand had been traversed she rode down the dry bed of a water course and into the small canyon. Her heart sank, for there was nothing save an expanse of shimmering sand and some tall, spiky cacti on the steep, rocky sides.

But the large leaved cactuses might afford some shelter from the sun, and she urged Lightfoot to the edge of the shimmering sand. There he paused and snorted shrilly. Another step and his feet sank in the yielding sand. With a scream of terror the beast settled back on his haunches and then made an ineffectual leap forward.

Beth shot over his head and fell a crumpled heap on the ground beyond the outer circle of shimmering sand.

When she recovered consciousness Lightfoot was struggling shoulder deep in the quicksand, his strained eyes turned in agony upon her face.

She turned away and sobbed her helplessness into her hands. When she looked again there was nothing save the yellow sand undulating in the sunlight.

How horrible it was! If Lightfoot had not tossed her over his head into



WHEN SHE LOWERED AGAIN THERE WAS NOTHING BUT THE YELLOW SAND.

safety she, too, might have been drawn beneath those treacherous quicksands. But was lost in much better, alone, afoot, without food or water, lost in a wild canyon, on one side of which rose a precipitous wall of rock and on the other, cutting off escape, the quicksand?

The sun moved slowly away from the canyon, but the stifling heat did not abate. The rocky walls reflected the blinding glare and intensified its unbearable heat.

Pale and languid, Beth leaned back against a rock and looked with dreamy eyes toward the mouth of the canyon, where help might come—if it came in time.

Surely some one at the ranch house, where she had left for breakfast for her morning carter, would attempt to find her. Would it be Buck Hayden or Judson Bailey?

She pictured the two men, loose limbed and graceful, stretching along the necks of their horses with eyes alert for a glimpse of the girl they both loved and were fighting for with amicable rivalry. Together they had courted Beth Lee with a certain dogged persistence, and she felt somehow that side by side they would come searching for her.

The sunlight was still glowing on the opposite wall of the canyon when they came riding through the narrow opening. Judson Bailey in the lead, his dark face gleaming.

At his flank rode Buck Hayden, his sunburned countenance grim with anxiety. His jaws were set, and all of his homely features were knotted with care.

Beth's heart quickened as they sighted her and whooped joyously. She leaped to her feet and sprang toward them.

"The quicksand!" she cried sharply. "You cannot cross! Lightfoot went down there!" She pointed with trembling fingers at the quivering sand at her feet.

The two men halted at the edge of the sand and looked up and down the canyon. Their eyes met, and Judson Bailey's face blanched to a dull gray.

"Buck Hayden's jaw set firmly. "We can't get her any other way. One of us 'll have to cross here, Jud." He looked the other man squarely in the eye.

Bailley licked his dry lips and tried to smile. He looked at the wide expanse of palpitating sand and then across at the girl.

"Ask her," he said suddenly. "Buck Hayden's face paled. "Beth," he called thickly, "one of us has got to cross over after you. Which one do you want? It's a good chance to make a choice."

Beth was trembling with agitation. "Don't ask me. I can't choose!" she cried appealingly.

"You've got to choose," said Buck firmly. "Let Judson come," she said faintly, hiding her face in her hands. "I'm out of it, Jud," he said hoarsely. "I'll stand by to help you if you get in trouble. Will your mare make it?"

Bailley was staring with horror-stricken eyes at the crawling, beekoning, shifting particles of sand at his feet. Death by that slow torture would be—

"Will your mare make it?" repeated Buck impatiently.

"Sure to," responded Bailley, tightening his rein with a jerk.

"Ready, then," said Hayden. "I'll stand by, Jud—remember that!" With a muttered ejaculation of terror, Judson Bailey wheeled his horse and spurred toward the canyon's mouth. In a minute he had disappeared from view.

"I'll have to come after you anyway, Beth," said Buck quietly.

She watched with bated breath as the sorrel sprang forward and then sank on the opposite side with scrambling feet.

Again the sorrel hovered over the quicksand and once more clattered to a footing, and then slowly, with Beth before him in the saddle, Buck Hayden rode out of the canyon with miserable eyes fixed straight ahead, unseeing, unhearing.

The heavens were thick with stars when they neared the ranch house, and then for the first time Buck addressed the girl sitting rigidly silent before him, her bright hair so near to his beating heart.

"I'm sorry about what happened, Beth," he said in a low voice. "If ever I catch up with that coyote I'll—"

A soft hand covered his lips. "Let him alone, Buck," whispered Beth. "I am ashamed to tell you how selfish I am, but I chose Judson because—"

I was afraid—I did not want you to take the risk!"

She paused, and the rest of the sentence was whispered within Buck Hayden's restraining arms.

AN AUTHOR'S START.

When Marion Crawford Began His Career as an Author.

Marion Crawford I had known since he was a lad of fourteen years. I, too, was a youngster in those days. We were living in a New Jersey town and he came there to visit his aunt, Mrs. Adolphe Maillard, a sister of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Although he came from Italy he dressed as an English lad, with high hat, Eton jacket, wide collar and long trousers. You can imagine the sensation that he made in that quiet New Jersey town. We had had kings and princes as our neighbors, but a young boy in a high hat was unknown to us and therefore much more of a novelty. From those days, which were filled with youthful escapades, I did not see Frank Crawford, as he was then called, until he was a full grown man and had knocked about the world a bit. His uncle, the well known Sam Ward, brought him to the office of the Critic, then consisting of a single small room over Dan Kelly's dry goods store in Broadway, New York. "This lad wants to be a writer," said his Uncle Sam. "I wish that you would give him a chance to learn the business." We gave him the chance, not only for old times' sake, but because we liked his looks. "That fellow can do anything he cares to," I remarked after he left the office. So we let him write. He wrote book reviews, editorials and even poetry, and after that he wrote "Mr. Isaacs." You know the rest. From that on it was easy enough. He won out and we knew that, though we had given him the chance he wanted at the time that he wanted it, he would have found it quick enough anywhere else. But he never forgot what he chose to regard as a favor.—Jeanette L. Glider in Putnam's.

POLENTA.

A Woman Tells of Her Introduction to the Italian Dish.

Did you ever eat polenta? Hear what one woman has to tell you before you say no.

"Just let me tell you about my introduction to this Italian dish. Last summer, after I had closed our camp in the mountains, I was invited to spend the night with an acquaintance who had the next camp.

"She is a charming woman, one who has lived abroad more than in this country. She is devoted to Italy and things Italian, and her cook from southern Italy has been with her several years.

"As I was about to retire my hostess said to me, 'Pardon me, but I didn't think to ask you what you preferred to have for breakfast.' Really, before I had opportunity to frame a reply, she continued, 'We always have polenta; Antonia makes delicious polenta, so I always have it. I did not know polenta, I was quite sure, but it certainly sounded most attractive, and so I replied, 'I am sure I should like polenta, especially if Antonia makes it,' and I went to my room with my appetite already whetted for polenta made by Antonia.

"The next morning I awaited that meal with the greatest expectancy. The polenta was served, and I tasted it. Was it good?"

"It certainly was, but I had eaten it hundreds of times before, only we prole Americans call it cornmeal mush.

"Truly, that is polenta. A name makes lots of difference, doesn't it?" she concluded.—Houston Post.

Praise.

"Your glasses," she said, "have made a great difference in your appearance."

"Do you think so?" he asked. "Yes. You look so intelligent with them on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Retort Unkind.

Gerald—A gentleman is defined as one who never gives pain. Geraldine—Then you're no gentleman; you give me a pain every time you call.—New York Press.

Finding His Level.

"A man allus finds his level, son," said Uncle Eben, "an' you're lucky to be let down easy by experience instead of arrivin' wif a jolt."—Washington Star.

A Beneficent Rule.

"So you are ninety-four years old! To what do you attribute your long life?"

SPAIN-MOROCCO WAR

Cause of the Trouble With Moors at Melilla.

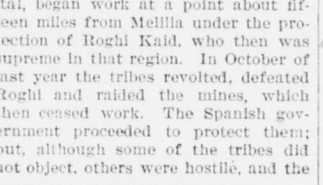
KABYLE TRIBES TO BLAME.

Their Attack on Some Spanish Mines Near Melilla Before the Spaniards Were Ready Precipitated the Crisis. Spain's Foes Are Born Soldiers.

The immediate cause of the trouble at Melilla, Morocco, which has cost Spain so dear, occurred on July 8, when some Moors laid an ambush at the Spanish mines on the railroad near Melilla for the purpose of making some prisoners in order to exchange them for Moors who had recently been arrested for an assault on a policeman. Four of the miners were killed. Thereupon a detachment of the Melilla garrison went out under General Marina and routed the Moors, though not without difficulty, as the bayonet had to be used, and the Spaniards lost twenty-nine killed and wounded.

Spain's Mines Raided.

The remote cause of the Melilla trouble dates back about a year and a half, when two Spanish mining companies, one of them operated with French capital, began work at a point about fifteen miles from Melilla under the protection of Roghi Kaid, who then was supreme in that region. In October of last year the tribes revolted, defeated Roghi and raided the mines, which then ceased work. The Spanish government proceeded to protect them; but, although some of the tribes did not object, others were hostile, and the



MULAI HATID, SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

whole district became much disturbed, so that it was not till last June that the miners were able to resume work.

Under the treaty of 1890 between Morocco and Spain the sultan is under obligation to furnish regular troops for the protection of the Spanish possessions of Ceuta and Melilla against the always more or less unruly Riff tribes. But he has never done this, and when Spain recently sent Minister Merry del Val to Fez to call Mulai Hatid's attention to this fact the sultan not only refused to listen, but insulted the minister. He refused to acknowledge the mining concessions at Melilla, and also demanded that the Spaniards withdraw from points where they had posted troops to prevent contraband traffic in arms as a condition prior to any discussion of the matter.

The Spanish government voted \$700,000 for the strengthening of the garrisons of Melilla and Ceuta and no doubt would have been much better prepared to deal with a Moorish revolt, but the incident above related precipitated a crisis before the Spaniards were ready for it.

Born Soldiers.

The Kabyle tribes, which are of Iberian origin, are the people with whom the soldiers of Spain are contending for supremacy on the Riff coast of Morocco. These tribesmen, who are Sunni Muslims, are born soldiers. Those of the plains have been recently engaged in carrying out public works connected with Spain's mining interests on the coast, while those of the mountains by sudden raids have periodically undone the work of their brothers of the plains.

The present revolt is due to the inspiration of the new sultan of Morocco, who recently, it is said, ordered the Spaniards to evacuate the Riff coast. The Kabyles, in carrying on the revolt, are using some Mauser rifles which were sold to them for his personal profit by General Marzagallo, governor of Melilla, who recently was killed in a sortie.

Spanish Forts in Ruins.

The Riff coast came into possession of Spain after the Moors had been driven out of Europe in the fifteenth century and were pursued into Africa. To prevent a second Moorish invasion, Spain began at once to fortify this coast, and by the middle of the seventeenth century from Ceuta to Melilla and eastward as far as the Algerian frontier was a strong line of fortifications. Most of the forts are now far advanced in ruin, and all are obsolete. Some have been evacuated even as early as the beginning of the nineteenth century and, with the continuance of successive Spanish governments, became the stronghold of pirates until the latter were swept from the sea by the combined efforts of France, England and the United States.

the great and pipe maker. The lecturer at the cooking school sometimes culled her remarks with an anecdote.

"The eighteenth century baker," she said, "was a pipe cleaner as well, just as the barber a little earlier was a surgeon. Everybody in those days smoked clay pipes, provided, the same as cups or spoons, by the coffee houses. Well, each morning a waiter carried his master's stock of pipes—some hundred perhaps—to the nearest bakery. The baker would boll them out, then dip them in liquid lime, then bake them dry. They came out of the oven as sweet and white as new."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

PRINCESS SUSETTE AND THE SENTRY.

A Spell of Genuine Joy For the Royal Baby.

By HARRY C. CARR.

There was a vivid flash in the sunshine as the sentry by the palace gate raised his saber in salute to the Princess Susette.

Her highness had run away from her nurse and stood peering out curiously into the great world beyond the gates. The children of the lodgekeeper were making mud pies in the creek that skirted the palace grounds. The Princess Susette wished that she, too, might make mud pies.

The flash from the sentry's saber caught her eye. The Princess Susette meditatively sucked one little pink thumb and surveyed him with round eyed wonder. He looked big and terrible on his great gray troop horse.

"What makes you do that?" inquired Princess Susette plaintively, for the

sentry sat in stern silence. It was against his orders to talk.

"Where is the Princess Susette?" demanded the nurse in sudden terror. The sentry stared on at the gatepost opposite, but beyond the gate came a childish trouble that the nurse knew. The Princess Susette was shrieking with delight over her first mud pie.

The nurse grabbed the lines from the groom and urged the pony forward by jerking the lines backward after the manner of women. The sentry's horse moved majestically out from the gatepost and blocked the way.

"Get out of the way!" ordered the nurse furiously.

"You cannot pass!" said the sentry coldly.

"I want the Princess Susette!" cried the nurse wildly.

She jerked the pony's head and tried to turn by the sentry, but a great gauntlet caught the pony's bridle and held it in a vise. The pony, bewildered by the whip behind, began to plunge, and the groom had to run to his head.

The distracted nurse scrambled from the cart and ran with flying skirts toward the gate, but the gray troop horse felt the dig of sharp spurs and plunged desperately out to head her off. Crawled into a corner by the palace gate, the nurse called to the groom to drive on and get the Princess Susette.

The troop horse wheeled, and the sentry whipped out a gleaming pistol from his saddle holster.

"Halt!" he thundered, and the order rang in the ears of the groom like a pistol shot. The pistol looked big and black, and the gaunt soldier by the gate with his bearskin hussar cap and the scarlet dolman over his shoulder was terrible to look upon.

The groom slunk back, and the nurse wept in despair.

It was the best time the Princess Susette ever had in her whole life.

When she came back the hair had straggled down into her highness' face and there was a smudge of blue black mud from the tip of her highness' little snub nose. Her highness' stockings, wet as a dish rag, were slung around her highness' neck in a lovely way that the lodgekeeper's children had shown her. The princess carried one shoe in her hand; the other had floated off down the stream after a tempestuous career as an ocean liner, plying across the creek and carrying pebbles. The princess sniffed with a cold in her head, but the heart of the princess was glad.

The nurse, on the verge of hysterics, waited on the other side of the sentry line, like a football player ready to tackle.

But the Princess Susette turned back to the sentry.

"Mr. Soldier," she said, "I wish I could make mud pies."

"The orders are that nobody can pass the gate," growled the sentry.

The sweet lips of the Princess Susette quivered, and the big blue eyes of the Princess Susette filled with tears.

"Oh, Mr. Soldier," she sobbed, "I'm such a lonely little girl! I wish I had some one to play with."

The heart of the Princess Susette overflowed with woe. Her highness leaned heavily against the shoulder of the big war horse and wept bitter tears on the subtleties of the sentry. The boot of the sentry was stroked with royal tears, and the black from the sentry's stirrup strap beamed the face of the princess.

The sentry stared straight out to the front and center through a strange mist that dim