

more on the way home; "for mirth is none," said he, "if one ride by the way dumb as a stone." In those days story-telling was a necessary accomplishment, as newspapers did not exist, and books were few and expensive.

As Chaucer portrays these characters from real life, with their various occupations, personal appearance, dress, and manners, we are convinced that no one ever more thoroughly understood human nature, or possessed a finer sense of the picturesque.

We seem to hear the laughter and jest with which the gay company started on their journey that bright spring morning, with the jingle of bells upon the horses. They were led by a Knight who was the most popular character of his time. No one had ridden farther than he in Christian and in heathen lands. He had been in fifteen mortal battles, and had always slain his foe. Although so great a warrior, he was gentle as a woman in speech and manners, and loved truth, honor, and courtesy. In fact, "he was a very noble, perfect knight." With him was his son, a young Squire, with curly locks and handsome face. "Of twenty years he was of age, I guess" ("I guess," was one of Chaucer's "yankeisms"). He had nobly borne himself in wars also, in the hope of finding favor in his lady's eyes. He could sing, compose songs, recite, make pictures, play the flute, and dance; all of which accomplishments made him a delightful companion. He was accompanied by a Yeoman (his servant), who was "clad in coat and hood of green." "A sheaf of peacock arrows, bright and keen, under his belt he bear full thriftily." Next came a coquettish Nun, who lisped in bad French, as that of Paris was unknown to her. Although she used an occasional oath, it was mild compared with those in common use among other ladies. Her table manners were considered elegant, as she "let no morsel fall from her lips while eating." She was so tender-hearted that she would weep if she but saw a dead mouse; and she fed her pet dogs with finest bread and roasted meat and milk; but no mention is made of her feeding the poor.

She was rather tall of stature, with straight nose, and eyes as "gray as glass" (a special mark of beauty), and her mouth was small and red. She was dressed in a violet cloak and plaited wimple, and around her neck she wore a rosary of small coral beads, divided by others of a green color, and from them hung a golden locket. She was attended by another nun and three priests. Next came a jolly, bald-headed Monk, who liked hunting more than anything else, and when he rode men might hear his "bridle jingle in a whistling wind as clear and loud as a chapel bell."

A frisky, begging Friar followed him, who could not be outdone in "fair talk and playfulness." In giving absolution, "pleasant was his way when men made it worth his while to be." He ignored the poor, but sought the company of those who gave good dinners. Chaucer seems to have little respect for monks, nuns, or friars. In striking contrast to these he portrays the character of the poor Parson, who, though "poor in condition," was "rich in holy thought and work," and who, while he taught "Christ's and his apostles' lore," first followed it himself.

Wide was his parish, with houses far assunder,  
But never did he fail in rain or thunder,  
In sickness or in woe, to visit all;  
The farthest in his parish, great or small,  
Upon his feet and in his hand a staff.

In the poor Clerk of Oxenford, who followed him, with his sober look and threadbare coat, we have a picture of the typical scholar who prefers books to fine clothes. Next came a merchant with so steady a countenance that no one "suspected he was in debt," and in his company was a white bearded Frankelyn, under whose hospitable roof it fairly "snowed of meat and drink" every day of the year. Then came a Sergeant-at-Law, who always "appeared busier than he really was." Then followed a learned Doctor of Physic, who knew the cause of every disease, and was "well grounded in astronomy," and with him were a Haberdasher, a Carpenter, a Dyer, a Webber, and a Cook, who could bake, broil, fry and stew; also, a woman called the Wife of Bath, who was a great shrew, and

had already worried five husbands into the grave. Then came an honest Ploughman, who "loved God best of all, and his neighbor as himself." Near him were a Miller, a Mauciple, and a Reve. Then came a Summoner, with a fiery, red face which frightened children, and with him was his friend the Pardoner. Both were great cheats, but the latter could read the church service with fine effect, and sing the offertory better than any one else. As we now take leave of Chaucer's interesting pilgrims, after so brief a glance at them, it is with the hope that some boy or girl may be inspired to more thoroughly make their acquaintance; and as "The Canterbury Tales" may be found with modernized spelling and partly in prose, it will no longer seem a task to read the best work of the "first great poet of our literature."<sup>1</sup>



## With a Difference

By Annie Eliot

The grass that grew in the paths worn by the gentle tread of mourners, and clothed the mounds lying unevenly to right and left, was warm and dry. That the sleepers beneath the mounds were indifferent to the sunny peace about them seemed impossible; as the breeze rustled through the group of pines that bordered the hill, it was as if a sigh of contentment breathed from many wearied breasts.

"It's a beautiful monument," said Mrs. Fretwell, with a lingering intonation that bespoke conscious enjoyment.

"So it is; it's handsome," replied her companion.

The two women stood before a memorial stone whose glittering surface and brilliant lettering marked it as of recent erection.

"The letters are cut deeper'n common, seems to me," went on the first speaker.

"So they be."

"And I like that golding of 'em over. I s'pose it's expensive, but I don't think when you come to putting up a monument that that's the time to skimp—at least, that's the way I feel about it."

"No more it is," returned the other, looking at Mrs. Fretwell with a certain respect, as one who might be called upon at any hour to put theory into practice, and who was ready to do it.

"I like the shape of the urn, too—it's more tasty, to my mind, than the one old Mr. Prome put up for his first," and Mrs. Fretwell cast a look of momentary criticism across the next enclosure.

"They say he spared no expense," suggested Mrs. Wedup.

"No more'n he did time in getting his second," asserted Mrs. Fretwell, grimly, as she turned away. "I declare it makes me feel as if some of them widowers worked on contract rather'n by the day, they're in such a hurry to get through their time of mournin'."

"'Twas kind of sudden the way he got his third," commented Mrs. Wedup, pausing in front of the Prome lot.

"I mistrusted there was something goin' on," said Mrs. Fretwell, nodding, "when I see how he was sprucin' up them two graves—and first thing I knew he was married again over to Savin. He seemed to have a great deal of proper feelin' about some things."

"'Twas in the Congo he was married, wasn't it?"

"Land, yes! You wouldn't get him to be married anywhere but in the Congo. He'd be all out of the way of it."

<sup>1</sup> The following guide to middle English pronunciation will be found useful:  
a long as in father. a as in wait was not established until the eighteenth century.  
a short as in at.  
ai as ah-e, not as in wait.  
an as ah-oo.  
aw same as au.  
ay same as ai.  
c like k before a-o-u or any consonant, and like s before e-i and y. It was never like sh, as in vicious, which then had three syllables vi-ci-ous.  
ch as in fetch.  
e long, as ei in their or almost like ai.  
e final, like a in idea, ah, almost.  
ee as in e'er.  
g hard in all words, not of French origin, and like j before e and i in words of French origin.  
i long, not like modern i, but more like i in still or almost e.  
i short as in fish.  
Consonant I like J, as for instance, Ieus pronounced Jesus.  
oi like joy, oo like mote.  
ou like rood.  
r was always trilled.  
re same as er.  
sch as in shall.  
tion like si-oun.  
u as in puir, French.  
v same as u.  
wr like roi, French.  
y, vowel like i, pronounced ee.

The cemetery stood on a hill and had a wide outlook, and as they neared the gateway, the two companions paused and gazed idly over the peaceful country. In the middle distance sprang the spire of the Congregational Church of Savin, on either side was a group of clustering houses—little cities of the plain—and at their feet curved their own village street.

"The sun's just about got round to the steeple of Savin Church now," said Mrs. Wedup, shading her dazzled eyes.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Fretwell, absently. "I'm thinking of having a scroll," she went on. "I've always kind of fancied a scroll. That is, when I come to want one," she added with a sigh.

"I suppose he don't get any better," said her friend, sympathetically.

"No, he's just the same. He may go off any minute. And he ain't bent on stayin'. Jezreel had all the consolations when he was so as he could take notice of 'em."

"Oh, we all know that—he'd never be found wantin'," Mrs. Wedup hastened to say, as they went on through the simple iron gateway. Topsfield was very proud of its cemetery; it was beautifully kept in order, and if strangers did not visit it the first or second day of their stay, they were liable to unfriendly comment. The two women turned now to look back on it with a thrill of pride, and possibly in Mrs. Wedup's timid heart a shade of envy, for labor was hard and for her there were few intervals.

"I always did think them pines was just the thing against that blue sky," said Mrs. Fretwell.

"Yes, and everything lookin' so neat and nice and no care to them as stays there," added Mrs. Wedup, softly.

"Morton & Row, Stonecutters, that's the name of the firm," said Mrs. Fretwell, as they descended the hill with heavy footed avoidance of the slippery places.

"I shan't ever forget it, for I was so particular about gettin' it. I've got their address and all, and I wouldn't have anybody else for a farm. They've done all the best work about here for them as was able to afford it, and I calculate on payin' them their price and havin' what I pay for."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't," said the other, heartily. "It's just about time for the noon train," she observed fifteen minutes later as they entered the lane upon which their neighboring houses were built. The railroad track cut its clean swath at the back of their gardens.

"Yes, I'd know that by Jezreel," said Mrs. Fretwell, "there he is."

At the end of the garden, on the edge of the bank which shelved rapidly down to the track, stood, in the warm sunlight, an old man leaning on his cane, with an air of patient, expectant waiting. There was a distant whistle, soon followed by one louder and nearer, and with mighty impetus the locomotive swung around the curve and with a puff of smoke, a rush of heavy wheels, a trembling of the earth, and a sprinkling of cinders, the long train dashed by on its determined, but apparently ungoverned, career. A gleam of mild pleasure lit the eyes of the old man as he looked after the whirl of speed. At that hour when active men were busy, and mingling in the turmoil of life, he kept his daily appointment with this forceful creature which sped by, bent upon its own multifarious designs and left him there—left him behind as everything had done.

Perhaps even to the accustomed eyes of the women, at the sight of that one bent, old man, the thought of age took on a new pathos. There are so many of them in the world—these old men laid aside, stranded, waiting with their poor little devices for spending the time—nothing they must do, nowadays, only to wait and to watch things speeding by.

"He does that every day, don't he?" said Mrs. Wedup, almost tenderly.

"Yes," answered his wife, "it's all he has to do and he's mighty particular about it, rain or shine."

It was four weeks later, and the quiet hour of the country tea time, when a sudden hush falls upon the earth, still basking in the tempered sunlight, streaming from the western horizon.

The men had all gone in to supper and the housekeepers

had finished doing those out-of-door errands that had kept them hastening to and from kitchen, woodpile, and barn. The last team had driven by from the post-office and everybody had gone within and shut the door and left for a short while the world to homely quiet. It is unlike the shutting up for the night, preluded by those last sounds before the unbroken midnight silence—this will be broken soon. A boy will come out of one of the houses, whistling, and slam the door, and the girls will wander forth indefinitely, to stroll up and down in the twilight, and the men will strike a match on the door-post and start down to the store for something forgotten or for a bit of politics. But now only a restless hen picks her way about in a security she had not ventured upon earlier, and a bird catches its breath and sings a low song that emphasizes but does not disturb the stillness.

Suddenly the door of Mrs. Wedup's tiny house flew open and Mrs. Wedup herself ran out, leaving it open behind her, and ran across the yard to the Fretwells. In another five minutes she came out a second time, and stopped, on his way to the store, the first man who had finished his supper, said a few words to him and hastened back. The man went on quickly and knocked at a neighbor's door. The boy who came out whistling grew silent abruptly, as he met another boy, and the girls slowly gathered in a whispering group. Two other women went in to join Mrs. Fretwell and Mrs. Wedup, and soon the whole village knew that old Jezreel Fretwell was dead at last.

A sultry afternoon of August was waning slowly when Mrs. Wedup hearing the shriek of a locomotive, glanced up at the kitchen clock.

"I declare for't," she soliloquized, "there's the evenin' train, already." She laid down her sewing and walked to the back window to see the cars swirl round the bend. As the last rear platform disappeared, she looked across to the Fretwell's garden.

"I do miss Jezreel Fretwell yet," she said to herself, "and though its most a month since he passed away, I sort of expect to see him every time the train goes by, standin' there and watchin'. It makes me kind of lonesome to think of its gettin' by without him, but I don't know as I think Mis' Fretwell's much affected by it. She's got a great deal of strength of character, Mis' Fretwell has."

Mrs. Wedup moved to the back door and paused on the threshold.

"Guess I might as well go over and see how she is," she went on, and stepped down. "And I'm a little curious about that young man with black hair," she admitted. "He's been there the better part of the afternoon."

As Mrs. Wedup reached her neighbor's step, Mrs. Fretwell herself came to the door, preceded by the young man with black hair.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Wedup," she said with dignity, "let me make you acquainted with Mr. Wilkens."

Mr. Wilkens bowed and smiled. He had, in strict conformity to the black hair, a heavy black mustache, and his smile, while genial, was also chastened as that of one from whose mind the great facts of existence are never wholly absent, and who, consequently, is withheld from an unthinking merriment which might jar upon a sensitive spirit.

"It is a pleasant afternoon, madam," he observed; social graces came to him, evidently, both by nature and education.

"Yes, it is," replied Mrs. Wedup.

"I will bid you good afternoon, my dear Madam," he went on, turning to Mrs. Fretwell, "and you may rest assured that your wishes will be attended to in every detail."

"I'm willing to pay for it," she answered, "if it's satisfactory—but it's got to be satisfactory."

"A most natural stipulation—most natural. I have taken great pains to note carefully each specification. I will say good afternoon, Madam—good afternoon." With a salute which would suit any ceremonial, grave or gay, the young man bowed himself away, and Mrs. Wedup stepped inside and sat down with Mrs. Fretwell in the



kitchen. The latter folded her hands upon her black dress, and forebore to prolong Mrs. Wedup's suspense.

"That is an agent," she remarked, "the agent of Morton & Row, stone-cutters."

"I mistrusted it might be something to do with—

with—" "The monument," concluded Mrs. Fretwell. "It had. He called early this afternoon. I'd been thinking of writin' to Morton & Row for a week past, but I've been put to it for time, so when he come along it seemed providential. I told him just how I felt about Morton & Row and he said he knew they had a reputation and he'd see that this job wasn't any come down from their usual style."

"I went in to Miss Kern's to get a knittin' needle, this morning, and I heard her tellin' Miss Taylor that you was goin' to employ Morton & Row," interpolated Mrs. Wedup. "And Miss Taylor said everybody knew what they was."

"Well, I guess everybody does." Mrs. Fretwell was evidently gratified. "Jezreel always used to have the same feelin' about 'em, though to be sure he didn't care so much latterly," she added, with a shade of regret.

"Well, after all, that was sort of natural."

"I s'pose it was," Mrs. Fretwell assented, sighing. "Well I took the agent up to the cemetery and I showed him the one we was lookin' at the other day, and he wanted to know what I preferred in the way of an emblem."

"There's quite a choice in emblems," said Mrs. Wedup, thoughtfully.

"Yes, he had samples with him, but I always liked an urn and a scroll and I didn't see my way to changin'."

"Are you goin' to have the letters golded over?"

"Yes, cut deep and golded over."

"Well," said Mrs. Wedup, after a pause, "I must be goin' back. And I'm glad it's off your mind. It's a great thing to get settled. He seemed a pleasant spoken young man."

"Yes, he was. He was kind of positive at first, but he saw I knew what I was about. It'll be something to take up my time," she added, soberly, revealing to friendly eyes the blank left by the recent departure of Jezreel. "It's goin' to be done the last of October."

The two neighbors stood a moment in the doorway, and, looking towards Cemetery Hill, it was as though their eyes caught the glint of western rays reflected from the golden lettering of a new and stately monument.

The August days passed and September ones began. Mrs. Wedup was gathering a dish of late blueberries for tea along one of the less frequented lanes, when she heard the voice of her neighbor and friend raised in a note which even in the distance seemed one of perturbation. She turned back a few steps and waited, while Mrs. Fretwell's solidity moved along the road, sending up a little cloud of dust at each heavy footfall, her decent black dress quite powdery from being less carefully held up than was usual.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Mrs. Wedup, hurriedly.

"You may well call it the matter," answered Mrs. Fretwell, solemnly, if somewhat breathlessly.

"Oh, dear," murmured Mrs. Wedup, anticipatorily.

"I've got to sit down," announced Mrs. Fretwell, "if it ain't on anythin' at all."

She took a couple of demolishing steps through the underbrush and found a rock upon which she ponderously subsided. "Lauretta Wedup," she went on at last, "what-ever do you think! That young man warn't none of Morton & Row's."

"What do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Wedup.

"What I say. He's a fraud. He belongs to another firm, a cheap firm, doing cheap business, and trying to work up a better trade. Work up a better trade off of me!"

"But I thought he said—"

"He did say." Mrs. Wedup drooped under this revelation of man's guile.

"He thought he'd get a chance like this and it would advertise them as doin' as good work as Morton & Row. And everybody talkin' of me going to Morton & Row's!" she concluded, unable to voice further her indignation.

"Yes, everybody's talking about it," corroborated Mrs. Wedup.

"Of course they are."

"And how—how do you know?"

"This way: a man come along 'bout ten o'clock and knocked at the door. 'I'm an agent,' says he, soon as he come in, 'for Morton & Row.' 'Well,' says I, 'then I s'pose its about the memorial.' I thought he looked hesitatin', but he just says 'Yes, the memorial for Mr. Jezreel Fretwell.' 'Aged eighty-four,' says I. 'It must be most done by now.' Then he looked at me a minute, 'You've given the order, then?' says he. 'Yes,' says I, 'to Morton & Row.' 'Excuse me, madam,' he says, 'but not to Morton & Row.' 'To one of their agents,' says I. 'To a light complected, modest sort of feller?' says he. 'Darker'n the land of Egypt,' says I, 'and as much modesty as a chromo.' He kind of laughed then. 'I know him,' says he; 'he ain't none of Morton & Row's,' and then it all come out."

"Land o' liberty!" breathed Mrs. Wedup.

"All I can say is he don't know me," observed Mrs. Fretwell, after a moment's silence, with a grim resolution that made Mrs. Wedup tremble for the young man with the black hair.

"What you goin' to do first?" she asked, feeling that a long series of retributive judgments was to be meted out.

"First," repeated Mrs. Fretwell, what I did first was to settle with Morton & Row."

"And got them to—to prosecute?"

"No, to——" and Mrs. Fretwell made a rhetorical pause, "to make me a monument."

The breeze rustled through the ferns and the blueberry-bushes, and Mrs. Wedup glanced mechanically from Mrs. Fretwell's face to her own berry-stained hands and back again.

"For—for yourself?" she quavered.

"No, returned Mrs. Fretwell, sharply, "not for myself; for Jezreel."

"For Jezreel?"

"Yes sir," said Mrs. Fretwell.

"Ain't it too late to countermand the other one?" asked Mrs. Wedup, timidly.

"It ain't goin' to be countermanded," said Mrs. Fretwell, with definiteness.

A vision floated through Mrs. Wedup's sub-consciousness of Jezreel Fretwell sleeping his last sleep under two monuments, and it disturbed her views of the resurrection. Perhaps the work of the cheap firm was to stand forever contrasted with the superior finish of Morton & Row to their final disgrace. It was a grand idea, but Mrs. Wedup's soul shrank before its magnitude.

"Then there'll be two," she said, at last.

"Yes, there'll be two," returned Mrs. Fretwell. "I don't want you to say anythin' about this, Lauretta," she added.

"Oh, no, I won't," assured Mrs. Wedup, though feeling that she might collapse under the weighty secret of two monuments.

"To work off that kind of a monument on me!" repeated Mrs. Fretwell, as she parted with Mrs. Wedup at her own door. "When I buy a thing, if it ain't anythin' but a black alpaca, I buy it to *last*—how much more a monument!"

"Yes, but—" hesitated Mrs. Wedup, "I s'pose granite's granite."

"That may be," said Mrs. Fretwell, with her usual dignity, "but every stone-cutter ain't Morton & Row."

Only the dark fringe of pines upon Cemetery Hill kept its green, when Mrs. Fretwell's summer visitor came for the second time to Topsfield. The other trees had changed to crimson and gold, and were showering their leaves upon the earth, which seemed to catch their reflection and lie in a golden glow. Mrs. Fretwell and Mrs. Wedup were climbing the steep ascent, pausing now and then, as they were wont to do, to look across at the hazy hills which lifted their shoulders indolently from the purple horizon.

"I hear the creak of a wagon," said Mrs. Wedup, nervously, in one of these pauses.

"It'll creak worse before it gits through," said Mrs. Fretwell, the lines of whose mouth bore witness to the resolution of her New England ancestry.

"There's some folks ahead of us in the cemetery," went

on Mrs. Wedup, who could admire, but not imitate her companion's coolness.

"I kind of thought some of 'em would choose this day for a walk."

The sense of the dramatic is not confined to those who cultivate it as an art. Mrs. Fretwell and her neighbors exchanged a word or two about the weather, the additional seats they were putting into the lecture-room of the Congo Church, the new fence that Mr. Prome was thinking of putting up around his lot, but not a word was uttered which might anticipate and so detract from any climax that the morning might hold for them upon Cemetery Hill. Amid the social exchanges of the hour Mrs. Fretwell, followed by Mrs. Wedup, bent her steps steadily toward that part of the ground where lay what was mortal of Jezreel Fretwell.

"I tell you 'twas only just in time," said the former, as they reached the place where the earth bore marks of having been recently disturbed, and then she turned aside and waited. Across the cemetery with conspicuous and most fitting avoidance of the mounds, came the young man with the black hair and the chastened manner. The pines sighed plaintively above, and the low voices of the bystanders grew silent altogether.

"Good day, madam," said the young man, bowing to Mrs. Fretwell, as she stood facing him, with a smile that recognized the presence of Death and Mrs. Wedup in exquisitely discerned proportions.

"Good day," said Mrs. Fretwell.

"I have left the memorial stone at the foot of the hill that I might find the best way to get it up and place it satisfactorily. I am glad that you are already here to assist me with your suggestions."

"I would suggest," said Mrs. Fretwell, deliberately, "that you take it back without climbin' the hill, which I'm glad for the sake of the dumb critters you didn't make out to do."

The agent glanced from her face to Mrs. Wedup's amazement.

"It's a little late to change your mind," he said, with a note of business-like asperity encroaching on his former smoothness.

"I ain't changed my mind," said Mrs. Fretwell, without raising her voice, but with a clearness that pierced the decorous stillness of the place. "I've got the same mind I had two months ago when I saw you. I calculated to order a stone of Morton & Row—and I ordered it—and what's more"—and with a wave of the hand which was effective in spite of the somewhat shrunken and angular sleeve, Mrs. Fretwell indicated the grave at her side, "I got it!"

The man turned quickly and looked at an imposing object, of which until now the dazzle of the morning sun, as well as his entire unobtrusiveness had rendered him unconscious. Before him rose a shaft of polished granite, surmounted by an urn, and bearing a scroll, upon which were heavily chiseled the name and age of Jezreel Fretwell. The gold of the lettering shown with a sober richness; the urn was of classic proportions, and the scroll might have known the touch of inspiration, so majestic was its unrolling.

"You ordered that monument of me," exclaimed the young man, angrily. It was, perhaps, the worst thing he could have said.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Fretwell, letting her hand fall at her side, "I ordered it of Morton & Row, stonecutters. And Jezreel Fretwell and me," she continued, looking the somewhat disconcerted agent firmly in the eye, "we wasn't never pretentious people; what we want we want it good, but we never did want too much of anythin', and I calculate that one good monument'll do us both till kingdom come."

The bystanders had gathered in a listening group. Mrs. Fretwell had the advantage in the matter of environment; Wilkens stood without sympathizers, and the influences of the place forbade vulgar recrimination. He turned without another word and walked out of the cemetery, striking recklessly across the graves, and down the hill, and soon there was mingled with the breathing of the pines the

sound of a straining wagon and imperative commands which took on the accent of distant imprecations.

Mrs. Fretwell and Mrs. Wedup were the last to leave the cemetery.

"It come about just as I hoped," and Mrs. Fretwell laid her hand affectionately on the gleaming granite and looked over at Mrs. Wedup. "I guess that young man won't go round imposing on country widders any more for quite a spell. And it'll be some time before his firm gits another man like Jezreel Fretwell to make a monument for—eighty-four and all—it's a number that makes 'most anything in the way of a monument strikin'. It would 'a' been a good thing for 'em."

"Yes, it would so," said Mrs. Wedup. She felt a little sorry for Jezreel that he had not witnessed the rush of the incident that had swept by his resting place.

"I want you to understand that I'll have the law of you!" said Wilkens later in the day, as he stood with one foot on Mrs. Fretwell's doorstep. His manner had lost its chastened sympathy, and his hat was jammed firmly on his head. "The monument I furnished is in every respect the equal of the one you've got."

"I guess it is," replied Mrs. Fretwell, who understood, like a great general, that a victory should not be cheapened by unworthy insinuations. "Several see it at the station and say it was."

"Well, you'll have to pay for it. I fulfilled my part of the contract, and the law'll see that you fulfill yours."

"I ordered from Morton & Row," said Mrs. Fretwell, and closed the door.

Wilkens actually carried the case into court and fought it with bitterness, but he could recover no damages, for the judge's sentence established the fact that Mrs. Fretwell had a legal right to wear her rue with a difference.

## The Vanishing Pines

By W. S. Harwood

The report of the Government Commission organized to make investigation into various forestry problems, which is soon to begin its work in the West, ought to be rich in good results. There are rapidly vanishing timber areas in the northern parts of the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin. Much attention is now being attracted among those who are interested in the conservation of these areas to the probability of a speedy annihilation of these great timber tracts. These two States, despite the immense quantities of lumber which have been cut, still contain billions of feet of pine in their splendid forests. Since the introduction of the logging railroad the work of denuding these areas is progressing at a frightful pace.

The use of the word frightful seems well warranted, for, with the extermination of these forests, the same train of disasters known elsewhere in the world under similar conditions—drought, subsidence of rivers, the drying up of lakes, failure of crops, and possible famine—is unquestionably invited. In the State of Minnesota a fire warden has been appointed, under direction of the State Legislature, with large powers, and among his duties is to aim to prevent the spread of fires among the pine-trees of the forest areas. But, however important his work may be in its way, it has no bearing, save as the fire warden may make recommendations to the Legislature, upon the still more important work, the preservation of the forests, so that not only may the future general welfare of the State be assured, but so also that the timber in the State may be rendered productive for the centuries to come. The pine regions ought to be harvested as carefully and as sensibly as the wheat plains, and if the devastation which has been set in motion by the introduction of the logging railroad can only be checked in time, there is no reason why the men who own the pine areas should not reap abundantly and permanently from the guarded areas.

As the work is now progressing in the State of Minnesota, for instance, the land is stripped of every available piece of timber, no matter if it be not more than a few inches in diameter. It is even cut up into cord-wood, so