

GOOD and true woman is said to resemble a Cremona fiddle—age but increases its worth and sweetens its tone.—O. W. Hol. es.

Winning the Wilderness (Continued from last week.)

have missed.

ance that many a finer mind might

"Well, sufferin' catfish!" he said to himself. "Danged plucky girl; forges along an' bucks me into sellin' her this

ranch an' sets it into alfalfy an' sets up Jim Shirley for life, 'cause putter-in' in the garden an' beln' kind to the

neighbors is the limit to that big man's endurance. An' this pretty girl,

knowin' that Aydelot property ought

ICE stand you got out there."
He pointed with his hat toward the fields. "Where's Jim ?"

"He and Asher Aydelot have gone to Careyville to settle some of John Jacobs' affairs. They and Todd Stew-art are named as trustees in the will," Leigh replied.

She had laid aside her brushes and sat with her hands folded in her lap. Champers pulled up a spear of blue grass and chewed it thoughtfully. At

length he said:
"Yes, I knew that. Jacobs left no

"Yes, I knew that, Jacobs left no end of things in the way of property for me to look after. I'll report to them now. I seem to be general handy man. Doc Carey left matters with me, too."
"Yes?" Leigh said courteously.
"Well, referrin' to that matter regradie', wor taker we spake of the

gardin' your father we spoke of the other day, I find, through Doc Carey's hepin' an' some other ways, that your father, Mr. Tank Shirley, was ac-cidentally drowned in Clover Creek, Ohlo, some years ago. So far as I can find out, he died insolvent. If I discover anything further, I'll let you know

Leigh sat very still, her eyes on the far-away headlands that seemed like blue cloud banks at the moment. "Had you heard of Miss Jane Ayde-

lot's demise? I reckon you had, of course. But do you know what her in-tentions were?"

Leigh looked steadily at her ques-tioner. All her life she had a way of keeping her own counsel, nor was it ever easy to know what her thoughts might be.

"Miss Shirley, the late Miss Jane Aydelot trusted Doc Carey to look Carey, he after her affairs. Doe after her affairs. Doe Carey, he trusted me to take his place. Can you trust me to be the last link of the chain in doin' her business? My grammar's poor, but my hands is clean now, thank the Lord!"

"Yes, Mr. Champers, I am sure of your uprightness.

Leigh did not dream how grateful these words were to the man before her, honestly trying to beat back to better ideals of life.

"When I was a very little girl," Leigh went on, "Miss Jane told me I was to be her heir."

Darley gave a start, but as Leigh's face was calm, he could only wonder how much she had remembered.

"All the years since I've lived in Kansas I've been kept in mind in many ways of her favor toward me. I came to know long ago that she was determined to leave me all the old Aydelot estate. And I knew also that it should have been Asher's, not

Darley thought of Thaine, and, dull as he was, he read in a flash a rom-

late Miss Aydelot's will that she left with Doc Carey, who is goin' to Chiny in a few days, him an' Thaine Aydelot, Doc writes me. An' you can look over it. I've got to go to Cloverdale next an' settle things there, an' that the probatin's are straight. Lemme hear from you before I go. I must Danged fine country, er Valley. Who'd a' gettin' on. this Grass River Valley. Who'd a thought it back in the seventies when Jim Shirley an' Asher Aydelot squat-ted here? Good-day."

Left alone, Leigh Shirley opened the

big envelope holding the will of Francis Aydelot and read in it the stern decree that no child of Virginia Chaine should inherit the Aydelot estate in Ohio.

"That's why Miss Jane couldn't leave it to Asher's son," she murmured. Then she read the will of the late Jane Aydelot. When she lifted her face from its pages, her fair cheeks were pink with excitement, her deep violet eyes were shining, her lips were parted in a glad smile. She went down to the meadow fence and pluckdown to the measow rence and pluck-ed the first little golden sunflower from its stem, and stood holding it as she looked away to where the three headlands stood up clear and shim-mering in the light of the May after-That night two letters hurried to the postoffice. One went no farther than Wykerton to tell Darley Champers that Leigh would heart-

The above Children, aged four to seven years, are wards of the Children's Ald Society, Brockville, Ont. The Agent at Brockville, Mr. C. A. Winters, will be pleased the receive applications for 'hese bright am attractive little ones.

to be Thaine Aydelot's, just turns it down, an', by golly, I'll bet she turns him down, too, fearin' he wouldn't feel like takin' it. An' he's clear hiked to the edges of Chiny. Well, it's a danged queer world. I'm glad I've only got Darley Champers to look out The day I see them two driving out of Wykerton towards Little Wolf, the time she'd closed the Cloverdale ranch deal, I knowed the white lilac mother used to love was sweeter in my back lot."

"I could not take Miss Jane's pro-perty and be happy," Leigh went on. "Besides, I can earn a living. See what my brushes can do, and see the secret I learned in the Coburn book."

Leigh held up the sketch she was finishing, then pointed to the broad alfalfa acres, refreshingly green in the May sunlight.

"Well, I brought down a copy of the

ily approve of any action he might take in the business that was taking him to Ohio.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Farther Wilderness.

And beyond the baths of sunset found new worlds.—London.

Dr. Carey and Thaine Aydelot sat watching the play of a fountain in a moonlit garden of tropical loveliness. In the Manila hospital Thaine had gone far down the Valley of the Shadow of Death before he reached a turning point. But youth, good blood, a constitution seasoned by camp and field, the watchful care of his physi-cian, and the blessing of the Great Physician, from whom is all health, at last prevailed, and he came back sturdily to life and strength.

As the two men sat enjoying the hour Dr. Carey suddenly asked. "After this hospital service, what next?

"How soon does this involuntary servitude end?" Thaine inquired. "A fortnight will do all that is pos-

sible for us," Carey answered. "Then I'll enlist with the regulars," Thaine declared.

"Do you mean to follow a mil'tary life?" Carey inquired, bending forward to watch the play of light on the silvery waters, unconscious of the play

of moonbeams on his silvery hair.
"No, not always," Thaine responded.
"Then why don't you go home now?" Carey went on.

Thaine sat silent for some minutes. Then he rose to his full height, the strong, muscular, agile embodiment of military requirement. On his face the firing line had graven a nobility the old brown Kansas prairies had never

He did not know how to tell Dr. Carey, because he did not yet fully un-derstand himself, that war to him must be a means, not an end, to his career; nor that in the long quiet hours in the hospital the call of the Kansas prairies, half a world away, was beginning to reach his ears, the belief that the man behind the plow may be no less a patriot than the man behind the gun. That the life-long influence of his farmer father and mother was unconsciously winning him back to the peaceful struggle with the soil. At length he said slowly:

"Dr. Carey, when I saw Lieutenant Alford brought in I counted the cost again. Only American ideals of gov-ernment and civilization can win this wilderness. For this Alford's blood was shed. He wrote to his mother on Christmas day that he was studying here to get his Master's Degree from the Kansas University. I saw him just after he had received his diploma for that Degree. I was a fairly law-abid-ing civilian. The first shot of the campaign last February began in me what Alford's sacrifice completed. I am waiting to see what next. But I have one thing firmly fixed now. Warfare only opens the way for the wild-erness winners to come in and make kingdom. The Remington rifle runs back the frontier line; the plowshare holds the land at last. I want, when my service here is done, to go back to the wheatfields and the cornfields. I want to smell the alfalfa and see the prairie windbreaks and be king of a Kansas farm. I've lost my ambition for gold lace. I want a bigger mental for gold lace. I want a bigger mental ring of growth every year, and I be-lieve the biggest place for me to get this will be with my feet on the prairie sed. Meantime, I shall reenlist, as I said."

"Sit down, Thaine, and let me ask you one question," Dr. Carey said. The young man dropped to his seat

"When your service is done is there anything to hold you from going straight to the Grass River Valley

Thaine leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head while he looked steadily at the splash-ing waters before him as he said frankly:

Yes, there is. When I go back I want Leigh Shirley-and it's no use wanting"

"Thaine, you were a law-abiding civillan at home. The university made you a student. You came out here a fearless soldier to fight your country's reariess solder to nght your country's enemies. Alford's death made you a patriot who would plant American ideals in these islands. May I tell you that there is still one more lesson to

Thaine looked up inquiringly.
"You must learn to be a Christian.

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as the boy "Where's he'd be w plied. "No. he's