



KNOW when to speak; for many times it brings danger to give the best advice to kings.—Herrick.

Winning the Wilderness

(Continued from last week.)

"YAH, I be. But I pull a lot of strikes at vonce. I call der county seat locate to Pig Wolf Creek, an' I put up penny prewery mit water power here vot dey vassant not at Carey's Crossing. An' der railrot comin' by dis way soon, I know. I do big business two times in vonce. I laugh yet to tink how easy Yon Jacob fall down. If Yon Jacob say so he hold Carey's for der county seat. But no. He yust sit shut oop like ant peck say von sinkle yord. An' here she coom—my prewery, my saloon, my county seat, an' all in vonce."

Hans would laugh till the tears ran down his rough red cheeks. Then blowing his nose like a blast against the walls of Jericho he would add:

"Yon Jacob go back to Cincinnati. Doc Carey, he come Vest an' locate again right here. Course he tak up claim on north fork of Grass River. But dat's yust for speculation some yet. Gaines an' Stewart go to Grass River settler an' homestead. Oh, I settlem 'em like chaffs. Ho! Ho!" And again the laughter would bring tears to his watery white-gray eyes.

What Hans Wyker said of John Jacobs was true, for in the council that decided the fate of the town it was his silence that lost the day and put Carey's Crossing off the map.

When crops began to bring returns Jacobs established a new town further west on the claim that Dr. Carey had taken up. Jacobs insisted on calling the place Careyville in honor of the doctor, because he had been the means of annihilating the first town named after Carey. And since he had befriended the settlers in the days after the grasshopper raid he drew all the trade west of Big Wolf to this new town, cutting deep into the Wykertown business. Misfortunes hunt in couples when they do not gather in larger companies. Not only did the Jacobs store decrease the income of the Wykertown stores, but, following hard after, came the shifting of county lines. Wolf county fell into three sections, to increase three other counties.

The least desirable ground lay in the north section, and the town built up on a brewery and the hopes of being hit by a railroad survey, and of holding the county seat, was left in this third part with little. As Caesar's third part of all Gaul was most barbarous because least often the refining influences of civilization found their way thither.

Then came the crushing calamity, the Prohibitory Law, which put Hans Wyker out of business. And hand in hand with this disaster, when the steel lines imperiously westward, ignoring Wykertown, with the ugly little canyons

of Big Wolf on the north, and the site of Carey's Crossing beside the old blossom-bordered trail on the south. Finding the new town of Careyville a strategic point, it headed straight there, it marked it for a future division point, and forged onward toward the sunset.

Dr. Carey had located an office on his claim when there were only four other buildings on the Careyville townsite. Darley Chambers opened a branch office there about the same time, although he did not leave Wykertown. But the downfall of Wyker and his interests cut deeper into the inter-



Beautifying the Home Grounds is Time Well Spent.

Attractive planting around the farm home is a great asset towards making it a spot which is loved by every member of the family. We will do well to be ever on the watch for ideas in planting which may be suited to our conditions. In the illustration herewith we see an attractive border on the sloping edge of the lawn of Mr. Geo. Vickers, Simcoe Co., Ont.

ests of the Grass River settlement than anyone dreamed of at the time. It sifted into Wyker's slow brain that the Jew, as he called Jacobs with many profane decorations, had been shrewd as well as selfish when his silent vote had given Wykertown the lead in the race for a county seat location.

"Infarnal scoundrel!" Hans would cry with many gestures, "he figger it out in his own little black hat and neffer tell nobody, so. He know to himself dat Carey's Crossing's too fur south, so—an' Big Wolf Creek too fur north, so." Hands wide apart, and eyes red with anger, "He know der survey go between like it, so! And he figger it hit yust for it. Hit Grass River, north fork. An' he make a town-site dere, yust where Doc Carey take oop. Devil take him!"

And Hans Wyker's hate was slow, but it was incurably poison. One morning in early autumn Dr. Horace Carey drove leisurely down the street of the town that bore his name.

The air was crisp and invigorating, for the September heat had just been broken by copious showers. Todd Stewart stood in the doorway of Jacobs' store, watching the doctor's approach.

"Good morning, Doctor," he called. "Somebody dying or a highwayman chasing after you for your pocketbook, that you drive so furiously?"

"Good morning, Stewart. No, nobody is in danger. Can't a doctor enjoy life once in a while? The country's so disgustingly healthy I have to make the best of it and kill time some way. Come, help at the killing, won't you?" Carey drew rein before the door of the store.

"I can't do it, Carey. Jacobs is away up on Big Wolf apraating some lend and I want to be here when he comes in. I must do some holding up myself pretty soon if things don't pick up after this hot summer."

"You're an asset to the community, to be growling like that with this year's crops fairly choking the market," Horace Carey declared.

With a good-by wave of his hand he turned his horses' heads toward the south and took his way past the grain elevator toward the railroad crossing. The morning train was just pulling up to the station, blocking the street, so Carey sat still watching it with that interest a great locomotive in motion always holds for thinking people.

"Papa, there's Doctor Carey," a child's voice cried, and Thaine Aydelot bounded across the platform to ward him, followed by his less-excited father.

Where have you been so long? I might have missed you down on the Sunflower Ranch this morning if I had driven faster and headed off the through train as it came in."

"O-o!" Thaine groaned at the possible disaster to himself. "We've been to Topeka, a very long way off." "And you saw so many fine things?" Carey questioned.

"Yes, a big, awful big river. And a bridge made of iron. And it just rattled when we went across. And there were big pieces of the State-house lying around in the tall weeds. And such greeny green grass just everywhere. And, and, and the biggest trees. So many, all close together. Papa said it was like Ohio. Oh, so big. I never know trees could grow so big, nor so many of them all together."

Little Thaine spread his short arms to show how wondrous large these trees were.

"He has never seen a tree before that was more than three inches through, except two or three lonesome cottonwoods. The forests of his grandfather's farm in Ohio would be grander to him. How little the prairie children know of the world!" Asher declared.

Dr. Carey remembered what Jim Shirley had told him of that lost estate in Ohio, and refrained from comment. "You'd like to live in Topeka where the big Kew river is, and the big trees along its banks, and so much green grass, wouldn't you, Thaine?"

"No!" The child's face was quaintly contemptuous. "It's too—too chokey." The little hand clutched at the fat brown throat.

"And the grass is so mussy green, and you can't see to anywhere for the bumpy hills and things. I like our old brown prairies best. It's so—nice out here." In the illustration herewith we see a perfect satisfaction Thaine leaned against Dr. Carey's shoulder and gazed out at the wide landscape awashed in the early morning sunlight.

The two men exchanged glances.

"This will be the land of memory for him some day, as you look back to the mountains of Virginia and I to the woodlands of Ohio," Asher said.

"It is worth remembering, anyhow," Carey replied. "I can count twenty young wind-breaks from the awell just ahead, and the groves are springing up on many ranches from year to year. Your grove is the finest in the valley now, Aydelot."

"It is doing well," Asher said. "Mrs. Aydelot and I planned our home-to-be on these—st evening we came to the lower Inn."

It was a sort of orange-of-the-desert picture, as it truly were, like the tapestry way. We hung the pattern up before eyes and worked to it.

"I think we are alpeary weavers. The trouble is, we hang the pattern we hang upon us and sometimes in the grass weaving," Dr. Carey added.

They rode a while silence. The doctor checked away Thaine's dark hair and Ashked down at his hard brown hair and then away at the autumn prof.

Fifteen years on since claim, with all the dirt grinding and reaping and care of soil and garden, had not taken quite the military bearing from him. "I was thirty-eight years old now, brown and noble-some and hopeful, the tanning Kansas sunshine had hidden the old expression of pain and endurance, nor had the many hardships driven the vision from the clear, far-seeing gray eyes."

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