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W. H. BARSE, Manager

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

The Old Tree That Talked to Adventurous Jack



JACK rode down the long hill, the setting sun shining full in his face. He had been over at the saw mill and had decided to ride round past the "old place," as his grandfather's old home was called. It had been "Granny's" delight when Jack was a "little tad" to take him on her knee and tell him of the early days before the fine, new house had been built when she and grandfather were young and had started out together in a new land and in a new, one-room log house. ¶ Jack soon arrived at the old log house. The roof was about gone, a few boards and rotting shingles hanging in place as if reluctant to go lest the rains and snows should enter the room they had so long helped to shelter. The windows no longer held sashes, and looked like huge

today had the courage to fight their way through hardships and dangers as had dear old grand-dad and granny.

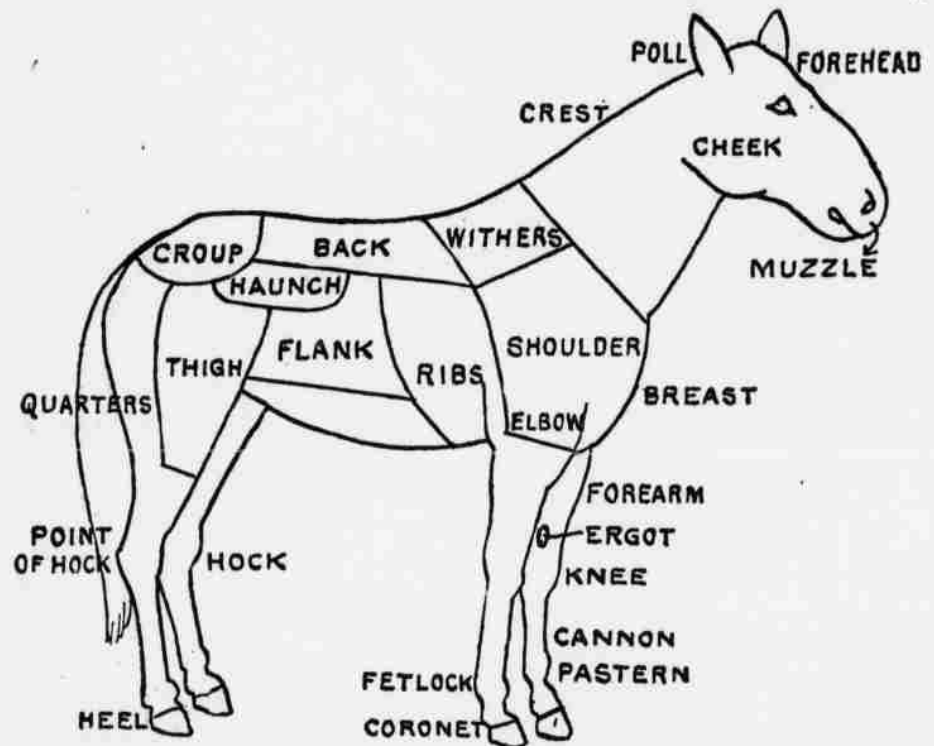
"They alone could not have weathered all the storms." It was a low, aged voice coming from the wall against which Jack sat. Jack straightened up and looked behind him. No one was there. "They alone could not have endured," again said the voice. "I and my brothers were of great value to them. We warmed, fed and sheltered them."

"Who are you that speak?" asked Jack, wondering and dazed, for while the voice was distinct and near no creature was to be seen.

"I am the tree which helps to form this wall against which you lean to rest your back," replied the voice. "Would you like my story?"

"Oh, please go on," said Jack eagerly, softly, fearfully.

"Well," resumed the voice, growing stronger with Jack's encouragement, "it was many, many, years ago that I began



DO YOU KNOW THE HORSE?

blind eyes staring at Jack as he rounded the clump of trees and rode right into the dooryard.

Tying his horse to a great tree in the yard, Jack entered the house and went to the corner where was an empty, blackened fireplace. About that fireplace his grandparents had gathered their first little ones, and there apples and chestnuts had been roasted on cold winter nights while warmth glowed within. To the rear of the main house—which consisted of but one large room—had in later years been built two other rooms of wood. But they had rotted away.

Jack sat on the hearth stone, his mind running back to other days. He pictured the house as grandfather had built it for his bride. They had weathered many a storm together, had built up a good home; had eventually grown to be what the world calls rich; had outgrown the "old place," and had made for themselves and family a better one. Jack wondered how many young couples of

to grow out of the ground. I was something over a hundred years old—as men count time—when the white man came into the forest where I stood. We had watched the life about us with much interest. Like human beings, our own kind faded and died. But only after many, many centuries of life. And as the aged gave way to decay, the young ones sprang up about them. Thus the forest was ever fed, growing denser and more splendid with each generation.

"Well, the white man came. He came and conquered the red brother and he also conquered us—the forest trees. He killed his red brothers or drove them out to lands farther toward the setting sun. He cut us down and made houses of us to shelter him and fires to keep him warm and to cook the wild creatures he found living in our midst. He sold us to people living in places where timber did not grow. Then he took the money he derived from the sale and bought himself food and raiment.

"But we were not always unhappy—

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