"She Is Gone, Then?" Gasped the Boy.

The RING and the MAN

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Illustrations By Dearborn Melvill

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SYNOPSIS.

A foolish young tenderfoot becomes fascinated with the bold, artful wife of a drunken prospector in a western mining town. They prepare to elope in a blinding blizzard but are confronted by the maudlin husband. He is shot by the wife, but the chivalrous boy pins a note to the body taking the crime upon himself.

PROLOGUE—Continued.

The Storm Without.

The woman's first thought when she stepped outside the door was that at all hazards they must go back. The wind almost swept her away; only the steadying grasp of the boy, better prepared than she for the attack of the storm, enabled her to keep her feet. Yet the presence of that ghastly thing on the floor which was affecting even her iron nerve, prevented their return. Whatever happened they must go on! The door of that shelter was closed to them forever by the dead or dying tenant. She realized however, that their chances of escaping freezing to death in this mad endeavor were so small as to be practically none. Well, fate had forced her into this position. She would follow the path she had chosen, whatever might be at the end of the way.

Speech was well nigh impossible. The boy staggered on past the window, and she followed until the lee of the house was reached. Between a great drift and the wall, in a little open space the horses were tied.

The boy was a natural horseman. He had picked out the best two broncos in the camp. If any animals could take them to safety, these could. Not yet chilled by the fierce cold, they untied the shivering, reluctant, terrified horses from the wooden pins driven into the chinks between the log walls of the house to which they had been hitched, mounted them, and threading their way round the drift started southward on their awful ride. They left death behind them—and lo! death loomed before and on either hand.

Except where the storm was broken by houses, drifts had not yet formed. The wind was too terrific; it swept the level prairie clean. But away from the shelter of the house they got the full force of it. Although they were thickly clad in wool and fur, the pressure of the storm drove their garments against their bodies and soon filled them with icy cold. There was no help for it, no relief from it. They had to bear it. They could only bend their backs to it and keep on, trusting to the endurance of their horses.

The woman judged that it had been about one in the morning when they had started. The Overland Limited ran through the station at three. No horses that lived could have made that 15 miles in two hours under those conditions. It was more than probable, however, that the limited would be greatly delayed by the storm, and if they kept going steadily they would be likely to catch it. At any rate, when they reached the station, they would find food, fire and shelter.

If their horses did not give out, if they were not turned adrift on foot in the storm and snow, and left to plod on until they fell and slept, and froze, and died, they would perhaps get away.

More experienced than the boy, all these possibilities were present to her. She did not pray, she could ask nothing of God; but she went warily and carefully, helping the horse where she could.

As for her companion, he did not give these matters very much consideration. He kept going toward the south to the railroad station because that was the only thing to be done.

Another, however, rode with him, if not with her. Before his eyes was ever present that gory, grizzly spectacle of a human form, the red blood welling from its breast, redder still from the white snow with which he was surrounded. That awful figure beckoned him on. He was younger, finer, better, than she. He was more fool than knave; she was all knave. Her thoughts went forward to what was before, her; but his went backward to what was behind.

After a long time it seemed to them that the fierceness of the storm was somewhat abated. The wind was certainly falling; but the drifts were steadily rising, and their progress was more difficult every moment for that cause. Their very souls were numb with the awful cold. Still they went forward, slower now, and more slowly ever.

How far they had come, what time it was, where they were, neither he nor she could tell. It seemed to them both that they had been hours on the way. The woman was sure that they must have compassed the greater part of the journey, when her horse suddenly stumbled and fell. Her broncho's matchless endurance had at last been exhausted by the terrible struggle of their journey. He lay dying where he fell, and nothing she could do could get him up again. The boy had stopped of course, when her horse had fallen. He had dismounted and helped her to rise. He had assisted her vain efforts to get her own played out horse on its feet. The two now stood staring at each other in dismay.

"You must take my horse," said the boy at last.

The woman nodded. With his assistance she climbed slowly and painfully into the saddle, took the reins from the boy, and started on. Her companion caught hold of the stirrup leather and staggered forward by her side. The going was now infinitely harder for the remaining horse. The woman immediately realized that with this almost dead weight plunging through the deep drifts and dragging heavily at the stirrup leather, the remaining bronco would soon be exhausted.

She had meant to play fair with him but it could not be. And so for a long time the trio plodded on in this way, the woman nerving herself to a frightful action as best she could. She hesitated to do it. She was reluctant—

But no horse that ever lived could stand such a strain. She knew that it would be a matter of minutes now when the animal she rode on would also fall, and lie when he had fallen like his dead brother back on the trail, and then she and the boy would inevitably perish.

Well, it was his life or hers! The decision was forced upon her. And perhaps after all it was just as well to get rid of them both and have done with it. She reached over, and before the boy realized what was happening she caught his hand, tore his fingers from the saddle strap, and thrust him violently backward. Unprepared, unsuspecting, half dazed, he could offer no adequate resistance. He reeled and fell supine in a deep and overwhelming drift. She struck the horse heavily with the whip that hung from the saddle bow, and the animal plunged forward wildly. She knew that she was safe unless he should try to shoot her; for he was too weak and too exhausted to catch her.

The boy's senses were quickened into instant action by her conduct. After the first moment of surprise, he knew at once that she was deliberately abandoning him to die in the snow. A hot rush of blood, in spite of the cold, swept over him. He thrust his hand within his coat and dragged out a weapon. He raised it and trained it on the woman's back, and for the moment his hand did not tremble. Then there rose before him that other gory figure. Though he had lived some months on the wild frontier and had seen more than one man killed there, he had never been connected with the murder before, even as an accessory after the fact, and the horror of it was still upon him. He lowered the pistol, though he could easily have shot her dead.

Such treachery on the part of a woman would have killed some men; not so this boy. In that moment he became a man. He saw himself a fool; he determined that he would not also see himself a coward. Clenching his fists and summoning his strength, he followed southward afoot in the woman's wake.

He walked—if that be the word for his progress—with his head down and his body bent lower and lower. He took long rests between the steps. By and by he fell forward on his face. The sensation of delicious rest and drowsiness that swept over him wooed him to lie still and die but there were still sparks and remnants of manhood and courage in him. He shook off his desire to sleep at last and strove frantically to rise. Finding that he could not, he crawled forward on his hands and knees slowly working himself over the snow covered ground, round the drifts like a great animal.

There was no use. Humanity could not stand the strain any longer. One more movement he made, and just as he was about to sink down forever he heard a long deep hollow, mournful sound. He stopped, interested, dimly wondering what it could be.

Whatever it was, it meant life of some kind. It came from directly in front of him. It nerved him to further effort. Summoning the last vestige of his strength, he advanced a little farther.

He knew what it was now. It was a locomotive.

He lifted his head and saw lights faintly. He divined that it was the station, the train, the Overland Limited! She would get on it and go away! What mattered it?

And what of himself? There was help, there was life! He actually rose to his feet and wavered on. By happy chance the contour of the ground had caused the space between him and the lights to be swept comparatively bare of snow. It was not now difficult walking, yet he staggered like a drunken man.

Ah! the lights were moving before his eyes, they danced and flickered. The train was going! He broke into a reeling run, hoarse whispers on his frozen lips. Too late!

He stumbled and fell across the car tracks, dimly conscious of the lights, of the departing train. He had just sense enough and strength enough to cry out as he did so. Some one on the station platform heard his voice. Men came toward him; he was lifted up and carried into a warm room. Something burning yet deliciously reviving was poured down his throat.

"The woman!" he gasped out, looking up in the faces of the station agent and his helper bending over him.

"She took the limited not five minutes ago," said the man staring at him curiously. "The train was two hours and a half late or she'd never have got it."

"She's gone then?" gasped the boy.

"Yes."

"Thank God she got away!" he murmured as he lapsed into complete unconsciousness.

There was good stuff in the boy. He was glad the woman had escaped in spite of all. He did not want another human being's life on his hands.

CHAPTER I.

The Loneliness of Mr. Gormly.

To his great surprise George Gormly sometimes found himself feeling lonely, and the oftener so as he grew older. Every man who has a natural liking for women,—and what true man has not?—yet who has no intimate friendships with or relations to the other sex, is likely to find himself in that state of mind sooner or later. Gormly was sufficiently aged; he was forty-four although he looked much younger. He was sufficiently experienced, he had dealt with women for a straight quarter of a century although he had neither loved nor married one. He was sufficiently self reliant, he had built up by his own unaided efforts the greatest retail merchandise business of his day and generation. He was sufficiently independent—for he had done it alone—to have been above the ordinary feeling of loneliness. Nevertheless, he was temperamentally lonesome, and at this particular moment desperately so.

He had drifted into New York some 25 years before, utterly unheralded, unnoticed. He had begun by filling a small clerkship in a little dry goods store. He kept at it until he owned the store, and after that a larger store on a better street. He had developed a genius for trade, and an executive ability in accord until the original little shop had expanded into a 15-story building covering a block on the principal thoroughfare of New York city, and its owner had become a power in finance,—a merchant prince. Such was George Gormly.

He was, too, a scrupulously honest man. He sold good goods, without deceit. Things were as he represented them. He established principles of accommodation in his dealings that were unique when they were first instituted in New York. He made no dishonest dollar. His money was good everywhere because it was untainted. He prospered exceedingly, one expansion following another. Eschewing speculation of any kind and devoting himself strictly to the business, he found himself in middle life the head, the soul, the sole owner, of the greatest enterprise of the kind that the world had ever seen.

This had not been achieved lightly. He had brought it about because, with absolute singleness of heart, he had put every ounce of strength and time and talent, which in him amounted to genius, at the service of his affairs. Time, talent, and genius do not always produce such results, fortune still must be considered in the game. Opportunity had favored Gormly. He had succeeded in everything beyond his own or anyone's wildest dreams.

He might have gone on indefinitely in his mercantile operations without attracting special attention to himself personally, had it not been for one fact. That momentous happening was his meeting with Miss Haldane.

It had come about in a commonplace way enough. Miss Haldane, deeply interested in social settlement work and being brought in contact thereby with some of the poorer employees of the great Gormly establishment, had concluded to call on the proprietor thereof to see if she could not induce him to make some adequate contribution to the work she had so much at heart. Like every other business man in New York, Gormly was overwhelmed by charitable demands. His business was one thing; his charity another. He employed a special secretary to look after the eleemosynary end of his affairs.

There were two reasons why the secretary felt himself unequal to deal with Miss Haldane and her demands. The first reason was Miss Haldane herself. She was a member of the oldest and most exclusive circle in New York society. Her family was one of the richest and most esteemed in that hive of multi-millionaries, would-be-ons, also-was and other people. The second was the magnitude of Miss Haldane's demand. She wanted something like a million dollars. This amount appalled the secretary. She realized that a man like Gormly, indeed most men if they had the power, would much rather give a million than a dime to an undertaking that appealed to them. Still, Gormly, having devoted his attention so exclusively to his business heretofore, was rather staggered by the magnitude of the amount. He would have been more staggered by it had it been less so by Miss Haldane herself.

Miss Haldane had beauty. Thousands of people—women, that is, and some few men—have that. She had more; she had presence and personality. Hundreds of men, and some few women, have these.

Those who have all three in either sex are rare and come to view infrequently. Whether it was Miss Haldane's undoubted beauty, or Miss Haldane's exquisite breeding and manner, or Miss Haldane's force of character and determination, that most impressed him, or whether his instant subjugation was due to the influence of all three, Gormly could not tell.

He was given to self-analysis, as lonely people usually are. By analyzing himself he learned to analyze others. Introspection and observation had been great factors in his success. Here again his experience was at fault; for Miss Haldane defied analysis, as the breath of summer compounded of a thousand balmy scents cannot be resolved into its elements, save by the hard scientist who is insensible to its fragrance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Home Making Woman's Art

She Can Add to Husband's Comfort by Having the House Attractive and Hospitable.

The birds find sources of exultation in the building of their nests, and you can discover that they are house furnishing by the joy of their songs. It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a place to dwell in. To the woman who can devise a beautiful gown, the arrangement and decoration of a room is the expansion and tenfold higher use of her art. To the woman who would endear herself to her husband, a guarantee might be offered that if she can keep within the limit of his means and yet make for him a lovely, comfortable, appropriate abiding place, in which he has room for the development of his own tastes and opportunity to bring about him his friends in hospitable fashion, she will have endeared herself inexpressibly to him and increased his pride in her tenfold. Let the good order and beauty and contrivances for his individual comfort be sufficient to make his friends envious, and ready to say that his home tempts them to marry, and the wife becomes lovely in his eyes, in a far more flattering way than because she is pretty and well dressed. To become the source of a husband's comfort and rest is to have placed yourself beyond the fear of losing your complexion or ceasing to be his ideal of a pretty girl. It is also to rise from the position of a dear pet to a useful, important partner, without whose clever brains and wise direction his life would cease to be a success.

Home-making is not easy work, but the married woman who sets aside her kingdom for lack of courage and energy to rule it, is but a disinherited princess who has lost the greatest joy of life when she abdicated her throne.

The Wonders About Us.

Let not care and humdrum deaden us to the wonders and mysteries amid which we live, nor to the splendors and glories. We need not translate ourselves in imagination to some other sphere or state of being to find the marvelous, the divine, the transcendent; we need not postpone our day of wonder and appreciation to some future time and condition. The true inwardness of this gross visible world hanging like an apple on the bough of the great cosmic tree, and swelling with all the juices and potencies of life, transcends anything we have dreamed of superterrestrial abodes.—John Burroughs.

A little too much learning is a dangerous thing.

POULTRY

HENS NEED MUCH EXERCISE

Chicken That Scratches Is One With Quick Move, Brightest Comb and Best Egg Record.

The question of exercise is one that the poultrymen cannot study too carefully. To keep in good health and profit, all animal kind must take the proper amount of exercise, or they will become sluggish and diseased. It is not a very difficult matter to get the hens down to work and if this duty is involved upon them in early life they will not forget their "early training," and will know that in order to have everything to eat they must work for it.

Exercise prevents overfat in fowls. Overfat is a diseased condition, the penalty sooner or later being death. A too-fat hen is an indifferent layer—producing eggs of all shapes and conditions. It is, generally, the over-fat hen that lays soft-shelled eggs. It is the breaking of these eggs in the nest that leads on to the vice of egg eating. One trouble after another follows this neglect of not having the hens exercise.

The hen that scratches is the one that has the quick move, the brightest comb, the happy air, and the best egg record. She is business clean through. The idle hen should not be tolerated.

Early morning exercise is of untold value, especially during cold weather. If the fowl can get off the roost and at once get down to scratching, it will not only put itself into condition for the day, but it will greedily pick up its feed and properly digest it. Contagious diseases do not, as a rule, find victims in busy fowls—it is invariably the idler that takes to everything that comes around. One of the greatest reasons why the hens of today are better layers than they were in our forefathers' days is the fact that our present day poultrymen have discovered that the fowls must be induced to exercise, and it is a rule to compel them to do so.

EYE GLASSES FOR CHICKENS

Intended to Prevent Fowls From Picking Out Each Other's Eyes—Make Unique Appearance.

It might be supposed from a glance at these spectacles that chickens, like human beings, suffer from diseases of the eye, and that the inventor designed them as an aid in their search for bugs, but such was not his intent. The eye glasses were patented in 1902, and were intended to prevent chickens from pecking out each other's eyes. A flock of them so equipped would present a very intellectual appearance.

Eye Glasses for Chickens.

POULTRY NOTES

If you want your poultry fed right, do it yourself.

If a hen is very sick, it scarcely pays to doctor her.

Take care to keep plenty of clean water before the chicks.

With eggs so high the hen seems to feel that she needn't lay many.

The country is full of people who have not made a success of poultry.

Clean out nest boxes often at this time of the year and refill with clean straw.

The best feed is none too good for the little chicks. Spoiled food causes indigestion.

An open scratching shed is within the possibilities of even the most modest poultryman.

If you are setting hens do not neglect to dust them thoroughly with a good insect powder.

Poultry raising is an industry too often beset with trials which end in disappointment and failure.

The failure of many poultry enterprises can be traced to a loss of constitutional vigor in the stock.

Get the chicks into good habits; start them off with a variety of food to accustom them to eat anything.

A cheap rough house may serve as well as a costly one, provided the hygienic conditions are equally good.

You can get green food for chickens without much trouble. Lettuce makes an excellent feed and grows rapidly.

Ducks must have shade. If the duck run is bare, plant castor beans, sunflowers or hop vines to be trained over frames.

One of the very essential things in raising poultry is to keep the young birds, as well as the old stock, free from lice.

Do not disturb eggs after the eighteenth day, or open incubator when the hatch is coming off, as it lets the moisture out.

Clean out the nest boxes occasionally, putting in fresh bedding or hay chaff or other serviceable material. It will help to keep out the lice and mites.

The American hen produces more wealth in a year by six times than the gold or iron mines of the United States, and she doesn't get much credit for it.

It is estimated that laying Pekin ducks require from two-thirds to three-fourths of a quart of food per day for each duck, or from 66 to 75 quarts per 100 ducks.

POOR RETURN FOR CHIVALRY

Incident That Probably Has Forever Discouraged Kind-Hearted Mr. Jones.

Chivalrous Mr. Jones purposely dropped a fifty-cent piece at the foot of a poorly dressed woman who passed through the Subway turnstile loudly lamenting that the ticket agent had cheated her out of half a dollar, then he picked the money up and gave it to her.

"Excuse me, madame," said Mr. Jones, "I think you dropped this."

"Oh, no," she said, "it can't be mine. Perhaps you dropped it, yourself."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Jones. "It is yours, I am sure. I picked it up just as you passed."

She took the money, and hurried after another man who had passed at the time the money dropped.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "I think you lost this."

"Thanks," said the other man, and jumped aboard a train that was ready to start.

"— — — —!" said chivalrous Mr. Jones.—New York Times.

HIS VIEW OF IT.

Smart—Do you think the colleges turn out the best men?

Wise—Sure. I was turned out in my sophomore year.

Resinol Ointment Can Be Depended Upon

in all cases of eruptive and irritable skin diseases. The most obstinate cases of eczema, herpes, tetter, barber's itch, as well as the simple rashes, chafings and sores of childhood are readily cured by this reliable remedy. It stops the intense pain of a burn or scald immediately. It is also a specific in itching piles, giving instantaneous relief from all irritation. At all drug stores.

That Might Be Inducement.

It was during a hot spell and on the hottest night of the week that a South side teacher took a number of her little charges for a car ride. In the public square they piled out and were marched to the telescope set up by a man who vends peeps at the heavenly bodies at so much per peep. The children were told that they might look at the moon, a little lecture accompanying the lesson that the moon was a cold body.

"Teacher," spoke up one little South sider, "when you look through the glass, does your face get cold?"—Cleveland Leader.

Kissing Breach of Peace.

The better half of a respected citizen of New Jersey recently had the temerity to hale her lord and master before the court on a charge of having kissed her against her will. For this heinous offense this shameless Jersey benedict was bonded over in $100 bail to keep the peace, and, moreover, was warned by the judge never again to kiss his wife without first obtaining her consent in due form. If he is any kind of a man, probably he will never want to kiss her again.—Washington Herald.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Not His Field.

"Doctor, is it true that Welsh rabbits are unhealthy?"

"I don't know. I was never called in to attend one."

Many self-made men forget to make themselves agreeable.

Pleasant, Refreshing, Beneficial, Gentle and Effective.

NOTE THE NAME

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. in the Circle, on every Package of the Genuine.

DO NOT LET ANY DEALER DECEIVE YOU.

Note the Full Name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Sincere Prayer.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose a man gave you $100 to keep for him and then died, what would you do? Would you pray for him?

Tommy—No, sir; but I would pray for another like him.—The United Presbyterian.

A Happy Home-coming.

The husband who comes home from his daily toil, whether working for small or large pay, must appreciate the presence of a wife well gowned and restfully awaiting him, and children equally well groomed and showing every evidence of maternal care.

A woman does not need to be a slave to drudgery, but a happy home-builder. Hewitt's Easy Task soap is of the greatest help to this blessed condition, because it lessens the labor of keeping the home and all that pertains to it clean, wholesome and attractive. No friction to such a home. Five cents a cake.

Before taking the bull by the horns you should complete satisfactory arrangements for letting go at the psychological moment.

WOMEN MAY AVOID OPERATIONS

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.

Here is her own statement.

Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. Orville Rock, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts —Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature Brent Good

DAISY FLY KILLER

BALE YOUR HAY in a good PRESS

It will bring you more money. Send for Catalog.

P. K. DEDERICK'S SONS

100 Tivoli St., Albany, N. Y.

NEEDLEWORK

LINEN is perhaps more used than any other material when embroidery is to be done for art, household purposes and wearing apparel.

Much as we use linen nowadays, for our table, our beds and our bodies, it is not a new medium for embroidery. It is ages old, as for centuries linen embroidery has been a domestic industry in foreign lands.

This old work is now being copied widely and the special work belonging to different lands is easily recognized. Thus the old Spanish, Italian and Greek embroidery on the linen was chiefly done in one color—a purple red. A great variety of colors mixed with gold and silver thread is characteristic of Oriental work.

A similar richness of coloring, but generally without the gold and silver touches, marks the Hungarian, Slav, and Swedish peasant work. Old blue red and yellow are the predominating tones.

Much of the Italian embroidery of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was done on very fine linen sometimes in colors, but more often in white, with intricate stitchery and much cut and openwork. The modern girl, however, rarely has patience for this exquisite stitchery of the olden times. Her work is more splashy and less beautiful.

For this reason the quality of the linens used today are changed, the threads being round and coarser, so they can easily be counted to make easier the copying of the design. The old embroideries, especially the Italian ones, were done on very fine linen.

In choosing a linen to embroider it should be hand-bleached, and without much dressing. The threads should be round, especially if any drawn-work is to be combined with the embroidery. There are special art linens for fancy work which are quite distinct from the linens used for sheets and pillow cases.

Unless you are sure you can detect cotton threads and imperfect weaving, it is well to leave the selection of your linen for an elaborate piece of embroidery to a saleswoman in the art needlework department. She will gladly advise you the best grade for your special purposes.

Linen embroidery may be classed under two heads—that where threads are counted, for the material according to a pattern done on checked paper, as in all cross-stitch work, Slav embroideries and various kind of canvas work; the other where the pattern is drawn on the material and the embroidery worked without regard to the threads of the material, as in English embroidery, satin stitch, Kensington, Chinese and Madeira embroideries.

No linen embroidery covers the entire ground of the material, but leaves spaces of the linen for a background to the design.

There are interesting imported linens to be found in most establishments that are adapted to both kinds of linen embroidery. Besides the Irish linen there are Spanish, Silesian and Algerian linens for small stitches and fine work, while the coarser linens of Cuba, Ceylon and Batavia are used for bolder effects and coarser stitchery, and Russian linens and the different kinds of canvas gives stitches of any desired size.

Most of these can be found in white cream and ecru, and many of the so-called art linens come in varied tones of any given shade.

Though the old-time embroideries were rarely done on cotton goods we think nothing of putting handsome stitchery on cotton materials sheer and opaque. It is better, however, to make such embroidery sketchy, as the material is not worth fine work.

Unfrayed Scallops.

Some housekeepers object to the buttonholed scallop on embroidery, because it frays in washing. This can be overcome in several ways. The surest is to buttonhole a second time over the purled edge, when the scallop has been worked and cut out.

Another method is to run the outline of the scallop with machine stitching before buttonholing. Or in cutting leave a narrow margin and turn back under the scallop and hem to the material.

If these are too much trouble, at least wash the linen before cutting out. The material shrinks and is much less likely to fray. Where the entire piece is not washed, the embroidered edge can be dipped in lukewarm water for a few minutes, then ironed dry and later cut out close to the purled edge.

Turkish Mats.

If you are the fortunate possessor of a Turkey rug or mat, don't allow it to wear into holes without trying to remedy matters. Go to an upholsterer and ask him to give you a small bundle of odd pieces of wool and a suitable needle. Then, when you find a weak spot, go down on your knees and darn the place—of course matching the wools as closely as possible. It is really astonishing what good results one gets.

Dainty Costumes

THE dainty frock at the left is of white voile made up over pink taffeta. It is in empire style, shirred at the top and again at the bottom, where it is finished with a ruffle edged with Irish lace. It is trimmed with folds of the pink taffeta and Irish lace insertion.

The one on the largest girl is of white pique. The skirt is encircled with a wide band of English embroidery and with tucks which are embroidered with dots. The jacket is trimmed in the same way and ornamented with pearl buttons. The collar is of English embroidery bordered with the dotted bands.

The charming little coat is of light blue alpaca. One side of the front is turned back to form a large revers and the coat is trimmed in front and back with straps of the material fastened with gold buttons. The collar and cuffs are of guipure finished, to look their best, with little plaitings of fine lace.

IN VOGUE

White for all occasions is to be worn this spring and summer.

All kinds of laces are in use—heavy ones and the daintiest and flimiest.

High, small turbans are trimmed with cabochons of garden flowers on the side.

Shorter sleeves are looked for in the models that are to be worn in the coming summer.

Higher and higher mount the toques, higher and higher soar the feathery adornments.

There is a combination of French knots and colored beads seen on the new waists that is attractive.

The Volatile Waist Line.

Though the waist line is less versatile than it used to be, and is more and more inclined to assume the conventional position, the Empire effect is still to be seen. For reception and dancing gowns it is very graceful, and the soft outline it gives to the figure is delightfully picturesque. But for the street all this is out of place; it gives the wearer a silhouette that is untidy, and suggests a looseness that is altogether objectionable. In regard also to evening gowns the same fault may be found. So long as a toilette is to be worn chiefly while walking or standing, the short waist is permissible—even desirable—but for a dinner, concert or theater it is no longer so. The bust, unconfined, falls out of shape, and it is the realization of this fact that has led to so many of the newest evening bodices being made with swathed draperies and close fitting lines.

New Trimming Features.

Masses of foliage in the color of the hat, piled over the crown.

Buckles, carbochons and other ornaments made of lace Tuscan and studded with corals or turquoises.

Butterflies and fans formed by wide, pleated satin ribbon.

Heavy cord-shirred effects in ribbon garnitures of all kinds.

DESTRUCTIVE PLUM CURCULIO ATTACKS CULTIVATED FRUITS

Insect Is Distributed Over Practically All of United States East of Rocky Mountains and Has Been Rightfully Designated as Most Injurious of All Insect Enemies of Orchardists in Every Section.

Plum Curculio. Apple Curculio. Apple Weevil.

(By FRED E. BROOKS, West Virginia University Agricultural Experiment Station.)

The plum curculio is a snout beetle about one-fifth of an inch long. Its color is a mixture of black, brown and white, with the darker shades greatly predominating. On the back are several prominent humps which give the insect a roughened appearance and make it difficult to distinguish while on the tree from the bark or from a dry bud. It is armed with a curved snout one-third as long as the body.

The insect is a native of this country and is distributed over practically all the United States east of the Rocky mountains. Before orchards were planted within its range it undoubtedly fed and bred on wild plums, crab apples and hawthorns, but with the settlement of the country it turned its attention more to cultivated fruits, although it continues to breed on the wild, native varieties. It attacks plums, peaches, nectarines, apricots, cherries, apples, crab apples, pears, quinces and hawthorns, and has even been reported as breeding on persimmons. On account of the usual abundance of the insect and the great variety of valuable fruits which it attacks, there is little doubt but that it has been rightfully designated as the most destructive of all the insect enemies of the orchardist in this section of the country.

It injures the fruit by puncturing holes through the skin with its snout both for the purpose of feeding and egg-laying. The feeding punctures may be made in apples at almost any time during the summer, but the egg punctures are made mostly while the apples are small. These wounds, and the subsequent feeding of the larvae which hatch from the eggs, cause the fruit to become dwarfed in size, lopsided, knotty and otherwise misshapen.

The injuries done by the plum curculio are not so easily prevented as are those of some other insects, and yet there are a number of methods that can be used against them with a very satisfactory measure of success. In dealing with the insect on apples by far the most effective means of preventing loss is spraying with one of the arsenical poisons, such as paris green, or, preferably, arsenate of lead. Even where spraying is practiced, however, it is a good plan to use in connection with the operation some of the other measures suggested here, if the best possible results are to be obtained.

The apple curculio has been confused often with the plum curculio, but in reality it is quite distinct from that species in both appearance and habits. The apple curculio is more reddish-brown in color, the form is more robust and on the back are four prominent humps, the front two of which are much larger than any of the humps on the back of the plum curculio. The snout of the apple curculio is almost as long as the rest of the body, or three times the length of that of the other species. The snout is carried projecting forward, instead of hanging down like an elephant's trunk, as is the case with the plum curculio.

In attacking the fruit the apple curculio bores through the skin, in a manner similar to that of the other species, but after the puncture is completed and the egg laid, only an indistinct speck is left on the surface to mark the place of injury, whereas the plum curculio makes the conspicuous crescent-shaped mark. A glance at the insects or at their work is sufficient to enable anyone, who is at all well acquainted with the species, to distinguish between the two.

Where the apple curculio becomes troublesome care should be taken that no thickets of wild crab or hawthorn are allowed to remain as breeding places near the orchards. Such thickets may produce thousands of the beetles and when the wild fruit becomes insufficient for the great number of beetles they may seek places to feed and oviposit in cultivated orchards.

The jarring method, as recommended for the plum curculio, is effective when used against this species. Spraying with poisons is likely to be beneficial, but it is probable that not as many of the beetles will be killed by the operation, as in the case of the plum curculio, for the reason that in feeding they consume little of the exposed surface to which the poison is applied.

USING MODERN MANURE SPREADER

In Buying Machine One Should Be Careful to Note Strength at Places Where Wear and Tear Is Greatest.

(By W. M. KELLEY.)

The modern manure spreader is built so as to give sufficient capacity for a large load and unless the ground is dry and level three or four horses should be attached so that we may facilitate the work.

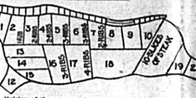
Owning a manure spreader stimulates us to get the manure out as fast as it is made, preventing all loss from heating and washing. It spreads the manure more evenly than it could be done by hand so that it covers more acres with the same good effect to the land covered that it would have if a large amount were applied by hand.

We have found during the recent years that there is a loss of fertility when manure is spread in too large quantities. The manure spreader is a great economy of labor, which is a very important item to be considered at the present time.

In buying a manure spreader, we should note very carefully how strongly it is built at the places where the wear and tear will be the greatest when the machine is in operation. It should distribute all kinds of manure evenly. There should be the same quantity spread on the outside as in the center of the space being covered.

This is a very important point to be considered in selecting a machine. With any make of spreader care should be exercised in loading if the machine is to do its best field work. It will pay every man to investigate these points before he buys a machine. On the average stock farm the machine is a good investment.

20-SHARE BEEF RING CHART



By the division of the carcass given in the table herewith each member gets a roast, a boil and a slice of steak, the numbers as indicated below going together:

Roast.	Boil	Steak.
1	14	1
2	13	2
3	19	3
4	16	4
5	17	5
6	18	6
7	15	7
8	12	8
9	20	9
10	11	10

POPULAR FEED FOR POULTRY

Most Common Method of Chicken World Is to Supply Wet Mash of Some Sort to Fowls Once During Day.

(By C. E. BROWN.)

The most common method of feeding throughout the poultry world today is to give a wet mash of some sort to the fowls once a day; whole grain being fed in the morning and evening. Some people prefer to feed the mash warm, and some cold, and some feed it in the morning, some in the middle of the day and others give it for the evening meal. Our preference is to feed it at noon for the reason that we want to make the hens scratch in the early morning for the whole grain in the litter to keep themselves warm and when in the middle of the day it is warmer and the hens naturally want a rest, we give them the mash. The chief objection to the evening mash is that a full crop of it will not last them during the long winter nights so well as whole grain, as it is so often composed of such a bulky mixture. Care should be exercised in not over-feeding on the wet mash.

A good mash for the farmer is as follows:

Equal parts of finely-ground corn, oats, bran or shorts, mixed with about ten per cent. of cooked meat, green cut bone of beef scraps. These foods are mixed up dry and then thoroughly mixed with about one-third their bulk of steeped clover leaves or finely cut clover which has previously been scalded by pouring hot water on it and covering it with a sack. The clover should be steeped about twelve hours before using. Another method and one of the best we have tried is to take a mixture of 200 pounds bran, 100 pounds shorts, 100 pounds ground corn, 100 pounds ground oats, 100 pounds beef scraps and ten pounds of charcoal. Slightly moisten this with water when feeding to the fowls, but never make it sloppy.

THEIR BUSINESS.

[illegible] (at matrimonial agent's, looking for a wife)—From this picture she appears as a woman with a high temper. 'Fraid we couldn't get along together.

Agent—That's all right, sir. With every wife we furnish complete directions for getting along with her.

DOCTOR PRESCRIBES CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I wish to let you know of a couple of recent cures which I have made by the use of the Cuticura Remedies. Last August, Mr. —— of this city came to my office, troubled with a severe skin eruption. It was dermatitis in its worst form. It started with a slight eruption and would affect most parts of his body, thighs, elbows, chest, back and abdomen—and would terminate in little pustules. The itching and burning was dreadful and he would almost tear his skin apart, trying to get relief. I recommended all the various treatments I could think of and he spent about fifteen dollars on prescriptions, but nothing seemed to help him.

"In the meantime my wife, who was continually suffering with a slight skin trouble and who had been trying different prescriptions and methods with my assistance, told me she was going to get some of the Cuticura Remedies and give them a fair trial. But as I did not know much about Cuticura at that time I was doubtful whether it would help her. Her skin would thicken, break and bleed, especially on the fingers, wrists and arms. I could do nothing to relieve her permanently. When she first applied the warm baths of Cuticura Soap and applications of Cuticura Ointment she saw a decided improvement and in a few days she was completely cured.

"I lost no time in recommending the Cuticura Remedies to Mr. —— and this was two months ago. I told him to wash with warm baths of the Cuticura Soap and to apply the Cuticura Ointment generously. Believe me, from the very first day's use of the Cuticura Remedies he was greatly relieved and today he is completely cured through their use. I have great faith in the Cuticura Remedies and shall always have a good word for them now that I am convinced of their wonderful merits." (Signed) B. L. Whitehead, M. D., 106 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass., July 22, 1910.

Getting Acquainted.

When the new family moves in next door the old boy and the new boy climb up on the fence to get acquainted, and it is done as follows:

"What's your name?"

"None of your business—what's yours?"

"None of your business. You are sassy."

"So are you."

"Don't talk back to me."

"And don't you to me!"

"I'm an awful fighter when I'm mad!"

"And I'm awfuller than you are!"

"I've got a dog."

"And I've got a goat."

"And five minutes later they are good friends."

Science Making Life Easy.

The small things in life are usually the most important—for example, a cake of poor soap may not only spoil the week's wash, and the temper of the housekeeper, but ruin valuable fabrics.

For twenty-five years we have spent a large sum of money educating people as to the soap situation, and it has paid us so far. We will continue the good health campaign and invite you most cordially to give Hewitt's Easy Task soap a trial, giving you the opportunity to do so on the most liberal basis we can offer. Buy two cakes from your grocer for ten cents, and if the first does not please you, return the other and get your money back. Is this good enough?

Ungracious Drops.

Stella—Did they give the bride a shower?

Bella—Well, all her friends threw cold water on the wedding.

More Palatable.

Mr. Benham—I'll eat my hat!

Mrs. Benham—Try mine, dear; there's some fruit on it.—Judge.

When a laxative is needed, take the always potent Garfield Tea. Composed of Herbs.

Some people seem to make a specialty of thinking only near-thoughts.

Should Report Tuberculosis Cases.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis says that the first requisite for a comprehensive campaign for the elimination of tuberculosis in a state or city is well-enforced law requiring that every living case of tuberculosis be reported to the health authorities. Such reporting is now required by law or health regulation in 25 states, while in 28 states and territories no provision whatever is made for keeping record of cases of this infectious disease. Several cities in non-registration states, as for instance, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis and New Orleans, have local ordinances requiring that tuberculosis be reported. In all, there are about 100 cities in the United States which have ordinances of this nature.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper. But he is happier who can suit his temper to any circumstance.—Hume.

Garfield Tea keeps the bodily machinery in order; it regulates the digestive organs and overcomes constipation.

Probably there is nothing so insincere as the struggle between two women to see which shall pay the car fare.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Many a man has discovered that popularity is not worth the price.

Garfield Tea overcomes constipation, sick-headache and bilious attacks.

Charity is too often charily dispensed.

JAMES BRAID SAYS:

No Athlete can do himself justice if his feet hurt. Many thousands are using daily, abroad and in this country, Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. All the prominent Golfers and Tennis Players at Augusta, Pinehurst and Palm Beach got much satisfaction from its use this Spring. It gives a restfulness and a springy feeling that makes you forget you have feet. Allen's Foot-Ease is the greatest comfort discovery of the age and so easy to use. It prevents soreness, blisters or puffing and gives rest from tired, tender or swollen feet. Seventeen years before the public, over 30,000 testimonials. Don't go on your vacation without a package of Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

USE A PORTABLE BOSS OVEN

With Patented GLASS DOOR

on your stove or range, either oil, gasoline, acetylene, alcohol or gas. No more spoiled bakings or worry—No more wasted heat—No more jarring or chilling of oven. Housewives can see their baking without opening door. Economy and convenience both guaranteed in the BOSS—a polished blued steel oven lined with tin and asbestos.

Look for Name BOSS on Every Oven

GLASS in DOOR

Here's to Your Good Health and Pleasure

Coca-Cola

Real satisfaction in every glass—snap and sparkle—vim and go. Quenches the thirst—cools like a breeze.

Delicious—Refreshing—Wholesome

5c Everywhere

THE COCA-COLA CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Send for our interesting booklet, "The Truth About Coca-Cola"

Best Soup Made

Libby's Concentrated Tomato Soup

Pure Good—Convenient

Libby's Soups have the home-made flavor.

Try Libby's Chicken Soup, Libby's Vegetable Soup, Libby's Tomato Soup at your grocers.

Libby, McNeill & Libby

The Beneficial Effects of Ozone

Electro-Medical Institute

Why Rent a Farm

Western Canada

Become Rich

PATENTS

THE HEART

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Instead of Liquid Antiseptics or Peroxide

100,000 people last year used Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.