

Love in the Wheat Fields.

By Harold Bindloss.

TWO men talked together beside the long, black furrows of Imrie's plowing, which alone broke the gray-white waste of Manitoban plain.

The other was poor, the of good up-bringing, and, as sometimes happened, loved the rich man's daughter, which was presumptuous of him, for Wyllard was sowing 1,200 acres of wheat that spring, while Imrie had sunk his last dollar and pledged his credit to sow 300.

Wyllard sat in his Ontario buggy, silent and grim, a hard man, so the settlers said, with iron-gray hair and piercing eyes, listening with ironical patience until the other had done.

"I'm sorry. It's perfectly impossible, even absurd," he said then. "Constance was carefully trained in England, and when she marries it must be in accordance with her station. She shall not, in any case, come down to the rough life you could offer her, all of which I tried to make plain before. This time you must plainly understand I forbid all correspondence, decline to reopen the subject, and request you to cease your visits to my house."

Shaking the reins he drove away, and Imrie's hands clenched tighter on the stilt of the breaker plow, as with a sense of cold dismay he stared across the waste of rolling prairie. Away on the crest of a rise two figures were silhouetted against crystalline blue, one slender and girlish, a graceful picture with the bronco beneath her, the other frowned as he recognized a distant and favorite kinsman of Wyllard's in the other. They turned and dipped behind the rise as the buggy approached, and that was the last of Constance Wyllard Imrie saw for many a day.

Imrie's wheat crop that year was a great success. Neighbors for miles around were invited to his harvest home after the crop was gathered, and when the prairie grass was dry as tinder from the scorching sun.

In the midst of the festivities a man galloped up to Imrie's farm.

"Biggest fire I've seen for five years coming down from the east," he said. "Heading straight for Carrington; even the green sloop couldn't stop it, and Wyllard's holding a fortune in his straw pile granary, with his guards half grown up."

For a few moments an ugly thought entered into Imrie's mind. If that wheat were destroyed one barrier between him and Constance Wyllard, in the shape of a heavy bank balance, would vanish with it, but he also felt he could not meet the girl's clear eyes if he held his hand. So he flung it from him, and in a sudden hush sent his voice ringing across the assembly.

"There's a neighbor's homestead threatened," he said. "Stop, you need not tell me—no man knows better that he hasn't always a pleasant tongue, but it's a common danger, and I'm going to help him. Who is coming with me?"

In frantic hurry they saddled or yoked the horses, and ten minutes later with a cry of "good luck" from the women ringing behind them, a very mixed cavalcade swept out into the silence of the moon-lit prairie, leaving a yellow-haired girl staring with fierce eyes after them. There was a thunder of hoofs on the matted sod, a great bounding of wheels, and the clouds whirled up in the faces of those who rode behind, and Imrie, leading the van, swaying easily to the gray horse's strides, spoke to the double team that hauled a gang plow in his boxwagon. At last a loom of buildings rose out of the prairie, and they drew rein before the homestead of Carrington. Swinging himself to earth Imrie raised his broad felt hat as he stood before its owner and his daughter, but Evanson Wyllard was, as the messenger had said, a hard man all thru, and there was neither panic nor dismay in face or bearing as he awaited them.

"We heard a fire was coming this way in a hurry. These were my guests tonight, and I brought them along to help," said Imrie; and the grim autocar answered quietly: "I am much indebted to you all. As it happens, also, my men are away."

"No time to fool in talking," shouted the breathless Jasper. "Where's your plow, Carrington? Someone turn out and hitch on his fresh horses," and inside of five minutes Imrie found himself gripping the lines of the big gang-plow. Nevertheless, the hands that clenched them had, for a moment, held the slender fingers of Constance Wyllard, and her low voice even then vibrated in his ears: "He will never forget it; I know his ways. It was like you, Harry."

"I'm used to horses if I'm not much of a farmer," said a voice close by. "You seem to be managing things. Can you tell me what to do?" and Imrie glancing round, saw his rival, Wyllard's distant kinsman.

"Yes; you can find grain bags and soak them at the well. When the smoke rolls down thick come back to me," he answered, hurriedly.

The horses were nearly frantic, and would have mastered him, but an English voice came out of the vapor. "Rather wild, are they not? Let me help you," and Imrie was glad to frankly accept his rival's assistance. It needed the utmost strength of both to hold the beasts to their work, but they cheered on one another, and the treble furrow was finished somehow, while, when Imrie slipped the clevis at the end of it, the team bolted incontinently.

The wet sacks were soaked ready. Wyllard and his daughter had seen to that, while, when Constance staggered toward him, dripping, under a heavy burden, Imrie ceased his protests as with the glare of the flame upon her face she said: "When the rest are doing so much, I must take my part, too."

The fire rolled up to the first of the furrows and halted a moment there, stretching out tongues of flame toward the withered grass tufts that showed between, ready to seize upon them as a bridge to help it across to the wealth of fuel waiting behind. Sometimes it also passed that bridge, but scorching and panting men stretched out along the line flung themselves upon it and thrashed it down with the soaked bags.

Thus, at last the fire was conquered, Wyllard thanked his helpers; then drew Imrie aside. Walking very stiffly, for his side pained him, Imrie approached the threshold of Wyllard's house, where he said:

"Those are my friends behind. The last time we met you did not treat me as such. May I ask upon what footing you receive me now?"

Then Wyllard's face softened, and his gray mustache twitched as he silently held out his hand to him. Imrie staggered as he passed into the long, birch-built hall, where the heads of wolves and deer reeled before him, then tried to recover himself, saying:

"It is nothing. One of the horses kicked me, I think," as Constance Wyllard with a low cry ran toward him.

Still two men had seen and read the look in her face. One was the English suitor, and he set his teeth as he slipped out to the night, while the autocar of Carrington smiled grimly. He recognized the inevitable, for he loved his daughter after his own fashion, and it hurt him to yield.

It was two days later when Imrie, who had lost some of his usual color and still moved stiffly, was driven over to Carrington and spent half an hour in private with its owner, who had requested him to do so. What passed between them only the two men knew, but Imrie went straight from that interview into the presence of Constance Wyllard, and felt when at last her head rested on his shoulder, that he would have fought prairie fires forever for such a consummation.

There was a wedding later, when, for the first time since its building, all the settlers within a radius of twenty miles assembled at Carrington, and, somewhat against his wishes, Imrie's bride did not come to him, empty-handed, for that harvest had set his feet at last upon the road to prosperity.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A String of Good Stories.

"I know not what the truth may be; I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

HE TOOK THREE PRISONERS.

CAPTAIN Bob Whittleton, one of the best-known Wisconsin soldiers, says that when the union and confederate lines were close together before Vicksburg, in June, 1863, so that the combatants could talk across the intervening space, a man in Whittleton's company got a little too far from base and was surrounded by three confederates.

He called to Captain Whittleton and others of the regiment: "I have taken three prisoners." "All right. Bring them in," was the answer. "They won't let me!" he yelled, as he was led away.

BECAUSE HE COULDN'T FLY.

IN his lecture on "The Last Days of the Confederacy," the late Lieutenant General John B. Gordon narrated this incident: During the battle of the Wilderness the general saw an Irishman running to the rear and coming directly toward the corps commander.

General Gordon swerved his horse toward the fleeing soldier and called to him: "What are you running for?" "Bekase, general, I can't fly," was his answer, as he sped along to the rear.

GABBY'S IMAGINATION FAILED.

GOVERNOR J. K. VARDAMAN of Mississippi, whose recent attacks on lynching have been praised everywhere, said the other day:

"Lynching, war, prize fights—all these things seem to me barbarous and cruel. Yet I must admit that about war at least there is a fascination and a glamour.

"I once attended a sham battle, and even this sham battle seemed to me, as I looked on, to be a fine, romantic, inspiring thing. I was following the troops about in a hack, and I remember how impatient I would grow when the ground becoming hilly, the driver would not drive me fast enough.

"Hurry up, man," I would say. "We mustn't miss that flanking movement."

"And the driver would growl and touch his horse with the whip.

"Finally the bugles of the sham enemies gave the 'cease firing' call, and my driver, with a look of relief, pulled up and began to feed his horse from a nosebag. Suddenly, tho, the 'advance' sounded, and off the troops started again at the double-quick.

"But the driver made no attempt to interrupt his horse's meal and follow them. Intoxicated with the glory and glamour of the sham battle, I said to the man, to inspire him: "Now, cabby, drive on. Imagine we are in a real war."

"All right," said the cabby; "and you imagine that me and the horse is shot."—Philadelphia Press.

HER "CHURCH EXPENSES."

A WELL-KNOWN Philadelphia banker began six months ago the custom of giving his wife a book full of blank checks which he had properly signed.

"You are welcome to use these as you see fit," he said, "but I want you to write on the stubs just what each check went for, then, at the end of six months, I'll look over the stubs."

The other day the six months came to an end and the husband began his inspection.

"You say here," he said, "that check 272 for \$25, went for church expenses. What church expenses are these?"

"A new Easter bonnet," the woman replied.

Curios and Oddities.

"The passing stranger!"

THE BENEVOLENT TAXAMETER.

"WE'LL all ride in cabs," said a traveler, "when the Paris taximeter is introduced here. The taximeter brings the cab within the reach of everybody. The day laborer of the future, on a Saturday evening's outing with his wife, won't hesitate to take her to the theater in a taximetered cab. The bank clerk, having overslept himself, won't hesitate to hasten in a cab of this kind to his fuming boss.

"The taximeter is a register, like a clock face, which fronts the passenger of a Parisian cab. It stands at zero when the cab starts, and mile by mile it marks the distance the passenger rides, while, furthermore, beside each distance the appropriate fare is set.

"Thus cheating or dispute is alike impossible. The taximeter, at the end of the ride, tells you plainly what you have had and what your bill comes to. You pay in silence, give the driver a small pourboire, and walk away. The cost of the average cab ride in Paris is today a quarter.

"These taximeters are doing the cab companies an unlooked-for service. They are weeding out the rascals—the men who idle all day and then make up for their idleness by overcharging exorbitantly some American who would rather pay than make a fuss.

"The idlers among the drivers are of two classes: First, the men who loaf in the cafes; second, the men who drive their friends about for nothing. The taximeter stops both those practices. In the case of the cafe loafer, it shows that the man has not driven about town as he should. In the case of the free ride gentleman, it shows that somebody has been using the company's vehicles free.

"Altogether the taximeter is a good thing, and I'll be glad when its introduction into America shall put an occasional cab ride within the reach of all of us."

INIMITABLE SOUNDS.

"THAT man can imitate perfectly the jingle of money," said, in a tone of eulogy, a young woman.

"Well, what of that?" objected her companion. "That oughtn't to be hard to do."

"Try to do it."

The objector, after summing into his mind the sound of jingling money, tried "R-r-r-tat-tat," he went. "Br-br-br-ra-ra. Chk-chkk-chk." Then he smiled apologetically, for he had failed. Not by the farthest stretch of the imagination could it be said that he had uttered a sound that resembled money's jingle in the least degree.

"I knew you couldn't do it," said the young woman. "It is amazing how many simple sounds there are that we can't imitate, try as we will. There is, for instance, the sound of a person walking, the sound of a typewriting machine in operation, the sound of running water, the sound of a breaking dish. You can't imitate those commonplace noises, and I doubt if anyone in the world can. Our vocal capacity seems to us large, but it is, really, limited enough—as limited as many animals', and much more limited than certain birds.' That is why I honor a man who has extended his vocal capacity sufficiently to imitate the pleasant silvery sound of money's jingle."

With the Long Bow.

"Eye Nature's Walks, Shoot Folly as It Flies."

HOW would you like to be running a natty little undertaking establishment in Port Arthur?

The Nebraska State Journal asks in perplexity: "Who the deuce is William F. Johnson?" Thought everybody knew Bill Johnson!

The race war at Litchville, N. D., seems to have been called off and, business being resumed, Robert Bowen advertises in the Bulletin thus:

Two bob-tailed pigs I've lost this week With backs as thin as a steeple's peak.

They're white as snow and as mean as sin, I'll set 'em up if you'll bring them in.

With a 12-year-old boy in the family it is difficult to escape the details of the football season.

The Baltic fleet is rejoicing in the warm breezes of tropic seas. There is also something pretty peppery heating up for the fleet somewhere off Chinkville-by-the-Pacific.

Diary of the Householder, Sunday, Nov. 27.—Brite and fair. Got out the snowshovel and scraped wife's oil painting of "spring" off the blade.

The Sioux City Journal is quite cross at Richard Harding Davis, who, on his return, let fall the following artless remarks:

About the tea houses? They were all very well as a novelty. But after the first two weeks they became tiresome. The geisha girls in them are no more than 11 or 12 years old. They can't talk English and we could not talk Japanese. Imagine a lot of newspaper men being able to get entertainment out of such places. We would have been much happier even in Sioux City.

The Sioux City Journal says there is something doing in Sioux City every minute. Have you ever visited the packinghouses?

The Wahpeton Gazette has those Nolans fatally twisted. It says:

W. A. Nolan of Grand Meadow, Minn., is the probable speaker of the Minnesota house of representatives, this winter. "Billy" spent his school days in Wahpeton and has a number of warm friends among the boys that made faces at the same teacher. He attained quite a reputation as a "funny man" while living in Minneapolis, where he moved to from here, and gave entertainments in this city occasionally until several years ago, when he was elected to the lower house in Minnesota and gave up his "funny business" for the more serious work among the lawmakers, with whom he is very popular.

W. A. Nolan is the statesman in question, while W. I. Nelson combines statecraft with hot platform stunts that make audiences lie down and roll over on the floors of the operahouses.

The Kasson Republican says that the jackrabbit is an institution designed to give the new dog exercise. The rabbit is awkward, appears to be lame, holds up one foot as tho it pained him, and altogether creates the belief that he is a dilapidated wreck, of which the settler's dog is confident that he can quickly make an end. He bristles, runs leisurely toward the rabbit, doubles his speed, doubles it again, trips, that, quadruples the whole, when, lo! the rabbit disappears. Then the dog sits down, puts one paw to his head and thinks.

Hendrum, Minn., man read an advertisement where a firm offered 11 cents for 1902 pennies. He sent them fifty of the coppers of the 1902 vintage. He received an immediate reply, saying that just as soon as sent 1,852 more pennies—sufficient to make up the full number of 1902—he would receive 11 cents. For a few moments things in the vicinity of Hendrum's quiet postoffice smoked with the heat.

General interest will be aroused by the announcement that the secretary of the Mayflower descendants has begun a genealogy of all Mayflower descendants, from original sources, that he has made considerable progress and that he hopes eventually to have the names of all the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers. Then if he can trace some of that vast store of old furniture that "came over" with the fathers—and trace it to our house—we will live happy ever after.—A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

WITH the coming of the season of hearty, satisfying breakfasts in which griddle cakes, fried mushes and French toasts play an important part, honey is much appreciated. It is preferred by many to syrup to eat with hot breads and cakes, because bought in the comb there is no doubt as to its purity. For the same reason comb honey is preferred to strained, altho the latter is more economical and easier to serve. When one is so fortunate as to be able to buy honey direct from an apiarist or a dealer in whom one can put full confidence, strained honey is a very satisfactory purchase.

Most of the shops sell comb honey for 18 cents a comb, which is supposed to weigh a pound, but usually falls a little short of that weight. However, by keeping one's eyes open a market or two may be found where choice honey can be had at 14 cents or \$3.25 for a case of twenty-four combs.

Many of the grocers now handle homemade canned fruits, jellies and preserves and these may be bought at very reasonable prices. The competition of these homemade fruit products improved the factory product and many firms now put up fruit in a manner that is beyond criticism. The best of these brands cost more, however, than home canning.

What Women Want to Know.

KEEPING FLOWERS FRESH.—What is the best way to keep flowers fresh? I never can wear my violets as long as other people and I would like to learn how they manage?—Dollie.

Salt is useful in preserving the freshness of cut flowers. When one wishes to prevent roses or other flowers from opening too widely a little salt is added to the water in which the stems are placed. A bunch of violets may be worn several times if a little thin cotton batting which has been dipped in salt water, is wrapped around the stem each time before the tinfoil is wound about it. When not in use take off the foil and bathe and put the stems in a glass of water which is slightly salted. The bunch should be kept in a cool room with tissue paper twisted over it to exclude the air.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

TO CLEAN MIRRORS.—How can I wash a mirror so that it will look clear? My attempts always result in streaked glass that is worse than the soiled mirror.—Alice.

Journal's Daily Puzzle

By SAM LOYD, "The Mathematical Wizard."

ANSWER TO THE TURKEY PUZZLE.

Several hundred solutions were sent in for last week's turkey puzzle and a great many correct answers were received. Mr. Loyd says: "The best answer shows that the gobbler cost \$2.04. Arabella had 60 cents, Carrie \$1.32 and Betsy \$1.56. Other answers like 10, 20 and 26 cents were submitted, without showing how the third of 10 could be contributed; \$4.08, \$6.12, etc., were deemed to be exorbitant prices for turkeys."

The best solution was submitted by Charles O. Wood, and the next ten best solutions were sent in by G. A. Moore, W. A. Henderson, G. A. Gunnarson, Wayland H. Brown, T. T. Boggs, Herbert Carleton, P. A. Davis, W. W. Colburn, G. S. Bliss, Mrs. W. F. Thwing.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE.



A horse dealer sold a fine pair of horses for \$1,496, losing 10 per cent on one and making 12 on the other, so that he said he 'came out just 2 per cent ahead on the whole deal.' The problem for our clever puzzleists to figure out is to tell: how much did he get for the cheaper horse?

To the first ten persons sending in the correct answer will be given a copy of Mr. Loyd's marvelous book of Chinese Tangrams, containing 700 puzzles and much pertaining to the mysteries of mathematics, oriental art and philosophy, which will interest every member of the family.

Address all solutions to Puzzle Editor, The Journal, Minneapolis.

Advertisement for Gamossi gloves, featuring 'Boys' and Girls' Fringed Buck Gauntlets' for 75c, 95c, \$1, \$1.25.

Advertisement for Men's Fur-lined Coats by A. Reiner, Furrier, located at 701 Henn. Ave.

Advertisement for Chicago Avenue Laundry, located at 2901-3 Chicago Ave.

Advertisement for The Pantorium, offering clothing services and located at 1028-1030 W. L. Waldron, Prop.

Advertisement for Eureka Lotion, claiming to cure various skin conditions.

Advertisement for M.P.D. Merchants' Package Delivery, located at 619 4th Av. So.

Advertisement for Wallace Grimly, 'Fights Off Death' in his memoirs.

Advertisement for John D. Rockefeller, 'Buying Up Town to Kill Saloon'.

Advertisement for New York Sun Special Service, offering travel and transportation services.

Advertisement for Chicago Great Western Ry., listing train schedules to various cities.

Advertisement for 'To California' tourist car service, offering quick trips to Los Angeles.

Advertisement for Wisconsin Central Ry., listing train schedules to Milwaukee and Chicago.

Large advertisement for Gordon Patent Cap, describing it as comfortable and stylish.