THE QUICKENING

BY

FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"I ain't hurt none," she said, gravely. And then: "I reckon we'd better be gettin' them berries. It looks like it might shower some; and paw 'll kill me if I ain't home time to get his supper."

Here was an end of the playtime, and Tom helped industriously with the berry-picking, wondering the while why she kept her face turned from him, and why his brain was in such a turmoil, and why his hands shook so if they happened to touch hers in reaching for the piggin.

But this new mood of hers was more unapproachable than the other; and it was not until the piggin was filled, and they had begun to retrace their steps together through the fragrant wood, that she let him see her eyes again, and told him soberly of her troubles; how she was 15 and could neither read nor write; how the workmen's children in Gordonia hooted at her and called her a mountain cracker when she went down to buy meal or to fill the molasses jug; and, lastly, how, since her mother had died, her father had worked little and drunk much, till at times there was nothing to eat save the potatoes she raised in the little patch back of the cabin, and the berries she picked on the mountain side.

"I hain't never told anybody afore, and you mustn't tell, Tom. But times I'm scared paw 'll up and kill me when —when he ain't feelin' just right. He's some good to me when he ain't redeyed; but that ain't very often, nowadays."

Tom's heart swelled within him; and this time it was not the heart of the Pharisee. There is no lure known to the man part of the race that is half so potent as the tale of a woman in trouble.

"Does—does he beat you, Nan?" he asked; and there was wrathful horror in his voice.

For answer she bent her head and parted the thick black locks over a long scar.

"That's where he give me one with the skillet, a year come Christmas. And this"—opening her frock to show him a black-and-blue bruise on her breast—"it what I got only day afore yisterday."

Tom was burning with indignant compassion, and bursting because he could think of no adequate way of expressing it. In all his fifteen years no one had ever leaned on his before, and the sense of protectorship over this abused one budded and bloomed like a juggler's rose.

"I wish I could take you home with me, Nan," he said, simply.

"No, you don't," she said, firmly. "Your mammy would call me a little heathen, same as she used to; and I reckon that's what I am—I hain't had no chanst to be anything else. And you're goin' to be a preacher, Tom."

Why did it rouse a dull anger in his heart to be thus reminded of his own scarce-cooled pledge made on his knees under the shadowing cedars? He could not tell; but the fact remained.

"You hear me, Nan; I'm going to take care of you when I'm able. No matter what happens, I'm going to take care of you," was what he said; and a low rumbling of thunder and a spattering of rain on the leaves punctuated the promise.

She looked away and was silent. Then, when the rain began to come faster: "Let's run, Tom. I don't mind gettin' wet; but you mustn't."

They reached the great rock sheltering the barrel-spring before the shower broke in earnest, and Tom led the way to the right. Half-way up its southern face the big boulder held a water-worn cavity, round, and deeply hollowed, and carpeted with cedar needles. Tom climbed in first and gave her a hand from the mouth of the little cavern. When she was up and in, there was room in the nest-like hollow, but none to spare. And on the instant the summer shower shut down upon the mountain side and closed the cave mouth as with a thick curtain.

There was no speech in that little interval of cloud-lowering and cloud-lifting. The boy, tried for it, would have taken up the confidences where the storm-coming had broken them off; but it was blankly impossible. All the curious thrills foregone seemed to culminate now in a single burning desire: to have it rain for ever, that he might nestle there in the hollow of the great rock with Nan so close to him that he could feel the warmth of her body and the quick beating of her heart against his arm.

Yet the sleeping conscience did not stir. The moment of recognition was withheld even when the cloud curtain began to lift and he could see the long lashes drooped over the dark eyes, and the flush in the brown cheek matching his own.

"Nan!" he whispered, catching his breath; "you're—you're the——"

She slipped away from him before he could find the word, and a moment later she was calling to him from below that the rain was over and she must hurry.

He walked beside her to the door of the miserable log shack under the second cliff, still strangely shaken, but striving manfully to be himself again. The needed fillip came when the mountaineer staggered to the threshold. In times past, Tom would quickly have put distance between himself and Tike Bryerson in the squirrel-eyed stage of intoxication. But now his promise to Nan was behind him, and the Gordon blood was to the fore.

"It was my fault that Nan stayed so long," he said, bravely; and he was immensely relieved when Bryerson, making quite sure of his identity, became effusively hospitable.

"Cap'n Gordon's boy—f' cou'se; didn't make out to know ye, 't firs'. Come awn in the house an' sit a spell; come in, I say!"

Again, for Nan's sake, Tom could do no less. It was the final plunge. The boy was come of abstinent stock, which was possibly the reason why the smell of the raw corn liquor with which the cabin reeked gripped him so fiercely. Be that as it may, he could make but a feeble resistance when the tipsy mountaineer pressed him to drink; and the slight barrier went down altogether when he saw the appealing look in Nan's eyes. Straightway he divined that there would be consequences for her when he was gone if the maudlin demon should be aroused in her father.

So he put the tin cup to his lips and coughed and strangled over a single swallow of the fiery, nauseating stuff; did this for the girl's sake, and then rose and fled away from the mountain with his heart ablaze and a fearful clamor as of the judgment trumpet sounding in his ears.

The next morning he came hollow-eyed to his breakfast, and when the chance offered, besought his father to give him one of the many boy's jobs in the iron plant during the summer vacation—asked and obtained. And neither the hotel on the mountain top nor the hovel cabin under the second cliff saw him more the long summer through.

CHAPTER X.

It was just before the Christmas holidays, in his fourth year of the sectarian school, that Tom Gordon was expelled. Writing to the Reverend Silas at the moment of Tom's dismissal, the principal could voice only his regret and disappointment. It was a most singular case. During his first and second years Thomas had set a high mark and had attained to it. On the spiritual side he had been somewhat non-committal, to be sure, but to offset this, he had deeply interested in the preparatory theological studies, or at least he had appeared to be.

But on his return from his first summer spent at home there was a marked change in him, due, so thought Doctor Tollivar, to his association with the rougher class of workmen in the iron mills. It was as if he had suddenly grown older and and harder, and the discipline of the school, admirable as the Reverend Silas knew it to be, was not severe enough to reform him.

"It grieves me more than I can tell you, my dear brother, to be obliged to confess that we can do nothing more for him here," was the concluding paragraph of the principal's letter, "and to add that his continued presence with us is a menace to the morals of the school. When I say that the offense for which he is expelled is by no means the first, and that it is the double one of gambling and keeping intoxicating liquors in his room, you will understand that the good repute of Beersheba was at stake, and there was no other course open to us."

Thomas Jefferson turned his back on three and a half years of Beersheba, with hot tears in his eyes and an angry word on his lips. The Pintsch lights were burning brightly in the Pullman, and these—and the tears—blinded him. Some of the sections in the middle of the car were made down for the night, and while he was stumbling in the wake of the porter over the shoes and the hand-bags left in the aisle, the train started.

"Lower ten, sah," said the black boy, and went about his business in the linen locker. But Tom stood balancing himself with the swaying of the car and staring helplessly at the occupant of lower twelve, a young girl in a gray traveling coat and hat, sitting with her face to the window.

"Why, you—somebody!" she exclaimed, turning to surprise him in the act of glowering down on her. "Do you know, I thought there might be just one chance in a thousand that you'd go home for Christmas, so I made the porter tell me when we were coming to Beersheba. Why don't you sit down?"

Tom edged into the opposite seat and shook hands with her, all in miserable, comfortless silence. Then he blurted out:

"If I'd had any idea you were on this train, I'd have walked."

Ardea laughed, and for all his misery he could not help remarking how much sweeter the low voice was growing, and how much clearer the blue of her eyes was under the forced light of the gas-globes.

"You are just the same rude boy, aren't you?" she said, leniently. "Are there no girls in Beersheba to teach you how to be nice?"

"I didn't mean it that way," he hastened to say. "I'm always saying the wrong thing to you. But if you only knew, you wouldn't speak to me; much less let me sit here and talk to you."

"If I only knew what? Perhaps you would better tell me and let me judge for myself," she suggested; and out of the past came a flick of the memory whip to make him feel again that she was immeasurably his senior.

"I'm expelled," he said, bluntly.

"Oh!" For a full minute, as it seemed to him, she looked steadfastly out of the window at the wall of blackness flitting past, and the steady drumming of the wheels grated on his nerves and got into his blood. When it was about to become unbearable she turned and gave him her hand again. "I'm just as sorry as I can be!" she declared, and the slate-blue eyes confirmed it.

"It was this way: three of the boys came to my room to play cards—because their rooms were watched. I didn't want to play—oh, I'm none too good;"—this in answer to something in her eyes that made him eager to tell her the exact truth—"I've done it lots of times. But that night I'd been thinking—well, I just didn't want to, that's all. Then they said I was afraid, and of course that settled it."

"Of course," she agreed, loyally.

"Wait; I want you to know it all," he went on, doggedly. "When Martin—he's the Greek and Latin, you know—slipped up on us, there was a bottle of whisky on the table. He took down our names, and then he pointed at the bottle, and said, 'Which one of you does that belong to?' Nobody said anything, and after it began to get sort of—well, kind of monotonous, I picked up the bottle and offered him a drink, and put it in my pocket. That settled me."

"But it wasn't yours," she averred.

His smile was a rather ferocious grin. "Wasn't it? Well, I took it, anyway; and I've got it yet. Now see here: that's my berth over there and I'm going over to it. You needn't let on like you know me any more."

"Fiddle!" she said, making a face at him. "You say that like a little boy trying, oh, so hard, to be a man. I'll believe you are just as bad as ban can be, if you want me to; but you mustn't be rude to me. We don't play cards or drink things at Carroll College, but some of us have brothers, and—well, we can't help knowing."

Tom was soberly silent for the space of half a hundred rail-lengths. Then he said: "I wish I'd had a sister; maybe it would have been different."

"No, indeed, it wouldn't. You're going to be just what you are going to be, and a dozen sisters wouldn't make any difference."

"One like you would make a lot of difference." It made him blush and have a slight return of the largeness of hands; but he said it.

She laughed. "That's nice. But I mean what I say. Sisters wouldn't help you to be good, unless you really wanted to be good yourself. They're just comfortable persons to have around when you are taking your whipping for being naughty."

"Well, that's a good deal, isn't it?"

Again she made the adorable little face at him. "Do you want me to be your sister for a little while—till you get out of scrape? Is that what you are trying to say?"

He took heart of grace, for the first time in three bad days. "Say, Ardea; I'm hunting for sympathy; just as I used to a long time ago. But you mustn't mix up with me. I'm not worth it."

"Oh, I suppose not; no boy is. But tell me; what are you going to do when you get back to Paradise?"

"Why—I don't know; I haven't thought that far ahead; go to work in the iron plant and be a mucker all the rest of my life, I reckon."

"And all the way along you've been meaning to be a minister?"

He gritted his teeth. "That's all over, now; I reckon it's been over for a long time."

"That is more serious. Does your mother know? She mustn't, Tom; it will just break heart."

"As if I didn't know?" he said, bitterly. "But, Ardea, I haven't been quite square with you. The way I told it about the cards and the whisky you might think——"

"I know what you are going to say. But it needn't make any all-the-time difference, need it? You've been backsliding—isn't that what you call it?—but now you are sorry, and——"

"No; that's the worst of it. I'm not sorry, the way I ought to be. Besides, after what I've been these last two years—but you can't understand; it would just be mockery—mocking God. I told you I wasn't worth your while."

She smiled gravely. "You are such a boy, Tom. Don't you know that all through life you'll have two kinds of friends: those who will stand by you because they won't believe anything bad about you, and those who will take you for just what you are and still stand by you?"

He scowled thoughtfully at her. "Say, Ardea; I'd just like to know how old you are, anyhow! You say things every once in a while that make me feel as if I were a little kid in knee-breeches."

She laughed in his face. "That is the rudest thing you've said yet! But I don't mind telling you—since I'm to be your sister. I'll be 17 a little while after you're 18."

"Haven't you ever been foolish, like other girls?" he asked.

She laughed again, more heartily than ever. "They say I'm the silliest tomboy in our house, at Carroll. But I have my lucid intervals, I suppose, like other people, and this is one of them. I am going to stand by you to-morrow morning, when you have to tell your father and mother—that is, if you want me to."

His gratitude was too large for speech, but he tried to look it. Then then porter came to make her section down, and he had to say good-night and vanish.

(To be continued.)

PALACE RAZED IN TEXAS.

Will Be Replaced by a Modern Ten-Story Office Building.

After having been in situ since 1735 the stone and mortar of the Veramendi palace will be used in the construction of a modern ten-story office building, a New York Herald's San Antonio correspondent says. Instead of hearing the gasconades of Spanish conquistadores and the dolce voices of senoritas they will hereafter listen to the click of typewriters and the giggles of those who work them. No more will they look upon proud Dona from far Hispano, armed cap-a-pie and incased in helmet, visor, doublet and cuirass, for hereafter twentieth century business men with green neckties, pink socks, pigeon-toed shoes and padded garments will be the only companions. Before the stones get that far, however, they will be put through the mill and made of the size used in concrete construction. They are limestone, of excellent quality and well adapted for their future missions.

With the Veramendi palace passes one of the best known architectural remains of Spanish-American civilization. It was erected almost simultaneously with the Mission San Antonio de Valero, now the Alamo, and for many years was the white house of the Spanish province of Bexar, a territory comprising all of Texas. In those days, however, it was merely known as the governor's house, a description more suitable than Veramendi palace. The latter name it received because of its occupancy by the last Mexican governor of Texas.

The building stood in Soledad street, its site marking formerly the northeastern corner of a large public square, the center of which was occupied by the Plaza des Armas of San Fernando Presidio. In its rear was a big garden, which extended to the banks of the San Antonio river, the whole house and garden being at one time surrounded with a very strong palisade and deep ditches. It was no uncommon thing to have the Indians make raids right in the city in those days and for that reason defenses of that kind were necessary.

The old building was the scene of many a romance of love and murder. Almost in its shadow a Mexican general caused to be butchered like pigs a number of Spanish and other prisoners who had been unfortunate enough to side with the Spanish government during the Mexican revolution. The description of this scene, picturing the assassin as he whetted the knife on the soles of his shoes every time he had slit the throat of a prisoner, forms one of the most stirring chapters in Texas history. In the Veramendi palace Ben Milam met his end at the assassin's hand and in its patio and the shaded walks of its gardens James Bowie, designer of the famous knife bearing his name, courted and won Ursula Veramendi, said to have been by far the prettiest woman in Texas.

All that remains intact of the famous old structure now are a pair of cedar doors which had swung on their hinges since 1735. They are elaborately carved and unusually well preserved. For some time to come they will swing in a private residence in this city, but it is hoped to put them in some museum in the near future.

Shrewd "Labby."

Henry Labouchere, the owner of Truth, and a very famous wit and cynic, was several years ago detained on the border between France and Germany, while the custom officials went through his trunks.

"You will kindly replace the things you have scattered about," said the much annoyed Mr. Labouchere, and when the officials rudely refused, he added, "Very well, give me a telegraph blank, and see that this dispatch is forwarded at once."

This was the dispatch:

"To his highness, Prince Bismarck. Very sorry not to be able to breakfast with your highness to-morrow, but I am unavoidably detained here."

Needless to say, the trunks were repacked at once.

In the Park.

"That early robin," remarked Yorick Hamm, "struts about like a popular actor."

"He has a right to be chesty," declared Hamlet Fatt. "He gets plenty of press notices."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Doubt.

"I wonder what that boy of ours would really like to be?"

"I fancy he'd like to be the censor for all the picture shows in town."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ito, Japan's greatest statesman, who did more than any other man to make Japan what it is to-day, was busy planning still greater achievements for his country when assassinated at 69.

We are not in this world to do what we wish—but to be willing to do that which it is our duty to do.—Charles Gounod.

Fattening Turkeys Need Exercise.

Fattening turkeys need lots of exercise, and confinement will often cause them to mope and pine instead of putting on flesh. And the wild spirit in them will often cause them to prefer trees to their regular roosting place, and if not watched they may wander away.

Poison Ivy.

Poisonous plants are almost as much of a nuisance as the insect pests, and ought to be attacked through a kind of legislation. Poison ivy increases very fast along old stone walls and fences, and becomes a nuisance anywhere near gardens or orchards. For the inflammation that follows poison of this plant a professor in the Harvard Medical School recommends applying alcohol, soap and water, which will offset the poisonous oil that causes the trouble. The plant itself is best checked by repeated cutting back. The young growth is easily killed with a spray of kerosene and water.

Protection from Lightning.

In a lecture before the Engineering Society at Birmingham, Sir Oliver Lodge discussed the question of protection from lightning. He stated that the problem consisted in finding the best method of dissipating the enormous energy of the flash; but that it was not wise to get rid of the energy too quickly. A thin iron wire is considered the best lightning conductor from an electrical point of view, but it is almost impossible to protect a building from lightning unless it is completely enveloped in a metal cage. It is by no means true that a building is safe when provided with a conductor reaching up to the tallest part of the building.

The Poultry House Floor.

Regardless of the manner in hatching, keep the young chicks dry till they are several weeks old. A chick has bare feet, which soon get cold on wet ground or floors. Wet feet will soon result in bowel trouble, and bowel trouble means loss.

In speaking of dry feet, it may also be said that hens will always do better and lay more eggs if their feet are always dry. For this reason the floor of the hen house should be raised above the level of the surrounding ground and be provided with a good earth floor, a board floor, or one of concrete. Also, on all cold and stormy days in spring the hens should be confined in the housewith plenty of dry straw to stand on and scratch in. —Agricultural Epitomist.

Stalk Saved in Silo.

By placing corn in the silo the stalk as well as the grain is preserved for feeding purposes, and the whole corn plant becomes available. About 40 per cent of the feeding value of the corn plant is in the stalk, leaves and husks and the other 60 per cent in the ear. In handling corn as commonly practiced much of the 40 per cent is lost. When corn is cut for silo before lower leaves are dry there is no waste. About twice the amount of dry matter can be stored in the form of silage as in the form of fodder. It has been determined that a cubic foot of hay in the mow contains about 4.3 pounds of dry matter, while a cubic foot of silage contains about 8.9 pounds of dry matter, a cubic foot of space in a silo being worth more than twice an equal space in a mow.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Leaving the Farm.

The prosperous farmers in the eastern states not only have been derelict in letting their children drift whither they would in getting away from the farm life; they have done worse; they have followed the children into the towns. Their farms have been turned over to tenants who, as a rule, have not sought to keep up the productiveness of the soil. Shiftless cultivation has been followed by sterility. Of late years the better prices of farm products, the improvement of roads, the stringing of telephone wires, the free delivery of mails and the introduction of automobiles and building of trolley lines have served as great corrective tendencies. The farmer and the farmer's wife and children have practically been made suburbanites. They are no longer set apart and isolated and felicities have brought them within arm's length. There are fewer tenants. There are more farmers' boys in the agricultural colleges. There will be better harvests in the years to follow.—Philadelphia Record.

The Farmer and the Incubator.

One point, and an important one, in favor of the incubator is the fact that the incubator can be put to work turning out chicks and consequently the farmer can have all the March or April chicks he desires, says Poultry Tribune. The cockerel from these hatches will be ready for the market at a time when they will bring the best prices, which is not possible, in any considerable number at least, in the case of hen-hatched chicks, for the simple reason that it is impossible to get a sufficient number of broody hens so early in the season.

The pullets from these early hatches will begin laying early in the fall, while the hens are in moult and when eggs are high in price, and if given proper care will keep it up all winter. Early pullets properly cared for make the best of winter layers and with eggs at 40 to 50 cents per dozen are certainly a very good proposition.

The successful operation of any good incubator is not so difficult as many farmers seem to think. We know dozens who have had the best of success the past pring and now have a fine lot of pullets to show for their work, the cockerels having gone to market long ago as broilers and roasters at good long prices.

There can be no mistake in the assertion that the incubator will be needed on the farm next spring more than ever before, since the market price of eggs will without doubt be higher than ever was known, and it will be simply good business policy to keep the hens turning out 20 to 30 cent eggs instead of hatching and brooding chicks.

Condiment for Hens.

The reason that so many people are not enthusiastic over the poultry business is that they do not get eggs in winter when prices are high. Hens, as a rule, refuse to lay out of season, and when the weather is cold and snowy. But a suburbanite in St. Louis county, Mo., has at last found the secret. In winter and cold weather he feeds his hens cayenne pepper and horse-radish, which he says makes the hens lay furiously.

This man, Mr. Henry Ahlers, takes his eggs to the town of Clayton, when he goes to work every morning, and the regularity with which he has been bringing them in during the cold weather caused him to be closely questioned. His reply is: "I just feed them a little cayenne pepper and horse-radish once in awhile. I have a large horse-radish patch close to my poultry yard and have found that even the dried horse-radish leaves are good for the chickens.

Mr. Ahlers states that he has seventy hens, and that he gathers as many as twenty-five dozens of eggs each week. He does not state what general feed and care he gives his flock of hens for producing such a yield of eggs in cold weather.—Journal of Agriculture.

Adulteration Causes Loss.

Farmers' Bulletin 382, United States Department of Agriculture, on the adulteration of forage plant seeds, contains the following conclusions:

Serious and intentional adulteration of important forage plant seeds is frequently practiced. Seed is sometimes misbranded.

It is possible for purchasers to detect most kinds of adulterations of misbrand of farm seeds.

In detecting adulteration it is necessary to know what kinds of seeds are subject to adulteration, the means employed in adulteration and the distinguishing character of both the crop and the adulterant seeds.

A cheap magnifier suffices in distinguishing crop seeds from other kinds of seeds used in adulterants.

A simple germinating test discloses the use of dead seed.

A little effort on the part of the purchaser of seeds directed to the detection of adulteration or misbranding will prevent many instances of crop failure.

It is advisable to make tests for adulteration at home; otherwise the suspected seed may be sent to the seed laboratory at Washington or to the co-operative laboratories in Missouri, Nebraska or Oregon. A report on the matter of adulteration will be made promptly and without charge.

Fishy Butter.

What causes the fishy flavor in butter? That is something no one has been able to find out until the government dairy foods undertook the task. But even the government cannot find out all the causes, for there are more than one. However, the main cause seems to be some particular substance produced by the oxidation of one of the combinations of the acid development in the ripening of the cream. In other words, it is caused by a slow, chemical change to which acid is essential and which is flavored by the presence of small amounts of oxygen.

It has been a generally accepted theory among buttermakers that sour cream made the best butter. This idea is reversed by the investigations which bring forth the conclusion that butter made from sweet cream does not contain the elements that go to make fishy flavor.

In all the experimental butter made in the last three years there has been no trace of fishy flavor in that made from pasteurized sweet cream, churned without the addition of a starter. In butter made from pasteurized cream with starter added, but without any subsequent ripening, there has been no fishy flavor, with one or two doubtful exceptions. On the other hand, many lots of experimental butter made from well ripened cream developed marked fishiness.

It is evident therefore that there is a direct relation between the acidity of cream and the development of fishy flavor in the butter. However, as the work progressed it became apparent that the acidity, although having a determining influence on fishy flavor, was not the sole cause.

With this factor controlled, it was impossible to make butter with any certainty that it would become fishy. Frequently butter made from cream with a high acidity showed no trace of this flavor.

It was found that overworking the butter increased the tendency to fishiness, and this flavor could be produced with reasonable certainty by overworking high-acid butter. All butter contains considerable quantities of air, and this is increased by the working, thus producing conditions more favorable to oxidation.

Fishy flavor may be prevented with certainty, says Mrs. Rogers, the government expert, by making butter from pasteurized cream, without ripening. The addition of a starter to pasteurized sweet cream, without subsequent ripening improves the flavor of the fresh butter without adding enough acid to cause fishiness. Pasteurization of sour cream will not prevent the development of fishy flavor.

To prevent operators of small machines driven by electric motors forgetting to turn off the current when they leave them a mat containing a switch has appeared in the market. When an operator steps from the mat the current is broken.

Officers of the new battleship South Dakota, which is equipped with Curtis turbine engines, say there is absolutely no vibration of the fire control masts, a difficulty always found in the reciprocating engine-driven vessels.

Boyce—I never heard of a man like Jones; he goes home every night and tells his wife about the bargains he has seen advertised for the next day.

Joyce—Yes; he is trying to keep her from cleaning house.

The rpir n'dooh, or "bird of death," is the only venomous bird known to science, but there is very little known regarding its habits, and especially its venomous qualities.

Cranes are used as watchdogs in Venezuela by the natives, who call them "yakanuk," and are said to be excellent guards of poultry.

Do not bang the bits against the horse's teeth. Be patient and he will open his mouth.

When two horses become accustomed to working together, don't change them.

An Opportunity for Aldrich.

Some time ago the senior senator from Rhode Island, Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich, told the senate that if he were given an opportunity to reorganize and superintend the national system of government he would save the taxpayers of the United States $300,000,000 a year.

If such small items are not beneath his notice, there is a little matter right in his own little state that affords him an opportunity for economy, says the Chicago Journal.

The river and harbor bill, commonly known as the "pork barrel," and used to vote public money without excuse into doubtful territory, contains this year among its total $52,000,000 of appropriations an item of $30,000 toward converting Great Salt pond, Block Island, R. I., into a harbor of refuge.

In 1868 government engineers reported that this project was not feasible. In 1893 Capt. Bixby, for the government, condemned it not only as impossible, but, because of the nearness of three good harbors and the harbor under construction at Point Judith, as an unnecessary waste of money. The division engineer reported likewise.

In 1894 the river and harbor bill ordered a survey. Then harbor work was begun. To date $199,000 of good money out of the pockets of the taxpayers has been thrown away on a project condemned by every engineer who has examined it.

Has anyone heard a protest from Senator Aldrich?

The State of Rhode Island put $14,000 into the work, and abandoned it as useless. In December, 1909, the federal engineering department advised that no further money be expended on Great Salt pond. Yet politicians in Congress propose to waste another $30,000 this year in this sink hole.

Will Mr. Aldrich permit this flagrant diversion of public funds to political purposes? Is a mere matter of $30,000 a year too small for his scheme of economy?

Or can it be possible that his conception of economy would not prevent digging useless harbors when to stop such criminal waste of public funds might cost a few votes that $30,000 would make safe for Aldrich and Aldrichism?

Watch and see.

Mr. Taft's Amazing Blunder.

One of the most incomprehensible things about the Ballinger-Pinchot hearing is the apparent determination of the administration to clear Secretary Ballinger at any cost, declares the Atlanta Constitution.

To accomplish this the President has apparently lent himself to schemes of evasion, the suppression of evidence, and denials of things charged by apparently creditable witnesses. It is an unfortunate exhibition of woefully bad judgment.

When documents like the Lawler brief, which was the basis of President Taft's letter exonerating Ballinger, are finally produced outside of the courtroom, they are first denied and then dismissed as being of no importance. A paper from the highest judicial officer of the administration is antedated for effect, and then the date is said to be immaterial, though it was done to bolster up the President's judicial review of the case.

Regardless of political affiliations, all fair-minded men will regret that President Taft should have pursued the course he did. An explanation in time, and a frank statement in the beginning, would have reduced the sensation which finally exploded like a bombshell to a mere flash in the pan.

In this case the chief executive was acting in a judicial capacity, and the country expected the same careful personal review of the charges brought by L. R. Glavis that he gave to litigation when sitting as a judge of the United States Circuit court.

Certainly in an opinion affecting vitally the interests of the people in the great coal fields of Alaska, which the Government's expert investigator alleged were in danger, the President should not have committed the blunder of having a friend of the accused write the opinion he was to deliver.

Governor Harmon's Lucky Star.

Eight of the twenty-one Congressional districts of Ohio are now represented by Democrats. Possibly the Republicans haven't cut themselves off from all hope of success in those districts by nominating extreme standpatters for Congress. In twelve of the thirteen districts now represented by Republicans, however, all effort put forth by insurgents to bring about the nominations of candidates responsive to public sentiment was a failure.

But in nearly all the districts insurgents strove hopefully for the naming of leaders less contemptuous of the popular desires. In not a few localities the insurgents polled a strong minority vote and it is well to remember that more voting is to be done in November. The star that presides over the political destinies of Governor Harmon is still a lucky star. Not only his election but the election of a Democratic legislature to back up his recommendations and choose a Democratic United States senator are a not unreasonable outcome of the complicated situation in the President's own State.

A long chastened and somewhat subdued Democracy isn't likely to resort to too ecstatic expressions of delight, but really conditions in Ohio, as well as in the remainder of the country, afford ground for a great content and thankfulness to all whose ideals as to public affairs and instincts lead them to resist the pretensions of standpatism.—St. Louis Republic.

Ship Subsidy Patriots.

Home industries have been so highly protected by tariff laws and returns upon money invested in tariff-swollen properties are so great and the percentage of gain is so large that American capital, in obedience to natural laws, has been diverted from shipping interests, where the profit would be comparatively small, and has sought these channels of commercial activity where favored legislation insures a profit. In shipping upon the high seas competition is open to all.

A Republican Congress of protective standpatters cannot by tariff legislation restrain or interfere with the argosies of other lands. They cannot syndicate the eternal charters of nature, nor subsidize God's great highways of traffic.

The patriotic capitalists who are so loudly clamoring for the government to aid the shipping business are willing to take no chances themselves. They have put their money in protected industries, when by taxation of all the people they are insured a profit; and they now ask that the government tax all the people to increase the profits of the shipping business.—Hon. James W. Collier of Missouri.

Revision—Upward.

The barefaced trickery by which Payne, Fordney, Dalzell, Boutell and other standpat Congressmen yesterday destroyed all possibility of tariff reduction through the new tariff commission is another testimonial to lack of common honesty.

Boutell thus makes doubly sure his retirement from Illinois politics this fall.

Between July 1, 1908, and May 3, 1909, the receipts of the United States customs department from import duties under the Dingley tariff were $245,748,404.

Between July 1, 1909, and May 3, 1910, the receipts from the same source, under the Aldrich-Taft tariff were $283,368,725, an increase of almost $40,000,000.

This $40,000,000 was paid out of the pockets of the people of the United States wholly because of the Aldrich-Taft tariff for imported goods. A most conservative estimate is that the same tariff which thus increased the cost of importations added more than $400,000,000 to the price which protected American manufacturers charged American consumers for American products during this same period.

If you support a family of five your share has been $35. How do you like the idea, Mr. Workingman, of paying $35 for the benefit of Senator Aldrich and his friends, the Eastern tariff barons?

How do you feel about supporting this fall candidates who voted in Congress for the tariff that taxed you $35? How do you like the Aldrich-Taft tariff, which Mr. Taft keeps telling you is "a substantial achievement in the direction of downward revision."—Chicago Journal.

Agriculture and War.

Republican spellbinders continually boast this country's enormous outlay for the agricultural department as evidence of the G. O. F.'s great regard for the farmer.

The Senate has just passed a naval appropriation bill providing for the expenditure of $134,000,000. The agricultural appropriation for 1910 was less than $13,000,000.

Which does the G. O. P. love more, the farmer or the Wall street money kings, to protect whose foreign investments our big navy is maintained?

FRIEND OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Place the Bee Has in Producing the Fruits of the Earth.

If every farmer and fruit grower were to take the advice offered recently in a remarkable lecture before the Farmers' Club British crops would probably be multiplied in value by millions of pounds, says the London Daily Mail.

Mr. Herrod, proving his contentions by admirable slides, made out the bee to be one of the greatest friends of the human race. Formic acid, which no chemist can make, is obtained direct from the bees in America and used as a cure for rheumatism, and in the hospitals honey is now employed as a valuable substitute for cod liver oil.

But the farmer and fruit grower receive the most valuable boon. It is proved that apples are earlier, larger and much more numerous where bees are in quantity. Some beautiful photographs showed that misshapen and stunted apples are due principally to bad fertilization, and the perfect strawberry needs 100 to 300 acts of fertilization. New Zealand, which now exports clover seed, could not grow any till a cargo of bumble bees was sent over and a number of California fruit growers failed till bees were kept.

The marvelous statement of Darwin that flowers, especially red clover, are finer where cats are most numerous was corroborated. Only the bumble bee fertilizes the first crop of red clover; the smallest flowers of the second crop can be reached by honey bees; the great enemy of the bumble bee is the field mouse; the great enemy of the field mouse is the cat. Therefore, flowers are best where cats are many. It would be not less true to say that the clover is best where owls are most frequent.

Many most persuasive photographs showed that the crop of gooseberries, currants, apples and pears is much more dependent on the bees than on the weather, except so far as the weather prevents the bees working.

Spain Being Slowly Modernized.

In the matter of urban development the use of electricity, transportation facilities, the chief cities of Spain are quite on a level with any modern cities of their size, and the cinematograph is as much of a craze here as in the United States. Perhaps there are 3,000 automobiles owned in Spain.

The illiteracy of the country is appalling, about 70 per cent of the population being analphabetic. The small size and restricted character of book stores at Madrid and Barcelona show only too plainly that there is no large reading public to cater to. Newspapers, too, while sufficiently numerous, are poorly printed on cheap paper, as are most bound publications also, and telegraphic and news services are very meager. Something, though not much, is being done to promote public education.—American Review of Reviews for March.

A Good Word for Smokers.

Smoke and you will be tolerably safe from cerebro-spinal meningitis, or spotted fever, as it is often called. That is the view of Dr. Rene de Kermabon, a French army surgeon, who has just published the results of his observations, which cover a period of two years, during which he has treated forty-three soldiers suffering from that disease.

Of these nineteen were non-smokers, thirteen occasional smokers and only eleven regular devotees of tobacco. Of the nine men who succumbed to the malady four were non-smokers, four smoked very little and only one was a confirmed smoker.

Agreeing with Him.

"Oh, ho; I don't claim to be any different or any brighter than the balance of mankind. I expect I shall marry some fool woman some of these days."

"If you ever marry that's the kind of a woman you will marry, all right." —Houston Post.

Remote Suggestion.

Mrs. Talkative—Mrs. Jones is such a quiet member of our card club. She has nothing to say.

Mr. T. (abstractedly)—Happy man! —Baltimore American.

Grit Necessary.

A constant supply of grit is, of course, very necessary right from the first. Without it the chicks cannot properly grind and digest their food. Coarse sand will answer very well for the first five days or a week, but after that some coarser material must be provided. Keep a little charcoal also before the chicks where they can pick at it whenever desired. This may save you a lot of trouble, for charcoal is one of the best bowel correctors there is for chickens of all kinds.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Mysterious Diseases.

Quite frequently a disease will appear among chicks because they have had access to some carrion, a dead rabbit or putrid chicken. The mother hen probably leads them to this source of disease quite a ways from the house, and is, therefore, unknown to the poultry keeper. In looking for the cause, see first of all that they are not infested with lice, either communicated by the setting hen or from the buildings wherein they are domiciled.—Kansas Farmer.

For Lice on Turkeys.

Dust both the mother and poults twice a week with Persian insect powder. For dusting the poults, place a quantity of the powder in a large vessel, then hold the poult by the feet over the vessel and dust it all over and through the feathers till it is yellow with the dust. Rubbing the powder in so that it tuches all the skin of the bird is the secret of its effectiveness.

A Pointer.

If we are after eggs, it pays us to go after eggs in a business-like manner. What we fancy in the way of color and general prettiness must not be considered. The department store is not necessarily erected on a pretty location. It goes after trade in a business-like way, and the poultryman must do the same if he seeks the greater success with his enterprise.

Points for the Beginner.

In starting into the poultry business the average man or woman is apt to get too enthusiastic and attempt to do too much. The better way is to start on a small scale and enlarge as your experience and capability will justify. The notion that most anybody can make a success of raising poultry on a large scale has been disproved times without number.

When the Sitting Hen Deserts.

A hen may leave a nest of eggs for more than a day, and the eggs still hatch if they have not been subjected to freezing temperature. In very warm wather a hen may be away from her eggs for two days and the eggs still hatch. If you find a hen has left her nest and the eggs cold, give the eggs to another hen.

Caution in Feeding Grain.

Rye is the poorest of poultry grains. Corn and buckwheat should be fed sparingly, as they are very fattening. Wheat leads as a well-balanced food, and barley is a close second. Feeding too much buckwheat has a tendency to produce a white skin and light-colored yolks in eggs.

Grading Up.

A farmer that has only the common flock of poultry should endeavor to grade up the stock by purchasing a pure-bred male of some of the utility breeds and cross on his stock. The first season's progeny will pay the price of the pure-bred male.—Kansas Farmer.

System in Feeding.

Don't think that because the chickens will run to their owners every time he comes around means that the chickens need feed—it is a bad habit, encouraged by the kindness of the owner—by throwing them a handful of something every time he sees them.

Egg Production Value.

The value of the egg production in the United States for a single year is given by the Government Statistical Bureau at $145,000,000. Wool produced during the same time is valued at $45,750,000.

Dry Feed.

Try feeding your chicks this year by the dry method. The chick feeds sold at the poultry supply houses are generally all right and as cheap as you can buy the different ingredients separately.

Flavor of Eggs.

You should avoid feeding anything that would impair the flavor of the egg. Onions, decayed vegetables and musty grain will taint if fed to the laying hen.

Poultry Pointers.

Be regular in feeding the poultry. This is a good rule with regard to live stock of all kinds.

Don't crowd. It isn't profitable. Nor comfortable for the fowls. More birds less profit—that is the way it often goes.

Milk contains all that beef scraps or green cut bone does, but in a more diluted form, and it is highly digestible, and no digestive troubles arise from either old or young chickens consuming large quantities of it.

Pure, clean water is an absolute essential that too often is neglected. Eggs contain such a very large per cent of water that we ought to realize how impossible it is for hens to produce them without this most necessary element. Change the drinking water frequently and keep all vessels used for the purpose perfectly clean at all times.

The Maine Experiment Station has discovered a hen that laid 250 eggs in one year. In fact, she laid 251 eggs in a year, counting from Thanksgiving Day to Thanksgiving Day. This hen came from a selected family of 200-egg layers as the original foundation. In the same family there were a number of hens that laid over 240 eggs in a year.

The American Standard classifies the weights of geese as follows: Toulouse and Embden, adult gander, 25 pounds; young gander, 20; adult goose, 23; young goose, 18; African adult gander, 20; young gander, 16; adult goose, 18; young goose, 14; China and Canada, adult gander, 16; young gander, 12; adult goose, 14; young goose, 10.

Birds are not the only higher animals that lay eggs, two quadrupeds, the duck-billed platypus and the Australian porcupine ant-eater, also lay them.