



A dog may be worth \$500, but we had rather the other fellow should have his money in the pup than we.

Cheaper corn, hogs and bred men are in sight, but the cow and her products will hold their own, as they always do.

We know of several men who this fall have saved up plenty of weed seed even if they failed to save any seed corn.

If you are an old bachelor, this winter is the best chance you will ever have to make a real man of yourself. A hint should suffice.

Where a wire is nailed to a tree for a fence does the tree as it grows raise the wire from the ground? No. It stays just where it was put.

The term "horsepower" as applied to all forms of motors or engines means the development of sufficient energy to lift 33,000 pounds one foot in height in one minute.

The woman who has raised a bunch of turkeys this year is going to fare better than if she had depended on going through the old man's pockets for spending money.

The average corn husker will crib about sixty bushels a day in good corn, this when he is working by the month or day, but pay him by the bushel and he will crowd 100 bushels in the same corn.

There is always more or less delay, usually more, in the adjustment of lowered prices for meat on the hoof, and the meat consumer buys at the retail market, a delay never observable when the price of hogs and steers is moving up.

Cuba produces this year 1,250,000 tons of sugar, and we wish to say that with so much sugar producing territory it ought to be possible for the American people to get more than eighteen pounds of it for a dollar when we should have at least twenty-five pounds.

The average farmer may be a bit slow and conservative, but one at least was up to date, for he went through bankruptcy with \$5,000 liabilities and \$25 in assets in the shape of two worthless notes. The millionaire promoter could not beat that, taking into consideration his opportunities.

He froze to death the very first cold snap—mercury only at zero—but he was fool enough to go to town and get full as a tick, and, going home, his team ran away and dumped him into a slough. And he was well off—worth \$40,000. There was a big funeral and some moralizing over the mysterious ways of Providence for form's sake.

More pains is probably taken to train and educate the dog than any other domestic animal, this because he is utterly worthless unless he is trained. At the same time no animal will respond to training more readily than the horse. A well trained horse is to us a most interesting sight, the best illustration of what may be done in this line being found in the circus and in the cavalry branch of the army.

Try furnishing your hired man a comfortable home to live in, a garden plot and pasture for a cow and a dollar a day for every working day in the year. By so doing you can get a good man and keep him, and he will take the place of the harrow, scum, galeet who makes you keep a horse for him, whom you have to board and who is running after the girls four nights in the week and makes you milk all the cows Sunday night. Try this plan.

One of the pleasing features of an improved agriculture may be found in a western county, where there have been organized local clubs by the farmers—a monthly meeting at some neighbor's place, a programme consisting of papers on live farm topics, a supper served by the hostess, assisted by her lady visitors; music, declamations and readings by the young people, thus most happily combining the practical and the social side of farm life. It is an example well worth following.

From all parts of the country come reports of an unusual number of field mice in the orchards and cornfields, doing great damage to the shocked corn and girdling the young trees in the orchards. This is one of the penalties inflicted upon man for foolishly disturbing the natural balance of the species. He wages a useless and senseless war on all kinds of lawns and oaks and has so nearly exterminated them that the field mice are free to multiply and devastate unopposed by their natural enemies.

If the strawberry bed is not yet covered do it at once. It is alternate thawing and freezing which kills the plants.

The state of Texas has lost the large sum of \$21,000,000 within a year past by the decline in value of her 7,000,000 head of cattle.

The fellahen, or laborer, who does the work in producing the Egyptian cotton crop works for 15 cents a day and boards himself.

The cause of the butter product of a creamery scoring only 85 is quite likely to be found in a forty dollar butter maker. What salary does your creamery pay?

Nearly every willow post set for fencing last summer took root and will make a live and thrifty tree. This because of the excessive moisture of the past season.

It is easier to kill off the sparrows during the winter than any other time. They may then be slaughtered by the wholesale by spreading out poisoned grain on the roof of some shed.

We saw a pair of Clyde yearling mare colts lately for which the owner paid the large sum of \$625. They came from the very best stock in the country, and he will find them a good investment.

It is of interest to note that one of the largest oleo manufacturing concerns in the country is now buying up all the creameries it can get hold of. The steer as a butter producer has had its day.

When a ton of butter is made and sold from the farm the smallest possible amount of fertility is thereby removed, far less than with any other product of the farm. This is a fact well worth remembering.

The gasoline engine is waging a steady fight on the farm windmill and is gaining ground all the time. The constantly increasing price of gasoline, however, may have the effect of checking the demand for these engines.

For genuine deliberation in manual labor commend us to the railway section hand. We watched one of these men move some dirt the other day, and he was a study. He certainly had acquired the art of gauging his work to his pay.

It would not be a bad thing for the country if it were so that a man knew he would die just as soon as he got hold of a million dollars' worth of property or that when he got over 320 acres of land he would not be able to raise any crop.

One common form of cruelty to animals is in permitting them to live and suffer when afflicted with some incurable ailment, extreme age and injuries. Under these circumstances it is just as much a duty to kill such animals in a humane manner as it is to care for them when well.

If you have an evergreen grove of young trees set out not over eight feet apart each way the best thing you can do is to take out every other one and sell them for Christmas trees. Left as they are your windbreak will be twenty feet up in the air when the trees are twenty-five years old.

The man who took advantage of the prosperous times of the past four years, paid all his indebtedness and got square with the world is now in good shape to weather a period of slumps, business and close money. Those who have during the period named run their credit to the limit will have to walk the floor.

If you have a cow in your herd which does not make over 125 pounds of butter a year she simply pays for her board and does not bring in a cent of profit. A man with twenty such cows would remain everlastingly poor in the dairy business, and the worst of it is that there are more 125 pound cows kept than any other kind.

Catalpa is one of the most durable woods grown, almost equalling red cedar, with the great advantage over the cedar that it can be grown in one-fourth the time required for the cedar. As a railroad tie it will do good service for twenty years and as a fence post much longer. Wherever this valuable tree may be grown it does seem a pity to free away work and time on willows, box alders and such almost worthless varieties.

There cannot be much happiness associated with poverty, hunger and rags, though occasionally some rare soul finds it in spite of these things. For this reason it is every one's moral duty to lift himself out of such a condition to one where he may secure the necessities and comforts of life. When a man is content with insufficient food and clothing and lives as a sort of parasite the sooner he is removed to make way for a better man the better.

A short sermon with the silo for a text follows: A progressive dairyman in Minnesota built a silo five years ago and was rated as half dill by his old fashioned neighbors. He filled his silo and fed his cows and was thus able to so far distance these scoffing neighbors of his in the returns which he received from the creamery, which they all patronized, that he can now count ten silos on the ten farms adjoining his. It has come to this that where land is worth \$80 to \$100 per acre, where corn will grow and stock is kept, the silo is just as absolutely indispensable in the economical administration of the farm as the main spring is to a watch.

**A WORD FOR OLD BIDDY.**  
If you or your good wife are not getting at least \$200 a year from the poultry which you keep on your farm there is something wrong, and there is no one little thing which it will pay you better to look up. It may be and quite likely is that your wife is getting from \$50 to \$60 a year from the hens which lead a free, wild life on your place, roosting in the sheds or in the trees, stealing their nests and all that—the common way, you know, just farm scavengers. Of course what you get from them when so kept comes easy and seems like clear gain, but it is not the best way by a good deal. This sort of care is about all the average farm wife can give, and as she rarely receives any help or encouragement from her good man to do better the poultry business runs this way on nine farms out of ten. The better way would be for the man to take an interest with his wife in the poultry yard, provide proper houses, pens and coops and suitable food rations and thus quadruple the income from the poultry yard. A few men do this and find that the egg money comes in a steady stream every week in the year, while during the holidays a lot of fat fowls are ready for the market at a good price. Any man with a farm so poor or whose mode of farming is so antiquated that he has to be content with twenty or twenty-five bushels of corn or oats to the acre can well afford to go into partnership with his wife in the poultry business and let her boss the job. There are two farm products which are practically unaffected by economic changes which make what we term hard times or good times, and they are butter and eggs.

**THREE CODES OF LAWS.**  
There are three codes of laws which the farmer must observe to make a success—the civil law, the moral law and the natural law. Any number of men observe the two first named and attempt to do business in utter disregard of the last, when the penalties for the violation of the moral and civil law are no more certain than for violations of natural law. We give a few instances, common ones, of the violation of this last named code—sowing poor seed and expecting a good harvest, the continuous taking from the soil and returning nothing, the use of grade sires which are just as liable to transmit the inferior qualities of their ancestors as the good qualities, trying to grow two crops on the same land at the same time (grain and weeds), a total failure to recognize the fact that all choice breeds, whether of vegetables, grains or animals, are the result of careful and long continued selection and if not continually re-enforced by the best of their kind will inevitably retrograde to the common stock from which they were originated; the failure to properly study the laws of supply and demand, the mission of clover. The code of natural laws demands not only a negative acquiescence, but a positive recognition.

**AS TO WATER RIGHTS.**  
An interesting case has recently been decided by the courts. A man had a fine artesian well which supplied his farm needs. His neighbor, whose farm was on a lower level, put down three wells and by permitting them to flow entirely cut off the flow in the well of the neighbor on the higher ground. These men were out with each other, and the second man used his opportunity to harass the other by leaving his wells open. Suit being brought, the court ruled that the man with the three wells could use only as much water as he actually needed and could not maliciously cut off his neighbor's supply. Now, if this is good law it is a fair inference that if a man is the owner of a wet farm which it is not possible to properly drain without crossing his neighbor's land then he should have the right to do so. This question will receive much attention this coming winter in the legislature of more than one western state.

**VALUE OF CORNSTALKS.**  
We are asked as to the value of stalks—cornstalks—in the field after the corn has been husked. Something depends upon how clean the corn was husked. Taking cobs, down ears, partially spoiled and ears which are overlooked by the huskers, there is in the average field not less than one bushel of corn left for the stock on each acre. The stalks themselves after being frozen and dried out are at best indifferent food and not infrequently prove a very costly ration, as they cause the death of the animals fed on them. We should regard 50 cents an acre a good price for such feed. It is a wicked and wasteful manner of utilizing 33 per cent of the whole value of the corn plant at best. Some day a better way will be practiced.

**DAIRYMEN SPECIALLY INTERESTED.**  
No class of men are more interested in the improvement of the highways than the dairymen. The milk has to go to the creamery every day, rain or shine, and the wallowing of a four horse team through hub deep mud in the spring of the year is a sight to start a little enthusiasm on the good roads question. Then there are the rural mail carriers who will have to be kept in mind, saying nothing about the fellow with the automobile who is just waiting for the chance to go scooting over the country at twenty miles an hour. What is needed is the same sort of conviction and splendid enthusiasm on this question which the people exhibited during the civil war.

**BEING IS BELIEVING.**



Snodkins—I told her I'd gladly lay down my life for her.  
Bodkins—And wouldn't she believe it?

Snodkins—She said she only wished she could. Told me to prove my words and come for my answer then.  
—N. Y. Sun.

**WAS TAKING NO CHANCES.**



Wags—Can you cook.  
Miss Wigge—Yes.  
Wags—Do you play the piano and sing?  
Miss Wigge—No.  
Wags—Will you be my wife.—Chicago Journal.

**POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.**



Houselotts—Do you own your own house?  
Townsites—Only nominally. We keep a cook, you know.—N. Y. Sun.

**DRASTIC COMPARISON.**



"John, don't stand there as spiritless as an empty champagne bottle."—Fliegende Blaetter.

**SAD STATE.**



Hewitt—Brevity is the soul of wit.  
Jewitt—I can't see anything funny about being short.—N. Y. Herald.

# Fate, the Conspirator

By Howard Fielding

**MISS CAROLINE WALLACE** was a young woman who had a false view of life through no fault of her own. She did not know that this is a humdrum world where the very fates themselves doze with the dullness of their task. She thought it a place full of adventure and change, crowded with incidents, like a sensational novel.

As an orphan without a penny she had been handed about from one relative to another during her childhood, girlhood and young womanhood. Uncles, aunts and cousins had provided for her in turn, according to their various means, and the difference had been almost as broad as the whole scale of human fortunes. At twelve years of age she was the pet of an uncle who gave her every luxury and a special maid to wait upon her; at fourteen she was washing dishes for poor Aunt Amanda, who subsisted upon the income of the little end of nothing whitened out to a sharp point.

She fell in love at the age of sixteen and could not fall out again. The im-



"I AM ASHAMED OF BEING PASSED ABOUT."

age of Henry Stephen Fiske was imprinted upon her heart indelibly, as she never forgot.

Steve Fiske was a very handsome young man, and his image was well worth preserving, but the husband of which sixteen-year-old Henry was dignified inside still held impressions as faithfully as a soft snowball in the sunshine.

"I am going out west to make a lot of money," said he. "When I come back, I will give half of it to you. What will you do with it?"

"I'll run away to Europe," she replied.

She had letters from him at long intervals after he went west. They were full of impersonal description, under which she detected a deepening tone of discouragement. "I am afraid you will never go to Europe on your share of my fortune," he said in one of them. "The half of it today wouldn't pay your fare on a merry-go-round."

When Carol was twenty-one, there dawned upon her for the first time a true realization of the fact that she had been an object of charity from her early youth. It had always seemed perfectly natural to her that some one should take care of her.

For the last three or four years she had lived with a silly old aunt who regarded all women who worked as essentially degraded thereby. This theory was invalidated in Carol's mind by a slowly growing conviction that her aunt was mistaken upon nearly all subjects of human thought. The singular result was that Carol was led to learn stenography and typewriting secretly as a protest against her aunt's views.

"I am ashamed of being passed around among my relatives like a contribution box," said Carol. "I am going to earn my own living."

Deaf to protests and entreaties, she went to New York, trusting serenely in the luck which had never deserted her. It was a firm of lawyers that obtained Carol's services, Harburg & Wrenn. Carol did not like the appearance of either Mr. Harburg or Mr. Wrenn. They were little fellows, both of them; fierce, intent and scowling. Carol would not have taken the position except that their offices were high up in a great building and had a splendid view of the bay. Upon her first visit she saw a big steamer going out to cross the ocean, and she thought it would be an agreeable form of torture to watch these vessels fling by upon their way to all those lands which she so longed to see.

had received in nearly two years. It came with no other address than the general postoffice. She called there for letters occasionally during the first two weeks because there were a few friends whom she had informed of her intention before leaving her aunt's home in Ohio and when she knew not where she would find a roof to shelter her in the great city.

"I learned by telegraph from your aunt that you were in New York," wrote Mr. Fiske, "and I send this in the hope that it may find you. I shall be in that city from the 21st to the 25th of this month, and I must see you. On the latter date I sail for Europe."

Then followed a timid reference to the old jest, from which the writer hastened on to tell of recent successes. He had been very fortunate in some mining property and had become associated with men of such importance that he spoke of them by their last names only, as if they had been Shakespeare and everybody was bound to have heard of them.

The really essential fact about the letter was that Carol received it on the 24th of the month about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and Stephen Fiske would sail next day. Having read the letter in the postoffice, Carol returned to Harburg & Wrenn's in a state of high excitement. Mr. Fiske had mentioned the hotel where he would stay, and Carol called it up by telephone. It appeared that the gentleman was a guest there, but was not in. Carol gave her name and address, with some very earnest admonitions, and every time that the office telephone rang during the afternoon she had great difficulty in restraining herself from rushing to the little booth where it was kept.

She read Mr. Fiske's letter several times, to the detriment of her work, and once Mr. Harburg caught her staring, entranced, at the envelope, which bore the name of a mining company printed in bold red. She whipped the letter out of sight, but not in time to escape the keen eye of the lawyer, and she felt her face burn when he looked at her. It was a peculiar look that he gave her. The man seemed to be startled. He held an open letter in his hand at the time, and she had supposed that he came to dictate a reply to it, but he returned to his private room without having said a word.

The day's work closed at 5 o'clock, but Carol waited in the hope that Fiske might come. By a quarter past 5 she was alone in the offices. The day was fading in a dull sky without. The room where she sat was already quite dark. She leaned back in a swinging chair and rested her head against the wall, falling into a waking dream.

It must have been near 6 when she heard Mr. Harburg enter the outer office hurriedly and accompanied by several men. Their voices came to her quite plainly when they had entered Mr. Harburg's room, which was upon the other side of the partition against which she leaned. The voices droned on for ten or fifteen minutes, and then suddenly Mr. Harburg came out into the room where Carol sat.

"You here?" he cried roughly. "What are you doing?"

"I beg your pardon, I was startled. I'm a very nervous man. You won't mind my rudeness. There's no telling what I'll do when anything scares me."

"I was waiting for some one," said Carol, "but it's too late now. I'll go home."

"Don't go till you're ready," responded Harburg cheerfully. "Always glad to have you in the shop. Wrenn and I agreed the first day you were with us that you were not only the handsomest girl we'd ever seen, but the cleverest too. Yet we never did you justice. We will, though."

"You are very kind," replied Carol in a tone of frozen rage.

She put on her wraps hastily and left the office, going at once to the hotel where Fiske lodged. He had not returned.

"YOU HERE?" HE CRIED.

turned. She left word for him to call upon her in the evening, but he did not come, and she shed tears of disappointment as she lay down to sleep.

The next morning as soon as she reached the office she telephoned vainly to the hotel. Then she sat idle for nearly two hours. Neither Harburg nor Wrenn had appeared, but the former came in about 11 o'clock and immediately called for Carol. He was in an excellent humor, and his conversation sparkled with wit. It was usually confined strictly to business, yet so long as the man attempted no more compliments Carol cared little what he talked about.

of our clients, a Mrs. Redding, sails for Europe today, and she's very much worried because we have not been able to bring certain affairs of hers to a successful termination as yet. But they're all right. She's merely impatient. Now, I want you to take this note to her aboard the Narfidia. Don't ask for her about the ship, because she's sailing on the quiet; not looked under her own name, you know. Just go to her room, No. 121, and knock. Give her this note and talk to her in such a way that she'll know that everything is all right."

Carol trembled at the thought of leaving the office when it might cost her the chance of seeing Stephen Fiske, and yet she could not refuse the errand. After all, if he came for her he could follow her to the ship. She left word where she was going with the small boy who opened and closed the outer door, and she bribed him liberally for both fidelity and secrecy.

It was but a little way to the Narfidia's pier. There lay the ocean giant.



SHE DRANK A GLASSFUL.

huge and black. Carol's head swam with dreams as she walked aboard the ship. She fancied herself sailing away.

However, it was necessary to remember the prosaic task in hand. She seemed strangely at home upon this vessel, though she had never seen one like it. Without the slightest difficulty she found room No. 121. The door opened promptly to her knock.

She beheld a large, stout, rather coarse-looking woman standing behind a very small table, upon which was an open bottle that seemed to contain wine, but a second glance showed Carol it was a sort of unfermented fluid made from grape juice. She liked it very much and sometimes had a bottle of that brand with her luncheon when she ate in the office. Yet the innocent child saw no coincidence in the presence of a bottle of it in this place. She readily drank a glassful at Mrs. Redding's invitation after she had delivered her note and her message.

Then she waited in the stateroom while Mrs. Redding went out to speak a word with a friend, and somehow she happened to sit down upon the berth and to put her head upon the pillow.

It seemed to her that Mrs. Redding was a long time away. The air of the cabin was close. It was affecting her with headache and nausea. She would open the port; she would go out upon deck. But she did neither of these things. Instead she settled herself in the berth with a deep sigh that became a groan, repeated over and over again, louder for some minutes, then gradually fainter, until she lay perfectly still.

She was conscious at least of a great confusion—the murmur of voices and the crowding of a narrow space. They some one cried out in a strangely familiar tone:

"I tell you she must be taken ashore. I will pay any sum!"

"We're half way down the bay," replied some one. "Everything that can be done for her in the world can be done here. She'd better stay."

Her tongue seemed to be swollen to twice its size and to be paralyzed. She could open her eyes, yet she could see nothing.

"I must speak to him! I must speak to him!" her brain kept repeating. And at last she spoke aloud:

"Is that you, Mr. Fiske?"  
"Carol!" Carol cried the voice.  
"You know me?"  
"Yes. Why did they do this to me! Why are you here?"  
She felt the warmth of his breath close to her face.  
"Did they see my letter?" he asked.  
"The envelope?"  
She murmured, "Yes."  
"They are dishonest people—shysters," said he. "They are in a big suit against our company. They took you for a detective. They thought that you had trapped some of their rascally secrets. So they put up this plan to get you out of the country. It has been a desperate game from the start. They have tried all sorts of tricks with our people in New York. The boy told me where you were. Thank heaven that you gave him the number of your room!"

*John George*