

RICH MENS CHILDREN
 By **GERALDINE BONNER**
 Author of "THE PIONEER TOMORROW'S TANGLE," etc.

Illustrations by **DOM J. LAVIN**
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SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelia Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer whose husband is and writes letters several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are envious in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unbecomingly condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a park where her husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, end of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife, and never did. Stormbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick embrace, father sees them and demands an explanation. Rose's brother Gene is made manager of ranch, and is to get it if he stays sober a year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick returns home. Bernice exerts herself to please him, but he is indifferent. Cannon calls on Mrs. Ryan. She discusses Dominick's marriage difficulties, and Cannon suggests buying off Bernice. Dominick goes to park on Sunday with Bernice and family, sees Miss Cannon, bows to her and starts uneasily in Bernice.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Yet, to Bernie, this hectic prospect looked gray; all color seemed sucked from it. It appeared pale and alien, its comfortable intimacy gone. She was like a stranger walking in a strange place, a forlorn, remote land, where she felt miserable and homesick. The sense of being dazed was passing from her. Walking forward with short, careful steps, she was slowly coming to the meaning of her discovery—adjusting herself to it, realizing its significance. She had an uncomfortable sensation of not being able to control the muscles round her mouth, so that if spoken to she would have had difficulty in answering, and would have been quite unable to smile.

An open carriage passed her, and she drew aside, then mechanically looked after it as it rolled forward. There was a single figure in it—a woman, Bernie could see her head over the lowered hood, and the little parasol she held, white with a black lace cover and having a joint in the handle. Her eyes followed this receding head, moving so evenly against the background of trees. It soared along without sinking or rising, with the even, forward flight of a bird, passed Hannah and Josh and Hazel, turning to drop on them quick looks, which seemed, from its elevated position and the shortness of the inspection, to have something of disdain in them.

As the carriage drew near Dominick, who walked at the head of the line with Pearl by the hand, Bernie saw the head move, lean forward, and then, as the vehicle overhauled and passed the young man, turn at right angles and bow to him. The wheel almost brushed his shoulder. He drew back from it with a start and lifted his hat. Hazel, who was walking just in front of Bernie, turned and projecting her lips so that they stood out from her face in a red circle, hissed through them:

"Old Lady Ryan!" and then in a slightly louder key:
 "You take a hatchet and I'll take a saw,
 And we'll cut off the head of my mother-in-law."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Root of All Evil.

The conversation with her old friend had upset Mrs. Ryan. These were grievances she did not talk of to all the world, and the luxury of such plain speaking was paid for by a re-awakened smart. The numb ache of a sorrow was always with her, but her consciousness of it was dulled in the diversion of every day's occupations. Bringing it to the surface this way gave it a new vitality, and when the conversation was over and the visitor gone it refused to subside into its old place.

She went slowly up stairs, hearing the low murmur of voices from the sitting-room where Cornelia and Jack Duffy were still secluded. Even the thought of that satisfactorily-budding romance did not cheer her as it had done earlier in the day. As she had told Cannon, she was not the woman she had been. Old age was coming on her and with it a softening of her iron nature. She wanted her son, her Benjamin, dearly beloved with all the forces of her maturity as his father had been with all the glow of her youth.

In her own room she threw aside the lace curtains, and looking out on the splendor of the afternoon, determined to seek cheer in the open air. Like all Californians she had a belief in the healing beneficence of air and sunlight. As the sun had soothed Bernie of her sense of care so now it wooed her enemy also to seek solace in its beam. She rang for the servant and ordered the carriage. A few minutes later, clad in rich enshrouding black, she slowly made her way down stairs and out to the sidewalk where the victoria, glittering in the trim perfection of its appointments and drawn by a pair of well-matched chestnuts, stood at the curb.

The man on the box touched his hat with respectful greeting and the Chinese butler, who had accompanied her down the steps, arranged the rug over her knees and stepped back with the friendly "good-bye," which is the politeness of his race. They respected, feared and liked her. Every domestic who had ever worked in Della Ryan's service from the first "hired girl" of her early Shasta days to the staff that now knew the rigors of her dominion, had found her a just and generous if exacting mistress. She had never been

unfair, she had never been unkind. She was one of themselves and she knew how to manage them, how to make them understand that she was master, and that no drones were permitted in her hive; how to make them feel that she had a heart that sympathized with them, not as creatures of an alien class remotely removed from her own, but as fellow beings, having the same passions, affections and hopes as herself.

As the carriage rolled forward she settled back against the cushioned seat and let her eyes roam over the prospect. It was the heart of the afternoon, still untouched by chill, not a breath stirring. Passing up the long drive which leads to the park, the dust raised by wheels hung ruddy in the air. The long shadows of trees striped the roadway in an irregular black pattern, picked out with splatterings of sunshine, like a spilled, gold liquid. Belts of fragrance, the breaths of flowering shrubs, extended from bushy copses, and sometimes the keen, acrid odor of the eucalyptus rose on the air. From this lane of entrance the park spread fan-like into a still, gracious plainness. The rich, golden light slept on level stretches of turf and thick mound-shaped groups of trees. The thrub of music—the thin, ethereal music of out-of-doors—swelled and sank; the voices of children rose clear and fine from complicated distances, and once the raucous cry of a peacock split the quietness, seeming to break through the pictorial serenity of the lovely, sunny scene.

Mrs. Ryan sat without movement, her face set in a hinx-like profundity of expression. People in passing carriages bowed to her but she did not see them and their salutes went unreturned. Her vision was bent back on scenes of her past so far removed from what made up the present, so different and remote from her life today, that it did not seem as if the same perspective could include two such extremes.

She was thinking this as the carriage swept into the wider reach of the drive near the band stand. Though the music was still throbbing on the air, people were already leaving. Mrs. Ryan let her uninterested glance touch the hatted heads of the women and then move forward to the man who headed the column. He held by the hand a pretty, fair-haired child, who, leaning out from his restraining grasp, walked a little before him, looking back laughingly into his face. Mrs. Ryan's eyes, alighting on his back, became suddenly charged with a fierce fixity of attention. The carriage over-



The Talk Lasted an Hour.

hauled him and before he looked up she leaned forward and saw his profile, the brow marked by a frown, the child's gay prattle causing no responsive smile to break the brooding gravity that held his features.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," he answered with a deprecating shrug. "Call it a deal, a settlement. The terms are easy and favorable. You'll not find one of them unjust or unfair. You're to leave the city, going preferably to Chicago or New York, and staying there for the period of desolation. Seven thousand dollars will be set aside for your expenses. At the end of the year you are to write to Dominick telling him you no longer want to live with him and asking him to give you your freedom. After the divorce is granted the sum of fifty thousand dollars will be handed over to you, the one condition being that you will leave the country and go to Europe. It is understood, of course, that the matter's to be kept a secret from Dominick. He must think that you are acting entirely from your own free will. He mustn't guess his mother's had any part in it."

Bernie lifted her head and looked at him. The color was now burning in her cheeks and her eyes seemed to

hold all the vitality of her rigid face. "You tell Mrs. Ryan," she said slowly, "that I'll lie dead in my coffin before I'll take her money and leave my husband."

"Well, I'm a patient man, and everything comes to him who waits."

She looked over her shoulder with a slight acid smile.

"Not everything," she said.

"So long," he answered, giving his hat a farewell wave at her. "I've enjoyed meeting you and hope we'll soon meet again in a more friendly way. Hasta Manana, Senora!"

She wheeled so that she faced him and gave a short nod, then watched him as he walked to the door. Here he turned, bowed deeply and respectfully, and passed out into the hall, the bamboo strands of the portiere clashing together behind him. A moment later she heard the bang of the street door.

Her two predominant sensations were rage and triumph. It deepened her detestation of the Ryans, and at the same time gave her a sense of intimacy with them. And it showed her her power. Standing in the middle of the room with her eyes still staring at the now motionless portiere strands, she saw, stretching away into a limitless gilded distance, her negotiations with her husband's family. If their desire to rupture the marriage took them thus far, where might it not take them?

It was not the Ryans alone who wanted to buy her off. It was the Cannons as well. They not only wanted Dominick to get rid of her; they wanted him to get rid of her so that he could marry Rose Cannon. The other girl was behind it all, accounted for the participation of the Bonanza King, accounted probably for the whole move—the pink and white girl in the French clothes who had all her life had everything and now wanted Bernie Iverson's husband.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Moonlight Night.

A few nights after this, there was a full moon. Dominick, walking home from the bank, saw it at the end of the street's vista, a large, yellowish-pink disk floating up into the twilight.



"I'll Lie Dead in My Coffin Before I'll Take Her Money."

The evening was warm, like the early summer in other climates; and Dominick, walking slowly and watching the great yellow sphere deepening in color as it swam majestically upward, thought of evenings like this in the past when he had been full in the joy of life and had gone forth in the spirit of love and adventure.

The determination to accept his fate which had been with him on his return from Antelope had of late been shaken by stirrings of rebellion. Uplifted by the thought of his love for a woman hopelessly removed from him, but who would always be a lodestar to worship reverently and to guide him up difficult paths, he had been able to face his domestic tragedy with the high resolution of the martyr. But this exalted condition was hard to maintain in the friction of daily life with Bernie.

To-night, the period of ill humor seemed over. Bernie was not only once again her animated self, she was almost feverishly garrulous.

Fearful of angering her, or, still worse, of arousing her suspicions, Dominick bore her talk with all the fortitude he had, but he rose from the table with every nerve tingling, rasped and galled to the limit of endurance.

He did not come into the den immediately but roamed about, into the parlor, down the passage, and into his own room.

"Aren't you coming into the den?" she called, as she heard him pacing steadily along the passageway.

"No," he called back. "The moonlight's shining in at every window. It makes me restless. I don't feel like sitting still."

She sat on the divan, a paper spread before her face, but her eyes were slanted sidewise, unblinking in the absorption of her attention. Suddenly she heard a rattling sound which she knew to be from the canes and umbrellas in the hat-rack. She cast away the paper, and, drawing herself to the edge of the divan, peered down the passage. Dominick was standing

by the hat-rack, his hat on the back of his head, his hand feeling among the canes.

"You've got your hat on," she called in a high key of surprise. "You're not going out?"

"Yes, I am," he answered, drawing out the cane he wanted. "It's a fine night, and I'm going for a walk."

Outside, Dominick walked slowly, keeping to the smaller and less frequented streets. It was a wonderful night, as still as though the moon had exerted some mesmeric influence upon the earth.

He walked on, skirting the hollow, and moving forward through streets where old houses brooded in overgrown gardens.

That part of California Street which crested the hill was but a few blocks beyond him, and before his mind would acknowledge it, his feet had borne him that way. He thought only to pass the Cannon house, to look at its windows, and see their lights. As it rose before him, a huge, pale mass checked with shadows, the longing to see it—the outer shell that hid his heart's desire—passed into a keener, concentrated agitation that seemed to press out from his soul like a cry to her.

The porch yawned black behind pillars that in the daytime were painted wood and now looked like temple columns wrought in marble. Dominick's glance, sweeping the lines of yellowed windows, finally rested on this cavern of shadow, and he approached stealthily, as a robber might, his body close to the iron fence. Almost before his eyes had told him, he knew that a woman was standing there, leaning against the balustrade that stretched between the columns. A dimly rose spread in a mottling of darkness, over the wall beside her. Here and there it was starred with the small white faces of blossoms. As the young man drew near she leaned over the balustrade, plucked one of the blossoms, and, slowly shredding the leaves from the stem, stretched out her hand and let them fall, like a languid shower of silver drops, to the grass.

She bent over the balustrade to look at them, and in doing so, her eyes encountered the man below.

She said nothing and suddenly his hand sought hers, clasped it tight on the head of the lion, and he whispered again:

"Oh, Rose, if I could see you now and then—only for a moment like this."

He felt her hand, small and cold, crush softly inside his, and almost immediately was conscious of her effort to withdraw it. He instantly loosened his fingers, let hers slide from his grasp, and drew back.

"Good night," she said hurriedly, and without looking at him turned and went up the steps.

It was a great morning for Cornelia. She was engaged. Two evenings before, Jack Duffy, who had been hovering round the subject for a month, poised above it, as a hawk above delirious prey, had at last descended and Cornelia's anxieties were at an end.

The wind was not yet out in force; its full, steady sweep would not be inaugurated till early in the afternoon. It came now in gusts which fell upon Cornelia from the back and accelerated her forward progress, throwing out on either side of her a flapping sail of skirt.

It was after midday when she found herself approaching that particular block, along the edge of which the flower-vendors place their baskets and display their wares. The boys and men, seeing that the brilliant lady was in a generous mood, collected about her, shouting out the excellences of their particular blossoms.

Cornelia, amused and somewhat bewildered, looked at the faces and bought recklessly.

"Well, Cornelia, are you trying to corner the curb-stone market?"

She wheeled swiftly and saw her brother.

"Dominick!" she exclaimed, "you're just the person I want to see. I was going to write to you. I've got lots to tell you."

"Come along then and take lunch with me. I was on my way up to Bertrand's when I saw you. They'll give us a good lunch there and you can tell me all your secrets."

They walked up the street toward Bertrand's, a French restaurant which for years had enjoyed the esteem of the city's gourmets.

In the restaurant they found a vacant table in a corner, and Cornelia had to bottle up her good news while Dominick pondered over the bill of fare. She was impatient and drummed on the table with her fingers, while her eyes roamed about the room.

The order given and the first stages of lunch appearing, Cornelia could at last claim her brother's full attention.

"I told you how awfully anxious I was to see you, and how I was going to write to you, didn't I?"

Her brother looked up and his eye was caught by her rosily-blushing cheeks.

"Dear me, Cornie," he said with a look of slowly-dawning comprehension. "It really isn't—it really can't be—"

"And why can't it be?" looking very much hurt. "What's there so queer about that?"

"Nothing, only I meant that I hadn't heard any rumors about it. Is it that?"

"Yes, it is, Dominick Ryan, and I don't see why you should be so surprised."

"Surprised! I'm more than surprised. I'm delighted—haven't been so pleased for years. Who is it?"

"Jack Duffy."

"Oh, Cornie, that's the best yet! That's great! It's splendid. I wish I could kiss you, but I can't here in the open restaurant. Why didn't you tell me somewhere where we would be alone? I'd just like to give you a good hug."

Cornelia leaned across the table and spoke with low-toned, almost tremulous earnestness:

"You know that if it were I, I'd ask your wife. You know that all the hard feelings I may once have had against her have gone. If it were for me to say, I'd have received her from the start. What I've always said is, 'What's the good of keeping up these fights? No one gets anything by them. They don't do any one any good.' But you know mother. The first thing she said when we talked about the house wedding, and I said you'd give me away, was, 'if he'll come without his wife.'"

There were tears in her eyes and Dominick saw them and looked down at his plate.

"All right," he said quietly. "I'll come. When is it to be?"

"June," said the prospective bride, once more beginning to blush and beam, "early in June. The roses are so fine then, and we can have the house so beautifully decorated."

With a scraping of chair legs, they rose and, threading their way among the now crowded tables, passed out into the wind-swept streets. Here they separated, Cornelia, with her armful of wilting flowers, going home, and Dominick back to the bank.

Two hours later, while he was still bending over his books, in the hushed seclusion of the closed building, Bill Cannon was talking to Bernie in the parlor of the Sacramento Street flat. This interview was neither so long, and on Bernie's part) did not show the self-restraint which had marked the first one. The offer of one hundred thousand dollars which the old man made her was refused with more scorn and less courtesy than had been displayed in her manner on the former occasion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beginning of Big Industry.

The Pietermaritzburg (Natal) Corporation have just embarked on an enterprise which is being watched with interest. The enormous extent of town lands in the Zwartkop direction have been shown to be well adapted for wattle tree growing. The authorities have therefore decided to turn this land to account, for which purpose they have already placed about 1,000 acres under cultivation, and from all accounts the young trees are doing splendidly. The wattle tree is principally grown in Natal for its bark, the tannic properties of which are very valuable. Of late years a very big industry has been created in connection with this tree, and if Pietermaritzburg experiment is a success it should result in a considerable reduction of the city rates.



POULTRY

ROUP IN THE CHICKEN FLOCK

Disease is Prevalent Where Fowls Are Kept in Filthy, Damp and Poorly Ventilated Quarters.

(By F. W. KAZMEIER.)
 Roup is prevalent in flocks kept in filthy, damp, poorly ventilated quarters. Vigorous stock in good surroundings proves quite resistant to the disease.

Common colds do not develop into roup if the specific germ is not present. The common belief is that roup is developed from a neglected cold. This is not the case, although it supplies the conditions so that the roup germs can easily get a foothold.

For the benefit of those who have been unlucky enough to get this terrible disease introduced into their flock I give the following successful way of combating roup: First, remove all conditions which tend to foster it, next, remove all affected birds as soon as discovered. Place them in a clean, dry room, of even temperature, that is free from draughts of air. If you desire to doctor them, treat as soon as the earliest symptoms are detected. Disinfect the poultry house and runs with a five per cent. solution of carbolic acid and repeat this disinfection at least once a week. Feed a well balanced ration containing some meat scraps. Burn all dead birds. A far developed roup chicken is worth more dead than alive. One good remedy is to put a few drops of kerosene oil on the affected fowl's head. This is also excellent for common colds. Peroxide of hydrogen and water half and half, or creolin or carbolic acid in two per cent. solution may be used in the same manner. One of the remedies, that as a rule gives the best results, is a solution of two ounces of permanganate of potash in two pints of water. Submerge the fowl's head in it just long enough to prevent it from suffocating.

A good preventive is to dissolve two ounces of permanganate of potash in twelve parts of water and give to all the birds to drink at least three times a week and on such days give no other water to drink.

Remember, the very best preventive is an abundance of fresh air without draughts, plenty of sunshine and sanitary surroundings, and guard against introducing the germ.

COCHIN IS FAVORITE BREED

Four Varieties, Each Having Single Combs and Differing Only in Point of Plumage Color.

The question is frequently asked, what is the best breed of chickens? The answer depends entirely upon what purpose you wish them for, and can be answered best by yourself. The larger birds are intended as a combination fowl, i. e., to produce both eggs and meat in desirable quantities, while the smaller and more active breeds are considered the egg machines, and many breeders of them claim excellent table qualities for them, which no doubt they possess, the only objection being their small size.

The Cochin is an old and popular breed and has four varieties, each having single combs, and differing only in point of plumage color, which is: Buff, partridge, black and white, the buff being the preference. Their weights are: Cocks, 15 pounds; cockerels, 9; hens, 8½; pullets, 7.

The other varieties in this class are: The Langshans, black and white.

First Prize Black Cochin.

Single combs. The blacks are a very fine all-purpose fowl, and by far the most popular of the two. The weight of the cock is 10 pounds; cockerel, 8; hen, 7; pullet, 6.

The Cochins have single combs and the Brahmas pea combs. The eggs laid by the varieties of the two classes mentioned above are all brown in the color of shell.

Keep Male Birds Away. The poultryman who will keep his male birds away from the hens during the summer and fall months will reap the benefit of his foresight in the extra strong fertility of his eggs during the coming hatching season. The male bird that spends the summer and winter months in celibacy is in a much better condition to impregnate the eggs than one who has run with the hens the year round and is sexually exhausted or partially so.

Provide Separate Feed Boxes. Provide a feeding box for the chickens which will let the young chicks eat to themselves. Unless the later hatches can be fed alone, the stronger early birds will drive them from the food and stunt their growth.

Cause of Lamentations. Frequently chickens are made lame by being compelled to jump from a high roosting perch to a hard floor.

Keep Charcoal Handy. Keep charcoal before the poultry, at all times. It prevents many cases of bowel trouble.

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