

DICK AND JACK

By FRANCES E. SCHNEIDER

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My sister Marian and I were alone in the world, our parents having died within a few months of each other, when Marian was quite a child and I a lad little more than 20.

After graduating from — university, I studied law, and at the time of which I write—thanks to an unusual amount of influence, my dear father's name enabled me to command, and my own dogged perseverance—was fast acquiring a large clientele and quite an enviable reputation.

It was toward the end of the second summer after her return that we first became acquainted with Dick. He came in one evening with our friend and neighbor, George Morris, who had several times expressed a desire to introduce him to us.

An unusually handsome fellow he was, with strong, well knit figure and pleasant, if somewhat restless dark eyes; and though, as we came to know him better, he developed some strange but rather irritating eccentricities of character, he was in the main true hearted and generous spirited.

From the first evening of their acquaintance, his admiration for my beautiful sister was apparent; and he soon became one of our most frequent and welcome visitors.

Of Dick's antecedents I knew nothing then. He never spoke of his past, and what knowledge I have of his life before we knew him, came to me long afterward unthought. On one occasion I confess my curiosity was aroused, and I most sincerely wished he could have been more communicative about himself.

I have said that Dick possessed some irritating and singular traits of character. One of them was a most violent antipathy to cats—an antipathy so intense and morbid, that it seemed an instinct, and was beyond his control.

It was but a week before the end, when, one afternoon, having taken a longer tramp than usual (we were fond of walking and many and many a mile have we trudged together), and feeling rather tired of the glare and brightness of the hot June day, we were beginning to long intensely for a drink of water and a cool place to rest.

We looked for a spring, but could find none. Our search brought us to a little cottage nestled among some maples and almost covered with honeysuckles. The very place for a tired man to rest and be refreshed.

"We will go in here and ask for some water," I suggested, and Dick offering no objections, I knocked at the door. It was quickly opened by a kindly smiling old woman, who, when she heard what we wanted, hospitably ushered us in to the darkened parlor and bade us be seated until she returned with some refreshments.

Dick threw himself on the sofa, while I seated myself at the open window. Presently from the next room, whither she had gone, presumably to prepare the promised repast, we heard our kind old hostess say:

"Pussy, pussy."

"Meow," came plaintively from the other room; and before I could interpose Dick sprang madly through the half open door. There was a shriek, an agonized cry, and as I reached the doorway I saw Dick, now utterly beside himself with passion, fling a cat's lifeless body from him and, in spite of the angry remonstrance of the old woman, and my own stern and indignant protests, take from a box nearby a kitten, and mercilessly kill it before our eyes.

All this was done in an instant. My feelings of horror and regret at this exhibition of ungovernable passion, as well as for the poor old woman's evident grief at the loss of her pets, baffles description. Overcome by anger and indignation at his conduct, I sprang upon Dick. Grasping him by the throat, I cried, "You brute!" and struck him—struck him twice. He offered no resistance, but stood looking at me with an expression of mingled reproach, sadness and shame. Then he hurriedly left the house.

We buried the well beloved cat and its kitten under a grapevine in the garden. I dug the grave, and at the poor old lady's request left a little mound to mark the spot. This ceremony completed, I walked sadly home, pondering on the strange infatuation of my friend Dick.

As I neared the house I saw Marian seated on the piazza, looking cool and lovely in her white dress.

"Back again, Roger?" she cried. "Where's Dick? He went with you, didn't he?"

Then I told her what had happened. "The brute!" she exclaimed with flashing eyes. "He shall never enter the house again."

"There is so much that is lovable and generous in Dick's nature," I said; "let us try to overlook this one fault, shall we?"

She did not reply at once, but sat looking at the far-away sea with an anxious expression in her eyes.

"Well, we will try," she said at last. "But come in and have some tea; you must be hungry after your long tramp. I have a surprise for you, too; Mabel is here."

"Mabel here!" I cried, forgetting my weariness. "When did she come?"

"She drove over early in the afternoon; and Jack came with her. We

tried to make him stay, because we knew you'd want to see him; but he was in an awful hurry and wouldn't stop a moment."

Mabel here and Jack gone; this was perfectly satisfactory to me. I loved Mabel Cleveland, and meant to tell her so soon, and I disliked Jack; though in my heart I knew there was no cause for jealousy where he was concerned.

We had a merry evening, Marian, Mabel and myself. I drove Mabel home by moonlight, a pleasure which was more than sufficient to banish from my mind the miserable occurrences of the day.

I had arranged to take a holiday next day and, according to a previous agreement, Marian and I were to drive out to Mabel's home and, taking her up, go on to Silver Lake, a favorite haunt and picnic ground of ours where we meant to lunch and spend the day.

Early the next morning the dogcart



—and Oh, Roger, He Has Killed Jack—

was at the door. I had just helped Marian in, and was about to follow, when Dick appeared.

"Well," I laughed, "I suppose you want to be asked to join us. Come on, old fellow, plenty of room."

Arrived at Cleveland's, we found that Mabel had walked on half an hour before, leaving word that she should find her at the lake.

"I wonder if Jack went with her?" said Marian, as we drove away.

"I shouldn't be surprised," I answered. "You and Dick go and find Mabel; I will follow when I have unharnessed Dolly."

Dolly was in a frisky and unmanageable mood that morning; even our long fast drive had not calmed her, and I had considerable difficulty in getting her quieted down; so that it was much longer than I expected before I set out after Dick and Marian.

I had scarcely turned into the little path which they had taken when Marian came rushing toward me, pale, breathless and agonized.

"Roger, Roger," she gasped, "come quick—Dick—"

"What in heaven's name is the matter, Marian?" I asked, and took her by the arm to steady her.

"Dick is wounded—perhaps dead—and oh, Roger, he has killed Jack—"

"Are you mad, Marian?" I exclaimed—"killed Jack!"

"Yes," she replied, "but hurry, hurry—we were already running along the narrow path—"we met Mabel," she went on rapidly. "Jack was with her; I spoke to him just as I always do; but something seemed to annoy Dick and he only growled a greeting—"

"Roger, I am afraid he was—was jealous. Of course Mabel and I did what we could to smooth things over, and presently they fell behind. We were talking and had almost forgotten them when suddenly we heard a dreadful cry—we hurried back as quickly as we could, and came upon—oh, Roger, I can't tell it—Dick and Jack—they were struggling on the ground. Dick had Jack by the throat and was choking him—choking him—to death; and there was a terrible wound in Dick's throat. We tried to separate them, but it was too late—Jack fell back—dead—and Dick staggered toward me and then—"

At this moment we reached the scene of the tragedy. Mabel knelt beside the body of Jack, her face buried in her hands. At a little distance lay Dick, apparently lifeless.

Then Mabel raised a white, grief-stricken face and, pointing to Dick, said, in a strange, dull tone:

"He has killed his brother."

"His brother!" I exclaimed, with an awful dread creeping into my heart, as I glanced from Dick to Jack and from Jack to Dick and noted the extraordinary likeness. "How do you know they were brothers?"

"Because," she answered, "having suspected the relationship for some time, I made a point, yesterday, when I happened to meet him, of questioning X, the dog fancier from whom they were both bought, and he told me positively that they were brothers and that he had raised them himself. He said there were not two such fox terriers in the state as Dick and Jack."

FARMER AND PLANTER

LIVE STOCK IN WINTER.

Good Shelter Will Pay Good Dividends.

By actual experiment it has been demonstrated that the saving of food by means of good shelter is equal to the cost of the shelter in a short time. Pigs, when provided with good shelter and warm quarters, were fattened on much less food than was formerly required to simply keep the unprotected animals alive. The comparison is an important one. In the first place, animals that were not properly provided with suitable accommodations and not gaining in weight at all, really destroyed or wasted all that had been provided them, for the food was converted into heat in order to give the animals protection that should have been furnished with boards and shingles.

In one case it might be asked whether feeding an animal on the products of the farm, which require labor in order to produce, is cheaper than the shelter, which, when once erected, lasts for a number of years and does service for successive seasons. The use of the shelter is as important as the quality of the feed. A pig fed at irregular intervals on a mass of bulky provender, containing but little nutrition, certainly is not expected to do as well as one that receives a plentiful supply of all that is needed to promote growth, health and thrifty condition and neither should it be expected that a shelter which allows the cold to enter, or the water to leak in, can properly protect the animal against the rigors of winter and the moistures of early spring.

Sow Plenty of Wheat.

The high prices at which flour is now selling should stimulate our farmers to put in a good crop of wheat whenever their lands are adapted to this crop. Thorough preparation and good seed are necessary to a good crop of wheat; but it is now too late to plow and break land for wheat. If to be sown in stalk land, cut the land well with a disc harrow until a fine seed-bed is made, then sow the wheat. To those who have been sowing from three pecks to one bushel per acre, we suggest that they add another peck per acre and see if they do not get more wheat. The writer has sowed one and a half bushels per acre with good results. If the wheat follows a clover or pea fallow, use a fertilizer composed principally of acid phosphate, if on red land, and if on gray land, add some potash so as to have it analyze about 10 per cent phosphoric acid and 2 per cent to 4 per cent potash. Use from 200 to 300 pounds per acre.

Dry Land For Sheep.

It is generally well known that sheep require a reasonably dry climate and land that is well drained, but it often happens that farmers undertake to raise sheep on bottom land and on land that is too wet to plow for crop. If sheep are kept on such land for any length of time trouble is absolutely certain to follow. Sheep can not stand wet feet, and they must have dry ground to sleep on at night. Sheep lie down a great deal when ruminating. Unless the ground is dry and warm they are sure to suffer. Besides foot rot, internal parasites that affect sheep are worse on wet land. The hoof of the sheep is golden only when the hoof is dry.

Value of Speltz.

Speltz is a species of wheat, and more correctly known as emmer. It is grown more largely in Minnesota and the Dakotas. It is an arid region, dry-weather plant, but experiments on low land at the South Dakota station have shown a yield of 63 bushels per acre. As an element in a feeding or fattening ration it is in high favor. Its nutritive value it is hardly equal to corn, but the economy of its use depends upon its availability and cost of production. A good many steers were marketed at South Omaha last spring that gave a good account of themselves from the use of speltz in the feeding ration.

Millions In It.

Bacteria is now known to be the life of soil. The number of these minute organisms which may develop in soil richly fertilized is enormous, amounting to hundreds of millions per gram of earth; and there are over 100,000 grams in a pound of earth. The degree of nitrogenous decomposition, i. e., the making available as plant food of locked-up nitrogen in the soil, depends upon the number of bacteria inhabiting it. Sandy soils sustain the least number of bacteria and heavy marshes the greatest.

Advertise your poultry. It is worth anything at all it is worth advertising. People will not know you have good poultry unless you tell them. Answer your inquiries promptly, convince the prospective buyer that your stock has the merit you claim for it, make your price reasonable, consistent with its quality, and you will make a sale.

Shoes should not be left on a horse longer than six or eight weeks without being reset. Many a foot is raised by not attending to this in time.

HOW ABOUT RESTING LAND?

Should It Be Allowed to Lie Out, or Should It Be Fed Up?

Messrs. Editors: I was talking to some farmers recently who said that they had some land that needed "resting," and they expected to let it lie out for a year or so. Is this the correct practice?

Land does not need "resting;" it does not get tired; it simply gets starved. The so-called practice of resting land is a little better in some respects than annual clean culture, but about all a man makes from such practice is a crop of weeds and grass, and a harvest of seeds to give trouble in future crops. This does much to offset the protection from the sun and the little vegetable matter afforded by the wild growth.

The true way to rest land is to fatten it by growing crops that will add to the soil and enable it to produce larger crops.

The true use of commercial fertilizers is to give a heavy growth of recuperative crops, crops between our sale crops, to enable us to feed stock and raise more home-made manure, and to store up nitrogen in the soil for other crops. Herein consists the difference between the true farmer and the mere planter. The first uses fertilizers to enable him to make a store of fertility in his soil and to draw thence dividends in the shape of constantly increasing crops, while the mere planter draws on the original deposit in his soil until his drafts are dishonored, and then gambles in fertilizers, taking the chances of seasons as to whether they will pay him or not, his account with the soil being continually overdrawn until the bank bursts.—Carl B. Riddle, in Progressive Farmer.

Hurry in Your Oats and Vetch.

Fall oats that have not yet been put in should be planted at the earliest possible moment. But be sure the land has been well fitted for the crop before they are sowed. If vetch seed are to be sown with the oats—and we advise this when the crop is intended to be used for forage, provided the land will grow vetch—sow twenty pounds of vetch and one and a half bushels oats per acre, and sow with them from 200 to 300 pounds fertilizer per acre. If they follow a pea crop, use a fertilizer containing phosphoric acid and potash only—from 8 to 10 per cent phosphoric acid and 3 to 5 per cent potash, according to the soil. If the oats do not follow a pea crop it may be well for the fertilizer to contain from 1 to 2 per cent ammonia. With the prevailing high prices for hay a farmer can not afford to omit planting oats.

More Colts in the Country.

The horse traders say that there are more colts in the country now than ever before. The enormous price of horses and mules have set many farmers to work to raise their own stock. The price of western stock has gone so high that it is out of the question for this section to buy it profitably from now on, no matter what the price of cotton is," said a dealer the other day. "You go west now," he continued, "to buy a bunch of mules and find that they will average away up towards two hundred dollars for big ones and little ones, to which must be added the freight, the feed bills, the trip expenses and many other things, and they are away up yonder before any profit can be thought of. We will simply have to go to making them at home, as the day for cheap stock in the west is over."—Monroe Journal.

Breeding and Feeding.

While inbreeding is the surest and quickest means to fix type, the practice weakens vitally unless very carefully followed. For this reason, closely inbred hogs are more susceptible to cholera than those whose constitutions have not been impaired by the system. The straight corn diet which many hogs receive from one year's end to the other also lessens vitality, and the researchers of the Wisconsin experiment station have shown that this is probably brought about by actually retarding the development of the vital organs. A minimum of inbreeding and a varied diet, including ample range, will therefore better enable the herd to resist the attacks of disease.—Dr. Alexander.

Push Your Porkers Hard.

Fattening hogs should be pushed with all rapidity. Let them have the run of the pea fields and potato patches, giving them at the same time small feeds of corn. The food consumed before winter weather sets in will make cheaper pork than that fed to them after cold freezing weather. "A dollar saved is a dollar made" is good logic, and if we can save it in feeding hogs it is worth as much to us as if saved in any other way.

According to figures just given out by government statisticians, there are approximately 70,000,000 pounds of milk produced in this country every year from the something over 21,000,000 cows, which is enough to give each man, woman and child seven-eighths of a pound per day. Of these seventy billion pounds of milk somewhat over one-half is made into butter, one billion pounds are condensed, while three billion go into the making of cheese, the remaining thirty-two billion pounds and over being sold in its natural state.

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

A MODERN KNIGHT.

The Brave Struggle of Little Jack and How He Won Out.

There were three of them and they were all little, Barbara, Jack and Ted.

"The big, big baby, the middling sized baby, and the wee, wee baby," papa used to call them.

Barbara was five, and having been fortunate enough to be the first baby, and the only one for two years, she had contracted the baby habit, and at the advanced age of five shamelessly demanded cuddling on the grounds of habit and because she was a girl.

Jack started in by being a charming baby, but he was always a bit deliberate, and before he had decided that he was really the baby along came baby Ted, and the opportunity was gone.

Ted, the wee, wee baby, assumed quite awful airs, even Barbara stood aghast at them; as for patient little



Saw a Lovely Robin Redbreast.

Jack, he gave in without a struggle—an outward struggle, I mean.

He was the bravest little chap you ever saw. With his great serious brown eyes he took in the situation and accepted it in the funniest, wisest way. He ever tried to pet and pacify Barbara and wondered that she should expect papa to carry her upstairs, as should ask mamma to rock her to sleep. He loved daddy and mommy too well to bother them, and Ted took a great deal of their time.

Now, because Jack was such a little gentleman, he had a good many hard things to bear. He was oftener asked to "give up." He never made a fuss, as Barbara did, so it was easier to ask him to be unselfish. His turn for "goodies" came last, "because, you know, Barbara was a girl and Ted a baby." Jack smiled down his personal inclinations, took what came his way, and was loved by every one for his beautiful disposition. People loved him, but they did not tell him so half often enough, so how could he know?

Now when he was three a terrible calamity befell him. His mother was taken ill, and it was decided that one of the children should be sent away to visit Aunt Margaret!

Barbara stamped her feet and howled so dismally at the mere idea that she should go, that Teddy joined in and for an hour there was a scene. Jack stood looking on, silent and fearful. It ended as he knew it would end; he, the little middle one, had to take what the others would not have and go to Aunt Margaret.

Away he went, away from the mother he adored, and the home that was so sweetly familiar to his loyal childish heart.

Aunt Margaret saw the struggle on the brave little face beside her. She had no children, and so perhaps had time to notice more the children of other mothers. She was too wise to pretend to buy Jack's smile with candy or toys, but all the way on the train she told him splendid stories of heroes who were great because they were unselfish and true-hearted. And by the time they reached their journey's end Jack forgot much of his suffering and began to wonder, if he tried very hard, if he, too, could be a hero some day? A knight of little things?

Aunt Margaret's home was very beautiful, and stood among fine trees, surrounded by velvety lawns. His own city home was quite plain in comparison, but Jack stood sturdily up for his own possessions. It amused Uncle Tom immensely, and he joked and frolicked with Jack every evening when he came home, trying to make him say that something in the new home was superior to what Jack held sacred. This was a great trial to the small, heartsick visitor, but he was too polite to say so.

One night when Aunt Margaret was putting him in bed she said: "See, what a great fine bed for one little boy to lie in!"

Jack gulped, remembering his own tiny crib.

"Did—did you ever notice my—my mother's bed?" he whispered. "It's most a mile big. It can hold daddy, mommy, Barbara, Ted and me mor-

ings that mommy feels well!" "You darling!" cried Aunt Margaret, "what wouldn't I give to have you for my own to keep forever?" The thought made Jack half sick. He lay awake for a full hour, cold with fear that Aunt Margaret might insist upon keeping him away from the scenes for which he was yearning.

The next morning he was in the stable with Uncle Tom.

"I say, Jack," said his uncle, "come, own up now, you haven't anything home as fine as this big live horse, have you?"

"Maybe not so fine to look at," smiled Jack, "but I'd—rather have my Jack Nag rocking horse that my mommy gave me."

Uncle Tom looked sharply at the boy, and there was an expression on the stern little face that touched the man's heart. From that moment he ceased teasing.

"I tell you what," he said in a new voice, "when you are ten years old you shall have a pony of your own. It will not be as nice as Jack Nag; nothing ever will be, my boy, but you will enjoy it by that time."

"Thank you," smiled Jack in his old wise way, and he began to love Uncle Tom as he had never expected to do before.

Spring came early that year while Jack was visiting, and for the first time in his life he saw a lovely robin redbreast. It was hopping on the green lawn and making a vivid picture. Jack was taken quite out of himself. "Look, auntie!" he cried.

"There's a birdie with a red shirt on! I never saw such a pretty bird."

"It is a robin, darling," answered Aunt Margaret. "You do not have many in the city."

Jack gave a start. Had he wronged his home by the admission? His small face grew troubled. "We—we have sparrows!" he flashed out suddenly, "and you know, Aunt Margaret, that it was a sparrow who killed the robin in the story. I guess robins must be bad, even if they are pretty, for I'm sure the sparrows would not kill them for nothing."

Aunt Margaret just hugged him then, and said that she would always like sparrows better because Jack was their friend. A week later a letter came saying that Jack must come home. They could do without him no longer.

Oh! how he thrilled and dimpled. His aunt and uncle hated to give him up, but they smiled at his joy.

"Have I been a good boy?" he asked the night before he went.

"More than good," said his uncle; "you're a perfect little gentleman—and—and a trump!"

"You haven't seen me cry, have you?" he asked his aunt anxiously. "No, you dear child," she said, nestling him closer. "You are a brave knight."

"Well," with a relieved sigh, "I am glad of it. It would have been so impolite—I've had dust in my eyes a good many times, and sometimes I was 'traid you might think I was crying!"

Uncle Tom rose at this and came over to the little night-robed figure.

"Shake hands, old man!" he cried. "You're the kind that make heroes of. There's a bright new dollar, and when you go home I hope they'll all be as proud as we are of the little middle one!"—Washington Star.

THE ELECTRIFIED ENVELOPE.

It will Cause the Balanced Walking Stick to Move.

Have a care that you try this experiment in dry weather. Take a sheet of thin paper, and rub it with a brush in one hand; in a little while it will become charged with electricity.



Walking Stick Will Follow Card.

and will stick, as though glued, to your face or to your clothes, without your being able to shake it off.

Now electrify a sheet of thicker paper, or a postal card, and you will perceive, as in the case of sealing wax, glass, sulphur, or resin, that it will attract light bodies, such as scraps of cork, or little balls of elder pith. Balance a walking stick on the back of a chair, and you may safely lay a wager that you will cause it to fall off without touching it, or even blowing on it, and without interfering with the chair.

First dry your cardboard well before an open fire, then rub it energetically on your sleeve, and present it to one of the extremities of the cane. The walking stick will follow the card as though the latter were a magnet, until its equilibrium is upset, and it will straightway tumble off the chair, as you prophesied.

Instead of a walking cane, you may balance a fishing rod on the back of a chair, or one of those long bamboos that are occasionally used as handles for leather dusters. Both will follow the electrified card, and the latter, especially, makes an effective experiment that is clearly visible to everybody present.—Magical Experiments.

The streets of Athens are being paved with asphalt and tracks are being prepared for electric trolleys.