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The Colville Examiner

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THERE are secrets in the poultry business, as in any other; the best methods and newest discoveries seldom reach the amateur poultry raiser and the general public for years after they are originated. A new method of absolutely insuring the fertility of setting eggs, for example, has

Enormous Cash Value

and its discoverer is not to be blamed for keeping it to himself. Now, for the first time, the secrets of many of the most successful poultrymen are made public. No confidence has been violated; every secret has been

Obtained in an Honorable Way

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Read What Purchasers Say

I received Farm Journal and "Poultry Secrets," and am very much pleased with both. The secrets are worth their weight in gold. Why, I paid $5 for the sprouted oats method. You certainly give a fellow over his money's worth.
ANDREW F. G. MORLEY, Utica, N. Y.

Received your book of "Poultry Secrets." It's an exceptionally instructive work, and worth $10 to any progressive poultryman. I would not care to take that for my copy if I could not get another.
ROBT. F. KINGSLAND, Montville, N. J.

As to "Poultry Secrets," I will say, I have lectured on this subject over the greater portion of this state for the past fifteen years, and have about every book that is published on this subject in my library, and I consider this book of yours the most valuable I know by far for the general public.
L. A. RICHARDSON, Marine, Ill.

Your book "Poultry Secrets" received, also the February and March numbers of the Farm Journal. Eminently satisfied with all three. Got more than my money's worth on any one page of either publication.
F. L. VANDERBURGH, Hereford, Texas.

A Few of the More Important Secrets

Boyer's new system for insuring fertility of setting eggs.
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Selecting the laying hens—the central thought of the so-called Hogan, Potter and Palmer Systems.
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Several new food formulas, many of them the same as expensive "patented" foods.
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Greiner's Corn Feeding System; and other new rules for feeding corn and grain.
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AND MANY OTHERS, NOT ENUMERATED HERE

It would be absurd to expect every bit of this information to be unknown to everyone; we make no such claim. But to the great majority of poultrymen it will be absolutely new, and of great value.

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THE COLVILLE EXAMINER

A RACE FOR A WIFE

The Girl Gave Answer In Lapland Fashion to a Proposal

By ELEANOR L. BRITTON

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Spitzburger was a great traveler. He had visited every country on the globe, and I verily believe that if aviation had come up in his day he would have sailed up beyond the clouds to find others. When I made his acquaintance he had settled down in a place he called by a jawbreaking name signifying "dwelling" that he had picked up among the Eskimos or some other benighted people. It was in the country situated on the top of a hill and looked more like a Chinese pagoda than any other structure.

Spitzburger was a widower, with one child, a daughter. She was twenty years old and for half her life had traveled during half of each year—the summer season—with her father. Heredity and travel had made her as odd as he. Rather she was unique. She was of medium height, lithe, wiry —indeed, a feminine athlete of the featherweight type. Her hair was black and straight as an Indian's; her eyes large black ones, with lashes of the Spanish type. I wondered if her mother had not been some dusky semicivilized creature her father had picked up on the underside of the world. But he told me his wife had been an American creole.

The inside of the house in which these two lived was as curious as the outside. The furniture and ornamental articles had apparently been gathered from all points of the globe, ranging from the south sea islands to Greenland. There was a mill for grinding from the Holy Land similar to those used in Bible times, a wheel from India to spin flax on, and the bathtub had been the sarcophagus of an Egyptian mummy.

The reason for my making the Spitzburgers' acquaintance was this: I was taking a postgraduate course at the time, studying the customs of different races of men, the causes and effects which shape them and their relationship. Desiring some information as to the people of Tibet, a land forbidden to foreigners and therefore little known, I was recommended to Spitzburger as one who had penetrated to the interior of that country. I went to see him, and my visit led to my studying with him.

How long I remained there doesn't matter, but it was sufficient for my enthrallment by that "little savage," as I called his daughter, Irene. Not that there was any outward intimation on my part that I was coming under a spell, and, as for the girl, I had no idea that I was any more to her than another man. Indeed, I sometimes fancied that she might have left her heart in New Zealand, Kamchatka or some other barbarous land. Whether Spitzburger suspected the drift of my inclinations I don't know, but one day he took occasion to mention with approbation the marriage customs in Lapland, where one who marries a girl without her parents' consent is adjudged guilty of a crime next below murder and is punished accordingly. I thought that he looked at me very hard, but "a guilty conscience needs no accuser," and I may have attached more meaning to his words than they covered.

The only thing to indicate that Irene and I were drifting together as lovers was that we took long walks together. I made an excuse for this that in her company I could both exercise and study. This was true. I could get from her certain information of the domestic habits of the people she had visited that I could not get from her father. One day while we were on one of these walks I said to her:

"Your father tells me that in Lapland to marry a girl without her parents' consent is punished as a crime. Please tell me how a man in that country does his courting."

"He doesn't do any courting."

"Then how does he proceed?"

"He goes to her parents and asks for her. If he is refused there is no hope for him. If they approve of his suit they tell the girl of it. She may or may not have seen the lover, but the process is the same in either case. Her parents give a feast at which they, the girl, her suitor and mutual friends are present. The two principals are placed opposite each other at table, where they can observe and talk with each other all they like."

"Well, then what? I suppose the girl has something to say in the matter, else this looking over her suitor would be useless."

"Yes, she has a good deal to say about it, but she doesn't yet make it known. She indicates her decision later. After the feast all go to an open space suitable for running a race. A course is marked off—a quarter of a mile usually—and the girl is given a handicap of a third of the distance. The handicap is intended to enable her to win the race easily if she wishes, and if she wins that indicates her refusal of the offer. But if, on the contrary, she purposely lags and her suitor catches her, that indicates she accepts him for her husband."

When Irene finished giving me this bit of a lecture on Lapland customs I walked for some distance without speaking.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked.

"I am thinking how popular this method would be at our universities, where athletics are so much in vogue. Every undergraduate would be married before the end of his course."

It was a month after this that, having got all out of Spitzburger in the line of my studies that I desired, I began to think of leaving. A singular something there was in Irene had continued to grow upon me, and—well I wanted her. Remembering what her father had said on the subject, I went to him and asked him for his daughter.

"I will inform her of the honor you do her," he said.

I waited a day for a reply, and as I received none the suspense threw me into an awful fret. At the end of the second day, the situation being the same, I was almost demented. On the morning of the third, determined to have the matter out with Irene, I asked her to go for a walk with me, the last we would take together before my departure. She assented and went up to her room for her wraps. She was some time getting them, and when she came down what was my surprise to see that she had put on a skirt reaching but little below the knees, and instead of a hat she had wrapped a veil about her head.

I didn't dream for awhile what this meant, but when she led me along a path and across a stile to a space used in season for pasture I suspected at once that she proposed to satisfy a whim by giving me an answer to my proposal after the Lapland custom. I was too hungry for it to object to the terms and was quite ready to run for my answer. Indeed, so impatient was I that I opened the subject myself.

"A good place for a race," I remarked.

"Splendid."

"And a fine morning for it too. The air is crisp and full of ozone."

"I love to snuff it in and get the odor."

"Do you see that tree yonder?"

"The oak split into two trunks near the ground?"

"Yes. I have a mind to race you for it."

"How much advantage will you give me?"

"What you like."

She pulled off a fur jacket and threw it on the ground, and I saw at once that she had divested herself of her corsets—indeed, there was nothing to interfere with any movement. Her short skirt, a tight fitting jersey and the veil about her head made an excellent racing costume.

But these preparations appalled me. What could they mean but that she desired every advantage that she might surely beat me in the race?

"I wish no handicap," she said. "I think I can beat you on equal terms. I will go over to that stump, which is about the same distance from the tree as we are here. One race would be little fun. Let us make it the best two in three. You give the signal."

"Agreed," I said, and she went off to the stump.

"One, two, three—go!" I cried.

She ran like a deer; but, spurred by love, I kept an equal pace with her. I won that race.

The second race was very different. Irene permitted me at first to gain a few yards on her, but before we had traversed two-thirds of the distance she forged ahead and reached the tree full ten feet ahead of me.

I knew now that she could beat me if she wished. Nevertheless I deemed it my proper part to do the best I could in the third and deciding race. Burning to know my fate, I wished to start at once. But she declined to go until she got her breath. While we waited I endeavored to see something encouraging in her eyes—something to indicate that these races were the answer I was expecting. But there was nothing in her expression to indicate that we were running for any purpose except pastime. She studiously ignored every other consideration.

Finally, when my patience was nearly exhausted, she signified a willingness to start. I gave the signal, and for the first half the distance she seemed determined to win. Surely she could not have put forth greater effort. I saw her glance aside to see where I was, and she dashed on, seemingly bound to reach the goal before me. But when within ten yards of it, my distance being twenty, she tripped and fell. I ran on to the tree, touched it and then back to her. Raising her, I said impatiently:

"I suppose we must try this one over."

"No," she said; "I couldn't run again."

I still held her in my arms, and, taking this for the answer I craved, I wound them about her, covering her face with kisses.

Supposing that my love had been injured by her fall, I proposed to carry her home, but she stepped out quite readily.

"How about that tripping?" I asked.

She looked at the ground, but made no reply, and I knew she had tripped on purpose.

When we returned to the house Spitzburger looked at us both curiously. I knew at once that he was aware that his daughter had given me my answer and that she had given it in accordance with the Lapland custom. He first scanned her face, but receiving no satisfaction there bent his gaze upon mine.

He did not require a long examination of my features to know that I had been made very happy, and the cause was evident. I took Irene by the hand and, leading her to her father, told him the story.

When I came to the part where Irene stumbled and fell he burst into a laugh, saying that she could run for hours without a stumble or a missstep.

A Newspaper Serial

It Was Written For One Purpose, But Accomplished Two Purposes

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"What we want," said the managing editor, "in our serials is plot. We must have our characters or some one of them at the end of an installment hanging over a precipice a thousand feet deep, to be rescued in the next, tumbled overboard in midocean, left to drown, rescued again, etc. And you needn't bring it all out happily in the end. Kill the hero if you like. There's Tess of the D'Urbervilles, who was strung up at the end of the story, and the whole world read it and wept over it. Big sales, large profits."

"You want it true to life, don't you?"

"Truth is stranger than fiction. If you'll strike a plot that every one says couldn't possibly have happened you'll get a selling story. The critics will call it 'rot,' but the people will want to read it. Try to do something startling. My object is to put the paper on its feet. Many a newspaper has been made by an ingenious serial."

I had no confidence in the paper's being established by any serial I could write, however improbable I should make it, and I told Heaton so, but he told me to get out and do as he had instructed. He had no more time to talk about the matter. "You know what we want," he said; "go and do it."

I puzzled for a considerable time over a plot, but could invent nothing original. Then it occurred to me that there is nothing original except in real incidents that occur from time to time, and even these repeat themselves. After all, the novel Heaton had quoted had nothing startling in the plot. It was the writing of it and the tragedy at the end. I determined to be content with a commonplace plan and rely on hanging somebody to do the rest. I would drag in all the horrid details of an execution, and I hoped in this way to serve the managing editor's purpose to a limited extent. In order to make the story more harrowing I determined that the man who dangled at the end of a rope should be the innocent victim of circumstances.

Haycroft was my hero, Gwendolin Montclaveries my heroine. They loved. Haycroft was a distant connection to a millionaire who was a bachelor, and, since Haycroft was the only child of several generations of older children descending from the millionaire's only brother (or sister, for that matter), in case the millionaire died without will Haycroft would inherit all his property. Pitblado, the villian of the story, also loves Gwendolin, and I must invent some plan for him to get Haycroft out of the way. It was very easy for me to kill the rich man under suspicious circumstances—at least I had Pitblado manufacture the circumstances—which went to show that Haycroft had poisoned the old gentleman to get his money. The ingenuity required was to weave a lot of circumstances that would convict Haycroft and yet he must be innocent.

Nothing very original about that, you say. Well, if there is any originality in the matter at all I didn't supply it. Fate lays all the plots for stories, and all we scribblers do is to write them up. Nevertheless, though I didn't know it, I was doing the biggest job of my life. And do you know while I thought I was writing a blood and thunder love tragedy I was turning bitterness and gall in a real household into a great happiness.

The story was coming out, the installments appearing once a week. I had convicted the hero, and he was waiting the result of an appeal which I intended to have denied by a merciless judge. I was writing the description of the hanging and intended as soon as it was over to drive the heroine insane and conclude with her shrieks dying away gradually as doors were closing behind her in a madhouse. The issue of the paper had appeared containing an explanation of that chain of circumstances which had convicted the murderer. Though they were not to save him, I felt bound to show my skill in finding a key to them which if brought to light would save the victim. But, relying as I did on a double tragedy at the end, I proposed to bring out the key when it was too late to do any good. You see, I didn't intend to spoil the tragic effect by being chicken hearted, especially as the people involved were merely creatures of my own brain. Besides, I remembered the instructions of the managing editor, and I was to attract the attention of the reading public, which increases the circulation of the paper and brings in the advertisements, the ultimate object of the whole thing.

About a week after the appearance of the issue containing the explanation of the incidents that had proved Haycroft guilty, while I was engaged writing the removal of Gwendolin to a madhouse, a servant knocked at my door to say that a man was downstairs who wished to see me.

"Get out of here," I cried, "and tell the man to get out too! I'm doing work that must not be interrupted."

The maid went away and returned to say that she thought the man was having a fit. It required something of the sort to cause me to break off from my work, and, throwing down my pen, I hastened away. The man had buried his face in the lounge pillows and was giving way to violent spasmodic contortions. Hearing me enter, he arose and faced me. I never saw greater agony on any face. He looked from me to the maid and pointed to the door. I told her to leave us and closed the door behind her. Then I turned to my visitor.

"How did you get on to it?" he asked, his eyes starting out of his head.

"Get on to what?"

"My making up that prescription wrong."

"What prescription?"

"That killed the man in your story."

"Killed the man in my story!" I repeated, my eyes bulging with astonishment. I had been writing of an imaginary lunatic, and my first impression was that I had a real one before me.

"You called him Chesterton."

"Well?"

"Oh, my God! He was Middleton. You might as well have given the real name as one so like it."

I stood staring at the man for awhile, then said to him:

"My friend, you must pardon me for excusing myself, but I have no time to devote to cranks. I am putting the finishing touches to the serial you speak of, and the copy must be ready this afternoon. The hero has been executed, the girl who loved him has gone mad, and"—

I didn't finish the sentence, for the fellow fell in a fit true enough. I picked him up and laid him on the lounge. As soon as he quieted down a bit he started up and began to talk in a hoarse whisper just as people on the dramatic stage do when they have something harrowing to communicate.

"I'm a drug clerk. One day a prescription came in and I put it up. Hours after it had gone out I found a small vial of deadly poison standing on the board where I had mixed the medicine. I had taken it up by mistake and put enough to kill any one into the mixture. I darted out to stop the patient from taking it. A boy rushed past me selling newspapers and crying, 'Sudden death of Banker Middleton!' That was the name given when the medicine was called for.

"I went back to the store, told my employer that my mother was dying and left town within an hour. My secret has preyed on me, but I never dreamed it would involve another life."

The man had given the key to the circumstances that had convicted an innocent man as I had concocted it for my novel. I saw at once that it was fate and not I who had been writing a detective story, the parts of which fate had evolved in its way, not mine.

In a distant town the drug clerk had picked up a copy of our paper containing that installment of my story which gave my concocted key, it being identical with his own act. Later his eye met a newspaper item that the man who had poisoned Middleton for his money would be executed in three weeks. He had come to me as the author of the story, supposing that I had his secret.

In this sequel to the product of my brain I saw what the story itself would not produce. I am a newspaper man, and my newspaper instincts came to the front.

"You come with me," I said. "Put yourself in the hands of our paper, and we'll give you the best outcome to your fatal mistake one can secure for you."

He assented, and, taking him to the office, I told the story to Heaton.

"Shake!" he said, thrusting out his hand and grasping mine in an iron grip. "The paper's made!"

Then I called the drug clerk in and introduced him to the managing editor. Heaton gave him what money he wanted and told him to go where he liked—leaving his address, of course—and keep his mouth shut. The next morning out came scare heads announcing that a remarkable combination detective-fiction exploit had led to the discovery that George Barton, the man who had been convicted of the murder of Banker Middleton, was innocent. This set everybody agog for the next issue.

In the morning we announced that the paper had produced a drug clerk whose mistake had caused the poisoning of Middleton. A hint was thrown out that an author-detective who wrote exclusively for the paper had built a theory of his own as to the cause of Middleton's death and had written the story with the intent of bringing out the real culprit.

And so it came about that an innocent man was saved from a hanging because people like to read about such tragedies and because I was instruced to hang an imaginary character. But, after all, did it not come about on the principal of an ad.?

We got the drug clerk off with light punishment and had Barton up in our editorial rooms, where I was introduced to him as the man who had saved him from a felon's death. He asked me if I had really written the story on the theory that Middleton had been poisoned by the mistake of a drug clerk. The look of noncommittal wisdom I put on was a stroke of genius. It claimed nothing for me, but helped the paper.

There was another coincidence which I have left to the last, for it is the touching part. Barton was engaged to a very lovely girl. She had stood by him during his trial, confident in his innocence. Barton asked me to go to see her, and I did so. The interview was very affecting. She told me that if her fiance had been executed she believed she would have gone mad, as did the heroine of my story. Then I realized that better things had been accomplished by my serial than the building up of a newspaper.