SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolis, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves, Enid Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is marked by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Chartris lease a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht. Barnes and Enid make arrangements for their marriage. The net tightens about Barnes. He receives a note from La Belle Blackwood, the American adventuress. Barnes hears that Elijah Emory, his detective, has been murdered by the Corsicans. He learns that the man supposed to be Corregio, who followed the party on their way to the boat, was Saliceti, a nephew of the count, and that Count Corregio had been in Nice for some time prior to the party's arrival. The count warns Barnes not to marry Enid unless he would have her also involved in the murderous feud. Barnes and Enid are married. Soon after their wedding Barnes' bride disappears. Barnes discovers she has been kidnaped and taken to Corsica. The groom secures a fishing vessel and is about to start in pursuit of his bride's captors when he hears a scream from the villa and rushes back to hear that Anstruther's wife, Marina, is also missing. Barnes is compelled to depart for Corsica without delay, and so he leaves the search for Marina to her husband while he goes to hunt for Enid. Just before Barnes' boat lands on Corsica's shore Marina is discovered hiding in a corner of the vessel. She explains her action by saying she has come to help Barnes rescue his wife from the Corsicans. When Barnes and Marina arrive in Corsica he is given a note written by Enid informing him that the kidnaping is for the purpose of entrapping Barnes, so the vendetta may kill him.

CHAPTER XII.

The Mountain Chalet.

Forced to a more moderate pace, the two journey up the winding road between some cornfields made red by poppies. Soon after they pass into the wooded hill lands, their path bordered by myrtles and arbutus.

After a little, the way grows wilder, the hills much steeper, and climbing the lofty Colle di San Antonio they can look down upon hill vistas, beautifully wooded, that descend to the distant sea. In the sunlit gleam of the far-off water, Barnes, using his field glasses, sees the yacht lying alone at anchor. "Graham has sent back the fishing smack," he says.

"Then thank the Virgin," cries Marina, "another letter is going to my husband telling him his disobedient wife is trying to save his sister."

They descend sharply into the little valley of the Liamone, and enter the village of Vico, whose inn is now welcoming the first summer visitors from Ajaccio.

Here Marina says: "'Twould be wrong if I sent not a telegram to my anxious spouse." So they dismount at the little telegraph office peculiar to Corsican villages. As they slip in, a countryman slouches out and mounting a horse rides off up the main street. Her message dispatched, Marina coming from the office, says: "How hurriedly that fellow went away."

"You think he was looking for us?" asks Barnes, as he places her on her pony.

"Perhaps; Bernardo is astute. He may guess that his message to you brought you after him by water and that you would find the yacht."

"Then after him!" says Burton, and turning more to the east they follow a rapid stream, passing the Sulphur Baths of Guagno, where they can see the diligence depositing patients at its hospital for rheumatics.

They have not overtaken the man, but no one has passed them on the road, their pace has been so rapid. The peasants they have seen, so many of them carrying guns that Barnes thinks he is in the Rocky Mountains, have received the usual greetings in the patois of the country from Marina, her escort wisely keeping his sombrero pulled down over his eyes and saying nothing. But now a farmer, pausing, says: "Girl, you and your man had better not go beyond Guagno. Last night the two accursed bandits, Rochini and his mate, killed Nicolo, the sheep grower, up at his house by the lake, and carried off his daughter."

"Thank you for your advice," answers Marina politely. She glances at Barnes, but he scarcely heeds. He is urging his pony toward the mountain pass through which Enid must now be journeying.

"Who is this Rochini?" asks Barnes, to take Mrs. Anstruther's thoughts to happier things.

"He and his fellows are the only bandits of which Corsica is not proud," answers the girl, savagely. "This wretch with his underlings murders men for money. Other bandits only kill for hate or to escape capture by the gendarmes. Also this Rochini drags shrieking women to his lair, while other bandits doff their hats to ladies."

Then as they ride along the Corsican girl gives Mr. Barnes some curious information about bandits.

"This murderous Rochini is not of our commune; he has been driven from Rotondo by the farmers because of his outrages and came over to Del Oro," she remarks, excitedly. "Our own Bocognano bandits, the brave Bellacoscia," Marina's tone is proud, "whose family name is Bonelli, only fled to the mountains to escape pursuit from our cruel gendarmes, because, forsooth, the elder Antonio killed Marc' Angeli, who dared to marry the girl upon whom he had set his heart. The younger, Giacomo, because he would not endure the French conscription, so he slew the brigadier and his men who came to arrest him. Still Antonio Bonelli, when the Teutons overran France, offered to go over and fight the German Von Moltke with his 500 Bellacoscia—brothers, sons, grandsons and nephews—if they would give him safe conduct from arrest. At first Monsieur Gambetta accepted, then he refused, fearing there might be a new Bonaparte among these Corsicans to again save France and rule the country."

"Oh, we are devoted to the Bellacoscia," she continues fervidly. "Every boy by the wayside gives them warning of the gendarmes; every child picking flowers in the mountains tells them of the coming of the brigadiers who would capture or slay them. Though many men and women, some of gentle blood, are placed in prison for aiding them, the authorities never receive information from their lips. But these wretches, Rochini and Romano, are abhorred by all, and blessings would be showered on any who might bring their bodies into Bocognano."

All this has been said as they hurried through the dust and sun for three more miles. They enter the village of Guagno. There is no way of avoiding the hamlet; it stands almost at the entrance of the deep gorge between the two great mountains—besides, the ponies need rest.

"It would be better if we were not seen here," suggests Marina, "though the inn looks comfortable."

"And you must both rest and eat," remarks Barnes, who has noticed that his fragile companion, unaccustomed

I Give You Additional Warning, To-night You Must Stay in My Inn.

to the severe exercise of horseback travel in the hot sun and stifling dust, is somewhat fatigued.

They ride up to the auberge, dismount and give their ponies to the care of a Corsican boy, who leads them away.

Entering, they are met by the loquacious landlord, who tells them, as they demand a hurried meal, that business is not very brisk, the season being too early for many invalids at the baths, besides all travellers are kept from the mountains beyond by fear of Rochini and Romano.

"May the curse of God rest on them—they spoil my business even down here," says the hotel man savagely as he goes to bring the food.

"I do not think you had better go with me farther," remarks Barnes seriously.

"What, stand back because a murderer threatens the way to Enid?" cries Marina. "Besides, you can shoot your pistol."

"Then may God curse me if I let harm come to you for your devotion to my wife," returns the American with grateful eyes.

"Then I'm safe," says the Corsican girl simply, who has supreme faith in the deadly marksmanship of her escort.

From the little garden outside, the conversation of two rustics drifts in to them. One is apparently a local wool buyer, the other a shepherd from the neighboring mountain, who is bargaining with him for his shearing.

A moment later their host places the dinner in front of them. "Here are trout from our Liamone, a filch of mouffion killed on Rotondo and some chianti made from the vines outside. Real mouffion, real chianti, besides chestnuts from my own grove!" he remarks proudly, as he arranges their knives and forks.

"You have also a few visitors, I presume, to eat them?" queries Marina, sympathetically.

"Oh, none to-day; there are not enough invalids at the baths; the season is too early. Besides, young Saliceti didn't stop here with his party, but hurried on three hours ago. Does that young statesman expect to get the vote of Vincenzo, the landlord? Not even a drink of wine did he buy. But the reprobate has an eye for beauty if not for political influence. A yellow-haired girl was with him, though his followers kept so close about her I could not see her face. But I give you additional warning. To-night you must stay in my inn. Toward the mountains there is another bandit, an extra one."

"An extra bandit!" Barnes opens his eyes.

"How do you know that?" asks Marina.

"How? Why, even the accursed Rochini and his fellow, who murder men and seize women, never steal from me, who fearing their knives give them wine and warning of the gendarmes; but this new fellow sneaks down at night and eats my chickens. May Satan take him, he has the appetite of a table d'hote!"

"Nevertheless, we must risk the unprofessional chicken thief and go to the mountains," says Marina determinedly, as she goes away, attended by mine host, to make preparations for her departure.

Barnes, having five minutes for a whiff, produces his cigar case, but some words entering from the two rustics amid the vines of the garden outside, cause him to forget even his last cigar.

Their trade being closed, they are now discussing local news. "Diavolo," remarks the wool trader, "did you meet young Saliceti on the road?"

"Aye, that I did, three miles above, near the waterfall. To me he said: 'Good Luigi, shall I have your vote for deputy?' 'That you will,' said I, 'great Saliceti, when you perform your oath of vendetta against the Americano who came to Bocognano and by De Belloc's soldiers killed the man who would have been your father-in-law.' 'Then I shall have it,' he cried. 'Just wait here for a couple of hours, and you'll see it done.' But I had to meet you to sell my wool, besides I remembered Rochini and his murderous gun, and so I came along."

"Cospetto, if Saliceti does it, he has my vote also!" cries the wool trader.

"The crafty politician must have the Americano trapped somehow. It was rumored that the devil fled with the Englishman whom Mademoiselle Paoli wedded, though he had slain her brother. Santos, may death come to a girl who for lust betrays her race."

To this Barnes listens impatiently but seriously.

"This political hustler wants to sacrifice me on their altar of vengeance, so as to draw their votes," cogitates Barnes savagely. "By the Eternal, he shall have an ox at his barbecue who will disagree with his stomach!"

There is a peculiar glint in the American's eyes as, five minutes later, he places Marina carefully upon her pony, and they leave the inn. He now asks almost lightly: "By the bye, Madame Anstruther, do you know a waterfall some three miles up this path?" For all traces of a wagon road have ended at Guagno, leaving only a little bridle path that runs up the foaming Liamone, which, contracted in its banks, has become a torrent.

Marina thinks a moment; then says: "Oh, yes; I remember a mountain trail often travelled as a girl. But it is very steep."

"Would you kindly show it to me when we come to it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wanted the Worth of His Money.

"All we can afford to give you, miss," said the trustee of school district No. 16 to the young woman who had applied for the position of teacher, "is $45 a month." "At that figure, of course, you wouldn't expect me to teach any fads," she said. "Fads?" echoed the trustee, taken slightly aback; "why—h'm—yes, if you can teach it we'll want that, too." "But if it isn't in the curriculum——" "You may as well understand, miss, that we ain't throwin' any money away. The $45 a month is to pay for the whole thing—fads, crickalum and everything else that's goin'."—Chicago Tribune.

As the Mother, So the Girl.

A daughter is, in nine cases out of ten, the reflection of her mother. The training of the girl of 15 is shown in the woman of 50. A son may, by contact with the rough world, sometimes outlive his early home influences—a daughter rarely does.

FROM CITY TO FARM

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whisperings of fancy; who pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow;—attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Author of "Poems of Gun and Rod," "Outdoors," "Poems of the Town," Etc.

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The Independence of Farm Life

"Hard times, hard times come again no more."

What strikes the casual sojourner most who comes from the city to the country is the total absence of any look of worry in the faces of the people about him. He sees many types of the dwellers in rural districts, and all stages of existence included, and men and women, boys and girls, all seem to be freed from that hungry, anxious look, which shows so plainly in the visages of the dwellers in large towns. When they are through with their work they show it in a sense of having thrown off the cares of the day. In the cities, and especially on the sidewalks and in the cars, the men and women who have been released for a brief respite from their tasks have a hunted and careworn look, apprehensive to a degree.

Strikes, lock-outs, competition, approaching old age, the rises in the price of the necessaries in life, the cost of living, the dread grind that reduces men and women to machines which must regulate their movements by the tick of a clock or the turn of a handle to testify to unerring and slavish punctuality—all these, while they may not so much bring wrinkles before one's time, make the twin wraiths of fear and anxiety look out of the eyes of most of those who carry the burdens of work-a-day life in the metropolis.

What does the mere problem of living mean in the country? We found that out very quickly. Rent, including an ample garden plot and extra ground for potatoes, with all the fruit we could use, including apples, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes and blackberries, with the use of a long and short-distance telephone, all the wood we needed for fuel if we cared to cut it, a house of five rooms with a pump and cistern for kitchen use, and a fine well at the east porch, a yard with shady maples about it, and a lawn of blue grass all around the house—all this for $11 a month.

We could have kept chickens and had a cow and it would not have cost us anything extra. I had the run of the entire farm of 160 acres to hunt on, and in summer time we could get all the "greens" we could use by simply walking into the pastures close by and gathering them.

Meat at the town, four miles away, was ten cents a pound for the very finest steaks, much finer than any I could get in Chicago at any price. When the farmers around us "killed," we could buy meat for from six to eight cents a pound. Butter was 20 cents a pound the year round. Milk, eggs and poultry were cheap, and groceries the same as in the city. With the hiring of a girl at $2.50 a week, and with the addition to the table of our gardening products, the average expense for four of us was from $35 to $38 a month. Did some one say "clothes?" You don't wear clothes in the country, you just use up what you take from the city; and for the most part go clad like Joseph, "in a coat of many colors."

Hickory shirts for a man, brown duck trousers and coat, no hat, collar, cuffs, or tie, or maybe a loose black silk tie for the turn-down collar that goes with the hickory shirt, and that completes a man's dress in the country. My laundry bill for two years for "boiled" shirts and linen collars was about $2.60. All a woman needs is her old clothes, a duck walking suit consisting of a short skirt and a neat-fitting jacket (if she's got a good figure), plenty of shirt waists which can be laundered at home, and good, stout walking shoes. If she is wise enough to cut out the stiff, high collars, her neck will shed all its wrinkles, as a duck's back sheds rain, after she has given her neck entire freedom for six months.

Did some one say "sickness?" You don't get sick in the country. You get out of the habit of it, mostly. Plenty of fruit, vegetables, pure water and open air, have a depressing effect on the drug store trade and doctor's bills. We only telephoned for the doctor once in two years, when the baby was scaring us into a frenzy one night, and the message got mixed and he didn't come after all. And the baby was all right, at that.

What can you do with $35 or $38 in a large city? You can just about get one of those ghastly "joints" called a "modern steam-heated flat," where you either freeze or melt, take your choice. Where there isn't any front yard, and no back yard to speak of. And then comes your "girl," your gas bill, your telephone bill, your laundry bills, your grocery bills, your meat, ice, bakery, vegetable and other bills, your downtown expenses, carfare, this, that and the other expense until you are driven like a galley slave to make both ends meet, and even then you are in debt usually at the end of the year. And you have been eating poor stuff and drinking doubtful water, and paying doctor's bills, and you're nervous, anxious and unhappy. What's the use? Honestly, what is there in it for you?

Now you can get a house in the country in a good many localities for even seven dollars a month with room for chickens, a cow and a place to keep a pig. You can have a butcher kill your pig and have your winter meat, or a good deal of it, in that way. You can keep a cow and strike out the butter and milk items. You can keep chickens and knock off the eggs and poultry items. You can have a garden besides, and thus reduce it all to groceries and clothes. And, mind you, this can be done, and still be near enough to a large city to go in and see whatever you want to at the theaters, etc.

So what is the use of keeping your nose to the grindstone just to keep up a "bluff" of living in a certain way?

Of course, if you like that sort of thing, you ought not to be deprived of it. The item of ice in the country means having a little dumb-waiter arrangement run down in the well where you keep your stuff cold all summer with no expense, and little trouble. The item of ice in the city means being under the thumbs of a lot of pirates who treat you like a parcel of beggars. Everything in the city costs right up to the limit. In the country you raise almost everything you need. A good-sized family can make five acres of land near any large city support them all. By near a city, I mean within 40 to 70 miles from town, and that is near enough.

The farmers in our vicinity cared very little "whether school kept or not." They worked or they let it alone, just as the mood happened to possess them. They all of them had good horses and buggies, and in the winter time they got out their sleighs and cutters and so they got about in all seasons very comfortably. If they owned their own farms they were, of course, even more independent than the "renters," but the "renters" themselves were just as well off as to the luxuries and the necessities in the country, as the landed proprietors.

They always had at least two crops out every year, and if one crop failed, which was almost never, the other crop was a success, and they always made some money, at least. They all had fruit on the farms, and raised good gardens. They had chickens and sold their extra eggs and chickens and so paid their grocery bills, and more, too. They had hogs fattening for winter meat, and they butchered a heifer or a steer once in awhile for fresh beef. They had never known in their lives what it was to worry about a bare living. As for "industrial" troubles, that is outside of agriculture, at present. There was no union to fight with. When harvest time came around, each man helped his neighbor, and the improved machinery of to-day made the work comparatively easy. When the farmers worked, they were not cooped up in a smoky, choky atmosphere in the midst of smoke and soot, the whirr of machinery, their lungs filled with grit and iron filings.

They were out in the open, breathing the purest air, and with all the four winds of heaven blowing about them. If it was storming, they did not go out to work; they did not have to. Mostly on rainy days the boys and men in my neighborhood went hunting. Or they sat around the kitchen stove and cracked pecans, hickory nuts and walnuts, ate apples, drank cider and played the fiddle. They were a hustling lot, a good many of them, and they raised crops all right, but they did not kill themselves working. They had a little enjoyment while they went along; and if a circus or a county fair happened along they could all quit and go to see it, for every man was an independent sovereign. They waited for no man's beck or call, and spoke of no man as "the boss," and never had to gallop back after dinner to pull a string or give their name to a "lookout," so as not to get fined for being a couple of seconds late.

When they felt like it, they laid off and browsed around the farms and fixed up the fences. If I happened to run across a neighbor he could always stop and have a little chat with me. Nobody around to "give him the eye" and make him feel like a cheap criminal. And if it was exceedingly hot some scorching July day, you could go into some of the farmhouses and find active, healthy and first-class farmers reading a paper and reckoning they wouldn't go out that afternoon.

They worked hard when they did work, of course; and some of the work was disagreeable. But they could "lay off" whenever they felt like it, and there was no one to say them nay. The proprietor of a farm had absolutely nothing to say as to when or how his "renter" worked the farm. The "renter" gave his time to raising a crop, and divided the crop with the landlord. Sometimes the landlord got half, and sometimes a third. If there were light crops, there was very little actual cash divided, but the man on the farm, and his family, had always had a good living out of it.

When a man owned a place of say 80 to a hundred or a hundred and sixty acres, he could farm some of it and rent out the rest, and take it easy. Or he could, like the man I rented from, rent out his house to one party and his land to the adjoining farmers, and trade in cattle and hogs, feeding them and shipping them into the cities.

After the boys were 21 they were out for themselves, and were perfectly able not only to take care of themselves, but they had learned their "trade," and could support a family. Mostly, the farmer boys marry early, and race suicide is something they know nothing whatever about. Big families are the rule, not the exception. Anywhere from seven to ten children is a good average sizable family in the country. The idea of straggling around with one or two children would seem queer to most of them.

After the crops are in, and especially after corn is "shucked" and cribbed, there is an almost complete lull in farm work. The winter wood is often gotten "up" before cold weather begins, and from the last days in November until along early in March there is practically nothing to do on a farm except the everlasting "chores." These consist of feeding the stock, currying and rubbing down the horses, bringing in wood, milking and doing a few little other odds and ends. A family of two or three boys and the head of the household can do all this in an hour and a half for morning and night. The rest of the time for a period of about, if not quite, three months, is just nothing at all but resting by the fireplace or the stoves, reading the papers, visiting, going to the dances or to town, attending court, and hearing the speeches, and in other ways enjoying the leisure time.

One-fourth, therefore, of the average farmer's life on the farm, apart from many extra stormy days, taking it year in and year out, is a vacation. Of course, he may go out and nail up a fence occasionally, and chop a little wood, or do some other mild "stunt." But the crops have been gathered, the fall plowing is done, and there is really nothing for him to do. Some of the more enterprising boys in our neighborhood went into the coal banks, along the line of the little streams among the hills and with pick and dynamite unearthed many tons of soft coal, and made good money at it. But this was a business venture separate and apart from farming, and only the huskiest of the hustlers tackled it.

Now just imagine, if you can, any clerk, or working man, or professional or business man, laying off three months in each year. Wouldn't that be something like the happy land of Canaan? I suppose a few hundred thousand of the overworked "cits." would hate to think of "holing up" about December first and reappearing about March first to go to work again? Talk about eight hours a day! Why, these farmers have got the entire world beaten on living easy and escaping worry. What do they care if stocks go up or down? They don't own any stock. What difference does it make to them if the trusts corral things? Not a bit. It may beat them out of some money, but the loss is only a few dollars to each district, and there's only a little grumbling about it.

Can you get the farmer into a corner? Not in one thousand years. He can always make a living, and at least a little more. And he can always be independent where the man in the cities must duck, and cringe, and wear his soul out against the stones of hardship and misfortune. The farmer can have a daily metropolitan paper at his gate in most rural districts now, on the day the sheet is issued. He can have his magazines, his piano, his library—all these, and his telephone, and other conveniences.

It is true that he does not get the glare and glitter of city life, but that is purchased with much travail and sorrow, the maximum of toil for the minimum of gain. He is his own master, and there is no visible or invisible whip raised over his shoulders. We saw this very plainly as the farmers about us sent their teams ahead in the furrows, or tossed the shining sheaves of wheat aloft in the July sun.

They represented the sane life; the sanest way of living. If there was the saving grace of social communion in the prairie states, there, too, the farmers would be happier; but statistics show that farmers' wives in the western states, where the farms are scattered and visiting a task, have been unable to stand the isolation and have broken under the strain. But in the eastern and northern states, and particularly in the Mississippi valley, the farmers have reduced the art of living to a science that spells happiness.

Even in our little experiment we saw how simple living was when you were on a farm. For what we paid for a house in the city we could live on entirely in the country. But suppose a man hasn't a trade, or a profession by which he can earn that much? What then? Learn to farm. You can learn enough about it in a year to support yourself. There's no secret to it. Dig and sow. Nature will do the rest.

ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

RUSSIAN'S "PRESENCE OF MIND."

Anecdote Illustrates Callousness of the Czar's Officials.

A grimly humorous anecdote is told by the distinguished patriot, Prince Serge Dmitriyevich Urossov, in his book entitled "Memoirs of a Russian Governor," a translation of which has just been introduced over here by the Harpers. Prince Urussov writes:

"One of my nearest collaborators in Bessarabia, von R——n, the oldest councillor of the provincial administration, and a very kindly man, liked to tell sometimes of his presence of mind. Twenty years before he was called upon to be present at the execution of a Jewish criminal. The condemned man hung the required number of minutes and was taken down from the gallows, when the physician was supposed to confirm his death. But it appeared that they had forgotten to cut off his long, thick beard, so the noose did not kill.

"'Imagine yourself in my position,' said Rohren; 'the doctor told me the Jew would come back to life in five minutes. What was I to do? To hang him a second time I held to be impossible, and yet I had to execute the death sentence.'

"'But what did you do, then?' I asked, and received the memorable answer:

"'I had him buried quickly before he regained consciousness.'"

Rabbit That Could Swim.

William Zimmerman, a telegraph messenger of Dubois, Pa., recently demonstrated that a rabbit can swim when it must.

Zimmerman caught a rabbit on the island north of the Boulevard and brought it to the Pennsylvania freight depot. Br'er Rabbit made an especially lusty kick and escaped from Bill's enfolding arms, fleeing among the freight cars with Bill and several other youths in chase. Headed off on all sides the little creature dived between the wheels of a moving locomotive and with a flirt of his short tail jumped into Sandy creek, which he swam like a duck, and quickly disappeared toward his home in the rushes.

Practical Fashions

MISSES' SEVEN-GORED KILT PLAITED SKIRT, IN PINAFORE STYLE.

Paris Pattern No. 2298, All Seams Allowed.—This is a charming style for the best as well as the everyday spring frock for the growing girl, and develops well in wool batiste, marquisette, cotton voile, or foulard silk; the princess front panel being particularly becoming. It should be worn over a simple shirt waist or slip of silk or batiste, and the pattern will also develop well in any of the heavy linens or piques. The pattern is in three sizes—13 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years the skirt requires nine yards of material 20 inches wide, 4⅝ yards 36 inches wide, 4¼ yards 42 inches wide, or 3¼ yards 54 inches wide; 3⅜ yards of wide insertion, three-fourths yard of narrow insertion and eight yards of velvet ribbon to trim.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Editor," office of this paper. Write name and address plainly and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

No. 2298.
SIZE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

GIRLS' TUCKED PRINCESS DRESS.

Paris Pattern No. 2304, All Seams Allowed.—This pretty little Dutch necked, short sleeve princess frock is suitable for any of the soft finished wool materials, such as nuns veiling and challis, as well as batiste, organdie or wash silk. It is gathered across the front and back as well as along the shoulders, and this fullness is tucked into the waist line. Narrow valenciennes insertion and edging is used as trimming, and colored or black velvet ribbon adds a stylish touch. The pattern is in four sizes—six to twelve years. For a girl of eight years the dress requires 3¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 42 inches wide; 9¾ yards of insertion, two yards of edging and 4¾ yards of ribbon to trim.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Editor," office of this paper. Write name and address plainly and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

No. 2304.
SIZE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Belt of Pennies Bride's Souvenir.

A belt made of 100 pennies of 1908 mint will be Mrs. Abraham Cressy Morrison's souvenir of her marriage, says the New York World.

Mr. Morrison lives in Chicago, and when he and Miss Snow applied to Clerk Hart in the marriage bureau for a license, Miss Snow handed him in payment the 100 bright new pennies in a small box.

She said she had collected them for the express purpose of paying for the license and then having a belt made of them, and Clerk Hart gladly exchanged them for a dollar Mr. Morrison handed him afterwards to redeem them.

Tomb of Queen Elizabeth.

The tomb of Queen Elizabeth, in Westminster abbey, was erected at a cost of $4,725, which represented a far larger sum in those days than it does now. The actual material was priced at $535, and Patrick, the ironworker, and John de Critz, the painter, were paid $500.

"Provisional Verdict."

Here is the provisional verdict of a Billville jury: "We, the jury, bein' locked up an' hungry, with nothin' to eat an' no chance to git out, find the defendant not guilty till we git three square meals an' about six quarts o' coffee."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Farm and Garden

PILING WOOD TO SEASON.

Various Methods Suggested to Meet Varying Needs.

The climate has much to do with the best method to be employed in piling green wood so that it will season. In the humid sections of the United States, says Farm and Home, it should be piled with plenty of space between the pieces, but in the arid regions it should be piled closer to prevent too quickly drying out and consequent checking of the wood. Fig. 1 shows a very satisfactory method of piling boards, planks and small dimension lumber. Inch strips for edgings are placed near each end, and in the middle of the pile. The top course of boards is put on in the form of a roof to shed the water. Very useful methods of piling ties, posts and other timber are shown in Figs. 2 and 3. In Fig. 2 very little room is taken up, and at the same time individual pieces of timber touch at very few points, thus permitting air circulation on all sides of the wood. When quick drying and seasoning is wanted, Fig. 3 shows a better method and the one commonly employed.

FIG 1.

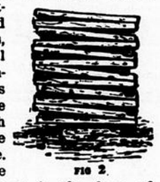

FIG 2.

FIG 3

STABLE MANURE FOR CORN.

It Proves Its Value for One Farmer Who Made Test.

Last spring I found it necessary to put a corn stubble land in corn again. At one end of the field was a plot that had almost failed to grow corn the year before, so I put on a few loads of stable manure and turned it under. Nearly all of the field had an application of superphosphate drilled in with a wheat drill at the rate of 150 to 200 pounds per acre. One corner had stable manure, but no fertilizer, but most of the land where the stable manure was applied also had fertilizer.

Where stable manure and fertilizer were both applied, the corn made an excellent crop, says Farm and Home. Where the stable manure was used alone, the corn was nearly as good as where both manure and fertilizer were applied. Where the commercial fertilizer was used alone the corn grew rapidly during the early season. It made very good stalk, but the leaves turned yellow before the corn reached the roasting ear stage. There was plenty of stover, but little grain where the fertilizer alone was used.

Stable manure seems especially well adapted to the corn crop. It helps to hold moisture and furnishes a regular supply of available plant food throughout the growing season. During the hottest part of the season the nitrifying bacteria working on the manure are most active and most plant food is made available just when the corn plants need it most. Being distributed throughout the soil it helps to render inert plant food in the soil available. It encourages the plants to send out roots in every direction, and to develop a large root system, which helps the corn to withstand a drought, which often injures the crop.

FEEDING WASTE PRODUCTS.

One Way in Which Live Stock May Be Made to Pay.

Live stock while growing may be made to utilize a great deal of the material of the farm, which might otherwise go to waste. Aside from the value of combining stock-raising with general agriculture, it is well to count profits gained by disposing of all waste matter on the farm as an important item, and much may be turned into fat pork or beef that would otherwise be thrown out as useless. Coarse fodders which are easily and cheaply grown and which fit into any rotation readily, are made profitable by being fed to live stock. While there is practically no market value sufficient to repay efforts in that direction, odd fields which go out of commission early in the season may be profitably planted with such fodder and fed to live stock with a very worthy margin of profit. In every branch of agriculture there is a certain amount of waste which only a small percentage of farmers know how to dispose of. It is especially during the growing period that stock will prosper on such food. Besides the grasses, etc., which may be raised thus, there are many by-products of the same which will go profitably into the feed bin of the sow or steer.

Get the Fast Walker.

In purchasing a horse that is to be used on the road, it is well to see that it is a fast walker. Enough attention is usually paid to other points, but this one is not so apt to be noticed. It is, however, necessary for a horse to walk a good deal at times, and a fast walker will prove advantageous in covering ground. A quick-stepping team is also an advantage in farm work, especially in hauling to and from the fields.

Sheep.

Sheep occupy about the same relative position among the domestic animals as the legumes occupy among the farm crops. They improve the land, and while they may not take nitrogen from the air and deposit it in the soil, they renovate the grass lands and actually leave them in better condition than they found them.