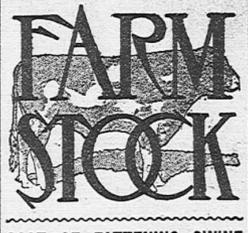


# The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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### FARM STOCK

#### COST OF FATTENING SWINE

Profitable Ration Is Amount of Feed Required to Produce Unit of Increase in Weight.

(By W. F. SNYDER.)

One of the chief problems before the pork producer is, what is the most profitable ration to feed? The proper standard from which to determine the most profitable ration is the amount of feed of a certain kind required to produce a unit at which the increase is made. These are the same in all parts of the country, while the cost of the various kinds of feeds and therefore the cost of gains from the various feeds will vary in almost every locality.

The results of extensive and thorough experiments, extending through a period of five years, by the Nebraska experiment station, are here given, the prices used in calculating the results being as follows: Hogs, per 100 pounds, \$5.90; corn, per bushel, 47 cents; wheat, bushel, 70 cents; barley, bushel, 40 cents; emmer, bushel, 35 cents; rye, bushel, 56 cents; milo, bushel, 50 cents; cane, bushel, 50 cents; oil meal, ton, \$30; tankage, ton, \$24; alfalfa meal, ton, \$15; chopped alfalfa, ton, \$10; alfalfa hay, ton, \$8.

Feed other than alfalfa for convenience is termed "grain" in the results given. Where chopped alfalfa or alfalfa meal was a part of any ration in the experiments, all the grain was ground. The alfalfa meal was mixed with the grain; the chopped alfalfa was put in the trough and grain poured over it. The feed was moistened with water after being put in the trough. The feed was weighed separately for each lot of hogs, at each feeding time. In all experiments the hogs were weighed every second week.

The animals had access to water at all times, unless the weather was such that the water froze. During such times water was supplied three times each day or as often as there was any indication that the hogs cared for it. Water was supplied in the fields by means of a gravity water system that kept fresh water in cement troughs at all times.

Results: The feeding of various proportions of alfalfa in a ration of corn, as alfalfa hay, chopped hay and meal, indicate that the rations rank as follows:

1. 100 parts corn, alfalfa hay in a rack.
2. 90 parts corn, 10 parts chopped alfalfa.
3. 90 parts corn, 10 parts alfalfa meal.
4. 100 parts corn alone.
5. 75 parts corn, 25 parts alfalfa meal.
6. 75 parts corn, 25 parts chopped alfalfa.
7. 50 parts corn, 50 parts chopped alfalfa.
8. 50 parts corn, 50 parts alfalfa meal.

The first three rations stand closely together.

Of the many rations tried for fattening, none has been found the equal of corn and a small percentage of alfalfa.

A summary of results indicates that the cost of feed to produce a 225-pound market hog was \$3.35 per 100 pounds, and that keeping the hog until it weighed 325 pounds increased the cost to \$5.87 per 100 pounds. This includes only the cost of feed and does not include the cost of labor, equipment, unusual risk, or interest on investment.

### NATIVE OF THE SOUTHLAND

#### And Nothing Pleases Cardui More, Than to Praise Cardui, The Woman's Tonic.

Chillicothe, Ohio—"I am a native of the Southland," says Mrs. E. D. Davis of this town, "and nothing pleases me more than to speak of a word of praise for Cardui, the woman's tonic, for I firmly believe that it snatched me from the grave. Although I do not need it now, I always keep a supply on hand.

I have been married 14 years, and had two children. After the youngest was born, I was not able to walk, and for four years, I was not strong enough to stand on my feet five minutes at the time, without something to support me.

After everything else had failed, I wrote to the Ladies' Advisory Department, of the Chattanooga Medicine Co., for advice, and they kindly told me what I needed. I commenced taking the Cardui Home Treatment. I used only about four bottles of the Cardui, but, today, I am well, can do my own work, and walk as far as I want to.

I can never praise Cardui enough, and my neighbors cannot get done wondering at the change in me.

Cardui will surely do as much for you, as it did for the writer of the above letter, if you will only give it a trial.

Don't delay. Begin taking Cardui today. Your druggist sells it.—Adv.

Behind the Scenes.

Friend—Say, old man, why didn't you put a little more mirth into that scene of yours with the new soprano?

Comedian—A little more mirth! Confound it, man, that was my divorced wife? Tomorrow we play in Hoboken, there's a man waiting at the stage door to serve an attachment on my baggage and I've split my trousers and lost my collar but ton—a little more mirth, ha, ha!



Hogs Fattened on 90 Per Cent Corn and 10 Per Cent Cut Alfalfa.

### RED, ROUGH HANDS MADE SOFT AND WHITE

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, dry, fissured, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-nails, with shapless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve the hands, prevent dryness, roughness and chapping, and impart in a single night that velvety softness and whiteness so much desired by women. For those whose occupations tend to injure the hands, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are wonderful.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston"—Adv.

We are always suspicious of the person who gives the same amount of laugh to every joke we tell.

The chap who keeps everlastingly at it accomplishes a lot of things that are not necessarily worth the effort.

No Chances for Him.

A dealer selling cloth in a small town asked an Irishman who was passing if he would buy a suit length, and added: "You can have it for ten bob." To which Pat replied: "Begob, sir, if tuppence would buy the makings of a topcoat for an elephant I couldn't buy the makings of a pair of leggings for a canary this minute."

Young Reasoner.

"Gilbert K. Chesterton has written a successful play," said a member of the Players' club of New York. "You know how fat Chesterton is—fatter than Mr. Taft. Well, I'll tell you a story about it.

"A London literature has a little son who sucks his thumb. The literature said to him one day: "Now, you must stop sucking your thumb. If you don't you'll swell up like a balloon and burst. Mind what I say!"

"The urchin was much impressed. He promised to do his best to break himself of his bad habit.

"Well, it happened that Chesterton dined at the literature's that evening. He looked at Chesterton and started. He turned pale. Then he sidled up to the morose-looking writer and said in a compassionate and yet reproachful voice: "You suck your thumb, don't you?"

### TOLL OF DEADLY SHEEP TICK

Animals Infested With Parasites Yield Poor Wool and Are Difficult to Fatten.

It is more than futile to worry over the competition of sheep from South American pastures if we permit, unheeded, competitors to draw the life-blood from flocks. Thousands of flocks in the United States are being preyed upon by ticks. Since such has been eradicated from some states some men have relaxed their efforts and ceased to dip their sheep. Sheep infested with ticks yield poor wool and are difficult or impossible to fatten. There is no excuse for ticks on a sheep farm. Two thorough dipplings at intervals of ten days or two weeks will kill them; afterward it is only necessary carefully to dip any sheep that may be bought before it is put with the flock, and the flock will remain clean. Many an American flock is tickless.

Don't Crowd Young Hogs.

Young hogs should not be given crowded quarters. In order to keep them in a healthy, growing condition, a proper diet should be fed. Healthy individuals possess a certain amount of power to resist disease, and this plays no small part in preventing it.

Keep Animal Gaining.

It is always much easier to keep a pound of flesh than to get it back again; and it is always cheaper to keep an animal gaining than to let it stand still.

Compelled Wife to Work.

Chicago.—John E. Benson compelled his wife to work and pay the household expenses and his own personal debts for ten years and then ordered her out of his home, according to Mrs. Benson's divorce bill.

Rap at Liquor Interest.

Pittsburgh.—Jacob Friday, a wholesale liquor dealer, left a will bequeathing his business to the city.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### Vivian Alms Her Opinions.

Chief among Booth's virtues was his undeviating loyalty to a set purpose. He went back to America with the firm intention to clear up the mystery surrounding Hetty Castleton, no matter how irksome the delay in achieving his aim or how vigorous the methods he would have to employ. Sara Wendall, to all purposes, held the key; his object in life now was to induce her to turn it in the lock and, through open the door so that he might enter in and become a sharer in the secrets beyond.

A certain amount of optimistic courage attended him in his campaign against what had been described to him as the impossible. He could see no clear reason why she should withhold the secret under the new conditions, when so much in the shape of happiness was at stake. It was in this spirit of confidence that he prepared to confront her on his arrival in New York, and it was the same unbounded faith in the belief that nothing evil could result from a perfectly just and honorable motive that gave him the needed courage.

He stayed over night in New York, and the next morning saw him on his way to Southlook. There was something truly ingenious in his desire to get to the bottom of the matter without fear or apprehension. At the very worst, he maintained, there could be nothing more reprehensible than a passing infatuation, long since dispelled, or perhaps a mildly sinister episode in which virtue had been triumphant and vice, defeated with unpleasant results to at least one person, and that person the husband of Sara Wendall.

Pat met him at the station and drove him to the little cottage on the upper road.

"Ye didn't stay long," said he reflectively, after he had put the bag up in front. He took up the reins.

"Not very," replied his master. "After a dozen rods or more, Pat tried again.

"Just seventeen days, I make it." "Seems longer."

"Perhaps you'll be after going back soon."

"Why should you think that, Patrick?"

"Because you don't seem to be takin' much interest in your surroundin's here," said Pat loftily. He delivered a smart smack on the crupper with his stubby whip, and pursed his lips for the companionship to be derived from whistling.

"I suppose you know why I went to Europe," said Booth, laying his hand affectionately on the man's arm.

"Sure I do," said Pat, forgetting to whistle. "And was it bad luck you had, sor?"

"A temporary case of it, I'm afraid."

"Well," said the Irishman, looking up at his employer with the most profound encouragement in his wink, "if it's any help to you, sor, I'll say that I've never found bad luck to be anything but temporary. And, believe me, I've had plenty of it. Mary was dom near three years makin' up her mind to say 'ye to me."

"And since then you've had no bad luck," said Booth, with a smile.

"Plenty of it, begob, but I've had some besides myself to blame for it. There's a lot in that, Mr. Brandon. When a man marries, he simply divides his luck into two parts, good and bad, and if he's like most men he puts the bulk of the bad luck on his wife and kapes to himself all he can as the good for a rainy day. That's what makes him a strong man and able to meet trouble when it comes. The beauty of the arrangement is that the wife is only temporary and a woman's luck is wid us nine-tenths of the time, whether we know it or not, and we don't have to talk about it."

"This was fine philosophy, but Booth discerned the underlying motive.

"Have you been quarrelin'?"

"I have not," said Pat wrathfully.

"But I won't say as much for Mary. The point of my argument is that I have all the good luck in havin' married her, and she has the bad. Still, as I said before, 'tis but temporary. The good luck lasts and the bad don't. She'll be after tellin' me so before sundown. That's like all women. You'll find it out for yourself when o' these days, Mr. Brandon, and ye'll be dom proud ye're a man and can enjoy your good luck when ye get it. The bad luck always fallin' behind ye, and ye can always look forward to the good luck. So don't be downhearted. She'll take you, or me name's not what it ought to be."

Booth was inclined to accept this unique discourse as a fair-weather sign.

"Take these bags upstairs, Pat," said he on their arrival at the cottage, "and then come down and drive me over to Mr. Wendall's."

"Will ye be after stayin' for lunch with her, Mr. Brandon?" inquired Pat, climbing over the wheel.

"I can't answer that question now." "Hiven help both av us if Mary's

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### Hetty! He Cried, in a Hoarse Whisper.

of Challis Wendall. There was something uncanny in the persistence with which that ruthless expeller of peace forced his way into his dreams, to the absolute exclusion of all else. The voyage home was made horrid by these nightly reminders of a man he scarcely knew, yet dreaded. He became more or less obsessed by the idea that an evil spell had descended upon him in the shape of a ghostly influence.

The weeks passed slowly for Hetty. There were no letters from Sara, but an occasional line or so from Mr. Carroll. She had made Brandon Booth promise that he would not write to her, nor was he to expect anything from her, if her intention was to cut herself off entirely from her recent world and its people, as she might have done in another way by pursuing the time-honored and rather cowardly plan of entering a convent, she was soon to discover that success in the undertaking brought a deeper sense of exile than she could have imagined herself able to endure at the outset.

She found herself more utterly alone and friendless than at any time in her life. The chance companions she formed met, interlarded with a well-worn regret—served only to increase her feeling of loneliness and despair. The very natural attentions of men, young and old, depressed her, instead of encouraging that essentially feminine thing called vanity. She lived as one without an aim, without a single purpose except to close one day that she might begin the next.

After a time, she went on to Lucerne. Here the life on the surface was gay, and she was roused from her state of lethargy in spite of her gloom. Once, from her little balcony in the National, she saw two of her old acquaintances in the chorus at the Gaiety. They were wearing many pearls. Another time, she met them in the street. She was rather quietly dressed. They did not notice her. But the prosperous Hebraic gentlemen who attended them were not so careless.

One day a card was brought to her rooms. For the next two weeks she had a true and unworldly friend in the man who had been Sara's friend, Mrs. Rowe-Martin had not been apprised of the rift in the Wendall life. She had no reason to consider the exclusive Miss Castleton as anything but the most desirable of companions. Mrs. Rowe-Martin was not long in finding out (though how she did it, heaven knows), that Lord Murgatroyd's grandniece was no longer the intimate of that impossible person, Sara Gooch. She couldn't think of Sara without thinking of Gooch.

But at last Mrs. Rowe-Martin departed, much to Hetty's secret relief, but not before she had increased the girl's burdens by introducing her into a cold-nosed cosmopolitan set from which there were but three ways of escape. She refused to marry one of them, denied another the privilege of making love to her, and declined to play auction bridge with all of them. They were not long in dropping her, although it must be said there was real regret among the men.

From Mrs. Rowe-Martin and others she had learned that Mrs. Redmond Wendall and Vivian were to be in Scotland in October, for somebody-or-other's christening, and that Leslie had been doing some really wonderful flying at Pau.

"I am so glad, my dear," said Mrs. Rowe-Martin, "that you refused to marry Leslie. He is a cad. Besides, you would have been in a perpetual state of nerves over his flying."

Of Sara, there was no news, as might have been expected. Mrs. Rowe-Martin made it very clear that Sara was a respectable person—but heavens! The chill days of autumn came and the crowd began to dwindle. Hetty made preparations to join in the exodus. As the days grew short and bleak, she found herself thinking more and more of the happy-hearted, symbolic dicky-bird on a faraway window ledge. His life was neither a travesty nor a tragedy; hers was both of these.

Something told her too that Brandon Booth had warned the truth out of her, and that she would never see him again. It hurt her to think that while Sara believed in her, the man



"Hetty!" He Cried, in a Hoarse Whisper.

who loved her did not. It is a way man have.

He was waiting for her on the platform when she descended from the wagon lit. In the Gare du Nord, Sleepy passengers crowded with them into the customs department. She, alone among them all, was smiling brightly, as if the world could be sweet at an hour when, by all odds, it should be asleep.

"I was up and on the lookout for you at Amiens," he declared, as they walked off together. "You might have got off there, you know," with a wry grin.

"I shall not run away from you again, Brandon," she said earnestly. "I promise, on my honor."

"By Jove," he cried, "that's a relief!" Then he broke into a happy laugh.

"I shall go to the Ritz," she said, after her effects had been examined and were ready for release.

"I thought so," he announced calmly. "I wired for rooms before I left London."

"Really, this is ridiculous—"

"Don't frown like that, Hetty," he pleaded.

As they rattled and bounced over the cobblestones in a taximeter on the way to the Place Vendome, he devoted the whole of his conversation to the delicious breakfast they were to have, expatiating glibly on the wonderful berries that would come first in this always-to-be-remembered time when they reached the hotel, just from listening to his dissertation on chops and rolls and coffee as they are served in Paris, to say nothing of waffles and honey and the marmalade that no Englishman can do without.

Alone in his room, however, he was quite another person. His calm assurance took flight the instant he closed the door and moodily began to prepare for his bath. Resolution was undiminished, but the facts in the case were most desolating. Whatever it was that stood between them, there was no gaining its power to influence their lives. It was no trifle that caused her to take this second flight, and the sooner he came to realize the seriousness of opposition the better.

He made up his mind on one point in that half-hour before breakfast: if she asked him again to let her go her way in peace, it was only fair to her and right that he should submit to the inevitable. She loved him, he was sure of it. Then there must be a very good reason for her perplexing attitude toward him. He would make one more attempt to have the truth from her.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### Rattling Old Bones.

They journeyed to Paris by the night mail. He was waiting for her on the platform when she descended from the wagon lit. In the Gare du Nord, Sleepy passengers crowded with them into the customs department. She, alone among them all, was smiling brightly, as if the world could be sweet at an hour when, by all odds, it should be asleep.

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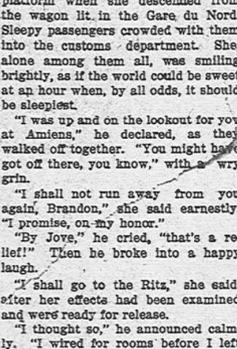
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She Stared at Him, Transfixed.

He was with her for an hour in that pinched little sitting-room, and left her there without a vestige of remembrance of his soul. She would not give an inch in the stand she had taken, but something immeasurably great in his make-up rose to the occasion and he went forth with the conviction that he had no right to demand more of her than she was ready to give. He was satisfied to abide by her decision. The spell of her was over him more completely than ever before.

Two days later he saw her off at the Gare du Nord, bound for Interlaken. There was a complete understanding between them. She wanted to be quite alone in the Alpine town; he was not to follow her there. He had reserved rooms at the Schweizerhof, and the windows of her sitting-room looked straight up the valley to the snow-covered crest of the Jungfrau. She remembered these rooms; as a young girl she had occupied them with her father and mother. By some hook or crook, Booth arranged by wire for her to have them again, not an easy matter that season of the year. Later she was to go to Lucerne, and then to Venice.

The slightest shred of hope was left for Booth. Even though he might accomplish the task he had set out himself—the conquest of Sara in respect to the untold story—he still had Hetty's dismal prophecy that after he learned the truth he would come to see why they could not be married. But he would not despair.

"Well see," was all that he said in response to her forlorn cry that they were parting for ever. There was a grimace in the way he said it that gave her something to cherish during the months to come; the hope that he would come back and take her in spite of herself.

He sailed from Cherbourg on the first steamship calling there. Awake, he thought of her; asleep, he dreamed

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### CHAPTER XIX.

#### What He Wanted to See.

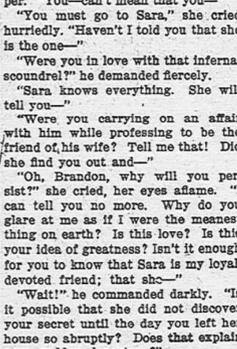
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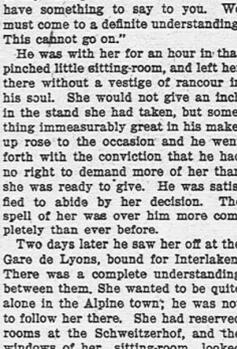
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The slightest shred of hope was left for Booth. Even though he might accomplish the task he had set out himself—the conquest of Sara in respect to the untold story—he still had Hetty's dismal prophecy that after he learned the truth he would come to see why they could not be married. But he would not despair.

"Well see," was all that he said in response to her forlorn cry that they were parting for ever. There was a grimace in the way he said it that gave her something to cherish during the months to come; the hope that he would come back and take her in spite of herself.

He sailed from Cherbourg on the first steamship calling there. Awake, he thought of her; asleep, he dreamed



She Stared at Him, Transfixed.

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### HAS GEESSE WORK FOR HIM

Indian Clam Digger Has Trained Fowls So That, He Claims, They Do the Work of a Man.

In the far northwest lives an Indian chief who rejoices in the name of Prince of Wales. Moreover, he is the son of the duke of York, a famous old Hudson Bay chief.

The prince, who has a contract to supply the local cannery with clams, has a flock of geese on his ranch on Scov by which he has trained to dig clams. According to report he often has to get up in the night and go to the beach for the clams in order to take advantage of the turn in the tide, and on these occasions he is accompanied by his geese.

The prince has graciously permitted them to do this, but has taught them to pick up the whole clams and drop them into a pail. He reported that two or three of the geese have become so proficient that they do the

### Lower Animals That Weep.

Among the creatures that weep most easily are the ruminants. All hunters know that the stag weeps, and we are also assured that the bear sheds tears when it sees its last hour approaching.

The giraffe is not less sensitive, and regards with tearful eyes the hunter who has wounded it. It weeps quite easily. The same is true of certain monkeys. As for the elephant, there is abundant evidence of the ease with which it weeps. It sheds tears when wounded, or when it sees that it cannot escape; its tears roll from its eyes like those of a human being in affliction.

Fulness of Life.

Every year I live I am more convinced that the waste of life lies in the love we have not given, the powers we have not used, the selfish prejudice that we risk nothing and which, shirking pain, misses happiness as well. No one ever yet was the possessor of all the good things of life.

Girl's Trap Catches Mouse.

At last a new way has been discovered for catching mice. And a Broadway show girl is the discoverer of the new device. It happens that she chanced across the scheme purely by accident. She purchased a dozen oysters in the shell and left them on the table in the kitchenette of her apartment while she went to her boudoir to have a few bouts with the rouge box. When she returned to the kitchenette she found firmly caught in the shell of one of the oysters a dead mouse. The oyster had been dragged fully a foot from the plate and traces on the table showed there had been a struggle. Mr. Mouse had ventured into the oyster when he opened his shell to get some air, head first, and Mr. Oyster just clamped to gether like a vise and crushed the

### Forged Antiques.

Arabic enameled glassware is prized as one of the finest productions of the glassmaker's art. Damascus is the principal point for the discovery of Arabic antiques, and undoubtedly much of it was made in that city in ancient times; but United States Consul John D. Whiting at Jerusalem has discovered that the business of manufacturing forgeries of the genuine article has assumed large proportions in Damascus.

### Believe Piecework is Best

Employers of Labor Bring Strong Arguments to Bear in Favor of That System.

The point is often made that the made union with its day-rate minimum assumes that all of its craftsmen are equally efficient and that they should be paid accordingly. Employers are not likely to admit this allegation, but sometimes they act as if they also believed in a dead level among workmen.

The president of a large electrical railway system is consistently opposed to piecework or premium systems, not because of any fear of labor troubles or the special conditions of electric railway maintenance, but simply on the assumption that no shopman can possibly be worth more than \$2.50 a day. The shop superintendent is also opposed to a piecework system by making a careful study

### Family of Twelve Drink Postum.

"It certainly has been a blessing to our home," writes a young lady in regard to Postum.

"I am one of a family of twelve, who, before using Postum, would make a healthy person uncomfortable and their complaining of headache, dizziness, sour stomach, etc., from drinking coffee.

"For years mother suffered from palpitation of the heart, sick headache and bad stomach and at times would be taken violently ill. About a year ago she quit coffee and began Postum.

"My brother was troubled with headache and dizziness all the time he drank coffee. All those troubles of my mother and brother have disappeared since Postum has taken the place of coffee.

"Mother was ill nearly all her life with headache and heart trouble, and about all she cared for was coffee and tea. The doctors told her she must leave them alone, as medicine did her no permanent good.

"She thought nothing would take the place of coffee until we induced her to try Postum. Now her troubles are all gone and she is a happy little woman enjoying life as people should."

Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in Regular Postum—Instant Postum—Der. A teaspoonful in a cup of hot water.

### Compelled Wife to Work.

Chicago.—John E. Benson compelled his wife to work and pay the household expenses and his own personal debts for ten years and then ordered her out of his home, according to Mrs. Benson's divorce bill.

### Rap at Liquor Interest.

Pittsburgh.—Jacob Friday, a wholesale liquor dealer, left a will bequeathing his business to the city.

### Tobacco Fools Bears.

As a safeguard against attacks from angry bears, a veteran trapper recommends tobacco in the pocket.

He ran into a big cinnamon, coming down the trail at full speed. The

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