The Girl of His Dreams

By IDA DONNELLY PETERS

Herbert Dayton was feeling very blue and low in his mind, so blue in fact that as he stood on the rear platform of the last car of the fast flying express thinking of the rapid rate at which he was leaving the girl of his dreams, indigo would have seemed lily white in comparison.

When a man has been ordered to a far off western territory to sell goods just after one glimpse of the girl he has been looking for the country over, the girl for whom he will remain a bachelor forever unless she will consent to make life an earthly paradise, he has a right to be low in his mind.

"Suppose in his absence some other fellow should—" he whispered with a shudder.

"But, avaunt, blue devils," added he bravely, "in that direction madness lies!"

At this period of his bitter musing, the gloomy mood began to pall on young Dayton's usually optimistic nature, and he looked about him for something to distract his thoughts.

Inside the car in the chair nearest the door reclined a delicate, sweet-faced woman, evidently unaccustomed to traveling and sick from the motion of the train. Her husband was ministering to her tirelessly, devotion in his every touch, while she glanced up at him frequently with an expression of extreme tenderness upon his face.

"By Jove," Herbert exclaimed aloud, as the man turned for a moment toward the rear of the car, "if that model Benedict isn't the one time gay and festive James Halstead. He must have lately taken unto himself a wife."

Then Dayton's eyes traveled to the next seat. And there just behind the Halsteads sat a girl dressed in blue! Her beauty, her daintiness, would have of themselves compelled a lingering glance, but besides all these attractions she was the girl of his dreams, the very girl he had seen in his home town three short days ago, the very girl of girls he had been looking for north, east, and south, only to find her where he least expected it—in a train going west!

The color of his thoughts changed instantly to a more roseate hue. How can I make her acquaintance, he ques-

A Period of Bitter Musing.

tioned. It must be in a naturally accidental way to be tolerated by one so evidently well bred.

He was so absorbed in making and discarding plans to this end that he forgot all else. He even failed to hear the first call for luncheon; the second, however, succeeded in arousing him.

He immediately passed through the car, empty now of all but the sick woman, to the diner just beyond, only to find every table filled except the one at which sat the girl in blue. He was gazing longingly at the vacant place when suddenly he became conscious of a sobbing breath close beside him. He turned. It was the sick woman standing there staring straight at her husband, her face colorless with surprise and pain.

Halstead was seated beside a girl with whom he was having an animated and confidential conversation. It was plain to any onlooker that, for the moment, he had forgotten everything and everybody save the one to whom he was talking. The girl was evidently an acquaintance of his bachelor days.

His wife staggered back to her seat in the other coach, and Herbert followed to render her any assistance that might be necessary.

After Mrs. Halstead was seated, he started again eagerly, hopefully, for that vacant place beside the girl of his dreams, only to meet her returning to her seat in the parlor car.

And though he had lost his appetite as well as his heart, he kept on into the diner and did the best he could. Afterwards he was making his way through the car to the rear platform when Halstead stopped him.

Mr. Halstead had, it was plain to see, been unsuccessful in reassuring his wife, and he looked extremely miserable.

"Hello, Dayton," he said; "I have just been telling my wife that you are as unfortunate as she in being train sick, and that I had to take Mrs. Dayton into luncheon for you. Now, do not thank me, old fellow, I was glad to do it."

And he turned to Herbert with such a look of appeal in his eyes that the young man's natural impulse to deny his statement died a sudden death.

"I can never repay you for all you and your family did for me when I was ill in New York," continued he, piling it on in a way that he knew would be irresistible to his wife. "I want Jennie to meet Mrs. Dayton some—"

Before this ingenious prevaricator could say more, the train began to move slowly into a station, and Herbert was forced to make way in the aisle for the passengers crowding out.

He had retired to his old vantage point outside the car when the girl in blue, instead of going forward to alight from the car as the custom is, came to the door of the rear platform. She paused there until the train stopped. Suddenly she looked up, saw Herbert and an expression of scorn came to her face that made the poor fellow's blood run cold.

She had, he knew instantly, overheard Halstead explain his former girl friend to his wife, and of course she must have guessed he had been, tacitly at least, a party to deceiving a trusting woman.

And was this to be the end of his long search, his dreams, his dearest hopes? Plain killing was too easy a death for the prevaricating Mr. Halstead. He started forward to give that gentleman a generous piece of his mind when, glancing up, he saw that he was again administering to his wife, and that a look of peace and happiness had come into her face. This banished at once and forever all regret in him that he had been a party to the fraud.

Just then the slowing train stopped. The girl came out on the platform and was passing Dayton with unseeing eyes when the train gave a sudden lurch.

She staggered and was about to fall when Herbert caught her, but in doing so he lost his balance and was thrown from the car. He fell to the concrete walkway below with considerable force and lay there unconscious.

When he opened his eyes he was reclining on a couch in a beautiful room, and a kindly middle-aged man was placing a bandage about his head.

"He will be all right by tomorrow," this man, evidently a doctor, was saying, "and can safely proceed on his journey."

"Tomorrow!" exclaimed the young man. "I shall proceed on my journey tonight."

At that moment a vision in blue appeared in the doorway.

"Is he better, doctor?" asked the dream girl softly.

"Doctor," murmured Dayton, "I shall not be able to leave tomorrow. I must first change a look of scorn into kindness, then to friendliness, then to—"

"He is delirious," said a hitherto unnoticed white-haired gentleman who was standing near the couch on the opposite side from the doctor.

"No," answered the medical man, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, "not delirious, only dreaming, but his case has assumed unsuspected complications and he may not be able to leave tomorrow."

"Thank you, doctor," whispered Herbert.

The happy consummation of his dream of winning the one girl was in sight, and a beatific smile illumined Herbert Dayton's handsome face.

Heroism to Be Recognized.

In recognition of the splendid heroism of a young miner named Frank Smith, a monument is to be set up at Otago, near Dunedin, N. Z. Smith and a fellow miner named Bates were at work the other day sinking a hole in a drifting quicksand. The hole had to be constantly pumped out as it quickly filled with sludge. Suddenly to the men's horror Bates slipped and fell at the mouth of the suction pipe. His toe entered the pipe, and his foot was quickly sucked in, and then his leg was broken. Smith sprang to his comrade's rescue, and wrenched open the mouth of the pipe so as to relieve him. But the drainage water had been slowly rising around, and before the men could escape, oozing slime surrounded their legs encasing them as in plaster of Paris moulds. It eventually buried them. When the relieving shift discovered the flooded hole and pumped it dry, they found the young hero standing erect, quite dead, still holding his comrade's hands.

Inquisitive Hostess.

Small Girl (entertaining her mother's caller)—How is your little girl?

Caller—I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl.

Small Girl (after a painful pause in the conversation)—How is your little boy?

Caller—My dear, I haven't any little boy, either.

Small Girl—What are yours?—Woman's Home Companion.

He Wondered.

The Benedict—I see only about one in every 1,000 married couples live to celebrate the golden wedding anniversary.

The Bachelor—Do you suppose they get tired of living?

Applicable to Both.

"The moon, when only one-quarter full is much more graceful than it is when full, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes. And so is the average man."

LOW-HEADED ORCHARD TREES REDUCE COST OF HARVESTING

Pruning, Spraying and Trimming, as Well as Picking Will be Found to be Much More Convenient Than on High-Headed Trees—Three Feet is Very Common Height.

Low-Headed Orchard Trees.

Commercial orchards of apples and pears are nowadays headed much lower than formerly, 3 feet being a very common height for starting the head of these trees, while with the peach and plum the head is started even lower, 18 or 20 inches being a common height.

The reason for this is that in certain localities where windstorms are frequent, the low-headed trees are less likely to be broken, lose a smaller proportion of their fruit and are less subject to injury from sun scald, as the low head of the tree serves to a certain extent as a shade for the body.

The cost of harvesting the fruit from low-headed trees is much less than that of gathering from tall trees. With the low-headed trees a considerable portion of the crop can be gathered by the picker standing upon the ground, while with high-headed trees the major part of the work must be done from ladders, which greatly extends the time required to do the picking and consequently, increases its cost. Pruning, spraying, triming as well as harvesting will be found to be more convenient on low than high-headed trees.

Best Road Making.

When will we learn that the best way to make good roads is to hire the ditching, drawing and dragging done by competent men, instead of the present bungling system of "every man" working out his own road tax!

GROWING AND CURING HOPS

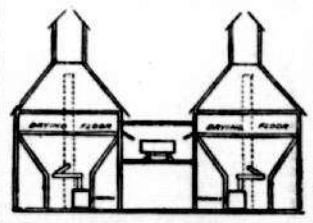
Crop Can be Grown Generally Throughout United States—Rich Alluvial Soil Needed.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.)

Hops can be grown generally throughout the United States, but at present they are grown almost entirely in Oregon, California, New York and Washington.

A mild climate and abundant rainfall early in the spring, followed by warm, dry weather, are ideal conditions for the plant.

Hops require rich alluvial soils, or deep sandy or gravelly loams. The best method of growing hop vines is



Sectional Elevation of Stove Kiln.

from root-cuttings. Sometimes these cuttings are propagated in nurseries and set out when a year old. The price of the roots ranges from $1.00 to $10.00 per thousand, according to the yield of the crop.

The vines are set in rows and are trained to run on trellises made of wire or wooden slats. The posts for the trellises are about 20 feet long and set about 2 feet in the ground. The trellises alone cost about $75 per acre.

Hops are picked by hand and cured by drying with artificial heat. They must be dried soon after they are picked, otherwise they suffer from oxidation or heating.

The drying is of the greatest importance. A hop-drier consists of a furnace-room heated by furnaces or large stoves, and the drying-room overhead into which the heated air passes through cracks in the floor. The furnace should be placed at one side, so it can be fed without entering the building.

The air is admitted through an open space near the ground and this must be controlled in order to prevent uneven drying.

Hops are an uncertain crop, but are extremely profitable in certain years, the state of the market being determined largely by the stock held in storage, conditions at home and abroad, and the demand.

The crops are marketed wholly through middlemen. The dealer buys the crop, paying cash therefor, then sells it to the consumer on terms to suit his convenience.

Campaign to Save the Birds.

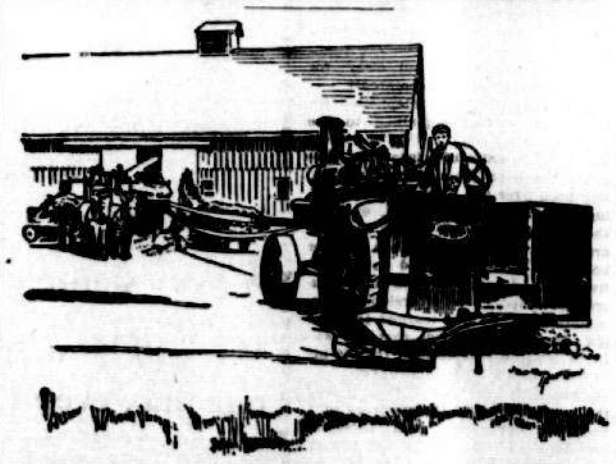
A country-wide campaign for state enactments against the sale of game birds has been started by the Wild Life Protective Association of New York, the National Association of Audubon Societies and the League of American Sportsmen.

Immediate extinction of many game birds will result, it is said, if protective measures do not at once obtain general adoption. Literature has been sent out calling attention to the fact that six native American birds already are extinct and that a like fate at an early date awaits fourteen others.

Pasture Is Essential.

Pasture is essential and it must not be lost for the want of a little rape seed.

SOLVE FARM LABOR PROBLEM



A 12 or 15 horse power traction engine will help to solve the labor problem on the farm. It will drag a gang-plow with harrows, the reaper, heavy wagon trains, run the silage and feed-cutter, pump water, saw wood and perform a variety of tasks at small cost and in rapid time.

SEA ELEPHANTS REAL

Explorers Found One That Was 21 Feet Long.

Three Herds of These Animals Disprove Theory That They Were Extinct—Many Specimens Have Been Found.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The recent American Museum of Natural History expedition to Lower California aboard the U. S. S. Albatross was the most fruitful and interesting scientific trip ever made in the southwest, and its discoveries are of inestimable value, according to P. I. Osburn of Pasadena, who acted as guide for the party. The cruise covered practically all the islands in the Gulf of California.

By far the most important find was made in a large hidden cove on Guadalupe island, where the scientists came upon three herds of sea elephants, about the present existence of which there has been serious doubt, many believing them to be extinct.

The first sea elephant seen was a gigantic bull lying prone on the sand under a towering cliff. As soon as he sighted the explorers he made for the water, but before he reached the edge he was shot by one of the naturalists in the boat, it being impossible to take him alive. This animal was the largest seen and measured about 21 feet in length. The weight was enormous.

The party managed to round up five live young sea elephants, and these were taken aboard. They did not show the well-developed elephant-like snout or trunk of the adults and resembled the California sea lion. They all showed fight and wallowed about the deck unceasingly. Their call, hard to describe, is a concert of sharp cries and barkings.

The largest herd of these water elephants comprise about fifty, of all ages and sizes, and they were lying high on the beach. They were so sluggish and inactive that the naturalists walked among them and made photographs and sketches. The fighting bulls let out hollow roars much like the terrifying ones of caged lions. At times they emitted from their mouths small clouds of white vapor and rolled their large black eyes. The eyes of the bulls were more than three inches in diameter.

Herd of Sea Elephants.

At Pichilinque island Osburn shot a black hare, found nowhere else in the world except on another island near by. These hares, coal black on top, inhabit the sea caves and the rocks of the cliffs and mesas. Hundreds of immense lizards, rare birds, fishes never before seen and an unclassified deer were taken.

BLOODHOUNDS AS TRACKERS

Conviction in a Kansas Murder Case Is Affirmed on Circumstantial Evidence.

Topeka, Kan.—Is the evidence obtained from the action of bloodhounds and the tracks of shoes sufficient to hold, where a man is convicted of murder? The Kansas supreme court has decided that it is, where the dogs have been proved to be accurate and reliable in following the trail of human footsteps.

In November, 1910, Joseph Anderson was shot and killed at his home in Graham county. Glen Adams lived six miles away, but he was known to have left his home early on the evening of the murder, returning early the next morning. Tracks about the home of Anderson gave the bloodhounds a good trail and they followed it to the Adams house. Shoe tracks at the Adams home and around Anderson's body corresponded with the shoes which Adams wore. The shoes and the bloodhounds afforded the only evidence adduced against Adams except some conflicting statements he made at the time of his arrest.

As a possible motive for the crime, it was brought out at the trial that Anderson had accused Adams and some other young men of breaking into a schoolhouse some time before. The boys had damaged the furniture and building considerably and were prosecuted by Anderson.

Prefers Prison to Chicago.

Waupun, Wis.—Paroled after serving twelve years for murdering her husband, Mrs. Martin Thrush has voluntarily returned to state prison. She was released this spring and went to Chicago, but found the world so changed, so many friends dead, that she came back.

DANCER WHO COST A KING'S THRONE

LOLA MONTEZ

THERE is no European court without the taint of an adventuress. In most of them the scandal has been repeated time and again. Thrones have tottered and monarchs have fallen because of these women who had infatuated kings and so been raised to rank and riches. But you will search the history of Europe vainly to find a more balefully brilliant career than that of Lola Montez—the Spanish dancer—who lost to Ludwig his kingdom of Bavaria and finally herself, old, disgraced and forgotten, went to America to die. She is buried in Greenwood cemetery, New York.

Lola Montez came of that rare racial combination, an Irish father and a Spanish mother. She was born in Limerick in 1818 and named Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert. But the Gilbert family cast off her father at her birth and he started the child's adventures by hurrying to an army post in India.

The mother found one Sir Abraham Lumley, and Indian judge of great wealth, whom she aimed to marry to Lola. The girl, hearing of it, rebelled and showed the spirit that was to characterize all the later years of her career when she eloped with Capt. Thomas Jefferson.

By this time Lola had become really one of the most beautiful girls on the peninsular continent. It was recognized at the viceregal court where she was petted so willingly that her husband carried her away.

In 1842, at the height of her beauty and wit, the girl started back for London, seeking a divorce from Captain James, with whom she was already bored to death, in order that she might be free to wed a Captain Lenox she had met on shipboard.

But the courts weren't quite as susceptible to her raving beauty as Lola had expected, for, while they gave her a divorce, they forbade her marrying again.

Up to this time, probably, the girl had given small thought of becoming a dancer. She had known that her mother (Lola Oliver) had followed that profession with indifferent success for a time, but Lola's ambition was far more bent along the line of a wealthy match.

But the divorce from James left her almost penniless. Her family in India already had sheltered her unwillingly twice and the handsome girl figured on the way of a livelihood all in vain. Finally at the suggestion of an American woman Lola decided to try dancing. She studied in Spain and Italy a little and then with superb assurance, but without one atom of professional experience, she essayed a triumph at His Majesty's theater in London.

Dona Lola Montez was the headliner on the card, for Lumley, the manager—whose name balefully coincides in her history with that of the Indian judge—had advertised her debut in a perfect fanfare of praise. The appearance of the star in her first dance was greeted at first with cheers and Lumley was counting his fortune when suddenly a shrill hiss arose from a side stall, a man's finger pointed at the dancer and a man's voice cried loudly: "Why, it's Betty James."

The man was Lord Ranelagh, the leader of the smart set, and his quick bon mot at the expense of the divorcee who had come back in disguise ruined Lola's chances on the London stage.

But though Lumley was forced to ring down his curtain on her first performance Lola was in no whit dismayed. She made a tour of Europe, seeking to win a fortune through her eccentricities. She went to Paris with not much money, but with the reputation for the most beauty and impudence in Europe. There she danced and there her beauty—not her dancing—fascinated the journalist, Dujarrier, who fell madly in love with her only to be slain in a duel on the day that they pledged themselves to marry.

Ludwig I. was on the throne in Munich. He was middle aged and had first fought through the Napoleonic wars while crown prince. When Lola reached his capital he was engaged in a great propaganda to make Bavaria the home of all art.

Again it cannot be said that the dancing of Lola Montez ever won for her very particular plaudits, but it was as a dancer that she came to Munich and as a dancer that she first appeared before the king. It may be assumed that her beauty won this king of the Bavarians, for within a week Lola Montez was the star of the Munich court.

That was a pity, for it wrecked not only the throne of Ludwig, but sent into last days of shame and squalor the most beautiful woman of her day.

But Ludwig was straightway smitten to the heart. Within a month he had given the dancer a palace and had introduced her in court as "my best friend." Up to this time he had been popular with his subjects, but when they saw the "scar of the adventuress" on the throne their loyalty to their king began to fade. Ludwig failed to perceive plain signs that the woman was ruining his reign. He called upon the ministry of the country to create her the countess of Mansfield. The ministry peremptorily declined. Whereupon Ludwig dismissed it in favor of one that would show more consideration of his favorite.

And thereupon Lola Montez began to rule in Bavaria—through the old king, it is true, but ruling nevertheless so certainly that within the year the whole of Munich was up in arms against her. The Bavarians did not particularly want Ludwig off the throne, but they wanted him to get rid of the Spanish dancer. His answer was that he would lose his throne first. Very shortly the people headed by his new ministry, called upon Ludwig to give up Lola Montez for all time. Weeping, he finally consented. She was hurried from the capital in a closed carriage to escape the mobs and entrained for England that night.

Events came quickly and badly for the ill-starred twain after that. The Bavarians finally decided that even without the presence of Lola Montez the scandal of her relationship with their king had been too great and they demanded his abdication. He did not abdicate; he was forced from his throne.

But Lola Montez declared that, bereft, she would return to what she caller her "art" too. Trading on the stories of her relationship with royalty that had been spread over the United States the adventuress—now once more penniless—crossed the seas. She essayed to dance before New York and her beauty filled the coffers for a little time, but she was fading and the craze among hard-headed Americans for the foreign beauty fell far short of that abroad.

Finally in 1861 she became ill—doctors said it was through the violence of her disposition. She was on the point of starving when a Mrs. Buchanan took her to her home in Astoria, L. I. There in 1861 she died.

On her plain gravestone there is naught to denote the flashing career of Lola Montez, most spectacular of European adventuresses. The inscription simply reads: "Eliza Gilbert, born 1818; died 1861."