Strategy.

"My lad," said the stern parent as he picked up the long white shingle, "this is going to hurt me more than it does you."

The bad boy grinned.

"It certainly will, pop, if you ain't keerful," he chuckled; "I've got a dynamite cap in my back trousers pocket."

And after pa had vanished around the barn at a Lou Dillon clip the bad boy removed a turnip from his pocket, winked at the barnyard rooster and started on a fishing expedition.

Debt.

Debt does not seem to worry anyone at the present day. The average man borrows your money, spends it and forgets it. He is quite as happy in debt as out. If he can very conveniently pay, he may pay; but if to pay requires him to shorten his traces a little bit, or incommodes him in the slightest degree, he will never wipe out his obligation. There used to be a debtors' prison. It was a noble institution until captured by the vilest grafters, and had to be abolished on the score of humanity.—N. Y. Press.

Kimono Arrangement.

A woman who was trying on an elaborately embroidered kimono for the edification of her dearest friend was surprised and disconcerted to hear a cry of horror as she emerged from her dressing-room wrapped in the silken folds of the garment.

"Why, my dear," explained the friend, who had recently returned from a trip to Japan, "you gave me the most awful shock I've had in a long time. Don't you see you've got the right side of that thing fastened over the left?"

"Well, what of it?" asked the other

"What of it?" echoed the visitor. "Why, just this: In the country where these garments constitute the conventional female dress there is but one occasion upon which they may be draped in the way you have yours."

"And that?"

"That"—in a tone of deep solemnity—"is when the wearer is lying in her coffin. At all other times the kimono is arranged with the left side over the right—like American men's coats, you know, and just the opposite of women's."

"Hearing" of "Deaf Mutes."

Contrary to the general belief, nearly all deaf people, according to a foreign scientific magazine, can hear some sound, but, unlike the normal ear, the deaf ear hears only very deep sounds.

It happens that some of the lower animals hear only deep sounds; this is to be concluded from the fact that they do not seem to notice any other. The spider is of this class; since it does not possess hearing organs, it must get the sound by a process akin to touch. If this be the fact, could not deaf-mutes develop the power to "hear" more than they have heard up to the present time, asks the writer in the above magazine.

Death and Tired Legs.

Alpine climbing, long walking tours and similar fatiguing recreations may be suitable enough for those who keep in training all the year round but are disastrous for those whose ordinary exercise consists of a short daily walk.

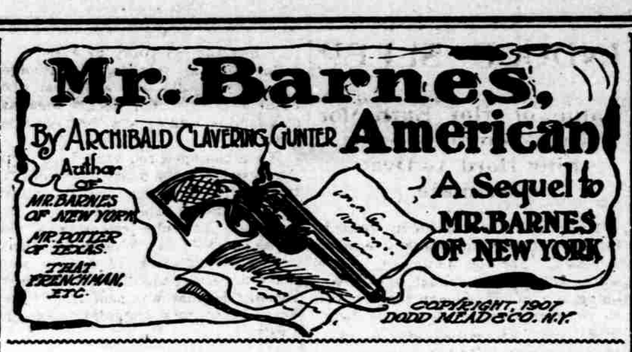
I have often thought that the reason of the many mountaineering accidents which we read of lies in the inability of the muscles of the legs to retain that steadiness and firmness which climbing demands and which are soon lost in the absence of strenuous practice or in those who have never followed the sport seriously.—Cassell's Magazine.

Mr. Barnes, American

By Archibald Clavering Gunter

Author of Mr. Barnes of New York, Mr. Potter of Texas, That Frenchman, Etc.

A Sequel to Mr. Barnes of New York



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 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. Barnes and Marina have unusual adventures in their search for Enid. In seeking shelter from a storm the couple enter a hermitage and there to their amazement they discover Tomasso, the foster father of Marina. Tomasso learns that Marina's husband did not kill her brother. Many wrongs are righted. Barnes is surprised in the hermitage by Rochini and Romano, the two detested bandits, who have been searching for him to murder him for his money. The bandits attempt to take away Marina. Barnes darts out the door. The bandits start to pursue, but as they reach the door both are laid low by Barnes' revolver. Anstruther arrives to find Marina and learns that she has been lured away by the telegram, which had been sent by another without his knowledge. The two start in search of Marina. Barnes and Edwin take different roads in their search. Edwin is trapped in a tower where he is made prisoner. In endeavoring to escape he opens a trap door where he finds Emory, the detective, who had been imprisoned there previously. In another secret chamber Tomasso is found imprisoned. Edwin in climbing down a wall sees upon the portico of a farm house Marina and Count Danella sitting and talking together. Barnes arrives and finds the bridge swung preventing his crossing over. He hears the voice of Marina crying for mercy. He examines his revolver.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Hastily he selects a spot with a good line of sight and stands waiting—waiting for the chance; for intervening vines trouble him, and the foliage of a great orange tree, standing alone in the garden and midway between the house and the turret, jumbles the light, which is only the faint sheen of the rising moon.

* * * * *

Slightly before this, Marina had been sitting on the long veranda of the Corsican farmhouse, the lighted lamps placing some tinges of ruby in her dark brown hair and giving color to the light costume that enhances her loveliness.

Quietly entering from the house, Cipriano Danella, costumed in the old time, romantic Corsican garb, gazes upon the exquisite girl outlined by the light costume.

The eagerness of his glance draws Mrs. Anstruther's eyes to him. She looks up and says: "Ah, Count Cipriano, it was very noble of you, who I had feared would hate me, to rescue me from the 'Lucchese.' At your advice, I have rested here, but to-morrow, notwithstanding the romantic serenade you have provided for me, I must go on to Bastia."

"Oh, yes, to Bastia," murmurs the count softly, and stepping nearer, says suavely, though there is a weird suggestion in his voice that somewhat disquiets the lady: "We are alone here in my old farmhouse, only old Martha, the cook, who, far away, will snore till dawn, and my nephew, Count Enrico."

"I haven't seen him," remarks the girl uneasily.

"Parbleu, you did once, the gentleman with the scar upon his face, the one who delivered the letter that caused your nerves to jump in the Marseilles railroad station. Even now his name seems to have an ill effect upon you," for Marina has started up, and the fluttering of her light skirts shows her limbs are trembling.

"Mia Madre, was he the man?" she shudders. "And was it you who penned it?" Then some divination entering her mind, she implores pathetically: "Holy Virgin, no harm has come to Edwin? Have I not kept the cruel pact? Have I not deserted my dear husband? It was the promise of that awful letter that no evil should come to Edwin if I left his arms."

"Ah, but you intended to return to them, bella mia," smiles the gentleman.

The young wife scarcely heeds the insinuation of the subtle Italian term, but stammers confused: "Why do you think that?"

"Ma foi, you were journeying to Bastia to meet your husband, lured there by a telegram I directed to be sent to you from that place," whispers the count significantly.

"The telegram was false? Edwin is not in Corsica? Edwin is safe? Madre di Dio, I thank thee!" Marina's voice rings with a hope that produces a supreme joy in Cipriano's occult mind.

This lady upon whom he has set his fervid heart, is courage personified as regards her own safety, but the great love she bears this Englishman makes her timid for him. 'Tis Danella's plan to use for its own destruction this generous and mighty love.

"That's what I wish to discuss with you," he observes quietly, gazing upon a face to which each wave of passion adds such loveliness that he cannot restrain the monstrous proposition on his tongue. It breaks forth. "My poor brother loved you, but you gave him death," he whispers passionately. "I love you, but, per Baccho, you will not give me death—but love!"

"Love? Impossible?" Marina starts from him wildly; then scorn coming to her eyes and voice, remarks haughtily: "You are speaking to a wedded wife, Monsieur."

"Not legally wedded, I have hopes. My brother, poor Musso, perchance by his lips in private gave his consent to your nuptials, but of that I have no proof. There is no written document. You are still a child—but 20—according to the French law, you cannot wed without the consent of your guardian for several years. Anstruther, in his careless English way, thought not of it; you were too eager for his wooing to note the omission. By my poor brother's death, his authority as your guardian passes to me."

"Pish! I was wedded in Musso's very presence," answers the girl, proudly; then cries: "I am Edwin Gerard Anstruther's wife, by the church and by my love."

"'Tis a pity; you compel me to make you his widow."

"Edwin's widow?" At that awful word, Marina shudders and sinks overcome into a chair.

"Listen to me!" Cipriano's voice is deep with menace, yet soft with passion. "On the further cliff down the coast are quarries of dazzling-hued green Orezza marble that is taken from this island to deck palaces."

"Orezza marble, what has that to do with Edwin's life?" half scoffs the girl.

"But it may have something to do with his death," observes Danella. "For the blasting of the rock is used much dypamite. I have robbed the quarries and have mined the base of yonder turret with the explosive. In it are three men: one, old Tomasso, whose knife entered my brother's heart; the other, an American detective who has placed his Yankee nose into this vendetta, unfortunately for himself. Emory is in that turret. You

"Edwin, My Husband——My Flowers Brought You to This!"

will give something for these men's lives?"

"For Emory and dear old Tomasso? Certainly—anything in reason." The lovely eyes are filled with a strange alarm.

"Ah, but it must not be in reason—it must be in a passion as exalted as my own—for you. When I direct my nephew, who is bound to me not only by ties of blood, but of gratitude, and who is inflamed against you all by his oath of vendetta for the murdered Musso, he will light the fuse leading to the mine, and puff!—that tower, with every man who's in it, goes into the air!"

"Murderer!" shudders Marina, who has listened astounded.

"Ah, you have sympathy for these poor fellows! That is well; I shall love you more for your tender heart," continues Cipriano softly.

"But the law!" half screams the lady.

"Pah—in Corsica—in a vendetta. Besides, the blown-up tower will be thought but another outrage of the rioting 'Lucchese.' Oh, this is no worse than dagger thrusts or blows from bullets which always come in a blood feud. And in that mined turret," Cipriano's voice is low but terrible, "there is another man, who following the cyclamen flowers you dropped in the road and a few more we added to lead him into that fatal tower—"

"Edwin!" Marina's limbs hardly uphold her.

"The man you foolishly call husband." The finger of the suave wooer points to the turret's upper floor.

Then the game is on!

Her eyes following his gesture, a shuddering cry, low, broken, despairing yet full of tenderest love, issues from the girl's lips that have now become white as death itself: "Edwin, my husband—my flowers brought you to this—following for love of me—"

"He is caught like a rat in my trap!" smiles the count.

"Not without warning, wretch!" She would spring from the veranda and run over to the base of the tower and call up to the man whose face she sees outlined against the grillage of the upper window, through those iron bars he is struggling to force his way.

But Cipriano's strong hand clutches her white arm; he pulls her back into the seat and commands: "Not until you've heard my words, which may save his life!"

"His life? Tell me!"

"I have explained you are not legally this man's spouse," Cipriano's voice is trembling with desire. "Become mine! I had purposed in Nice to give you a very cruel death for what you had to do with my brother's killing, but when I saw your beauties and knew that the little child I had once seen had grown into a Venus, but no marble one, to myself I said: 'Corpo di Baccho, 'tis in the blood of the Danellas to love this woman. I am enamored of her as wildly as poor dead Musso. 'Tis a medieval idea; instead of slaying her, I'll have revenge in winning her—against herself, the wife—also against the husband."

"Not against Edwin! You have no cause of hate against him."

"Vendettas are caused by love as well as hate! He dares to call you wife. Each moment my eye rests upon you increases thy sweetness to me. You are Corsican—so am I—no foreigner should stand between us."

"Holy Virgin, you expect me to love you?" stammers the girl.

To this he answers with Machiavellian subtlety: "Of course not now, but that may come in time. At present you love Edwin! Because of this devoted love—to save this gentleman you adore—you give yourself to me."

At his hideous mathematics the girl utters a cry of horror.

"If you would save the life of this Englishman whom I should dispatch by my oath of the vendetta, at once your kisses.

"Would Edwin wish to live, his wife untrue? Monster!" Marina's face blazes with shame.

"Oh, no, not monster; simply a man who has gone crazy for thee. Understand, if you are mine, the man in that tower lives. To-night on the vessel that is anchored here, I'll bear you away to some far distant isle of Greece."

"My husband would follow us forever!"

"Not if he knew you were faithless! 'Tis not their English way. A woman who is dishonored is no more to them than a tainted orange."

"Dishonored in his eyes? Never!" cries the girl. "I'd sooner you killed him—sooner you killed me, much! I'm in your power; I'm alone here, helpless in your hands. Kill me. Let my darling go."

As Danella has clutched her, the old neck fastenings of the ancient gown have given way; she plucks its laces further apart over her dazzling bosom and begs: "Bury your stiletto here, but spare my husband."

Her pose only makes her the more alluring to his devouring eyes.

"What, kill the being I adore!" shudders Cipriano. "I have no stiletto and I have taken care no knife is near your desperate hands, my lady. Besides, I'll never let you go. If you will not leave your husband as his wife, leave him as his widow."

"Here, Enrico!" he calls.

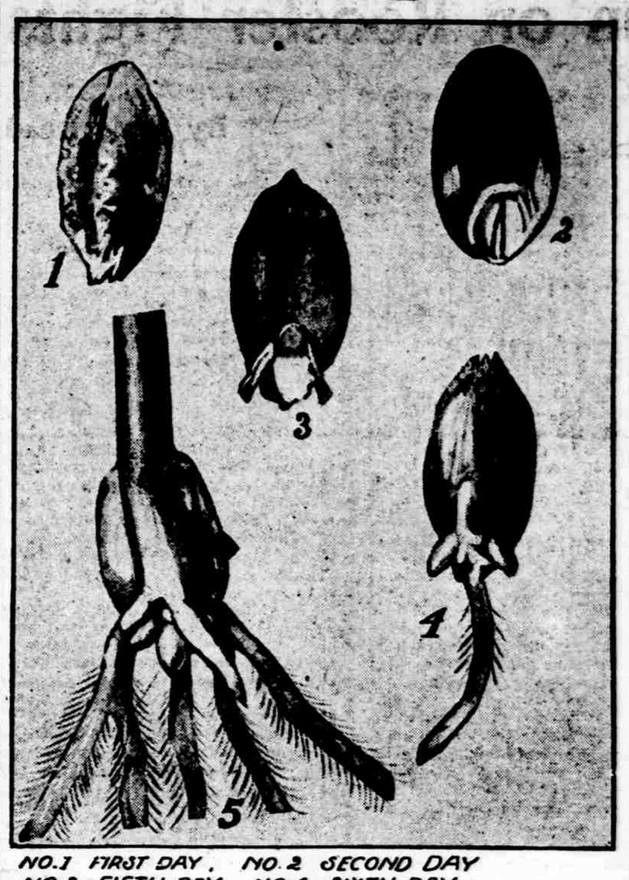
The young cavalier with the scar above his eyebrow comes onto the veranda and says: "My uncle, I honor thee, you have decided to give this woman death?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Strange Seed Pod.

The antirrhinum, or snapdragon, is one of the old-fashioned garden flowers known by everyone. Although it is a visitor from southern Europe it has been here so long that it has become naturalized. When we say "lion's mouth," "frog's mouth," "calf's mouth," "rabbit's mouth," we mean snapdragon, all these names being suggested by its grotesque, maskilke corolla. But there is something still more grotesque if we will wait till the seed time and gather the dried brown skeleton of the seed pod. Look at them sideways, under a bright lamplight if possible, and you will find they have quite a resemblance to a rhinoceros. Remove the calyx and the little horns on the nose, and look at them from the front, and they have a still more striking resemblance to human skulls, and by turning them about you get all sorts of queer expressions on the grinning mouth.

THE BIRTH OF THE WHEAT



NO. 1 FIRST DAY. NO. 2 SECOND DAY
NO. 3 FIFTH DAY NO. 4 SIXTH DAY
NO. 5 TWENTIETH DAY

Probably no other object, great or small, is pregnant with wider possibilities in its relation to mankind than a grain of wheat—a tiny seed which measures, in its dry state, one-quarter of an inch in length. Imagine what would result if this grain, with its fellows throughout the world, were by some unforeseen chance to chain up the life principle within itself—if, in other words, germination were to be arrested for a single year. The result to mankind would be appalling! Not only would millions of our fellow-creatures be brought to the verge of starvation, but the whole fabric of civilization would be shaken to its foundations. That this calamity is averted year by year is only in a limited sense the outcome of man's activities. True, he prepares the soil and watches long and patiently for the harvest. But with the actual labor of birth he has no concern. Nature alone holds the key and we can only stand and marvel as we behold the door of life revolving upon its hinges.

Probably most people imagine that wheat grows in a haphazard manner. This, however, is not at all the case. Germination proceeds along a predetermined course—one event succeeding another with unswerving precision—and at the present moment germination is taking place over thousands of acres. Sach's experiments tend to show that wheat begins to grow below five degrees centigrade—say at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit. The first sign of life within the grain is the splitting of the outer skin which covers the embryo—i. e., the slight prominence at one end of the seed. The sheath which envelops the radicle, or young root, is now seen to appear; and not long afterwards the plumule, or young shoot, commences its journey towards the source of light, while the radicle burrows into the ground. A day later the latter will have lengthened considerably, and delicate root-hairs will have made their appearance. These take from the soil both moisture and certain chemical elements; and the root is gifted with a mysterious power of selecting from the soil exactly what it needs as food, rejecting all else. In this manner, and by means of the carbonic acid gas absorbed by the plumule, the tiny plant begins to elaborate food for itself; so that, when the supply of nourishment contained in the grain gives out, the young organism has already become self-supporting. As the days pass, two pairs of adventitious roots are produced to lighten the labors of the primary root. Then the first folial leaf begins to unfurl. But ere it is fully expanded, a fifth adventitious root is produced; so that, when the birth of the wheat becomes an accomplished fact, and when the first folial leaf is fully expanded, the tiny plant already possesses a system of six roots.

Naturally the baby wheat plant seldom develops in the symmetrical manner shown in the photographs reproduced. It grows among particles of soil varying in size from grains of sand to large stones. Thus, in a few days, it usually contrives to twist itself into a confused tangle below the surface of the soil. A careful examination, however, will show that it has not departed in the smallest detail from the principle of growth which the pictures portray.

Milked on Their Own Pastures

BEAUTIFY THE HOME GROUNDS

The amateur who wishes to obtain the greatest possible pleasure from the flowers he can grow should study the characteristics of each kind he chooses and see that each serves a purpose. Should he love fragrance, he will find nicotiana affinis, with its abundant star-shaped white flowers, delightful in its perfume on a summer's evening. It is an excellent plant for a border, planted in front of taller growing shrubs.

He should study color effects in laying out his flower beds. For a bed where a mass of yellow is desired, golden California poppy is useful. It must be sown where it is to bloom as it does not transplant well. For side and back fences, clumps of single and double hollyhocks are good, planted in masses. A flower which grows almost as high as a hollyhock is rudbeckia golden glow, which produces a wealth of golden flowers good for cutting.

In a backyard garden it is a good plan to devote the space in front of one fence to dahlias and cosmos for these are sure to please the most fastidious flower lover. If there happens to be a sunny exposure in the garden, plant a few pompon chrysanthemums, which are so hardy. They will give effective display of tiny flowers in the autumn. The drummondi phlox are exceedingly pretty low growing annuals, very showy in mass. They last but a few weeks in bloom in a warm and exposed situation.

Of the dahlias, the cactus and decorative forms are becoming more and more popular every year. They should be planted if possible so their late blossoms, in August, September and even later, will help make the garden bright after many other flowers have ceased blooming.

Feed Young Chicks.—I give plenty of clean water and plenty of feed, as I keep the grain boxes full all the time, says a Kansas woman. I don't feed any kind of mash to growing chicks when they have outdoor run. Corn chop, table scraps and a little wheat now and then constitutes their feed, and I don't believe it is possible for young chicks to grow any faster or do any better than mine have done this season.

The Ducks.—Ducks, if reasonably cared for, ought to begin laying well this month and continue until July. The ducks and geese are profitable on the farm. Think of those good feather beds the ducks and geese supply feathers for.

Good Digestion.—Good digestion means good health. Both can be acquired by good regular care.

Pants for the Orphans.

There is a praiseworthy custom in some families of sending all the "pants" that the boys have gone through, wholly or in part, to the asylum for orphans, and, as the orphans never mind a hole more or less, they are glad to get the garments. In one of these families a few days ago occurred a little incident bearing on this laudable custom. Fred was engaged in that extremely fascinating, but rather dangerous, sport of sliding down the banisters.

"What are you doing there, Fred?" asked mamma.

"Making pants for the poor little orphans," answered Fred.

Easy Victory for Pat.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman were one day arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest trains.

Said the Englishman, "Well, I've been in one of our trains and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge."

"I've seen the milestones appear like tombstones," said the Scot.

"Be jabers," said Pat, "I was one day in a train in my country and we passed a field of carrots, a field of turnips, a field of parsley, one of onions and then a pond of water, and we were going so fast that I thought it was broth!"

A Dreadful Secret.

Wife—Have you any secrets you keep from me, dearest?

Husband—None, darling.

Wife—Then I am determined I will have none from you, either.

Husband—Have you secrets, then?

Wife—Only one, and I am resolved to make a clean breast of it.

Husband (hoarsely)—Go on!

Wife—For several days I have had a secret—a secret longing for a new dress, with hat to match, for my birthday.

That fetched him.—Tatler.

After you know some people well you are apt to regret the politeness you wasted on them.

Some men are so afraid of doing wrong that they don't do anything.

Hugging by another name would be squeezing, just the same.

Character is what you are; reputation is what people think you are.

The reward of one duty done is the power to fulfill another.—George Eliot.