

WE THREE.

The wild bird's nest dips a quaint salute to the summer wind as he passes.

And the half-opened flowers dance a minuet to the rustling of reeds and grasses.

And the waves roll on in a jolly sweep to ferry him over the river.

For his path is the path of a merry heart, and he laughs on his way forward.

The green leaves bow as he hurries on, as though they opined that he knew them.

And the long limbs scrape on the cottage roof as he cheerily whistles through them.

And he sings to me, dear brother, the songs that we used to sing together.

When we lay in the shade, and heard the voice that came with the windy weather.

And we were three, we two and the wind, for he was a playmate to my.

With his dreamy songs that he learned in the court of some wonderful woodland fairy.

And he sings them still in a gentle strain, and the early faith he is keeping.

As he kisses the flowers on the hillside there, where you for years have been sleeping.

And we are three, as in days of old, for the trio shall never be broken.

Though the time may be when I come to you with a boyish smile as a token;

And the hearts of none shall be as true, though to-day they may dearly love us.

As the one dear friend who ever will sing his lullaby sweet above us.

—Carl Smith, in Harper's Weekly.



HER FATHER'S VICTIM

A Story of Western Life

By THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

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CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

Blatchford was conducted without delay to Seraggs' office where everything was explained to him.

"My God! my God! how I have sinned. My child dying of want, and the viper I have warmed to my breast betraying my child's child to ruin.

"I was all Seraggs and the doctor could do to get the old man quieted down, but at last they succeeded in inducing him to listen to reason.

"Pearson is going to Green's to-night after the girl, and we must arrange to get there before him.

"Oh, doctor, do you think so, indeed?" "Yes, I do. In fact I know it."

"When will he come?" "Why, pretty soon, I expect. Next week or to-morrow, or he might come to-night."

"Oh, doctor, he's here now. I know he is from your looks. Where is he? Let me see him quick."

"At that moment the door opened and the old man entered. He tottered across the floor and with the words, 'My child,' sank on his knees by the bedside and laid his head close by his daughter's and in silence wept.

"The doctor motioned them all from the room, and with noiseless step they obeyed him, leaving father and child alone together. It was a pitiable sight to see the once proud, cold old man, now kneeling in deep contrition at the side of the one he had so deeply wronged, and it was a beautiful thing to see how readily the wronged child's heart went out in forgiveness and love to the aged parent—forgetting in a moment all her sufferings, and all his neglect and coldness. It was a sight that touched every one present, and even Seraggs, who was considered adamant at heart, was seen to withdraw a little to one side and mop his eyes vigorously several times.

"After awhile they all went back into the room to find the father and daughter more calm and collected, and after John had welcomed Blatchford and they had shaken hands and buried the past, the doctor said:

"Well, Seraggs, we have done all the harm we can, so we may as well go. I expect our room would be more valuable than our company."

"You must not go, doctor," cried Mary, "until I have thanked you for what you have done."

"Pshaw, pshaw, Mrs. Green, I haven't done anything. It was Seraggs who brought this about."

"It wasn't," said Seraggs, "it was Bascom."

cried as she flew into his arms. "How much I have to thank you for."

"Tut, tut, child," the old man said, quickly, as he drew his hand across his eyes. "Let's not be foolish. Here, Markham, she's yours; take her and clear out. Here, Louise, come back here. There's another here who wants to see you. Here's your grandfather, Blatchford. And here's Seraggs. Confound it all! Seraggs is the man for you to thank. It was him that saved you from Pearson; but you mustn't kiss Seraggs, for he's bashful."

"Am I really free of that man?" Louise asked, as she nestled in her grandfather's arms and supported his aged head on her shoulder.

"Free of him?" the doctor repeated. "Well, I reckon you are. Just let him come here to-night and we'll make the world free of him, too."

"And papa?" "He's all right. We'll attend to that, won't we, Seraggs?"

"I guess we'll be pretty apt to," "That's what we will. But here, confound it all, we're keeping Blatchford waiting here while we're running on like a pack of fools, and he wants to see his daughter. Come, let's go on to the house."

So talking away as excitedly and happily as a boy over a new toy, the good old doctor led the way to the house, while Seraggs and Blatchford followed a little further behind, arm in arm, as happy as ever two young souls were. When they approached the door the old doctor stopped, saying:

"We must be careful not to excite Mrs. Green, so if you folks will wait outside here just a minute I'll go in and break the news to her."

"For God's sake don't be long, then," Blatchford pleaded. "I have been too long away from my child already, and I must see her quickly."

"All right, all right," replied the doctor as he hustled away. "I'll not lose a second."

Coming into the room he tried to hide his joy and assume a grave air, but the great happiness that filled his kind old heart to overflowing surged up to the surface and showed itself in his eyes and face in spite of him. John and Mary both saw at once that the doctor was overjoyed, but they never dreamed of its cause bearing any relation to them, so they said nothing. The doctor approached Mary's side, saying:

"Well, how is my patient to-night?" "Some better than when you were last here," Mary replied.

"Hum, glad to hear it. Guess your father will be glad to know it, too. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know, doctor. He seems to have forgotten me entirely."

"No, he hasn't, though. I've heard from him since I was here."

"Have you? What did you hear?" Mary cried eagerly.

"Oh, not much. He loves you, though, as well as he ever did, and I think we'll get him out here before long."

"Oh, doctor, do you think so, indeed?" "Yes, I do. In fact I know it."

"When will he come?" "Why, pretty soon, I expect. Next week or to-morrow, or he might come to-night."

"Oh, doctor, he's here now. I know he is from your looks. Where is he? Let me see him quick."

to Magic City. "You have forfeited your right to your occupation, Seraggs, and have disgraced your calling, by showing that you have a heart. I shall report you, sir."

"All right, doctor," said Seraggs, "and I'll retaliate by reporting you to the medical profession."

"Report me? What have I done?" "I shall inform the world that you kept a patient in bed a week under the impression that he had a broken limb when he had only sustained a slight sprain."

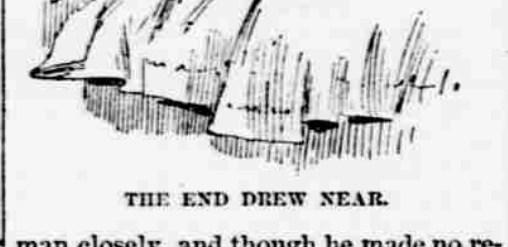
Both of those old fellows laughed immensely at their witticisms, and kept up their chat and their mirth until they reached their destination. They were in great spirits that night, as well they might be, for they had witnessed a world of happiness, and joy is always contagious. They were not only greatly pleased with their work so far, but each had mentally resolved to carry it on farther, and this resolution was another well spring of joy to their hearts.

Dr. Bascom had decided to take Paul into his practice, which was enough for them both, and Seraggs had decided to sell Green's farm and get John settled in business at Magic City. He knew of a good opening for a man of Green's honesty and ability, and he resolved to get him into it.

CHAPTER XXVII THE CONCLUSION.

The flight of Pearson was discovered by Seraggs at an early hour the next morning, and a little later upon making a visit to the bank he learned of his embezzlement of Blatchford's money. He immediately telegraphed in various directions hoping to apprehend the rascal, but it proved all in vain. Pearson made good his escape.

Upon returning to Green's as agreed, Seraggs and the doctor found Blatchford in a critical condition. The excitement of the last few days, together with the mental suffering it had brought him, had been too much for him, and now they found him weak and failing. Dr. Bascom examined the old



THE END DREW NEAR.

man closely, and though he made no report on the case his face became grave and thoughtful, and those who saw it felt sure that there was something serious in his patient's ailment.

Seraggs would have avoided telling what he had discovered that morning, but Blatchford insisted on hearing everything about Pearson, and asked so many questions regarding him that Seraggs was eventually forced to reveal all he knew.

The old man groaned and gnashed his teeth, and for a long time said nothing. At last, raising himself in bed, he spoke, looking steadily at his daughter.

"Mary," he said, "I have come to you at last, but I have come as a pauper. I come empty handed, and with nothing but my poor love to give you. That which I have loved for, and which of right was yours, has been stolen from me by the one I took to my heart in your stead. I turned you from my door and took Harry Pearson in. I left you to starve while I lavished money on him. And now he has robbed me and left me penniless, with no roof but yours to shelter my head. My punishment is great, but it is not more than I deserve."

For three or four days the broken-hearted old man lingered on, growing weaker hour by hour in spite of all Dr. Bascom could do, and at last it became apparent that death would soon claim him. The Greens exerted themselves to the utmost to make his last hours as pleasant as possible, but their kindness and unselfish attentions augmented rather than diminished his sorrows, since they only too plainly reminded him of the great sin of his life. He never spoke of his wife during all his illness, and it appeared that he had forgotten her. All his talk was of his daughter and her mother, and over and over again he accused himself of his neglect of them.

"Thank God, thank God," he said one day, "I have been spared to meet my child and win her forgiveness. Thank God that I am permitted to die under her roof and with her face near me."

At last the end came, and the poor old man who had wrecked his life through a terrible mistake, slept the sleep of the dead. Whatever his reward beyond the grave, we know not. He went into the hands of a just God and his reward was in accordance with justice and right. He had suffered the tortures of a thousand deaths in those few days following the terrible awakening to the wrongs of his life.

There is not much more to tell, and a few more pages will end this story. Paul and Louise were married shortly after the scenes just described, and set up housekeeping in a home of their own next door to Dr. Bascom's. Paul went into the old doctor's practice, and being a kind, sympathetic man, succeeded from the first in making himself a popular physician. To-day he is one of the most successful physicians in the west, and has succeeded in laying by enough of this world's wealth to place his wife and two children, a boy and a girl, above any danger of want.

Dr. Bascom does little practice now, but he still takes a great interest in Paul's work and often spends the evenings with Paul's family, and he and

Bascom Markham, Paul's boy, are great friends. Paul and Louise are always glad to have the old doctor come, and no matter how often he calls he is sure of a smile of welcome from both of them.

Seraggs, true to his resolve, soon found a purchaser for Green's land, and with the proceeds, which was a neat little sum, John set up in business at Magic City. John was anxious to leave the farm, for though the seasons became more regular and crop failures almost unknown, he felt that he was not designed for farm work, and his past experience with it gave him a thorough distaste for it.

In his new occupation he succeeded fairly well, and was in time quite well to do. He regained his old time life and energy, and Mary became as bright as cheerful as a girl. Gradually the remembrances of those old bitter days, when they contended against drouths, pests and mortgages, faded out, and they could look back on the past without a shudder.

It was a long time before they knew of the great sacrifice Louise proposed making for their sakes in those old, dark days, and when finally the knowledge came to them they could only prize her a little more highly as a precious jewel, the brightest and best possession of their lives.

Seraggs continued in his old occupation of selling real estate and booming his town, and much credit was due him for the wonderful growth of Magic City in the years that followed. The person who goes to Magic City now may see a little old man, wiry and nervous, sitting at his desk in his office surrounded by a fine display of agricultural products, busily at work on some scheme for advancing his town's interests. That man is Seraggs. He is always at work, and his work is always for his town. To Seraggs, and men like him, the west owes much of its prosperity. It is such as he who make booms and cause towns and cities to spring up like magic. They turn waste places into gardens, and deserts into prosperous communities. They bring before the world the advantages of their section of country, and cause its towns to grow and its resources to be sought after. All honor to Seraggs and his thousands of faithful coadjutors.

It transpired after Blatchford's death that he was indeed broken up. All his western securities were carried away by Pearson, and into these he had, upon Pearson's recommendations, turned nearly all his wealth. His property in the east was heavily mortgaged for money to send west, and when the news of his death and his western losses became known, his eastern creditors closed in, and everything, including his residence, was sold at trustee's sale.

Mrs. Blatchford was thus left penniless, and suddenly she awoke to the realization of the fact, and came up face to face with the most abject poverty. She had to step down from the grand mansion where she had reigned a queen, and to-day in a back street in a poorer quarter of the city, there is an old, dingy, dirty two-room house, before which hangs a little sign bearing the words "Plain Sewing," and in this house, bending over the tiresome seams, one may see Mrs. Blatchford and her mother and the two Pearson girls who were sent away to school at Blatchford's expense.

Sarah is a sadly disappointed woman, and full often she sighs for her fallen grandeur. She often recalls the days when she was mistress of Blatchford's house and when she with all her relatives lived in great plenty and comfort on Blatchford's bounty. She is, indeed, receiving the just rewards of her actions, and is tasting the bitter draught she poured out to others. Rev. Wheel-ler has long since forgotten Mrs. Blatchford. In fact he lost interest in her when she lost her position in society and became unable to contribute to his salary. Mrs. Blatchford has never forgotten nor forgiven Aunt Mitchell, and it is probable that she never will. But that matters little to Aunt Mitchell, and she goes her way quite as well satisfied as though Mrs. Blatchford was her best friend.

And now, having disposed of all the other characters, nothing remains but to account for Harry Pearson. He went to the mountains beyond Denver, and though Seraggs made every effort to apprehend him, he was not heard of for some months after his escape. The report that came then was to the effect that he had drifted into the mining regions, and after gambling away all his money undertook to raise a stake by robbing a mine. He was caught in the act and after a hearing before an ex-tem-porary pioneer court, was taken out and promptly hung to the nearest tree.

And now our story is done. Years have elapsed since the events recorded, and the great state of Kansas has out-grown its early disadvantages. The fertile soil of its great plains produces wonderful crops, and its people are among the first to respond with their rich products to the calls of other suffering lands. It has become one of the first states of the union, and but for one thing its people would be the most prosperous on earth. It has escaped the curse of pests and drouths; but, alas, the farm mortgage still has its deadly fangs buried deep in its soil. When this curse is abolished and the homes of the west become free of the greedy Shylocks' grasp, then will the land blossom as the rose, and the struggling people enjoy the full fruits of their labors. May that time come quickly.

THE FARMING WORLD.

CLOVER LEAF HOPPER.

An Insect Which Has Caused Great Loss During Past Seasons.

The clover leaf hopper, illustrated from Bulletin 15 of the Iowa experiment station, is one of the most serious enemies clover has to contend with. It is almost exclusively a clover feeder, remaining upon the plant as long as nutriment can be secured from it, but moving to blue grass, cabbage, sugar beets, etc., when clover is not to be had. It also feeds upon pig weeds and other garden weeds. The adult is about one-eighth inch long and half as broad, and is marked with numerous dark blotches and stripes, especially on the wings. During winter it hibernates among dead weeds and leaves and may be seen hopping anxiously about on shiny days in midwinter. It is among the first insects noticed in spring and can be driven from its retreats under trash, piles of hay, etc., any time in early April. The larvae appear in May and the eggs may be seen under the epider-



CLOVER LEAF HOPPER. (Agallia sanguinolenta.)

a. larva; b. pupa; c. adult.

mis along the midribs of the leaves at this time. The larvae much resemble the adults, except that they are smaller and nearly white in color. By the 1st of July they are mature. The young in all stages appear from this time on until late in autumn, and the new adults doubtless begin egg laying in July or August, and the larvae of the first brood are maturing through July, August and possibly September. The earliest adults of the second brood might have time to lay and produce a third brood during the year, though that is hardly probable. When feeding, the insects insert their beaks into the stems of the leaves, and often remain motionless for hours at a time, sucking up the juices of the plant. Sometimes they also feed upon the leaf blades. Their incessant drains often cause the clover to wilt, and unless the supply of moisture is ample this must soon destroy the plants. From their numbers and feeding capacity they are likely to prove one of the most destructive of clover insects. Where it is necessary to undertake remedial measures, draw a hopper dozer over the field just after the first clover cutting in July. This dozer consists of a long, shallow trough, with some sort of a guard behind it to prevent the insects from hopping over it. Into the trough a thin coating of coal tar or water with a thin layer of oil upon it is poured. Attach a rope to either end, and drag it up and down the field. The clover hopper, together with large numbers of other harmful insects, will hop into the tar and stick, or be smothered by the oil upon the water.

PRACTICAL FARM HINTS.

SET OUT your new currant plantation as soon as the condition of the ground will permit.

ANY work when no other work is pressing can be put in to advantage in forking over the manure heap.

PUT your sawdust around your currant and gooseberry bushes. They need good manure alone and will pay for it.

ECONOMY is the proper term for good farming. Save the litters all around. Chips will make as good a fire while they last as big cordwood.

CULTIVATING the ground for flowers and delicate early vegetables can be better accomplished by a four-tined spading fork than with a spade.

THE winter winds often pile up the leaves of the woods so that they may be easily gathered and used for bedding down live stock when straw is scarce.

VISIT a nursery and see how spades may be kept bright. The digging up of trees needs the very best kind of a tool. Few farmers have a good spade, and a less number keep it bright and sharp.

WHEN you set a broody hen give her a green sod for the bottom of her nest; it tends to keep moisture for the eggs. Mark the date of the setting on each egg and see to it that no hens lay to her or break her eggs.—St. Louis Republic.

BETTER Country Roads Needed.

A paper recently prepared by the Engineers' society of western Pennsylvania estimates the average distance which farm products must be hauled in that state at five miles, and assuming that half the agricultural products are consumed on the farm, shows that the clay roads entail an annual cost of \$1,977,500 for transportation above that of turnpikes. This would keep 30,000 miles of turnpike road in repair, or would build between 600 and 1,000 miles of pike annually. This extra time, which is required to market the agricultural products of that state each year over clay roads, amounts in all to 851,000 days' work for a man and two-horse team more than turnpikes would require, which means that the work of 2,400 men for a whole year is lost.

A Trap for Skunks.

Skunks preyed upon the apiary of an American Bee Journal correspondent until he devised a convenient trap by which the invaders are caught and can be carried, carefully, a long distance without rousing ire or unpleasant odor: "Dig a hole 3/4 feet wide and 18 inches deep near the place they enter; lay an empty barrel, with one head removed, on its side, and projecting over the hole so far that a slight weight will cause it to fall into it, where it will remain upright. I put a few bits of meat or cheese in the barrel near the bottom. The skunk will soon find it, and its weight will turn the barrel on its end in the hole."

EARLY POTATOES.

The Best Soil Upon Which to Grow Them—Good Varieties.

With nearly everyone that grows potatoes, more especially for home use, it is quite an item to have at least a few that will come in very early. New potatoes and pease make an appetizing dish, and if the potatoes are ready to use by the time the pease can be grown a little extra care will need to be given. One of the most important things is good seed of some of the best of the early varieties. Almost every year there are more or less new varieties brought out that are claimed to be very much earlier than anything ever introduced before; but in a majority of cases after a trial a large proportion of these prove of no especial value. One of the best of the early varieties is the early sunrise, it being a few days earlier under the same conditions of growth than the early rose or the beauty of Hebron. A warm, sandy loam that is stirred deep and is well drained and reasonably rich is the best soil in which to grow early potatoes. If manure is used it should be thoroughly rotted and fined, and then be well incorporated with the soil. Run out the furrows reasonably deep, using a good single shovel plow. It will save labor to take pains to run out good-sized furrows. With a wheelbarrow or hand-cart bring a quantity of fresh manure from the horse stable and put a good forkful into the bottom of the furrow where the hill of potatoes is to be planted; put it into a compact little pile, as the object in using it is to secure a small amount of heat and also thorough drainage. Over this put at least an inch of fine rich soil and then plant the potato on this, and cover at least four inches deep. If the seed is handled carefully it will help a little if the seed is sprouted before planting; but if this is done, very careful handling must be given in order not to bruise or injure the sprouts or more injury will be done than benefit derived. Good drainage on each side of the hill must be given in order to induce a good germination and a vigorous start to grow.

Thorough cultivation from the start must be given, keeping the soil clear of weeds and in a loose, mellow condition. A few hills planted in this way, if given good care, will be ready for the table in not over ten weeks from the time the seed is planted, but every advantage must be taken to give as favorable conditions for growth as possible.—St. Louis Republic.

PEACH-TREE PRUNING.

Cutting-Back Essential to Keeping Trees in Good Shape.

The peach tree requires some pruning or cutting back to keep in good shape. The branches during growth continually lengthen, and grow very little at the sides, so that in process of time they appear like poles with tufts of leaves at the ends, as shown in Fig. 1. But if they are annually shortened



FIG. 1.

in, the tree will retain a handsome compact or rounded shape, as represented in Fig. 2. (The stem may be shorter, bringing the head nearer the ground.) If the annual pruning is omitted, they may be cut back the second or third year, cutting where a branch forks, and taking off the



FIG. 2.

longest branch. We have practiced both modes with decided advantage, performing the work quite early in spring, and have trees more than twenty years old well cut back and sending out vigorous shoots which bear as fine peaches as young trees. No matter how the work is done, provided that the trees are kept in a rather compact and symmetrical form.—Country Gentleman.

Farming Without Pigs.

A somewhat eccentric farmer whom we once knew took the thoroughly Jewish view of the hog as an unclean animal and would neither eat its flesh nor have one about his place. Most of what usually went to the pig pen was given to the poultry. He claimed that his hens laid more eggs than they would if obliged to travel and feed over land contaminated by the hog. Our experience has always been that a few pigs—at least enough to eat the skim milk from the dairy and be fattened mainly on small apples and potatoes—could be kept with scarcely any cost. Such pork is sweet and not unhealthful. It is the keeping of large droves of hogs together, feeding them on ground that has been poisoned by their excrement, that gives rise to diseased pork and creates the dislike against pork as a food. No other animal furnishes so much or so good meat for the food it eats as the pig.—American Cultivator.

A DURABLE whitewash for barns and outhouses is made by adding to half a bushel of quicklime, slaked, two pounds sulphate of zinc, one pound of common salt. To make a cream color add three pounds yellow ochre; for gray, four pounds raw umber and two pounds of lampblack; for fawn, four pounds umber, one pound Indian red, one pound lampblack.

