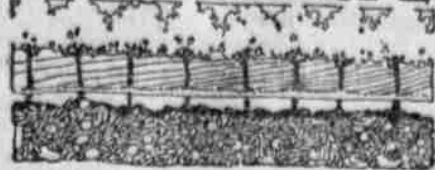


HORTICULTURE



FRUIT GATHERER IS USEFUL

Most Ingenious Time Saving Contrivance Prevents Damage to Apple as it Falls.

One of the most ingenious of time saving contrivances is the fruit gatherer designed by a Kentucky man. It collects all the fruit that falls from a tree and holds it where it can be quickly picked up and placed in a basket, also saving the apples, pears, or whatever they may be from damage by falling.

A circle of stakes is driven around the tree in a radius wide enough to include anything that falls from it. A circle of canvas, with a hole in the middle to receive the trunk of the tree, is fastened around the latter and also fastened to the stakes with the outer edge of the ring lower than the



Fruit Gatherer.

portion around the tree. Around the outer edge, too, is a wall to keep the contents from rolling off to the ground.

QUINCE A PROFITABLE CROP

Cultivation on Increase in United States Where It Has Been Grown for Many Years.

(By J. E. MANDELL.)

In habit of growth the quince is a low dwarf tree which admits close planting in the orchard. Ten feet apart each way is sufficient distance for most varieties. Planting the trees at the above distance will give about 435 trees per acre.

While the quince will grow on almost any kind of soil, a medium heavy clay loam, being easy of cultivation, is the ideal soil for it. In such a soil the quince readily responds to good cultivation, and if given good care it will continue to produce good crops of fruit for many years. In case the soil should be hard or deficient in plant food liberal application of manure will be very helpful in making the soil a better one and keeping the tree in a vigorous condition.

The quince does not require a great deal of pruning. About all the care that will be necessary along this line will be to remove and cut out the surplus shoots and dead branches. An occasional shortening back of the longer branches may be necessary to keep the tree in its natural form.

The best time for pruning probably is just before the beginning of the growing season. Any wounds made at that time usually heal promptly.

The quince is propagated in many ways. The methods most in use are by budding, grafting, cutting and from seed. The method of propagating by cuttings is the easiest. The cuttings should be made from the fresh young growth of the previous season and be treated as any other cutting.

The quince begins to bear early, usually in two years after planting. The size of trees and kind to plant depend to some extent upon the locality and the taste of the grower. Two year old trees seem to be preferred by most planters.

The quince is so easily grown that the care required in raising it is more than amply repaid by the value of the fruit produced. When the quince is properly prepared for the table by the many methods recommended it is a very delicious fruit.

The quince finds a ready market and sells at a good price, all depending on the quality. The price paid the past season ranged from two to three and a half cents per pound.

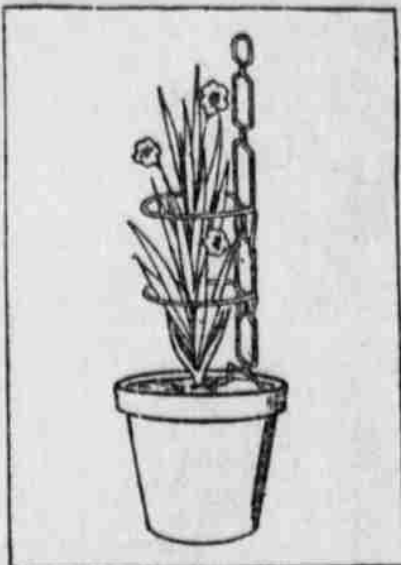
The quince has been grown in various localities throughout the United States since the early days. Its cultivation is on the increase and in some sections we find it planted on a commercial scale. But owing to the fact that the quince, including all the varieties, is unfit for eating uncooked has kept it from taking much prominence among the commercial orchard fruits.

The uses to which the quince may be put are many, but its chief value is as a preserving fruit. Where the quince is grown it is naturally more used. In France and some of the other European countries, large quantities of the quince are used yearly for making quince marmalade and wine. The marmalade industry, especially in France, is quite an extensive one, and the finished product finds quite a ready sale.

SIMPLE SUPPORT FOR PLANT

Ohio Man Arranges Device for Training Flowers Straight and Holds Them in Place.

An Ohio man has designed a useful little article in the plant support shown herewith. It is made of galvanized iron wire and will last as



Simple Plant Support.

long as the owner, so in the long run it is cheaper than sticks and much more satisfactory in every way. The upright standard of the support consists of wires running parallel to each other except at intervals, where they converge and engage each other. There are other circular pieces of wire with downwardly projecting prongs which can be fastened on the standard at any of the points where the sides converge, thus forming shoulders in which to hang the prongs. These rings, it will be seen, can be moved up and down the standard to accommodate the growing plant and placed where most needed. Many plants that are strong and healthy when young turn out badly because they are not properly trained, and with this support they can be given the proper direction. Aside from its other advantages, the device is much more attractive than the usual unsightly stick used for this purpose.

GRAPES OF HIGHEST QUALITY

May Be Secured by Placing Paper Bags Over Clusters, Preventing Fruit From Rotting.

In many sections not all of the grapes were killed by the heavy freeze and storm in April, and not a few of those that were killed came out later with new shoots bearing some clusters of grapes.

If you wish to procure grapes of the highest quality and free from rot, slip and fasten paper bags over the clusters. Grover's manila paper bags are



Bagging Grapes.

the kind to use. When the grapes are about half grown cover each bunch with a paper bag by slitting the top to fit the stem of the bunch and fastening the laps down with pins. Grapes covered with paper bags are not only of better quality, but they ripen earlier, and the bags are a protector against frost for late maturing sorts. The illustration shows how the operation is performed.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES

In selecting trees to plant for shade this spring don't forget the white elm.

Roses do not require frequent watering, especially if the soil is kept well hoed.

The jay bird is very destructive to fruit and should be killed on sight, and his gaudy plumage exposed in the top of a tree, as a warning to others of his ilk.

Many growers say that weeds are as valuable a fertilizer as clover and cowpea, if they are turned under every year.

The grower who will sort his apples into two or more grades and pack well, will get more money for his fruit than the one who throws all kinds together in a barrel and places a layer of the best ones on top.

Red raspberries do well in the chicken yard, give shade when most needed, and the fruit is mostly out of reach of the fowls.

Some of the late blooming plants, such as asters and nasturtiums, may be lifted and potted before frost and kept alive and blooming indoors for several weeks.



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to take the deposition of the chief witness for the prosecution, John Gilmore, a millionaire. In the latter's house the lawyer is attracted by the picture of a girl whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger. Standing in line to buy a Pullman ticket Blakeley is requested by a lady to buy her one. He gives her lower seven and finds his bag and clothing missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. It is learned that the dead man is Simon Harrington of Pittsburg. The man who disappeared with Blakeley's clothes is suspected of the murder.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Then you haven't heard the rest of the tragedy?" I asked, holding out the case. "It's frightfully bad luck for me, but it makes a good story. You see—"

At that moment the conductor and porter ceased their colloquy. The conductor came directly toward me, tugging as he came at his bristling gray mustache.

"I would like to talk to you in the car," he said to me, with a curious glance at the young lady.

"Can't it wait?" I objected. "We are on our way to a cup of coffee and a slice of bacon. Be merciful as you are powerful."

"I'm afraid the breakfast will have to wait," he replied. "I won't keep you long." There was a note of authority in his voice which I resented; but, after all, the circumstances were unusual.

"We'll have to defer that cup of coffee for a while," I said to the girl; "but don't despair; there's breakfast somewhere."

As we entered the car, she stood aside, but I felt rather than saw that she followed us. I was surprised to see a half dozen men gathered around the berth in which I had awakened, number seven. It had not yet been made up.

As we passed along the aisle, I was conscious of a new expression on the faces of the passengers. The tall woman who had fainted was searching my face with narrowed eyes, while the stout woman of the kindly heart avoided my gaze, and pretended to look out of the window.

As we pushed our way through the group I fancied that it closed around me ominously. The conductor said nothing, but led the way without ceremony to the side of the berth.

"What's the matter?" I inquired. I was puzzled, but not apprehensive. "Have you some of my things? I'd be thankful even for my shoes; these are confoundedly tight."

Nobody spoke, and I fell silent, too. For one of the pillows had been turned over, and the under side of the white case was streaked with brownish stains. I think it was a perceptible time before I realized that the stains were blood, and that the faces around were filled with suspicion and distrust.

"Why, it—that looks like blood," I said vacuously. There was an incessant pounding in my ears, and the conductor's voice came from far off.

"It is blood," he asserted grimly. I looked around with a dizzy attempt at nonchalance. "Even if it is," I remonstrated, "surely you don't suppose for a moment that I know anything about it!"

The amateur detective elbowed his way in. He had a scrap of transparent paper in his hand, and a pencil.

"I would like permission to trace the stains," he began eagerly. "Also—to me—if you will kindly jab your finger with a pin—needle—anything—"

"If you don't keep out of this," the conductor said savagely. "I will do some jabbing myself. As for you, sir—" he turned to me. I was absolutely innocent, but I knew that I presented a typical picture of guilt; I was covered with cold sweat, and the pounding in my ears kept up dizzily. "As for you, sir—"

The irrepressible amateur detective made a quick pounce at the pillow and pushed back the cover. Before our incredulous eyes he drew out a narrow steel dirk which had been buried to the small cross that served as a head.

There was a chorus of voices around, a quick surging forward of the crowd. So that was what had scratched my hand! I buried the wound in my coat pocket.

"Well," I said, trying to speak naturally, "doesn't that prove what I have been telling you? The man who committed the murder belonged to this berth, and made an exchange in some way after the crime. How do you know he didn't change the tags so I would come back to this berth?" This was an inspiration; I was pleased with it. "That's what he did, he changed the tags," I reiterated.

There was a murmur of assent around. The doctor, who was standing beside me, put his hand on my arm. "If this gentleman committed this crime, and I for one feel sure he did not, then who is the fellow who got away? And why did he go?"

"We have only one man's word for that," the conductor snarled. "I've traveled some in these cars myself, and

The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETTNER
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no one ever changed berths with me." Somebody on the edge of the group asserted that hereafter he would travel by daylight. I glanced up and caught the eye of the girl in blue.

"They are all mad," she said. Her tone was low, but I heard her distinctly. "Don't take them seriously enough to defend yourself."

"I am glad you think I didn't do it," I observed meekly, over the crowd. "Nothing else is of any importance."

The conductor had pulled out his note-book again. "Your name, please," he said gruffly.

"Lawrence Blakeley, Washington."

"Your occupation?"

"Attorney. A member of the firm of Blakeley & McKnight."

"Mr. Blakeley, you say you have occupied the wrong berth and have been robbed. Do you know anything of the man who did it?"

"Only from what he left behind," I answered. "These clothes—"

"They fit you," he said with quick suspicion. "Isn't that rather a coincidence? You are a large man."

"Good heavens," I retorted, stung to fury, "do I look like a man who would wear this kind of a necktie? Do you suppose I carry purple and green barred silk handkerchiefs? Would any man in his senses wear a pair of shoes a full size too small?"

The conductor was inclined to hedge. "You will have to grant that I am in a peculiar position," he said. "I have only your word as to the exchange of berths, and you understand I am merely doing my duty. Are there any clues in the pockets?"

For the second time I emptied them of their contents, which he noted. "Is that all?" he finished. "There was nothing else?"

"Nothing."

"That's not all, sir," broke in the porter, stepping forward. "There was a small black satchel."

"That's so," I exclaimed. "I forgot the bag. I don't even know where it is."

The easily swayed crowd looked suspicious again. I've grown so accustomed to reading the faces of a jury, seeing them swing from doubt to belief, and back again to doubt, that I instinctively watch expressions. I saw that my forgetfulness had done me harm—that suspicion was roused again.

The bag was found a couple of seats away, under somebody's raincoat—another dubious circumstance. Was I hiding it? It was brought to the berth and placed beside the conductor, who opened it at once.

It contained the usual traveling impedimenta—change of linen, collars, handkerchiefs, a bronze-green scarf, and a safety razor. But the attention of the crowd riveted itself on a flat, Russia leather wallet, around which a heavy gum band was wrapped, and which bore in gilt letters the name "Simon Harrington."

CHAPTER VII.

A Fine Gold Chain.

The conductor held it out to me, his face sternly accusing.

"Is this another coincidence?" he asked. "Did the man who left you his clothes and the tight shoes leave you the spoil of the murder?"

The men standing around had drawn off a little, and I saw the absolute futility of any remonstrance. Have you ever seen a fly, who, in these hygienic days, finding no cob-

webs to entangle him, is caught in a sheet of fly paper, finds himself more and more mired, and is finally quiet with the sticky stillness of despair?

Well, I was the fly. I had seen too much of circumstantial evidence to have any belief that the establishing of my identity would weigh much against the other incriminating details. It meant imprisonment and trial, probably, with all the notoriety and loss of practice they would entail. A man thinks quickly at a time like that. All the probable consequences of the finding of that pocket-book flashed through my mind as I extended my hand to take it. Then I drew my arm back.

"I don't want it," I said. "Look inside. Maybe the other man took the money and left the wallet."

The conductor opened it, and again there was a curious surging forward of the crowd. To my intense disappointment the money was still there.

I stood blankly miserable while it was counted out—five \$100 bills, six twenties and some fives and ones that brought the total to \$650.

The little man with the note-book insisted on taking the numbers of the notes, to the conductor's annoyance. It was immaterial to me: Small things had lost their power to irritate. I was seeing myself in the prisero's box, going through all the nerve-racking routine of a trial for murder—the challenging of the jury, the endless cross-examinations, the alternate hope and fear. I believe I said before that I had no nerves, but for a few minutes that morning I was as near as a man ever comes to hysteria.

I folded my arms and gave myself a mental shake. I seemed to be the center of a hundred eyes, expressing every shade of doubt and distrust, but I tried not to flinch. Then some one created a diversion.

The amateur detective was busy again with the sealskin bag, investigating the make of the safety razor and the manufacturer's name on the bronze-green tie. Now, however, he paused and frowned, as though some pet theory had been upset.

Then from a corner of the bag he drew out and held up for our inspection some three inches of fine gold chain, one end of which was blackened and stained with blood!

The conductor held out his hand for it, but the little man was not ready to give it up. He turned to me.

"You say no watch was left you? Was there a piece of chain like that?"

"No chain at all," I said sulkily. "No jewelry of any kind, except plain gold buttons in the shirt I am wearing."

"Where are your glasses?" he threw at me suddenly; instinctively my hand went to my eyes. My glasses had been gone all morning, and I had not even noticed their absence. The little man smiled cynically and held out the chain.

"I must ask you to examine this," he insisted. "Isn't it a part of the fine gold chain you wear over your ear?"

I didn't want to touch the thing: The stain at the end made me shudder. But with a baker's dozen of suspicious eyes—well, we'll say 14—there were no one-eyed men—I took the fragment in the tips of my fingers and looked at it helplessly.

"Very fine chains are much alike," I managed to say. "For all I know, this may be mine, but I don't know how it got into that sealskin bag. I never saw the bag until this morning after daylight."

"He admits that he had the bag," somebody said behind me. "How did you guess that he wore glasses, anyhow?" to the amateur sleuth.

That gentleman cleared his throat. "There were two reasons," he said, "for suspecting it. When you see a man with the lines of his face drooping, a healthy individual with a pensive eye—suspect astigmatism. Besides, this gentleman has a pronounced line across the bridge of his nose and a mark on his ear from the chain."

After this remarkable exhibition of the theoretical as combined with the practical, he sank into a seat near by, and still holding the chain, sat with closed eyes and pursed lips. It was evident to all the car that the solution of the mystery was a question of moments. Once he bent forward eagerly and putting the chain on the window-sill, proceeded to go over it with a pocket magnifying glass, only to shake his head in disappointment. All the people around shook their heads, too, although they had not the slightest idea what it was about.

The pounding in my ears began again. The group around me seemed to be suddenly motionless in the very act of moving, as if a hypnotist had called "Rigid!" The girl in blue was looking at me, and above the din I thought she said she must speak to me—something vital. The pounding grew louder and merged into a scream. With a grinding and splintering the car rose under my feet. Then it fell away into darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Second Section.

Have you ever been picked up out of your three-meal-a-day life, whirled around in a tornado of events, and landed in a situation so grotesque and yet so horrible that you laugh even while you are groaning, and straining at its hopelessness? McKnight says that is hysteria, and that no man worthy of the name ever admits to it.

Also, as McKnight says, it sounds like a tank drama. Just as the revolving saw is about to cut the hero into stove lengths, the second villain blows up the sawmill. The hero goes up through the roof and alights on the bank of a stream at the feet of his lady love, who is making daisy chains.

Nevertheless, when I was safely home again, with Mrs. Klopston brewing strange drinks that came in paper packets from the pharmacy, and that smelled to heaven, I remember staggering to the door and closing it, and then going back to bed and howling out the absurdity and the madness of the whole thing. And while I laughed my very soul was sick, for the girl was gone by that time, and I knew by all the loyalty that answers between men for honor that I would have to put her out of my mind.

And yet, all the night that followed, filled as it was with the shrieking demons of pain, I saw her as I had seen her last, in the queer hat with green ribbons. I told the doctor this, guardedly, the next morning, and he said it was the morphia, and that I was lucky not to have seen a row of devils with green tails.

I don't know anything about the wreck of September 9 last. You who swallowed the details with your coffee and digested the horrors with your chop, probably know a great deal more than I do. I remember very distinctly that the jumping and throbbing in my arm brought me back to a world that at first was nothing but sky, a heap of clouds that I thought hazily were the merigues on a blue charlotte russe.

As the sense of hearing was slowly added to vision, I heard a woman near me sobbing that she had lost her hat pin, and she couldn't keep her hat on.

I think I dropped back into unconsciousness again, for the next thing I remember was of my blue patch of sky clouded with smoke, of a strange, roaring and crackling, of a rain of fiery sparks in my face and of somebody beating at me with feeble hands. I opened my eyes and closed them again: The girl in blue was bending over me. With that imperviousness to big things and keenness to small that is the first effect of shock, I tried to be facetious, when a spark stung my cheek.

"You will have to rouse yourself!" the girl was repeating desperately. "You've been in fire twice already." A piece of striped ticking floated slowly over my head. As the wind caught it its charring edges leaped into flame.

"Looks like a kite, doesn't it?" I remarked cheerfully. And then, as my arm gave an excruciating throb—"Jove, how my arm hurts!"

The girl bent over and spoke slowly, distinctly, as one might speak to a deaf person or a child.

"Listen, Mr. Blakeley," she said earnestly. "You must rouse yourself. There has been a terrible accident. The second section ran into us. The wreck is burning now, and if we don't move, we will catch fire. Do you hear?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prelude to Immortal Life. A graceful and honorable old age is the childhood of immortality.—Plinard.



"I Don't Want It," I Said.