

RICH MENS CHILDREN

By GERALDINE BONNER
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Illustrations by DOM J. LAVIN
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SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelia Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been through a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from the storm in unseasoned condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Burford, an actor. After three weeks, and if imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife and never did. Stormbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick embrace, father sees them and demands an explanation. Rose's brother Gene is made manager of ranch and is to get it if he stays sober a year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick returns home. Bernice exerts herself to please him, but he is indifferent. Cannon calls on Mrs. Ryan. They discuss Dominick's marriage difficulties, and Cannon suggests buying off Bernice. Dominick goes to party on Sunday with Bernice and family, sees Miss Cannon, bows to her and starts uneasiness in Bernice. In Mrs. Ryan's name Cannon offers Bernice \$50,000 to leave her husband and permit divorce. She refuses. Dominick sees Rose. Cornelia Ryan engaged to Jack Duffy. Cannon offers Bernice \$10,000 and turned down. Bernice tells sisters of offer. Burford, the actor, makes a hit in vaudeville. Rose tells Dominick that he must stick to wife, and first time acknowledges that she loves him. Cannon offers Bernice \$20,000 which she refuses, saying "Cannon wants Dominick for Rose. Gene wins the ranch. Bernice accuses Rose of trying to steal her husband and tells her of the offered bribe. Rose tells father what she learned about the attempt to bribe Bernice and declares that she would never marry Dominick should he ever be divorced. Expects promise from father to let Bernice alone. Stranger comes Bernice in restaurant, apparently recognizes her, and follows her home. The stranger, who is Burford, the actor, calls on Dominick and declares that he married Bernice secretly some years before. Bernice comes in and he recognizes her. Dominick packs belongings to go to mother. Bernice tells Cannon she will accept \$25,000.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Storm Center Moves.

As soon as Bernie had left his office Bill Cannon wrote a note to Mrs. Ryan, telling her of the interview he had just had with her daughter-in-law. He did not mention the check, simply stating Bernie's decision to accept their proposal and leave her husband. The matter was of too intimate a nature to trust to the telephone and he sent the note by one of his own clerks, who had instructions to wait for an answer, as the old man did not know what Mrs. Ryan might already have heard from Dominick.

It threw its recipient into a state of agitated, quivering exultation. Mrs. Ryan had heard nothing from her son, and her hopes of the separation had sunk to the lowest ebb. Not so prudent as Cannon, she called up Dominick at the bank, asking him if it were true that his wife had left him, and beseeching him simply to tell her "yes" or "no." The young man, hampered by the publicity of his surroundings and his promise to Bernie, answered her with the utmost brevity, telling her that there had been a change in his domestic life, but that he could not enter into details now. He begged her to ask him no further questions, as he would be at home at three o'clock that afternoon, when he would explain the whole matter to her.

She wrote this to the Bonanza King, and sent it by his waiting messenger. The old man felt relieved when he read the letter. He was confident now that Bernie had not deceived him. She had told the truth, and was leaving the town and her husband, for what reason he could not yet be sure, but there seemed no doubt that she was going. They would ignore the subject before Rose, and, in the course of time, Dominick would break down the unflinching resistance she had threatened to make to his suit. The old man felt buoyant and exhilarated. It looked as if things were at last going their way.

He sent a message to Mrs. Ryan, asking her to let him know as soon as possible what Dominick said, and waited in his office in a state of tension very foreign to his usual from stolidity. It was four o'clock before word came from her in the form of a telephone message, demanding his presence at her house at the earliest possible moment. He responded to it at once, and in the sitting-room of the Ryan mansion heard from Dominick's own lips the story of his false and tragic marriage.

The old man listened, unwinning, speechless, immovable. It was the one thing he had never thought of, a solution of the situation that was as completely unexpected to him as death would have been. He said nothing to Dominick about the money he had given Bernie, did not mention having seen her. A sharp observer might have noticed that he looked a little blank, that the first shock of surprise over, there was a slight expression of wandering attention in his eye, a suggestion of mental faculties inwardly focusing on an unseen point, about his manner.

He walked home, deeply thinking,

abashed a little by the ease with which Fate unties the knots that man's clumsy fingers work over in vain. And it was untied. They were free—the boy and girl he loved—to realize his and their own dreams. It would need no years of wooing to melt Rose from stony resistance. Nobody had been sacrificed.

He felt a sense of gratitude toward Bernie. Down in his heart he was conscious of a stirring of something that was kindly, almost affectionate, toward her. It did not require a great stretch of imagination to see himself and her as two knowing, world-battered rogues who had combined to let youth and innocence have their happiness. He could almost feel the partnership with her she had spoken of, a sort of bond of Masonic understanding, a kindred attitude in matters of ethics. They had a mutually low estimate of human nature, a bold, cool, unscrupulousness, a daring courage that never faltered. In fact, he was sorry he had not given Bernie the whole fifty thousand dollars.

"She could have got it out of me," he said to himself, pondering pensively. "If she'd stuck out for it I'd have given it to her. And she might just as well have had it."

That evening for the first time in nearly three years Dominick Ryan dined with his mother in the great dining-room of the Ryan mansion. Cornelia was out with Jack Duffy, so Mrs. Ryan had her boy all to herself and she beamed and glowed and glistened on him as he sat opposite her, the reddened light of the candles falling on his beloved, familiar face.

After dinner they went into the sitting-room, the sanctum of the bonitized cherry furniture where the family always retired when important matters were at foot. Here, side by side, they sat before the fireplace with the portrait of the late Cornelius Ryan looking benignly down on them. They did not talk much. The subject of the young man's marriage had been thoroughly gone over in the afternoon. Later on, his mother would extract from him further particulars, till she would be as conversant with that miserable chapter of his life as if she had lived it herself.

To-night they were both in the quietest state that follows turmoil and strife. They sat close together, star-



Here, Side by Side, They Sat Before the Fireplace.

ing into space, now and then dropping one of the short disconnected sentences that indicate a fused, understanding intimacy. The young man's body was limp in his chair, his mind lulled in the restorative lethargy, the suspension of activities, that follows a struggle. His thoughts shrank shudderingly from the past, and did not seek to penetrate the future. He rested in a torpor of relief through which a dreamy sense of happiness came dimly, as if in the faintest, most delicate whispers.

His mother's musings were definite and practical. She could now make that settlement, share and share alike, on both her children that she had long

desired—Cornelia's would be a dowry on her wedding day and Dominick's—well, Dominick had had hard times enough. She would go down to-morrow morning and see her lawyer about it.

At the same hour, in the house of the other rich man, the Bonanza King, having driven the servants from the room with violent words that did not indicate bad humor so much as high spirits, told his daughter the story. He told it shortly, hardly more than the main facts, and when it was concluded, forbore to make comments or, in fact, to look at her. It was a great deliverance, but he was not quite sure that his darling would experience the frank, unadulterated joy that had possessed both himself and Mrs. Ryan without restraining qualms. He did not know what to say to Rose. There were mysterious complexities in her character that made him decide to confine his statement to a recital of facts, eliminating those candid expressions of feeling which he could permit himself when talking to Mrs. Ryan or Bernie.

As soon as he had told it all he rose from his chair as if ending the interview. His daughter rose, too, pale and silent, and he put his arm round her shoulders and pressed her against his chest in a good-night hug. She kissed him and went up stairs to her own rooms, and he returned to his arm-chair at the end of the dining-table. Here, as was his wont, he sat smoking and pondering, turning over in his head the various aspects of the curious story and its unexpected outcome. Once, as the memory of Bernie weeping into his handkerchief recurred to him, he stirred uneasily and muttered to himself:

"Why didn't the damned fool stick out for the whole fifty thousand? I'd have given it to her as soon as not."

Meantime the storm center, the focus round which the hopes and the fears and the hopes and the fears of this little group had circled, was speeding eastward in the darkness of the early night. Bernie sat in the corner of her section with her luggage piled high on the seat before her, a pillow behind her head. In the brightly clear light, intensified by reflections from glazed woodwork and the surfaces of mirrors, she looked less haggard, calmer and sterner, than she had looked for many weeks. Relief was at her heart. Now that she had turned her back on it all—the flat, the isolation, the unsuccessful struggle, Dominick and his superior ways.

The excitement of change, the desire for the new, the unfamiliar, the untold, which had taken her far afield once before, sang in her blood and whispered its siren song in her ear. She had missed a fortune, but still she had something. She was not plunging penniless into the great outside world, and she pressed her hand against her chest where the thirty-five thousand dollars was sewed into the lining of her bodice. Thirty-five thousand dollars! It was a good

SOME REMINDERS FOR THE ORCHARDIST



A New Seedling Peach—Unusual Variety.

(By BESSIE L. PUTNAM.)
Whenever we see a farmer, particularly in the peach belts, buying peaches, we feel that one part of his education has been neglected.

There are scores of communities in which about one-half of the residents grow their own peaches and the other half buy from them and then emit a wail that they cannot grow peaches themselves.

Peaches perhaps do best on sandy soil, but a good clay soil, thoroughly enriched and cultivated is now growing in many parts of the country excellent fruit.

No matter how thrifty our peach orchard may be constant planting is necessary to keep it thoroughly up to the mark because they develop and mature rapidly and are, therefore, short-lived. Peach trees decay more than any other fruit tree.

No reason now why fruit should not go to market packed in the most attractive manner. Boxes and hampers are now being made of paper and are just as cheap as wood.

There is almost as much in the selling of the fruit as in raising it and fruit that is well packed in attractive packages always brings the best prices.

It is a sad mistake to plant young trees in the midst of old and worm-eaten trees, particularly when no attention is paid to the eradication of insects.

It is permissible to allow a saw in

the orchard occasionally, but it becomes pretty nearly being a crime to take an axe among the trees.

Not much use to spray for leaf curl after the buds break. We tried to convince a man of this fact when we saw him spraying along the middle of June. He said he was spraying to prevent leaf curl, but did not know what caused it. Do you?

How many fine orchards we have seen ruined by allowing a top-heavy growth. The way some people treat their orchards one would imagine that they gave their trees credit for possessing human intelligence and the power to protect themselves from enemies and to rid themselves of disease.

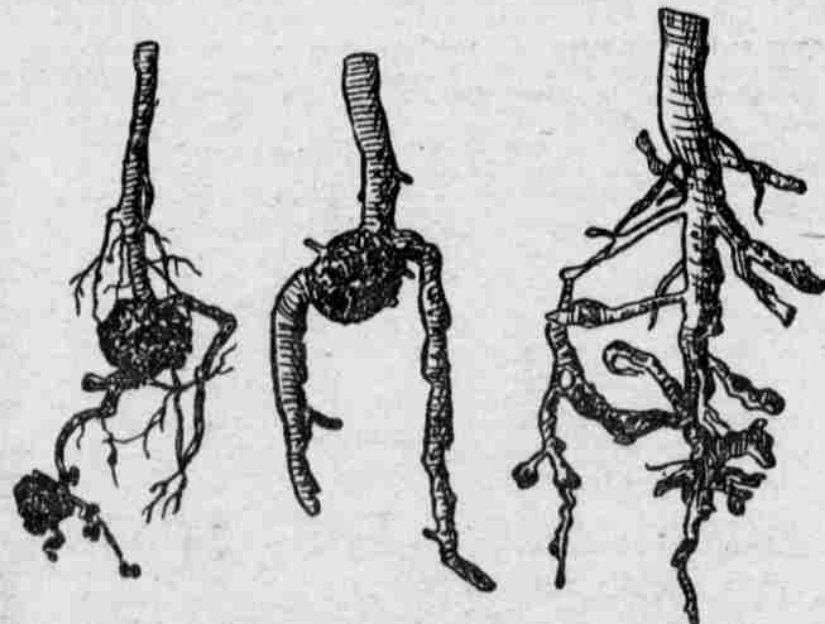
The ground newly set trees should be firmed frequently for at least a year as otherwise they are apt to be blown out of line by the strong winds.

Do not be afraid to thin the fruit on the trees. Rub off the apples and peaches until one is left every five or six inches. It takes grit to do this, but you will have better and larger fruit if you will follow the plan.

Orchard soil must be rich in organic matter and for that purpose if for no other clover crops are valuable.

Orchard ground should not be cultivated later than August first because cultivation keeps the sap running and the trees must have time to stop growing and harden before winter comes on.

"CROWN GALL" DESTROYS MANY TREES



"Crown Gall" on Peach "Crown Gall" on Apple "Nematode Galls" on Peach Roots.

(By F. W. CARD.)
There is a mysterious disease becoming very prevalent throughout the country at large of which as yet comparatively little is known. Its effects are apparent and familiar in many sections, but its cause has not been definitely determined. The name "root knot" would be the most natural one by which to designate it, but in using the term it is liable to be confused with another disease due to an entirely different cause. The name "Crown Gall" has been applied to it in California and hence will probably be retained though the knotty growths are not confined to the crown of the plant. It is characterized by a rough, knotty growth at the surface of the ground. This growth usually encircles the entire stem or main root at this point, and smaller knots frequently appear on the lateral roots deeper in the ground.

Humus Is Essential.
Our old friend Humus does not stand much of a show with some farmers. They have not yet learned that in order to make material to last through the crop rotation we must plow under grass sod and other crops of that kind. It takes a little nerve to plow under your crop of clover, for instance, but it must be done if we are to keep up with the procession.

Guinea Pigs as Food.
The guinea pig market is at present furnished largely by the demand for pets and for animals for scientific laboratories, but there is no reason why the animal should not be used as food in this country as it is in South America.

Easy to Grow.
The trailing nasturtiums are among the easiest annuals to grow and will give a supply of flowers the whole season.

It is known to be more or less common in Europe. In Germany it is believed to be the result of injury to the roots received in cultivation or in some other way. In our own country it is more or less commonly known in many sections, and doubtless occurs throughout the greater portion of the United States.

The only treatment that can be recommended at present is to vigorously exclude all affected plants when setting. No one can afford to plant such trees under any circumstances. The risk is too great and the chance of ever getting any profitable return from them far too small. Of course it is always desirable that the trees or plants should be obtained from nurseries where the disease does not exist, but it is not always possible to do this. The next best thing to do is to burn every tree in the orchard found to be affected.

Sheepy Taste.
The sheepy taste often found in mutton does not come from contact with the flesh with the wool but from some peculiar flavor in the inner or secondary skin which is released by cooking.

The Tunis sheep is entirely relieved from objectionable flavor as are all breeds of fat-tailed sheep.

Planting Corn.
It takes from 15 to 20 ears of corn to plant an acre. If one ear falls to grow, about six per cent, of the stand is lost. About 15 minutes of time are required to test enough corn, by the ear method, to plant an acre.

Encourage the Boys.
The ownership of a handsome colt or a half dozen well bred calves is often sufficient to keep a boy on the farm. Pretty cheap price and it's a pity that more farmers do not take advantage of the opportunity.

IS IT RIGHT TO ADVERTISE COCA-COLA?

Men who play the wily game of politics have discovered that the best way to distract the attention of the public from their own shortcomings is to make a loud-mouthed sensational attack upon someone else. An the cut-throat clouds its pursuer by clouding the surrounding water with the contents of its ink sac, so the political adventure, takes advantage of the ignorance and prejudices of the people to escape from his indefensible position by muddying the waters of public opinion.

As a case in point is the recent attack made upon the religious press for carrying Coca-Cola advertising. This attack was made by a politician who was supposed to be an expert in chemistry but who, having brought a suit against the Coca-Cola Company, was humiliated by having to acknowledge that he could not qualify as an expert. The court decided in favor of the Coca-Cola Company and it was clearly shown that the only essential difference between Coca-Cola and coffee or tea is that the former contains only about half as much caffeine as the latter and that the flavor is different.

The question as to whether it is right to advertise Coca-Cola seems to resolve itself therefore into the question as to whether it is right to advertise coffee, tea, chocolate, cocoa and other beverages of the caffeine group.—Adv.

Poor Man.

Church—"Doesn't her husband talk through his nose?" Gotham—"No; his wife doesn't give him a chance."

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

A Different Kind.

"I want some more crash in the kitchen, mum." "I don't, cook, after what I heard there this morning."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle 10c.

Has Its Limitations.

"A trolley car is easier to dodge than an automobile." "Of course it is. A trolley car can't follow you around."

It isn't always hard work that sends a man to the rest cure.

Who Put "U" in Blues?

YOURSELF; in other words, your lazy liver. You have been overloading the stomach, and thus clogging the bowels. You can easily stir these organs to healthy activity by the daily use of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

DELTA, UTAH! NOW or NEVER!

ARE YOU A REAL FARMER?

Then there's a fortune for you at Delta!
A Carey Act project of 43,000 acres of the richest and most fertile irrigated land in the West—33,000 acres sold and under cultivation.
10,000 acres more to be opened in 30 days!
It's the last and BEST! No more land on the Delta project after that for anyone.
Greatest Alalfa Seed country in the world! Runs \$90 to \$125 an acre, irrigated barley, \$45.
The State sells you the land—we sell you the water—AT A PRICE FIXED BY THE STATE.
\$1,000,000 already spent on dams, reservoirs, canals and ditches of the water system. The project two years old. Not an experiment. A STUPENDOUS SUCCESS.
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