

Geoffrey Finds a Friend—and an Enemy.

Synopsis—Geoffrey Carlyle, master of sailing ships at twenty-six, is sentenced to 20 years' servitude in the American colonies for participation in the Monmouth rebellion in England. Among the passengers on board the ship on which he is sent across are Roger Fairfax, wealthy Maryland planter; his niece, Dorothy Fairfax, and Lieutenant Sanchez, a Spaniard, who became acquainted with the Fairfaxes in London.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Why especially with me?"
"Rather a hard question to answer at the very beginning," I smiled back at her. "Yet not so difficult as the one I shall ask you. I am only one of fifty prisoners, scarcely cleaner or more reputable looking than any of my mates. Yet surely you have not sought speech with these others? Then why especially with me?"

Even in the growing dusk I could mark a red flush mount into the clear cheeks at this insistent question, and for an instant her eyes wavered. But she possessed the courage of pride, and her hesitancy was short.

"You imagine I cannot answer. Oh, but I can; I know who you are; my uncle pointed you out to me. I am traveling home with him to Maryland. I am Dorothy Fairfax. He was present at your trial before Lord Jeffries. You are Geoffrey Carlyle, in command of the ship that brought Monmouth to England. I heard it all."

"All? What else, pray?"
Her eyes opened widely in sudden surprise and she clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"Do you really not know? Have you never been told what happened?"
"Only that I was roughly forbidden to speak, called every foul name the learned judge could think of, and then sentenced to twenty years penal servitude beyond seas," I answered soberly. "Following that I was dragged from the dock, and flung into a cell. Was there anything else?"

"Why you should have known. Lord Jeffries sentenced you to death; the decree was signed, to be executed immediately. Then influence was brought to bear—some nobleman in Northumberland made direct appeal to the king. That was what angered Jeffries so."

"An appeal! For me? Good God! not Buccleugh—was it he, the duke?"

"Yes; it was whispered about that the king was in his debt—some word of honor, and dare not refuse. The word of mercy came just in time, ordering Jeffries to commute your sentence. At first he swore he'd hang you, king or no king, but his nerve failed. My uncle said he roared like a bull. This Buccleugh; is he not your friend?"

I hesitated for an instant of indecision, looking into her face, but the truth would not be denied.

"Scarcely that," I said soberly. "Nor can I solve entirely his purpose. He is my brother, and I am the next in line. We are not even on speaking terms; yet he is childish, and may feel some measure of dislike to have the family end in a hangman's knot. I can think of no other reason for his interference. I knew nothing of his action."

"I am glad it became my privilege to tell you. Besides, Captain Carlyle," simply, "it may also help you to understand my interest. If you are of the Carlyles of Buccleugh, how happened it that you went to sea?"

"Largely necessity, and to some extent no doubt sheer love of adventure. I was a younger son, with very little income. There were then two lives between me and the estate, and the old duke, my father, treated me like a servant. I always loved the sea, and at fourteen—to get out of his sight, I think largely—was apprenticed to the navy, but lost my grade in the service by a mere boyish prank. His influence then would have saved me, but he refused to even read my letter of explanation. I dared not return home in such disgrace, and consequently drifted into the merchant service. It is a story quickly told."

"Yet not so quickly lived."

"No, it meant many hard years, on all the oceans of the world. This is the first message reaching me from the old home."

"I have seen that home," she said quietly, "and shall never forget the impression it made on me. A beautiful place. I was there on a coaching party, the first summer I was in England. I was a mere girl then, and

everything seemed wonderful. I have been away from Maryland now for three years. Nothing else would satisfy father. Maryland is only a colony, you know."

"Your home is at Saint Mary's?"
"Lower down the Potomac. Have you ever been there?"
"Twice; once as mate, and the last time as master of a ship. My latest voyage in these waters was made nearly two years ago."

"It is not so strange then, is it, that I should have felt interested in you?" she asked suddenly, as though justifying herself. "When Uncle Roger first told me who you were, and then explained what had occurred at your trial, naturally you became to me something entirely different from the others. Were you actually with Monmouth?"

"In sympathy, yes; but I had no hand in the actual fighting. I was not even ashore until it was all over with. Still I shall pay my share of the bill."

"And you know what that means, do you not? What will happen when we reach Virginia?"

"Perfectly; I have no illusions. I have seen just such ships as this come in. We are to be advertised, and sold to the highest bidder. A week from now I shall probably be out in the tobacco fields, under the whip of an overseer, who will call me Jeff. All I can hope for is a kind-hearted master, and an early opportunity to escape."

"Oh, no!" and in her eagerness her hands actually clasped mine. "It is not going to be quite so bad as that. That is what I wanted to tell you. That is what gave me boldness to come across here to you tonight. It has all been arranged. You are not going to be sold on the block with those others. Uncle Roger has already contracted with the captain for your services. You are going north with us to Maryland."

I drew a deep breath, and in the sudden impulse of relief which swept



"I Have Seen That Home."

over me my own fingers closed tightly about her hands.

"I owe this to you; I am sure I must owe this to you—tell me?"

Her eyes dropped, and in the dim light I could mark the heaving of her bosom as she caught her breath.

"Only—the suggestion," she managed to say in a whisper. "He—was glad of that. You see I—I knew he needed someone to take charge of his sloop, and—and so I brought you to his mind. So please don't thank me."

"I shall never cease to thank you," I returned warmly, conscious suddenly that I was holding her hands, and as instantly releasing them. "It will save me the degradation which I dreaded most of all—the toiling in the fields beside negro slaves, and the sting of the lash. Ay, it means even more."

I hesitated, instantly realizing that I must not utter those impetuous words leaping to my lips.

"More!" she exclaimed. "What more?"

"This," I went on, my thought shifting into a new channel. "A longer servitude. Up to this moment my one dream has been to escape, but I must give that up now. You have placed me under obligations to serve. Between us this has become a debt of honor."

"But wait," she said earnestly, "for I had even thought of that. I was sure you would feel that way—any gentleman would. Still there is a way out. You were sentenced as an indentured servant. I saw the entry myself. It read: 'Geoffrey Carlyle, Master Mariner, indentured to the Colonies

for the term of twenty years, unless sooner released; crime, high treason.' Any indentured man, under our Maryland laws, can buy his freedom, after serving a certain proportion of his sentence. Did you not know that?"

I did know it, yet somehow had never connected the fact before directly with my own case. God! what a relief; I stood up straight once more in the stature of a man. I hardly know what wild words I might have spoken had the opportunity been mine; but at that instant the figure of a man crossed the deck toward us, emerging from the open cabin door. Against the gleam of yellow light I recognized the trim form advancing, and as instantly stepped back into shadow. My quick movement caused her to turn and face him.

"What!" he exclaimed, and evidently surprised at his discovery. "It is indeed Mistress Dorothy—out here alone? 'Twas my thought you were safely in your cabin long since. But—prithce—I mistake; you are not alone."

"I was preparing to go in," she answered, ignoring his latter words. "The night already looks stormy."

"But your friend?"
The tone in which he spoke was insistent, almost insolent in its demand, and she hesitated no longer in meeting the challenge.

"Your pardon, I am sure—Lieutenant Sanchez, this gentleman is Captain Geoffrey Carlyle."

He stood there stiff and straight against the background of light, one hand in affected carelessness caressing the end of a waxed mustache. His face was in shadow, yet I was quite aware of the flash of his eyes.

"Ah, indeed—some passenger I have not chanced to observe before?"

"A prisoner," she returned distinctly. "You may perhaps remember my uncle pointed him out to us when he first came aboard."

"And you have been out here alone, talking with the fellow?"

"Certainly—why not?"
"Why the man is a felon, convicted of crime, sentenced to deportation."

"It is not necessary that we discuss this, sir," she interposed, rather proudly, "as my personal conduct is not a matter for your criticism. I shall retire now. No, thank you, you need not come."

He stopped still, staring blankly after her as she vanished; then wheeled about to vent his anger on me.

"Carlyle, hey!" he exclaimed sneeringly. "A familiar sound that name in my ears. One of the brood out of Buccleugh?"

"A cadet of that line," I managed to admit, wondering. "You know of them?"

"Quite as much as I care to," his tone ugly and insulting. Then an idea suddenly occurred to his mind. "Saint Guise, but that would even up the score nicely. You are, as I understand it, sent to Virginia for sale?"

"Yes."

"For how long a term?"

"The sentence was twenty years."

"Hela! and you go to the highest bidder. I'll do it, fellow! To actually own a Carlyle of Buccleugh will be a sweet revenge. 'Twill count for more than were I to tweak the duke's nose."

"A very noble plan for revenge," I admitted. "And one which I am not likely to forget. Unfortunately you come too late. It happens, senior, that I am already safely indentured to Roger Fairfax."

I turned away, but he called angrily after me:

"Do not feel so sure of that Carlyle! I am in the game yet."

CHAPTER IV.

Black Sanchez, Pirate.

I rested in my berth for a long time, staring blankly up at the dark deck above, unable to sleep, and endeavoring to figure out the true meaning of all these occurrences. I felt that I could understand the interest exhibited by Dorothy Fairfax, and greatly as I already admired her, I was not egotist enough to even imagine that her effort to serve me had basis in any personal attraction. But what about Lieutenant Sanchez? Why was this unknown Spaniard already so openly my enemy? Could it be because of Dorothy Fairfax? I felt finally that I had the clue—jealousy, the mad, unreasoning jealousy of his race.

I had no false conception as to this; no vagrant thought that her interest in me was any more than a passing fancy, born of sympathy and a desire to aid. Nevertheless, as she had thus already served me, I now owed her service in return, and here was the first call. If conditions made it possible it was my plain duty to place myself between these two.

What mystery is back of the Namur of Rotterdam, the strange ship which the Fairfax party encounters as it sails up the bay? Sanchez shows little interest, but Fairfax and Carlyle are worried. What can the strange craft be doing in this spot?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Greedy for Wasps.

The common green frog has been discovered to possess an insatiable greed for wasps. This extraordinary appetite does not seem to be in the least checked by an occasional sting. The protecting color of the frog, which sits motionless upon leaves, no doubt deludes the most wary of insects into sense of security. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

POULTRY FACTS



CARE OF BACK-YARD POULTRY

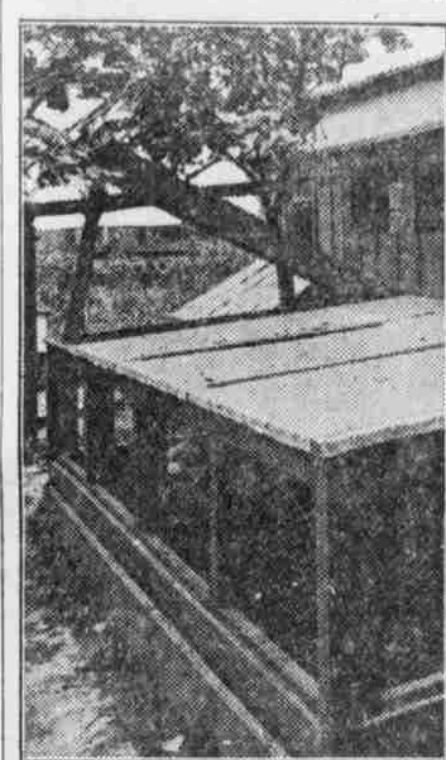
Phase of Home Production That Should Be Considered by Those Desiring Eggs and Meat.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The keeping of fowls on a town lot or in the back yard is a phase of home production that should be considered by all who desire to supply the table with eggs and meat at a cost considerably below the usual market price. Ordinarily, the keeping of from 12 to 25 hens is sufficient to provide the average family with eggs and meat. For a flock of 25 hens a space of from 20 to 30 square feet per bird should be allowed, and the yard so divided as to permit them to be alternated from one yard to the other. Thus, a lot of 25 by 30 feet, which is even smaller than the average town lot, should be the minimum space for a flock of this size. By having the yard divided cover crops, such as wheat, oats, rape, or rye, can be growing in the unused yard and when sufficiently grown the fowls be allowed to pasture it.

For a yard 25 by 30 feet, or 750 square feet in size, the above-mentioned grains may be sown in the following amounts: Wheat, 2½ pounds; oats, 1½ pounds; rye, 3¼ pounds; rape, 2¼ ounces. When available, lawn clippings make excellent green feed for fowls.

In this way the contamination of the soil and the possibility of disease are reduced to a minimum, and at



A Suitable Type of Poultry House for the Town Poultry Keeper Whose Space Is Limited.

the same time green food is provided. The actual selection of the breed should not be a difficult matter when one considers that more depends upon the way fowls are managed than upon the breed itself. Pure-bred fowls of the general-purpose or egg type purchased for a reasonable figure are well suited for backyard poultry plants. However, when pure-bred fowls can not be obtained, grades properly cared for and fed will usually produce sufficient eggs and meat for the table of the average family.

SENSIBLE TREATMENT OF HEN

Indispensable Requirements for Success Are Comfortable Quarters and Good Feed.

It makes no difference to a canary whether it is kept in a cage that cost \$10 or 10 cents, or whether it has its feed and drink in china or earthen dishes; but it makes an immense difference whether it has good care or is neglected, and whether or not its needs are properly supplied. These things are equally true of a hen. Sensible treatment is of far greater importance than stylish quarters.

A fine equipment should not be despised. It can be so used as to be of great value. Still it is not one of the vital things. The indispensable requirements for success in the poultry business are good stock; comfortable and healthful quarters; feed and drink of good quality, in proper quantity and at suitable times; and full protection from diseases and enemies.

AVOID SOUR OR MUSTY FOOD

Severe Losses Will Result From Use of Poor Feed During Hot Days of Summer.

During hot weather sour or musty food is more apt to be used for poultry feed than in the winter. Severe losses will result from the use of poor feed, so it pays to know the exact condition of the grain in the bins which may have been there for a long time. Never allow portions of the mash to remain in the troughs on hot days as it may become contaminated with dirt and then be eaten by the young stock.

DAIRY

FOUNDATION FOR DAIRY HERD

Excellent Results Obtained in Starting With Grade Calves From Good Producers.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Young calves from good dairy cows are a satisfactory foundation for starting a dairy herd. Ordinarily the method advocated is to grade up common cows with a pure-bred bull, requiring a number of years of patient selection and breeding—a period sometimes discouraging to an energetic dairyman. Frequently this causes farmers, who want results too quickly, to change breeds.

It is expensive to buy mature dairy cows that are free from disease, that have good breeding and show desirable productive ability. Often, especially in new dairy sections, a farmer buys mature stock without being properly prepared to care for it, and many discouragements follow. To a great extent most of this difficulty can be avoided by buying good grade heifer calves from herds of well-established milk production. In some dairy regions it is a common practice to sell the heifer calves for veal. These calves, while only grades, are usually from good producing ancestors and carry a productive ability much greater than common cows.

The buying of such calves to start dairy herds has been tried in several states with excellent results. Of course the cost of small calves is much less than mature animals and the danger of disease is also greatly lessened. In general, shipping is simpler. Calves may be shipped by express at from two to four weeks old, depending upon the distance, with good results, if they are properly cared for upon arrival.

In buying it is important to deal only with dairymen. Do not buy from men who purchase calves at stock yards to ship back to the farmers, because it is not always possible to determine the breeding of the calves, and calves that are physically unfit may be shipped.

In some cases shipments are made C. O. D., which enables the buyer to see the calves before paying for them. A man who sells calves in this way makes a special effort to please his



Plan to Meet Increasing Demand for Milk by Raising Better Dairy Heifers.

customers. It seems desirable, especially in sparsely settled sections, that more attention be given to perfecting a satisfactory system of distributing dairy calves to farmers.

Advantages in buying small calves as a foundation for a dairy herd are summarized as follows:

- Small investment.
- Better breeding.
- Greater freedom from disease.
- In case of accident loss is smaller.
- Raising calves stimulates interest and in consequence causes better care of live stock.
- A satisfactory herd can be established more rapidly than by grading up common cows.

SOLUTION OF FOOD PROBLEM

Dairymen Should Make What They Have Go Further—Not Necessary to Slaughter Cows.

Dairymen can solve the feed shortage by the same method that people are using to solve the food shortage: They can make what they have go further. If food economics can result in feeding more people, the same feed can feed more cows.

No one advocates the killing of part of the people in order to provide an abundance of food for the rest. It is not more necessary to kill large numbers of dairy cows because of a short feed supply. Such action, moreover, taken in the face of our national need for dairy products, would be calamitous.

BABCOCK TEST VERY USEFUL

By Its Use Together With Lactometer Composition of Milk Can Be Determined for Solids.

The Babcock test is a device for determining the fat content of milk or cream. With this test and a milk scale one can determine the best cows in the herd. By using the Babcock test and the lactometer together the composition of the milk can be determined for total solids.

THIN PEOPLE SHOULD TAKE PHOSPHATE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are usually due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate quickly produces a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

This increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, soon disappear. dull eyes become bright, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health.

CAUTION:—Although bitro-phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, it should not, owing to its remarkable flesh-growing properties, be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.

Warblers All Kinds.

Not taking into account the human beings who are sometimes referred to as warblers, you will find on looking into the bird book that there are many kinds of warblers ranging alphabetically all the way from bay-breasted warblers to yellow-rumped warblers, says the American Forestry association, Washington, which is conducting the national bird-house building contest. If you had a collection of them all together they would take in about all the colors of the rainbow, yellow, orange, chestnut, black, white, green, gray, brown and other colors with numerous shades entering into their beautiful plumage.

A Question.

The parents were conversing with animation about the eulogies which had been bestowed on M. Clemenceau at the peace conference by President Wilson and Lloyd George. The young one, who was listening attentively, then put in a question.

"Tell me, papa, is it true Clemenceau is the savior of France?"

"Why, certainly, my little one."

"Just as Joan of Arc saved France?"

"Yes, as Joan of Arc."

"Then why don't they burn him, too?"—Le Cri de Paris.

Purposely Postponed.

The club humorist told a funny story, a corker, and everybody within hearing roared—except one man, who remained as sober as a taxpayer.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed one of his clubmates.

"Nothing."

"Why didn't you laugh?"

"Well," explained the man, "I'm going to save it till I get home. I can always sleep better when I go to bed laughing."

Keep Sweet.

Losing the temper takes all the sweet, pure feeling out of life. One may get up in the morning with a clean heart, full of song, and start out as happy as a bird, and the moment he is crossed and gives way to temper the clean feeling vanishes; and a load as heavy as lead is rolled upon the heart. Be the master of your temper and you hold the key to joy and contentment.

The housewife smiles with satisfaction as she looks at the basket of clear, white clothes and thanks Red Cross Ball Blue. At grocers, 5c.

Interested.

"She can bake and she can brew." "Brew?" said the colonel. "Brew, eh? That's worth looking into."

About the greatest drawback to a man's happiness is himself.

BRACE UP!

The man or woman with weak kidneys is half crippled. A lame, stiff back, with its constant, dull ache and sharp, shooting twinges, makes the simplest task a burden. Headaches, dizzy spells, urinary disorders and an "all worn out" feeling are daily sources of distress. Don't neglect kidney weakness and risk gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. Get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills today. They have helped people the world over.

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. G. Earl, Madison, Neb., says: "I couldn't lie in bed on account of the pain and stiffness in my back. When I sat down, a sharp twinge darted through my left kidney and I had dizzy spells. My eyes and ankles were so swollen and painful I was unable to wear my shoes. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and in two weeks my back was free from pain, and the swellings disappeared."

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