

BAMBOOZLING GRANDMA.

"There never was a grandma half so good!" He whispered while beside her chair he stood, And laid his rosy cheek, With a manner very meek, Against her dear old face in loving mood.

"There never was a nigger grandma born; I know some little boys must be forlorn Because they've none like you, I wonder wot I'd do Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?"

"There never was a dearer grandma, there!" He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair. Then fixed her ruffled cap, And nestled in her lap.

While grandma smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

"When I'm a man what thinks to you I'll bring: A horse and carriage, and a watch and ring. All grandmas are so nice! (Just here he kissed her twice), And grandmas give a good boy everything."

Before his dear grandma could reply This boy looked up, and with a rosy eye, Then whispered in her ear, That not only might her "Say, grandma, have you any more nice pie?"

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

He made no ado about kissing the book, but when the first damning question was heard, I saw him set his teeth hard, and his mouth and jaw hardened. Stock still he stood, looking at the man who addressed him, but not one syllable passed his lips.

The question was repeated, this time angrily, but not even a shade of expression crossed Stephen Croft's features in reply, neither sullen nor obstinate did he look, but simply a man who had made his mind up, and who would not unmake it for all the applied force in the world.

He did not look at Judith, even when "Do 'ee spake now!" broke from her lips, and silent as a stone he stood through the war of words that raged around him, silent when the judge addressed him with no unkindly words, before committing him to prison for contempt of court, urging him to answer, as the admissions he had previously made about the prisoner had been duly taken down, and his silence now could not effect her one way or the other. But the fair Greek lines of his face never yielded in a single line, until just before his removal, then a pang crossed it, as he realized that he would no longer be able to stand beside Judith, and with an earnest "Keep a good heart my lass!" and a look of love transfiguring his face, he caught her "God bless thee, Steve!" as he was led out.

CHAPTER III.

Her face changed as he disappeared, for a moment an almost childish look of loneliness pervaded her figure, then she drew herself together, and looked as strong and serene as before.

More triumph shone in her eyes, and she glanced at the spiteful woman in the body of the court with almost a smile on her lips. Was he not faithful, her man who would not break his oath, but who was content to suffer imprisonment rather than give witness against her?

Then the notes taken down of her husband's admissions, clearly wrung from him in his agony, were read aloud, but still the brightness of her face did not change.

Jake George was the next witness called, a striking contrast to the silent, splendid man who had faced the courts a few minutes ago, and whose volubility was far more irritating than Stephen's dumbness had been.

Jake was the husband and tool of the most bitter-tongued shrew in the village, and as her mouth-piece could have poured out his venom upon Judith by the hour, had he not been smartly checked, and brought to book by his questioner. Shorn of irrelevancies and spite, his story was this:

"His business took him close to Smuggler's Hole on a certain night, or perhaps he was only passing it, any way when he saw a man dressed in a pilot coat, outside clothes he should describe as 'fancy,' dodging about outside the house, making as if he were in doubt whether to go in or not; he stopped to see what it all meant, and presently the man lifted the latch and went in, shutting the door behind him. Asked if he peeped, Jack boldly admitted that he did, but couldn't see so much as her shoe-strings, the blinds were down, but he could make out the glint of a fire through it, and catch the sound of voices. His wife had always said that Judith would be caught one of these days, and only behaved herself because folks were looking, and at the time he didn't think the man was up to any good there, after dark, and with such queer rags. He hadn't seen his face, and didn't think of Seth Treloar. Didn't stay at the window long for fear Steve Croft should come back and catch him there, but thought he'd stop and see the game out. Sat down by the cliff, a bit of a way off—may be a hundred yards, and stayed there till Steve came home. Nobody came out during that time, and he went down to the village, riled at wasting so much time for nothing. Told his wife and she was angry. She liked a story with a tail to it—and this hadn't got one, and he thought no more of it till the landlady found a man's body in the house."

The owner of Smuggler's Hole next entered the box. He was a stout and prosperous man, who also owned the "Cough and Crow," and was not dependent on his net for a living.

He said that he was from home when his tenants left, and on his return he went to the house, and found the key in a hiding-place upon which he and Stephen Croft had previously agreed. On entering the house, though the blind was drawn, he noticed at once the open trap-door,

and the plate of broken victuals beside it. He let the daylight in, and looking down through the open square in the floor, saw a heap of something lying about twenty feet below, but not until he had obtained a candle, discovered that it was the body, lying face downwards, of a man. He procured help and a ladder, by the aid of which he descended, but had some difficulty in lifting the corpse, as its hands, dug deeply into the mould, had stiffened there, while his teeth literally bit the dust.

The expression of his features was less one of pain than of intense hunger, though his body was well nourished, and his clothes, made in the fashion of some foreign country, spoke of his prosperity. Below the chest, and across the arms was secured the rope by which he had evidently been lowered from above (but cross-questioned on this point witness admitted that the rope was not tightly drawn, so that a powerful man might easily struggle or jerk himself out of it), a portion of similar rope being secured to a strong hook just beside the trap-door. His own impression at the time was, that somebody had dragged and hidden him there, arranging for his escape when he came to himself, and even providing him with food to eat when he came to. Thought the man died of heart seizure, or visitation of God, or of fright, till the coroner's inquest proved that he died of poison. Was astonished to find that food was found in his stomach, from his look he would have thought he had been slowly perishing of famine for days. Saw a bottle of stuff in the cupboard that smelt of narcotic; was aware that the secret of making it was known to a few women in the village, that it was decocted out of herbs, and that its strength rather increased than waned with years. He had heard it said (though he didn't listen to gossip) that Judith had more than once given a dose of it to Seth Treloar, when he was in one of his mad-drunk furies, but that he never guessed it, only fell asleep and woke in a better temper. That was the only bit of scandal he had ever heard about her. Even now he did not believe her guilty, though facts might be against her."

When the burly fisherman left the box he left a distinct impression of good sense and good feeling, and some of those present muttered that he should have been called as a witness for the defense and not for the prosecution.

The doctor's evidence was short, and to the point. In Seth Treloar's body he had found enough arsenic to kill three or four people, and traces of a powerful narcotic that would have the effect of cutting short his agony after swallowing the poison, so that he would actually die without pain and unconscious.

Cross-examined as to whether a man who had swallowed a deadly irritant would be likely to refrain from crying out, Dr. Trevelyan said it would be most unlikely, even with a man of severe self-discipline and iron will, and in the last degree improbable with an ignorant and notoriously passionate man. Short of a blow that would have instantly stunned him (of which there was no trace) he could not have escaped the severest agonies immediately after swallowing the doubly focussed drink, which, by the way, he must have tossed off at a draught. The man had been dead over three days when he saw him, and he could not account for the wolfish look of hunger in his face, for in his stomach was a large quantity of undigested food, indicating that he had eaten heavily shortly before he drank the fatal cup. The body was extremely well nourished, the skin and hair remarkably sleek and glossy, the complexion clear, while the solidity of the flesh spoke to excellent powers of digestion. He looked like a man in the very prime of life who might have lived to be old but for the accident that cut short his existence."

When Dr. Trevelyan left the box I knew that here again was a witness whose evidence was distinctly in favor of Judith, and how, but for me, the case against her must inevitably have broken down.

And then my name was called, and when I left the witness-box, I knew by the faces of the jurymen that Judith was virtually a condemned woman.

CHAPTER IV.

As I turned in at the jail-gates, I knocked against Stephen Croft coming out, his face dulled and wrung with disappointment. I guessed that he had been refused admittance to Judith, and this I thought unhuman.

"Come with me," I said, "and I will try to persuade the governor to let you in with me."

He could not change the look of hate that came always into his eyes when he saw me, but he followed me like a patient dog, and after some difficulty I got the required permission, and these two, to whom each made the whole world of the other, were face to face.

For a while I was deaf and blind to them, but presently I said: "Judith, I believe you are an innocent woman—tell me if what I believe is the truth."

The scorn in Judith's eyes was boundless as the sea, but she remained silent; it was the man who spoke.

"Nobbut a fool 'ud iver ha' doubted 'er," he said.

This was a strong speech from a man of Stephen's gentle character, and I found the two pairs of brown and blue eyes hard to meet.

"And I was that fool," I said, "but before God I will undo my folly if I can."

"Naw," he said sadly, "'ee can't

ne'er do that. 'Tis thou has wove the strands about her bonnie neck, an' all 'cos 'ee must blab to what warn't no business 'o thine. An' I wish my tongue was rotted 'f my head afore I'd spoke them words as wur brought up agen her afterwards—but 'twas thy wark, man, 'd thy wark."

Judith turned and kissed passionately the mouth that had ignorantly borne testimony against her.

"I'd rather ha' a curse from this wan—the on'y wan—than th' luv o' all the world," she cried; and he kissed her back with all his heart.

As on the first occasion of my hearing her speak, the woman's voice jarred upon me; she looked a Semiramis, and she spoke like a daughter of the people.

"Judith," I said, "your counsel imagined certain things to have occurred on the night Seth Treloar came home. Did he swear truly?"

"She looked at me indifferently. "Iss," she said, "but what do't siggerify naw? 'Tis all adone wi' an' yo'd take me fo' a fool if I up an' told 'ee th' truth."

"No, I should not," I said, "and what is more, I should believe you. I want to help you, but you must help yourself by telling me exactly what happened that night."

Judith looked at Stephen. "Shall I tell 'un?" she said. "M'appen him 'ull know then what a fule 'un has been. Iss, I'll tell 'ee, tho' 'tis waste 'o time, an' I'd rather be talkin' to him, yon."

"Wa-al, I wur sittin' by th' fire th' night afore we was t' sail fo' Australy, thinkin' o' my baw, an' a bit faintly hearted at leavin' th' old place (us had been man happy, hadn't us, lad?) when steps come along th' path an' somebody gie'd a bang at th' door. I s'posed 'twas some giglet or rapskillion come fro' th' village t' jeer at me, so I jist bided quiet, then a body swore out, an' in come a man—'twas Seth Treloar."

"I gie'd a yellock 'ee moight ha' heard a melle, an' him jest larfs an' ses 'Your'm purtier nor 'iver!' an' ups t' kiss me. 'If 'ee touches me,' ses I, 'I'll murder 'ee' an' he larfs agen, an' ses, 'I see yer temper's so sweet as ever 'twas, an' him thrashed hisself into a chair, an' keeps on larfin'."

"I s'pected to find 'ee married agen," him said, 'th' seven years is up, an' you'm free, 'sposin' we'm ony brother an' sister t' wan anither now?"

"'W! a' my heart,' say I, strainin' my ears fo' th' sound o' Steve's han upo' th' latch. I knowed I wur thrust out o' my bit hebbin into hell—

"'If 'ee means that,' ses he, lookin' hard towards me, 'us'll be the boonist trens as ever wur. That's a baw out yon in Styria as clapped his eyes on yer picture, an' he be jest mad about 'ee, an' when I tells 'un you'm my sister, he ups an' swares to marryin' 'ee, an' gie's me no pace till I sets out to fetch 'ee. Will 'ee come?"

"'Ee 'll have gold an' fine clo' an' sich lashins as 'ee never see the like o' here, an' e's a fine baw, as 'ull be good to 'ee, a sight better'n I iver wur."

"I said niver a word, I wur jist listenin', listenin' for Stephen's steps."

"Wa-al," he ses, 'we'll talk more o' that bim'by. I doant look much loike th' ragged ne'er-do-weel as runned away fro' 'ee do? Awh, 'tis a foine life out yon in Styria, all the baws is lusty an' strong over there. Jes look to this! An' he rolled up his furrin' sleeve, an' showed a arm as 'ud flummox an ox."

"'Us don't drink much over thar,' ses he, w' a curious sort o' larf, 'us knows o' somethin' better stuff as you poor fules 'ud reckon as a bit different to what us dus, stuff as makkes 'ee strong, an' yer skin sleek, an' yer hair t' shine, but I ain't a goin' t' tell 'ee wot 'tis. Has 'ee got a drink o' milk anywhere?"

"'Iss,' ses I, listenin' for th' sound o' Steve's foot, an' I wraps my cloak closer about me, an' I goes t' th' cupboard, an' thar th' devil wur waitin' fo' me, as t' is aisy now t' see."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He Wanted to Know.

A little boy whose experience with elevators has been a very limited one was brought into the city a few days ago by his mamma, and in the course of two or three hours' shopping the little fellow was taken up and down in different stores a good many times.

Finally the two went in an office building, took chairs in a rather small room and waited.

"Where are we now, mamma?" asked the boy.

"In Uncle Rob's office."

He glanced around the rather contracted quarters and then asked:

"When does it go up?"—Texas Siftings.

Spilled His Calculations.

"Don't you like the room I gave you?" said the hotel clerk to the drummer from Cincinnati.

"Yes, the room's all right. What made you ask? Do I look worried?"

"To be frank, you do."

"Well, I am feeling rather uncomfortable. You see I came over on the S. L. O. and W. road."

"Got in late, I suppose."

"No, we got in on time, and now I have about two and one-half hours on my hands that I don't know what to do with."—Washington Star.

Disappointing.

"Sister," said the little boy, "will you please make me a lot of biscuit, like those you gave us for breakfast the other day?"

Sister was touched. They were the first cheering words Johnny had spoken to her in a long time.

"Certainly," she answered. "Are you going to have a party?"

"No; I wanted to try them in my now slung shot."

Agriculture.

Fruit in Colorado Farms.

On account of the fertility of the soil, the superiority of the climate and the great advantages of irrigation, Colorado is peculiarly adapted for the successful operation of small and medium-sized farms, if conducted by men of intelligence, experience and enterprise, and there is perhaps no greater opportunity for this class of farming in any state of the Union than at present exists in Colorado. Over five million of dollars is annually sent from Colorado to other states for the purchase of small farm products which this state could and should produce.

The soil of Colorado ranges from light sandy loam to the deep alluvial. A large percentage of the soils are of scoria origin, rich, productive and easily worked. They are suitable for the crops of all the eastern states and for many of the crops of the states north and south. No better climate exists for agriculture in its various forms. The freezing of winter is sufficient to secure a mellow, clodless soil for spring plowing and planting. The springs are usually early, with sufficient precipitation to germinate all crops without irrigation. Under the influence of perfect summer days coupled with the superior benefits of irrigation, the growing crops are forced to early and complete maturity. The characteristic mildness of late autumn weather gives exceptional opportunities for the harvest of root crops and the last cutting of alfalfa, while the splendid winter climate affords excellent conditions for stock feeding.

Irrigation is of great advantage because of its positive security against drouth. The water, with its rich min-

eral ingredients may be applied in proper quantities when needed, insuring thereby successful crops. Farmers unaccustomed to irrigation readily acquire a practical knowledge of it and infinitely prefer it to dependence on natural rainfall to which they have previously been accustomed.

A GOOD HOME MARKET.

One-half the population of Colorado lives in cities and towns of the plains, more than one-fourth in mining districts, furnishing a good home market for the products of the less than one-fourth living in rural districts. As a matter of fact, Colorado is annually sending to other states about \$1,000,000 for dairy products, \$1,500,000 for pork supplies, over \$1,000,000 for poultry produce and considerably over \$1,000,000 for fruits, all of which ought to be raised at home.

There is a growing public sentiment on the part of the citizens of Colorado to give the preference in their purchases to Colorado products, not only to encourage home industries, but because of their superior quality.

DAIRYING.

While dairying is annually growing in importance, the creameries and cheese factories throughout the state have often more local orders than they can supply. The fact is there are not nearly enough milk cows in the state to supply the home market for dairy products. While some of the dairymen are conducting the business on the most improved methods and consequently making money, others, who sell milk to the creameries, keep cows which do not yield above eight quarts per day and do not milk some of their stock to exceed three months in the year, in fact, they are simply range stock producing calves and some milk.

The creameries pay an average price the year round of 85 cents per 100 pounds for fresh milk, and keep only the separated cream. The cheese factories pay about 8 cents per 100 pounds more than the creameries and return the whey to the farmers. The average annual wholesale price of Colorado creamery butter is 24 cents a pound. There is a state law against oleo and a state dairy commissioner to see to its enforcement. If more cows were kept in Colorado and more butter and cheese made, the by-products would result in a greater number of hogs being raised and fattened, and Colorado would no longer, as now, send \$750,000 per annum to other states for live hogs and an additional \$750,000 for hog products.

FRUIT RAISING AND MARKET GARDENING.

Colorado does not yet produce more than 20 per cent of the fruit it consumes, and notwithstanding the great increase during recent years of the area planted to fruit, principally orchards, it is not at all likely that the supply will equal the home demand

for many years to come. Taking the average of crops and prices actually obtained during 1893, as reported by the Denver Fruit Growers' association, the following were the money yields to the acre for small fruits and vegetables: Strawberries, \$350, blackberries \$300, raspberries \$400, currants \$500, onions \$200, celery \$450, cabbage \$100. The establishment of more fruit preserving factories will increase the demand for small fruits. As to tomatoes, the average yield to the acre is 10 tons and the canning factories pay 50 cents per 100 pounds or \$100 an acre, but as a matter of fact, the great bulk of the crop is sold at much higher prices in the retail markets and only the surplus taken to the canning factories, which, however, put up annually considerably over 1,000 tons, besides large quantities of peas, beans, pumpkins, etc., while the pickle factories put up hundreds of tons of cucumbers, cauliflower, onions and the like. A factory recently paid \$1,500 to one grower for three acres of pickling onions. Similar interesting particulars could be given, did space permit, of the returns, ranging from \$200 to \$1,000 an acre, from orchards, according to age.

POULTRY FARMING.

As an adjunct to a small Colorado farm there is no industry that will yield a more profitable return on the capital invested than poultry. Colorado is now sending other states over \$1,000,000 a year for eggs and table poultry, but the people of the state are steadily awaking to the fact that it is really cheaper to pay a higher price for home-raised eggs and fowls than for inferior imported eggs and poultry. Near the cities poultry farmers get from private customers as high as 25 cents a dozen the year round, and from 16 to 15 cents more than the average store price for fowl.

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Poultry Yard.

Askes as Absorbent.

The best use that can be made of coal ashes is to sift and put them under the hen roost as an absorbent, says a writer in "American Poultry Advocate." Sifted coal ashes absorb liquids, fix volatile ammonia, thus preventing offensive odors. But with wood ashes it is different. The worst possible use you can make of wood ashes is potash, which makes it a very valuable manure. But put under the hen roost the potash mixes with the ammonia—another valuable element in the hen manure and the potash is changed to the volatile carbonate of ammonia and away it goes up among the fowls, perhaps doing much damage to them. After the heat has subsided you have a manure that isn't worth very much. This process is generally termed heating. Coal ashes "fix" the ammonia so that it does not heat and yet the ammonia is retained all the same and you have a valuable manure. Some people say that you should never put wood ashes where the hens can wallow in them, claiming that the potash in the ashes will make sores on the legs and bodies of the fowls. Now it will not do this unless the ashes or the fowls' bodies are wet, and we claim that this is the real use of wood ashes in the poultry yard. You can have a box with a cover in which to keep the ashes, shutting the cover down on wet or rainy days when the fowls' bodies are liable to be wet. The ashes will be a great help to the fowls in keeping off insect pests, and they will find quite a little charcoal in the ashes which will aid in digesting their food and correcting bowel disorders. We think too it

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