The Plunderers

He pattered across the deck, right hand inside his shirt bosom, pistol gripped in that, and peered in through the open door. The place was tenanted by no living larger than files and cockroaches. He drow back half scared sovereigns?"

exhibitated and ripe for mischief or merriment, as might befall.

"Say, cap," said the long man as he dallied with his last strawberry tartlet, "isn't it so that you've got this fine steamboat of yours ballasted with sovereigns?" cockroaches. He drew back half scared by the eeriness of it, and then beckoning his mates headed them down the on the floor of which Kettle had been deposited by the donkeyman. But in deposited by the donkeyman. But in the surging strain on the floor of which Kettle had been deposited by the donkeyman. But in the surging space of his cramp the the culminating spasm of his cramp the little captain had rolled away out of right under the table, and so to all ap-

pearance this place was deserted also.

The men peered about them and ran
aft, poking their noses in pantry and
gallery and engine room. Coming back
through the alleyway, they searched the
two mate's rooms and found them
empty, and going out on the iron foredeck found the forecastle deserted also. Then they gathered round that gaping rent where the forehatch had been in curious wonder, examining the crum-pled plates which were yellow with new rust and pointing out to one another the twisted stanchions and splintered deb-ris below. And at this they were en-gaged when the sun took its final dive-beneath the waters of the Mexican guif westward, and the tropical darkness enapped down upon them like the shut-

"Hank," said the one eyed man, "this gets me. What in hades have they been doing to this blame steamboat, and for why have they gug-gug-gone off and left her?"

"You tire me. If they aren't here, they aren't. P'raps they've gone off and toted the boodle to a cache. P'raps tt's left here aboard, and if it is I guess we shall find it when we want it. What I'm on for now's grub. I hain't had a Christian meal for three months, thanks to this new sheriff bustling after us to this new sheriff bustling after us, and I'm about sick of mullet and sweet

potatoes. But, please our buck, we'll taid their storerooms here and fix up a regular hetel supper for tonight. That's me. Now come along, fellers."

The negroes chuckled and crowed, capering like children, and went off with the tail man toward the galley, and

Nutt, after an ineffectual attempt to speak which threw him into a paroxysm of fury, presently followed them.

The feast was sui generis. They found grease, baking powder and flour and made doughnuts, they hotted three sound made three sound they haked a tins of Julienne soup, they baked a great mass of salt pork on a bedding of white beans, they made a stew of preparte de foie gras, and as a chef d'oeuvre ene of the negroes turned out some crisp three cornered tartlets stuffed with strawberry jam. Then Hank, with a lamp in one hand, a cylinder of plates in the other and a whole armory of knives and forks bristling from his pockets, pattered off to the main cabin to lay the table.

At the doorway he stopped, gaping, and because the instinct of the much hunted made his right hand slip round to a certain back pocket the plates went to the ground with a crash. In the swivel chair at the head of the table was huddled a man—a small man with cold aigar bitten tight between his teeth, a man so grimy with coal dust teeth, a man so grimy with coal dust that Hank couldn't have sworn whether he short peaked beard which rested on is chest was black or red or Prussian

"Oh, don't you trouble to be polite," said the man in the chair. "I'm mighty that to see any who can talk or use a mar of hands" Hara he lifted to see pair of hands." Here he lifted his nose and snuffed the air like a hound.

"Is that supper you're cooking?"

"I reckon."

anything to wash it There were a dozen bottles of beer,

but we wanted those between whiles, There should have been more, but I There should have been more, but I suppose my lousy steward has necked them. However, this is a big night, and this is the first time I've seen you and you mates, and so I guess champagne'll be good enough for us. There's a case in that end room ready a-pur-pose for this sort of celebration day. Perhaps wan'll fetch it out. I'm weak

Hunk obeyed, wondering, and laid the table and brought on the viands, in which he was assisted by Nutt and the

Then Captain Kettle spoke again.

Then Captain Kettle spoke again.

Then Captain Kettle spoke again.

The passed swiftly out through the pantry door and was just in time for what he expected. The negroes, alarmed by Nutt's shrieks, were rushing from the messroom to see what had gone wrong. He charged and drove them furthern f ntion of 'takin no sass from that po' hite trash," and another openly drew a razor and made suggestive motions

with it through the air "Of course," said Kettle, "if you two gentlemen have chucked your color and care to feed with those ornaments said Kettle, "if you two and have my pride.

"That's right," said Nutt. "Picnickg and the schooner's different. But is is a regular hotel dinner, with napkins and tablecloth, and I guess anything assored 'ud spoil the tone. Say, s-s-sonnies, you mosey."

Kettle unwired a champagne bottle though all other sounds were hushed, even to the never ceasing hum of the tumblers of dancing froth. Wine!" said Hank. "Oh, my Jemi-

"Geg-geg-got 'ny ice?" queried the

Things have been the grave up and melted."

Ton seem to get your maners on ice, "Now I see a regular hotel meal in front of and I'm almost sorry. I believe I could have liked that man. He'd grit in him, had Nutt, and he wouldn't take cheek from a living soul. Your other boss from a living soul.

Mr. Billy Nutt," said his friend.

I see a regular hotel meal in front of me, amd I'm going to make a pig of myself and be jolly well thankful. I had Nutt, and he wouldn't take cheek from a living soul. Your other boss also is dead—killed by Nutt. So you're stilly mouth and quit grumbling, right now. Dy'e hear?"

MR. Billy Nutt," said his friend.

Had I'm am. He'd green.

have liked that man. He'd green.

have

His guests ate, and Kettle made small talk for them, at the same time plying a good knife and fork himself. The food seemed to straighten his back and knock the limpness out of him, but Mr. Nutt and his friend were lapping their champagne too industriously to see any significance in the change.

The meat crept steadily through its courses, and the empty bottles grew on the cabin floor. No one got drunk. Captain Kattle's own libations were sparing, and the others had each a high coefficient of absortion. Still all were

sovereigns?"
"It's so," said Kettle, "or something

very like that."
"Your own?"
"Oh, Lord, no. Just freight consigned to New Orleans and brought here

ed to New Orleans and brought here
by that blowup I was telling you about.
I suppose that you gentlemen'll have no
objection to bearing a hand aboard o'me
now you are here? I'm a bit short manned, and it'd be a pity to let freight
like that rust for want of fingering."

Hank grinned at his vis-a-vis and
then turned to the little skipper in the
swivel chair. "No," he said, "I don't
see there's anything wrong with that,
but I'm afraid if we chipped in we

but I'm afraid if we chipped in we couldn't sign on so far as Noo Orleans."
"New Orleans be sugared!" cried Captain Kettle. "Haven't I spoke plain enough already? Don't you understand all this racket's a blessed swindle? The steamer's going to have the name plate on her engine altered, and the label on her stern changed, and a different pattern painted on her smoke-stacks, and a coat of gray clapped on her outside. And then—then, when she's so bedeviled her own builder wouldn't know her, we'll run her round to some South American port where the least number of questions will be asked and sell her for what she'll fetch. But only the steamer, mark you. I reckon she's carried the freight far enough. That'll be struck out of her

Why have they gug-gug-gone off and left her?"

"Euclid's out of my line," said Hank oraculary.

"Oh, you blank putty head!" retorted his friend, "th-th-ink."

"You bet," said N:1tt, rubbing his here."

"You bet," said N:1tt, rubbing his here."

"You bet," said N:1tt, rubbing his here."

"You right here till you come back. You shall have our niggers to s--stoke for

"I'd handle," retorted 1 ettle, "a crew of old Nick's firemen raw out of the pit if I was put to it. Don't you make any error. I've kept my end up with the worst cro' is a man ever put to sea with. By James," he went on, with a blow at the table, "by James," Id handle blow at the table, "by James I'd handle you, Mr. Nutt if you were signed on board o' me till you couldn't call your

"You'd w-w-which?" snarled Nutt, rising in his chair.
"Sit, you swf?" said his partner, "and be quiet. You tire me. What are you riling the gentleman for just when we were getting so nice and friendly with him?"

we were getting so nice and friendly with him?"

"You lemme alone!"

"I'll smash your ugly little face in if you don't keep it shut."

The one eyed man tried to retort, but his infirmity gagged him, and a spasm of wild fury bit into all his muscles.

His friend waved a d risive finger.

"There's 'n image for you, cap. Look at the creature, froze like a Chinese pet dog. Look at him and 'lon't laugh. And, say, just reach me another bottle of that wine; it will be so good—thanks, siree. I wouldn't care if I died drinking this. Here's our blessed health. Good old cap! You stick to me, and I'll stick to you, and if Mr. Billy Nutt can't swallow his tantrums and join us two gentlemen like another gentleman, by Jemima, we'll give him what he's got for his share and set adrift in an embty bottle. You hear me, Billy Nutt?"

"You spup-juttering fool! You boosey drunken putty head!"

"Han merry. Have a sup yourseif, and then perhaps you'll be better company," with which advise a liberal heel tap of champagne splashed in Nutt's face.

The man sorung to his feet, glowing like a flend. What followed was com-

The man sorrors to his feet, glowing like a fiend. What followed was completed before a watch could tick twice. For ence the gift of speech did not desert him. The fatal words bounced glibly off his tongue, and Hank's vengeful hands shot out. In an instant the pair were grappling together, and a sooping thumb did its horrid work. Then tearing himself away, eyeless, the lesser man ran screaming blindly into lesser man ran screaming blindly into the sideboard at the other side of the cabin. His friend pitched stiffly forward and fell face downward among the dishes lying there without so much as a quiver. He was stone dead. With the black handled knife that carved their baking of pork Nutt had stabbed him from the shoulder down through his heart.

"That saves my cartridges" said

"That saves my cartridges," said Captain Kettle and took his cocked revolver from where it lodged between his knee and the under side of the ta-

them furiously back. They turned and ran before him, tumbling over one an-other in their scared haste, and then be took up his place in the doorway, threatening them with steady weapon

and crisp, decisive tongue.

"Quick," he cried, "quick, you scum,
unload yourselves. Pitch overboard
your knives and razors and whatever you've got, or, by James, if a man of you stops to think, I'll blow his brains through the porthole."

The negroes obeyed him in sullen ing colored 'ud spoil the tone. Say, frightened silence and stood with elsews up facing him as he covered them. Kelle watched the three with whined he of the razor, 'an Ize gwine t' steady eye, but his ear was cocked down the passage drinking in every rustle which came from the place he

"Well, collar what you want to est till you bu-s-s-s"—

"Yes, but whar'll we go?"

Nutt looked at Captain Kettle. The little man in the swivel chair gave kis African guests full leave to go to a glace considerably hotter than the engine hold, suggesting the mestroom as an afterthought and alternative. Whither they betook themselves, grumbling, and then the three whites commenced their meal.

Kettle unwired a champagne bottle when the geless man in the cabin had given way to groans, and then there came the sound of bumps and scratchings, as though he were blumdering madly about to find something, and then the pattering of naked feet as he groped his way up the lead covered steps of the companionway. So intently did they follow this one man's movements that it seemed to them as though all other sounds were hushed, even to the never ceasing hum of the

With awe the listeners held their breath for what might come next. But "Geg-geg-got 'ny lee?" queried the captain.

"Ice is off." replied the captain.

Things have been that hot this trip it gave up and melted."

"You seem to get your maners on ice,

Mr. Billy Nutt." said his friend. "Now I see a regular hotel meel in front of the said Captain Kettle. "Is dead, and once more the distant noises of the night closed down upon them.

"Nutt." said Captain Kettle. "Is dead, and once more the distant noises of the night closed down upon them.

changed their minds when I got to handling them. You'll see later. But for now you've got to stay here, and if you get out, and I find you rambling, you'll be shot like crows. You quite understand?"

He shut the messroom door and locked it and once more went to the main cabin. The tall man lay exactly as he had fallen, and from underneath his neck five tricklets of red spread out across the slopped tablecloth like the fingers of a monstrous hand. The lamplight fell also upon other smearings of red where Nutt had groped his way round the paneling. Kettle leaned up against the rail of the sideboard and wiped his face with a napkin. Perspira-tion had loosened the coal dust, and the skin came out white with only here and there a smudge of the old grime.

"Supposing," he said to himself, "we were robbed now, and there was a trial, who's to prove I didn't put the pork knife in that man? O Lord, what shat it's getting!"

CHAPTER XVI.

SUBJECTS FOR MATRIMONY. Miss Kildare gave a shrug of her shoulders. "Yes," she said, "I suppose it is a different me. I've got my hair done up and longer skirts and all the rest of it. In fact, like the young person in the book, I've growed. But 1 don't see that you've altered much, except that you've just a tiny-iny bit crowsfooty about the eyes. You haven't even grown a mustache, as I always

wanted you to do."
"Didn't know I was going to meet you, or I might have spared my razor."
"I wish you'd known then. But fancy your turning up here of all places! It is an extremely small world. There's no doubt about that. Well, Pat, as we've each said at least twenty times anjece how surprised we are to see one apiece how surprised we are to see one another, suppose you come out onto the piazza and tell me things. We shall have a crowd round us if we stay here in the hall much longer."
"My dear child, what things?" asked

Cambel, laughing. "I've been chattering history to you ever since I turned up at the hotel." The girl seated herself in a cool cane

rocker and picked up a palm leaf fan. "Hundreds of things. To begin with, what are people wearing in town just "In London? Oh, frock coats rather

longer than ever and narrow stripe trousers and toppers with just two-penny worth of curl in them, not

"But I mean the women."
"Fifteen yards to the skirt, and they're beginning to drape them. The fashionable deformity at present is ele-phantiasis of the biceps—I mean gigot sleeves. They start at the ears and go down to the elbows; some of them farther

"Ah." said Miss Kildare thoughtfully, "I used to have good arms. Not quite as nice as Mabel's though. But latterly I haven't been in places where evening dress was used. By the way, do you dance still?"

"Keen on it as ever."
"What's the waltz like now?" "Capering on hot bricks. Heaps more exercise to the furlong. People kill themselves at is much sooner."

"In the north of England, where they all dance well, they're like the Americans and go each way alternately. In, London and the south, where most of them waltz vilely, reversing is acel-dama."

"I suppose," said Miss Kildare, with her eyes meditatively following a bronze green humming bird which was darting about a trumpet vine on the piazza posts, "I suppose we shall have a hop here tonight. I shan't reverse, and when my partners ask why I shall tell them it's the latest thing. One al-ways likes to be as English as possible. Tell me something else that it's

tony to do?"
"Read nasty novels written by women you wouldn't sit in the same room with and then gush about them afterward. That's a very fashionable amusement with the up to date young women."

women."
"Ugh, Pat, don't be a pig. Besides, that wouldn't suit my style a bit."
"But why want to change, Elsie?
Don't you appreciate yourself as you are at present? I'm sure other pe 'That's blarney."

"No," said Cambel judicially, "I think

it's ordinary fact."

"Is it really, though? I am glad. You know, I've thought lately my present stock in trade wouldn't pass muster outside Florida. I can handle a boat in any weather, and ride anything that is called a horse, and dance decently in American fashion, but I can't do anything else, except perhaps talk, if that

Cambel laughed. "You are refreshing," he said. "But why this inventory of stock?"

"Because, Pat, I'm wondering how I shall get on in England. I'm going there this fall. I'm two and twenty, you know, and I can do as I like, and living in the back blocks is beginning

to pall."
"Going there by yourself?"
"No. I'm not quite so independent as that. The Van Liews, the people I'm staying with here, spend the winter in London, and they're going to take me with them"

with them. And afterward you come back again

(Continued Next Week.) THE RICH DRIFTING TO HOTELS

New York City's Permanent Hotel Population Not Less Than 135,000.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. The rich are drifting to

cities as well as the wage earners. They are going to the hotels and big apartment houses to live rather than creating homes. It is said that the permament hotel population of New York city is today not less than 135,-000 and everybody who is familiar with the city knows that as fast as the big hotels are opened they are filled with permament boarders and casual patrons like the big apartment house in Washington; although it is difficult to determine where the people all come

There are 136 new, up-to-date, high priced hotels in New York city, where the rates for lodging alone in the humblest rooms are at least \$2.50 a day, and range from \$4 to \$6 a day with a bath and without meals. It is stated that 9,000 families have given up their that 5,000 families have given up their homes and are now permanently estab-lished in the hotels and apartment houses, chiefly to avoid the annoyances and the expense of housekeeping. The difficulty of getting servants, the enormous increase in wages of all domestics, the increase in the cost of food, the tics, the increase in the cost of food, the trouble of marketing and other cares and anxieties connected with house-keeping are thus avoided, and for those who are able to pay the bills there is a greater degree of luxury and comfort, with absolute independence from care, for the same money in a well appointed hotel than can be had in an ordinary residence. in an ordinary residence.

Professor Swain, of the Boston School of Technology, has been made a doctor of laws by the University of New York in consideration of his scientific researches and eminent engineering work For more than twenty years Dr. Swain has been a prominent member of the Massachusetts railroad commission.



WHAT IS A GOOD COW?

This question was put to me a few days ago, as I was looking over a very promising herd of cows in Jasper flays ago, as I was looking over a very promising herd of cows in Jasper county, Iowa. A good dairy cow is one that will pay her owner a net profit. That is about all there is to it. Look at the cow from a business standpoint. Let us stop all this foolishness about this breed or that breed, and get down to what the individual cow will do. There are certain outward signs which point to good dairy material, but no point to good dairy material, but no and does not usually give as large a dairy has ever been established on a yield. For these reasons clover is the profitable basis by judging cows on their looks. In determining just how good a cow is we must know how much milk she gives in a year, how much butter fat that milk contains, and how much it has cost to keep her the year. We must know all about these three things. The amount of milk given during the year, and knowing the amount of butter fat it contains, will not show the cow's value in the year a greater amount of feed.

Sorghum makes fine feed and will visid. good a cow is we must know how unless we know just what her feed has cost. Right here is where so many busy farmers fall down. It takes many busy farmers fall down. It takes othy. It looks like poor business to go time and pains to weigh and test milk, and to weigh and keep track of cost of know that it is a money-losing propofeed. Many will do one part and then sition. guess at the other. That destroys the value of any of the work.

DAIRYING RESTORES LAND.

The enormous crops grown during the last five years have used up soils at a very rapid rate. This thing canat a very rapid rate. This thing can-not keep up always, and already many heretofore profitable grain farms are showing the effects of this exhaustion of fertility. Grain farmers are naturally turning to the dairy cow as the salvestion of their lands, and she will care to cut it at just the right stage, do great things, providing she is given the right care. The gospel of the cow is a good thing to preach, even if many and cure it nice and green. This hay is not so woody as the heavier growth, and it is not near so apt to mould or become musty. Young animals need way they have their wheat lands. to undertake to handle her in the same way they have their wheat lands—take everything you can, but give back only the least amount possible. That sort of a deal will not pay any better with cows than it does with wheat lands. Give the good milch cow a chance to convert the best grain and forage crops grown on the farm, into milk, and then do your part in turn milk, and then do your part in turning that milk into money, and putting back onto your fields all the manure and the cow will actually build up your

FRESH FALL COWS.

Somehow it is difficult to get some dairymen to look with favor upon the fall cow. I do not understand why it is take care of both cow and calf during the winter than it is during the spring and summer. How many of the cows which dropped calves during April or May are holding out? How many will when the cows which dropped to the cows which dropped calves during April or May are holding for time and late pass. hold out during fly time and late pas-tures? Does it not look better to have the cows dry during September and Detober and have them come fresh dur-ing November. By this time the fly season is over and her grain feed will be turned into high priced products. She is at her best when it counts for most, and she comes onto grass in the spring at a period in lactation when healed.

cows usually fall off. The fresh grass will increase her flow and she will do Why well until clear up into midsummer. The increased cost of handling the fail fresh cow is not so much as one would think.

DAIRY NOTES.

A thing which puzzles many is why one dairyman makes money out of the business while another one, perhaps alongside the first, just breaks even at alongside the first, just breaks even at the end of the year. The two sell their milk or butter fat daily at the same creamery and are paid the same rate. The trouble is in the cost of production. The difference in the cost of foods grown, and the value of their foods, may account for the difference. Hence the value of the food, and the capacity of the cows turns the tables one way of the cows turns the tables one way

On many farms milk is set in shallow pans, which are put away from twelve to fourteen hours for the cream to rise. There is always more or less difficulty in keeping the milk sweet, for not many have ice, nor have they even cold wa-These pans should ter conveniences. These pans should be carefully scalded after each skim-ming, care being taken that the work is not hurried, so as to leave a scald r. Before the pans are used again should be cooled; and, if they can be taken right out of cold water, as they are wanted, for the new milk, so

The cows are in clover all right this year; and the most encouraging thing is copious summer showers will insure a prolonged pasturing season. The results of good pastures are already showing up, in the increase of milk delivered at creameries over the corresponding month of last season, also in the better quality of milk.

Don't allow the cows which freshened last spring to even think of a holiday for several months yet. They will be all the better for constant milking, and two months is enough of a holiday any-

A correspondent asks whether it is nure can be saved. of milking. The essential thing is not crowding so much as it is keeping her at work and up to a good flow right through the season. In order to secure this it may be necessary to feed some grain during the fall, but that is as far are the crowding ought to go. as the crowding ought to go.

Many cows have been troubled this spring with caked udders. A practi-cal dairyman, who has handled many of these cases, uses a salve made of four ounces of gum camphor and one pound of fresh lard. This should be applied to the udder three times a day. In ordinary cases it will reduce rest, and it will take only a few minthe inflammation in a few days.

Not all cows are good cheese cows If a cow gives milk containing more than 5 per cent. of fat her milk is too rich for economical cheese making. Hence a very good butter cow may not be a good cheese cow.

August is usually a very hard month In the dairy business. After such an abundance of grass it is difficult to get into the way of feeding grain. But get into the way of feeding grain. But as we get into the fall the cows need strengthening foods, and as cold weather comes on they require still heavier grain rations to sustain the milk flow, as well as to keep up animal heat.

TIMOTHY HAY COSTLY.

While there is no question that good bright timothy hay is about the only kind in demand for feeding horses, yet many have about made up their minds that it is not profitable to grow one to one and a half tons on \$100-an-acre land. True if one could dispose of his timothy hay at prices ruling during the last six months, he could afford to sell it and buy other forage. Timothy uses up the soil faster than clovers more profitable crop to grow, and it is far richer in feeding value. Farmers have been feeding too much trashy acre of corn put up as silage will fur-nish even a greater amount of feed. Sorghum makes fine feed and will yield three or four times as much as tim-othy. It looks like poor business to go

HAY FOR YOUNG STOCK.

On most farms there is usually a field that will produce the finest quality of account of the lighter crop it is handled better and cured out nicer. A very sensible stockman tells me he always saves the crop off this kind of a field and it is not near so apt to mould or become musty. Young animals need something during the winter to tempt them, and nothing will do it like nice, sweet-smelling clover hay, when the leaves, and not big coarse stems, form the bulk of the crop. Just for the calves' sake, take some extra pains in laying in the winter supply of clover.

FARM FACTS.

Cement is coming into wider use now on farms than ever before. An Iowa reader asks whether it would make a good floor for grain bins, where rats and mice are numberless. Such floors would be all right, providing the drainage is good; or if the floors are raised from the ground far enough to perpit from the ground far enough to permit ventilation to keep the cement dry. The great cement storage tanks keep grain, for any length of time, perfectly.

When buying fruit trees, shrubs or vines it is always safest to get first grade stock. There is not much difference in price, but a big difference in quality of first and second grade stock. The careful orchardist will see that

any tree which has been injured re-zeives prompt attention. Wounds made by careless cultivators should be bound to keep out water until the scar is

Why do not more people grow currants for market? With such varieties as North Star, Victoria and Red Dutch, it will pay, and these sorts will be found easy for cultivation and hardy.

The best looking orchard I have seen this season is one in which the disc and harrow have been going nearly all season. The disc is driven lengthwise, crosswise, in fact most any way to get at the ground. There are no weeds, and the ground is mellow as an ash heap. I am fearful, however, that so much cultivation has produced more new growth than is really good for the

An old fruit grower tells me that the pick is the best tool he has ever found to use around apple trees when the ground has become too firm. He sinks pick eight or ten inches into the and merely pries loose the dirt, without disturbing the roots.

Some people dislike to lose any fruit, and would rather have two bushels of measly, worm eaten apples than one bushel of fine, perfect specimens. That may be the reason why some will not thin out their fruit, but one might suspect that something else was the real

With so much moisture in the ground it will not do to cultivate too late in the orchard. We need from now on conditions that will ripen up the wood that has been made this season. Trees that go into winter with immature wood are not in fit condition to stand freezing weather.

A subscriber asks which are the best red and black raspberries. The Miller and Loudon are good red sorts, and in black caps, the Cumberland and Kansas are as good as any.

On thousands of western farms where cattle are fattened during winter, the feed lots are situated on side hills on an elevation for the pur-pose of drainage. The best drained feed yard is the one where all the ma-

Not many farm horses are as well broken as the ponies of western herders. I have seen more than or these wild, dashing ponies ridden town on a run stand for hours without hitching. The loose reins were dropped down over his head and he would not budge until the reins were gathered up. We talk too much to horses and they become confused.

There is enough back-breaking work utes to crib a big load of corn.

Mudding in oats has cost farmers in the central west millions of dollars this year. This practice, even with a toleryear. ably dry growing season, is not advis-able; and when wet, cold weather fol-lows right on top of oats sown in mud, there is not much hope for a crop.

A correspondent says that when grain, is properly shocked it is a great saving to thresh out of the shock. The trouble, to thresh out of the shock.

Calling Him Down.

In her own home in the country Mrs. Marshall was a woman of dignity and ense in the affairs of her daily life, says Stray Stories, but when she took one of her rare trips to town she was so keenly on the lookout for impositions that she

sometimes acted impulsively.
"I took down one impertinent young man today," she announced proudly to her husband on her return from one of these trying holidays.

"I was glancing into the window of a hardware shop where there were some nice table knives, and I suppose I may have stood there some time; but I wasn't blocking the way or troubling any one in the least,

"All of a sudden a young shopman step-ped out into the window, and right against the glass, close to where I was standing, puts a great card with the words 'Iron' Sinks' on it.

"Well, what—" began Mr. Marshall, but his wife waved him into silence. "I'd stood enough already from the car conductors, and so on," she said firmly, "and I'd no idea of letting that pass. So

I stepped into the shop and went right up to the young man and I said: "'Did you think it was a good joke to place that card right into my face and eyes? Or did you suppose that I needed to be told that iron sinks?"

"I spoke very sarcastic-like, and he began to color up; so I saw my advantage, and I said: 'You'd better have another and I said: 'You'd better have another card printed with 'Feathers Float,' or some such thing on it, and when you see another respectable woman from the country, old encars to be your mother, you can put that under her nose. I'd keep a number of those cards on hand if I were And then I marched out before he had a chance to say a word."

Edna May on Widows.

"I had the honor," said a New York club man, "to attend the dance in Lon-don that Edna May gave at the Savoy on her retirement from the stage. "I found the young lady as pretty as ver. In fact, she had improved. Physi-

cally and mentally she had improved, and at supper her mots, her witticisms, kept her neighbors smiling.

"As she ate her coupe Jacques, I heard her say that it must be very difficult to

be a widow.
"'Difficult to be a widow?" said Joseph Corne. 'How do you mean difficult?'
"'Well,' said the beautiful actress, with

her demure and arch smile, 'if one is a widow one must assume all the modesty of girlhood, without being allowed to feign its ignorance."



C. H. MACKAY'S \$500,000 CASINO

From the New York World. The \$500,000 casino and clubhouse t Roslyn, L. I., built for Clarence H. Mackay from plans drawn by the late Stanford White, is almost finished. It is 132x133 feet and contains marble from Alabama, stone from Maine, limestone Alabama, stone from manne, from Indiana, cement from England, steel work from France and tiling from Italy. The tennis court is an exact reray. The tennis court is an exact reproduction of the court of the old French prison where the game wah originated as a pastime by the prisoners. The game differs greatly from the usual lawn tennis. The court has a cement floor and sides and is 110 feet long and 38½ feet wide. Above it is a glass roof, forty-six feet from the cement floor.

building is constructed mainl of clinker brick with stucco and half timber front. It is but one story high, although there is a high roof over the porch, the plunge room and the women's bathroom. The building faces the north, overlooking the sound, with the buildings of the Bronx in view on a

clear day.

There is a porch 40x10 feet at the entrance to the building. Eight Corinthian columns of cement support the porch roof. Entering from the porch there is the Dedans salon, with hand-some red furniture, tables and side-boards of mission style, red velvet curtains, all of which cost about \$40,000. The other rooms are just as handsomely furnished. The stone fire-place in

the salon cost several thousand dollars.
At the right of the salon is the plunge room finished in Alabama marble, with a 12x20-foot pool and shower plunge baths and massage rooms. Gaustavina tiling overhead is a novelty here, and the floor tiling is Italian. The women's reception and bathroom, east of the salon, is fitted up similar to the plunge room. There is also a squash court for women.

SOAKED IN COFFEE

Until Too Stiff to Bend Over. "When I drank coffee I often had

sick headaches, nervousness and billousness much of the time, but when I went to visit a friend I got in the hab-It of drinking Postum. "I gave up coffee entirely and the

result has been that I have been entirely relieved of all my stomach and nervous trouble. "My mother was just the same way.

We al! drink Postum now and, without coffee in the house for two years, we are all well.

"A neighbor of mine, a great coffee drinker, was troubled with pains in her side for years and was an invalid. She was not able to do her work and could not even mend clothes or do anything at all where she would have to bend forward. If she tried to do a little hard work she would get such pains that she would have to lie down for the rest of the day.

"At last I persuaded her to stop drinking coffee and try Postum Food Coffee and she did so and has used Postum ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew on the machine, and she never feels the least bit of pain in her side; in fact, she has got well, and it shows coffee was the cause of the whole trou-

ble. "I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been cured by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place." "There's a Reason." Look in package for the famous little book "The Road to Wellvlle."