THE MARATHON MYSTERY

A STORY OF MANHATTAN.

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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Godfrey had listened with intent eyes and a quick nod from time to time.

"There is only one point lacking," he said. "Did Tremaine know of your intention to tell Drysdale the story?"

"Yes—he even charged me with that intention."

"Ah—he has listened at a keyhole, probably."

"He said that Mr. Drysdale himself had told him. I might add, Mr. Godfrey, that I met Mr. Drysdale and the officers in the hall that morning, as they were going away, and I implored him to tell them where he had been. He answered me with such insult and contempt that I thought he must be mad."

"And no wonder! You were playing at cross-purposes. I presume, then, that it was not you who wrote Mr. Drysdale this note?" and he handed her the crumpled sheet of paper he had fished from Drysdale's waste-basket.

She took it with trembling hand; already beginning to suspect, perhaps, what it contained.

"'Be at the pergola at nine,'" she read. "'If I am late, wait for me. G.' I certainly never wrote any such note as that, Mr. Godfrey. Where did it come from?"

"Is it in your handwriting?"

"Why, yes," she answered, looking at it more closely. "That is, it is something like. Oh! I begin to see!" she cried, and I saw her seized with a sudden convulsive shuddering.

"Yes," said Godfrey, "it was a pretty plot. This note lured him from the house, and kept him away until the storm came up and he was forced to abandon the hope of meeting you. He concluded that you were playing with him—when he returned to the house, he found that you had spent the evening with Tremaine—afterwards, in his room, he did a number of violent and folish things. Finally, he determined to go away; he started to pack his belongings—and then, in the hall, you, as he thought, added insult to injury by asking him to tell———"

She stopped him with a wild gesture.

"Oh, I must see him!" she cried. "Something must be done———"

"Something shall be done," Godfrey assured her, rising. "The real culprit shall be in custody tonight."

"The real culprit?" The words arrested her attention.

"Who but Tremaine?"

"Tremaine? But he was in the house—as you know, I talked with him for a long time."

"In the same vein?"

She colored a little at the tone.

"Yes," she answered. "You will, perhaps, thinks me weak, Mr. Godfrey; but despite his villainy, there was a fascination, a sort of brutal power, about the man, which it was very hard to resist. And then, I believed that Mr. Drysdale had deliberately broken his engagement with me. Otherwise, I should not have given Mr. Tremaine another opportunity to—— to———"

She did not attempt to finish the sentence—there was no need that she should. I have often wondered, since, what the end would have been had fate not interfered—had Tremaine's plan worked itself out as he intended. Remembering both of them—man and woman—I think she must have yielded in the end; submitted; gone with him out into the world to conquer it. . . .

"There's no questioning Tremaine's fascination," agreed Godfrey, "nor his ability; yet I fancy that in spite of his precautions we've got him fast in the net. That is all, I think."

"One thing more, Mr. Godfrey," she said; do you think we'd better tell Mr. Delroy the story?"

"Yes," answered Godfrey decidedly. "Tell him the whole story. That's always the best way and the safest. Remember, your lack of frankness has already cost one human life. Your sister has incurred no guilt; she has committed no fault. Her husband will have nothing to forgive."

"And the public?"

"The public? What has the public to do with it?"

"But I thought—you see—you———"

"Oh, you thought I would write it up in the Record? I have no such intention, Miss Croydon—I shall let that first tragedy rest—this second one will be enough—and, after all, Tremaine has only one life for the law to take."

"Pardon me," she said quickly, holding out her hand. "I see I have offended you. You must forgive me."

"Oh, I do," he said, taking her hand and smiling into her eyes—allowing himself a moment's reward. "Even a yellow journalist, Miss Croydon, has his reticences. That's hard to believe, isn't it?"

"Not when one knows them," she answered, and opened the door for us.

Thomas was waiting in the hall.

"Anything else, sir?" he asked.

"No," said Godfrey. "We've finished here. Now let us have our trap."

He stopped a moment in the library to say goodby to Delroy. He came forward eagerly to meet us.

"Well?" he asked. "Can you clear Jack?"

"Yes," said Godfrey, "we can. What's more, we will."

"Thank God!" and Delroy passed his hand across his forehead. "This whole thing has been a sort of terrible nightmare to me, Mr. Godfrey. I'm hoping that I may even yet wake up and find that it was all only a dream."

Godfrey smiled a little bitterly.

"I'm afraid you won't do that, Mr. Delroy," he said; "but, at least, I believe you'll find that, in the end, it will sweep a great unhappiness out of your life. And I'm sure that, with Mr. Lester's help, I can clear Drysdale."

Thomas came to tell us that our trap was waiting, and Delroy went down the steps with me.

"I hope to have you here some time under more favorable circumstances," he said, and shook us both warmly by the hand.

Evening had come, and the darkness deepened rapidly as we drove back along the road to Babylon.

"We can't get a train till 8:42," said Godfrey, "so we'll have dinner at the hotel and then go around for a talk with our client. I think we have some news that will cheer him up."

"It seemed to me," I observed, "that it was not at all about his arrest that he was worrying."

"It wasn't," agreed Godfrey. "That's what I meant."

The lights of Babylon gleamed out ahead, and a few minutes later we drew up before the hotel. As we entered the office, I saw the proprietor cast a quick glance at a little fat man, with a round face, who had been leaning against the cigar stand, and who mediately came forward to meet us.

"I am Coroner Heffelbower," he said, with an evident appreciation of his own importance. "I believe you are t'e gentlemen who represent Mr. Drysdale?"

"Mr. Lester here, of Graham & Royce, will represent Mr. Drysdale," explained Godfrey. "I am merely one of his friends."

"The inquest, I believe, is set for tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; t'ough we shall hardly get to t'e evidence before afternoon. T'e morning will be spent in looking ofer t'e scene of t'e crime."

"I understand," said Godfrey, with studied artlessness, "that you have found the missing necklace."

The coroner flushed a little; evidently that was a sore subject.

"No, sir," he answered, "we haven't found it. I haf about come to t'e conclusion t'at Drysdale t'rew it into t'e pay."

"But," I objected, "he'd hardly have committed a murder to gain possession of it, only to throw it away!"

"He would, if my t'eory iss right, sir," returned the coroner, with some spirit.

"What is your theory?" I asked.

"No matter; no matter," and he was fairly bloated with self-importance. "You will see tomorrow."

Godfrey was looking at him, his eyes alight with mirth.

"I see," he broke in. "Accept my compliments, Mr. Heffelbower. It is the only theory that fits the case. Don't you understand, Lester? Here's a young man of wealth, who deliberately goes out and kills a man, steals a necklace and throws it into the ocean. He attempts to establish an alibi; he refuses to answer any questions; after the murder he rages around in his room and breaks things; he insults the girl he's engaged to; quarrels with his best friend. Why, it's as plain as day! A man who would behave like that must be——"

"Crazy!" cried the coroner, beaming with satisfaction. "I could not haf put t'e case petter myself, sir!"

And Godfrey gravely bowed his thanks at the compliment.

CHAPTER III.

GODFEY AND I ARE "DE TROP."

Heffelbower insisted that we join him in an appetizer; he had evidently jumped to the conclusion that Godfrey was a famous New York detective, and he gazed at him with respect and a little awe. He wanted to discuss again all the details of the tragedy, but we got rid of him, after a while, and went in to dinner. Then we started for the jail for a final talk with Drysdale. Another jailer had come on duty, but he made no difficulty about admitting us.

"Well?" asked the prisoner, as soon as we were alone.

"Oh," said Godfrey, regarding him with a good humored smile, "you won't be electrocuted this time—though I must say you deserve it!"

"What!" cried Drysdale, coloring suddenly. "You don't believe"——

"That you killed Graham? Oh, no; but you've made an unmitigated ass of yourself, my friend. Did you have a pleasant time, Monday night, kicking your heels by the hour together, out at the pergola?"

Drysdale flushed again, but this time it was with anger.

"Oh, so she told you, did she?" he asked between his teeth. "I dare say you had a good laugh together over it!"

"Jack," said Godfrey calmly, "I protest you are becoming more and more asinine! Haven't you sense enough to see that that note—by the way, how was it dellevered to you?"

"I found it on my dressing table when I came back from New York Monday evening. What are you driving at, Godfrey? If you've discovered anything, for God's sake tell me straight out!"

"I've discovered an unusually large consignment of humble pie awaiting your consumption. You don't deserve a magnificent girl like that, Jack; I swear you don't. Do you remember your last words to her?"

"Yes," answered Drysdale, with a sudden flushing of the cheeks. And she deserved them. She got me out of the house and spent the evening with Tremaine. It was an indirect way of telling me that she was tired of me. I'd suspected it before!"

Godfrey looked at him pityingly.

"Really, Jack," he said, "I'm half inclined to think the coroner's right in his theory, after all."

"What is his theory?"

"He thinks you're crazy."

Drysdale laughed a little mirthless laugh.

"Perhaps he's right," he said.

"You'll be sure of it in a few minutes. It's inconceivable that any man in his right mind should suspect a girl like Miss Croydon of such a thing."

Drysdale turned to him with eyes bright with emotion.

"See here, Jim," he said; "you've had your fun; you've tormented me long enough. Do you mean that Miss Croydon didn't write the note?"

"I mean just that."

"Then who did?"

"Tremaine!"

The word brought Drysdale to his feet like a thunder clap.

"Do you mean," he demanded, gripping his hands tight behind him, "that Tremaine wrote the note and placed it in my room in order to get me out of the house?"

"I do."

"And that Miss Croydon knew nothing about it?"

"Not a thing—she was waiting for you in the house. She thought you'd deliberately broken an appointment you'd made with her."

Drysdale ground his teeth together and struck himself a savage blow in the chest.

"Good God!" he groaned. "What a fool! What a perfect, muckle-headed fool!"

"Go on," laughed Godfrey. "Do it again—sackcloth and ashes! You deserve it all!"

"Deserve it! Do you think she'll ever forgive me?"

"I shouldn't if I were in her place," Godfrey assured him. "I'd think myself well rid of you. I shouldn't want to marry an idiot."

Drysdale cursed dismally to himself.

"Still," Godfrey added, "there's no accounting for the whims of women—there's no telling what they'll do. Maybe, after this, you'll come nearer appreciating her as she deserves."

"Appreciating her!"

"You don't seem to have any curiosity as to how we're going to save that precious neck of yours," Godfrey observed.

"Oh, damn my neck! What do I care! Godfrey, I've got to see her right away—I've got to get down on my knees—crawl in the dust!"——

"That's it!" nodded Godfrey approvingly. "You've caught the idea. You ought to feel like an insect—a particularly small one. But I hardly believe the jailer will release you on your own recognizance. Maybe, tomorrow after the inquest, if everything goes well"——

"Oh, tomorrow be hanged! I've got to see her right away, Jim! Isn't there any way?"

He was pacing furiously up and down the cell, biting his nails, tearing his hair. Could Tremaine have seen him then he might have modified his estimate of him.

"There's no way," said Godfrey, "unless Miss Croydon herself should commit the inconceivable folly—hello, who's that?"

The outer door had been flung crashing back; there came a rush of feet down the corridor, a swish of skirts. . .

"Grace!"

It was Drysdale's voice and he stood there like a man struck suddenly to stone.

And she? I turned a little giddy as I looked at her—at the shining eyes—at the quivering, smiling lips. . .

Godfrey had sprung instantly to his feet.

"Come Lester," he said, in a voice very gentle, as the jailer opened the cell door, "we must catch our train; we've business in New York."

Perhaps it was only my fancy that his step was not wholly steady as he went before me down the corridor.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF MONDAY NIGHT

Not until the regular click-click of the wheels told me that we were well under way did I open my mind to Godfrey; then I spoke with what I deemed a necessary frankness.

"My dear Godfrey," I began, "I've watched you all day, smelling bottles, examining scratches, trying to read faint ink marks on a blotter, puzzling over a broken cane, and doing various other eccentric things from which you seemed to draw conclusions utterly invisible to me. I've heard you assure both Drysdale and Miss Croydon that the former will be cleared of suspicion at tomorrow's inquest, and that the real culprit will be pointed out. You'll pardon me if I confess to some curiosity as to how all this is to be accomplished."

"Did you see her face as she came through that door, Lester?" he asked, staring absently at the seat in front of us. "I tell you, it warmed the heart of even an old reprobate like me. And to think that we did it," he added. "To think that we did it."

"You did it," I corrected. "I was in the chorus today—you had the center of the stage."

"But you don't mind, Lester? I couldn't help it, you know."

"Of course you couldn't—that's where you belong. But now that the curtain's down, and we're alone together with plenty of time to talk, I'd like to understand ——"

"And you shall—down to the minutest detail. Let's see—this is the smoker, isn't it? Well, suppose we light up—I can think more clearly when I'm smoking."

"All right; fire away," I said, as soon as the cigars were going.

"Well," began Godfrey, "as I pointed out to you this morning, for good and sufficient reasons, I started out in this investigation with the assumption of Tremaine's guilt."

"Of course," I observed, "you know it is the duty of every jury to start out with exactly the contrary assumption."

"Certainly I know that; but a detective has to work with some definite end in view, or he never gets anywhere. In other words, a detective, after carefully studying the details of any crime, must form a theory concerning it, and must work along that theory. As soon as he discovers any fact that fails to fit with his theory, he must modify it or form another; and he must keep on doing this until he finds the theory which agrees with all the facts—not all but one or two, but with every one. A good many detectives fall into the mistake of being satisfied with the theory which fits most of the facts—a serious error, for the right theory must, of course, inevitably fit them all. That's the scientific method and the only safe one. When a detective hits upon a theory which fits all the known facts, he's got as much right to assume it's truth as an astronomer has or a physicist, who builds up the universe in just the same way."

"But that's a difficult thing to do," I remarked, "to find a theory that fits all the facts."

"Exceedingly difficult sometimes," assented my companion, "because the facts often appear to be entirely contradictory. Really, facts are never contradictory—truth is always truth—the trouble is we can't always tell what is fact and what is fiction. The hardest part of a detective's work is to sift the wheat from the chaff—to get at the meaty, essential facts.

"Well, as you know, I started out with the theory of Tremaine's guilt. More than that, I was morally certain that he was guilty, knowing what I knew of the man. And first of all, it was evident to me that no criminal as careful as he is would run the risk of going through that boathouse and committing a murder on the pier outside with young Graham sleeping on a cot a few feet away. I therefore deduced this bottle. Smell of it."

He uncorked it and held it under my nose.

(Continued Next Week.)

Good Business.

George B. Cortelyou, the secretary of the treasury, was talking at a dinner about the recent panic.

"There's a story about a well known railroad man in the panic that is almost too good," said Mr. Cortelyou. "This man is kindhearted, and he was deeply moved by a letter that a country parson wrote him when things were looking their worst.

"The letter ran like this:

"'Dear Sir: As the pastor of —— church my aim has always been investment and not speculation. Regarding your railroad as a sound business institution, solid as a rock, in 1904, I purchased 400 of its shares at 106, sinking my little all in them and a great deal more. They have now fallen to 55 and I am undone. My congregation I cannot face as a bankrupt and at my age—72 years—what am I to do? I throw myself upon your mercy.'

"Well," said Mr. Cortelyou, "the banker read this letter several times and each time his pity for the poor old parson increased. Finally calling in his stenographer, he wrote to the man that, considering all the painful circumstances of the case, he would himself buy back the 400 shares at 106, the price the parson had paid for them.

"Immediately on receipt of this generous letter the parson wired to his brokers:

"'Buy 400 Dash Railways at 55 and send same round to Dash's president, who will give you 106 for them.'"

When Women Vote.

From Illustrated Bits.

A wife had occasion to go out to a woman's vote meeting, so left a pudding in the saucepan for her husband. When she arrived home she went on with her washing and inquired how he'd got on.

"Very well," said he; "I thoroughly enjoyed the pudding."

"Good!" said the wife. "What did you do with the cloth it was boiled in?"

"Cloth, my gal?" said hubby, as he abstractedly continued reading his paper. "Was there a cloth?"

Profit Making Dairy Shorthorns.

Written by J. H. Slaght, Genesee County, Mich.

There has been so much said and written about the general-purpose cow that it may seem there is nothing new or interesting that remains to be said. But there is one phase of the subject that has not been much talked about in the public press and what I have to say will be along that line, namely, personal experience with dairy Shorthorns, says J. H. Slaght in the Michigan Farmer.

When I commenced breeding Shorthorns I knew nothing of fashionable or unfashionable breeding and almost as little about the various grades of that breed, but my neighbor was selling that class of stock for high prices. Why should I not do the same? Being a man of limited means and limited time to give to such things, the first purchase was a solitary heifer which proved to be a good milker and breeder. As the number increased and it became necessary to procure sires, the question arose, what line of breeding is it best to pursue? All great breeders seem to have bred for a certain type of form and quality, adhering strictly to the plan until they had established a herd and a type that fitted their ideal. Would it be wise to trim one's sails to the winds and breed the class of stock that, for the time being, would bring the most money, or breed for a definite type and stick to it?

The latter course was decided upon and has been adhered to for many years. The class selected was the general purpose cow, not only because it was thought such an animal was best suited and most profitable for the farmer of moderate means, but to demonstrate that there is such an animal and that she is a very desirable piece of property.

The form and quality sought was an animal having a level back, possessing medium size, neither course and long nor undersized, with rather long, small, clean head and muzzle, long, slender neck, broad deep chest, ribs well sprung and large heart, lung and food capacity; broad, square hips and large udder, not flesh. In short, a good appearing cow that would manufacture a large amount of food into good rich milk during lactation and turn her feed into flesh of good quality when dry.

In pursuance of this plan a Bay county herd was visited and the famous Moss Rose 4th, a state fair premium taker, as the best milk and butter cow in the state, was found to be of the right style and type for the purpose. A bull from her was secured and placed at the head of the herd. This bull, Rose Knight, 117154, proved to be just the animal desired. His get at 1, 2 or 3 years, if not giving milk, were ready for beef at any time without grain. One winter when hay was scarce he was kept through on straw and near spring a shipper sought to buy him to ship for beef. Not every one of his heifer calves made good dairy cows but most of them did. He had a wonderful power of transmitting his mother's dairy quality to his get. Since then several bulls have been procured, all being chosen for their beef and dairy quality. The result is a herd of cows that are near the ideal, though there is still much room for improvement. One objection with some might be that they are never fat while giving milk, and that is nearly all the time. Feed or pasture them as you may, the feed goes to milk, not to flesh. During the few weeks they are dry they take on flesh rapidly if the feed is good. But no effort is made to get them in high condition. With this treatment there has been but one case of milk fever in the herd during the twenty-three years they have been kept, and this was brought on by feeding grain too soon after calving. A few years ago one of these cows dropped a grade calf. Not desiring to raise it, it was thought best to let it suck the cow and sell it for Christmas beef. Although the calf was a large, hearty fellow, it was six weeks before he would take all the milk. At about six months he weighed 700 pounds, with but little grain towards the last. Since then this cow has sucked two calves each summer and raised them well without grain. During the past season three of these cows have furnished milk for two calves each and all but one of the calves have grown finely. The three cows thus set free for milking purposes would either of them have furnished milk to grow two calves successfully. Why such cows are preferred by the writer to the pure beef breed is that the beef cows are not noted for milk and often do not give enough to grow one calf successfully, two cows sometimes having to be kept to raise one calf. There are doubtless many exceptions, but when the exceptions are marked they are general purpose cows. To illustrate the difference in real value between the beef and dairy Shorthorns permit me to quote from the Special Report on Diseases of Cattle and Cattle Feeding, issued by the United States department of agriculture in 1892. The report states that it requires about seventeen pounds of digestible nutrients to sustain the life of an ox (or cow) each day so that he will neither lose nor gain in weight. The ox is supposed to weigh 1,000 pounds and to be kept perfectly comfortable as to temperature and environment and to do no work, or, if a cow, to give no milk or to be otherwise worried or exercised. As it requires the same amount of feed to sustain the life and well being of a poor or inferior dairy cow as it does a good one and as the good one does twice or three times the work that the inferior one is capable of doing in supplying milk for the dairy or for raising calves, and is just as valuable for making beef when not giving milk, it is not difficult to see that a large portion of the food that goes to sustain the animal economy, or the life of two or three inferior milkers to do what one good cow can do, is lost to the feeder, to say nothing about the care they require or the room they occupy. Every dairyman understands this, and if he has a cow, nom matter how attractive in appearance she may be, if she does not return a dollar's worth of milk for a dollar's worth of feed she soon is disposed of and finds her way to the shambles.

Purely beef cattle have the merit of making beef of fine quality, as well as making it rapidly and economically, and are thus profitable to the ranchman or any one whose only object is to raise beef; but to the general farmer the dairy Shorthorn has the double advantage of making equally as good a quality of beef, just as rapidly and quite as economically, and of being more than double the value if desired for dairy purposes.

After more than twenty years experience in raising a milking strain of Shorthorn cattle the writer would continue to try to improve in the same line, believing that while he does not receive as high prices for the stock he sells as the breeders of the beef breeds do, they are more profitable to him while they remain on the farm.

When the writer first heard the late William Ball, of Hamburg, talk cattle, he was a vigorous advocate of the single purpose cattle, but later, after more experience and observation, in an address before a farmers' institute, he as earnestly advocated the dual-purpose stock and expressed himself as of the opinion that of all the breeds the Shorthorns were best adapted to that purpose.

Mr. William Gafna, the former owner of the famous Moss Rose 4th, clearly indicated his preference for the dairy Shorthorns when, after his public sale of stock a few years ago, I was informed, he sold her at a good price and later bought her back at a considerable advance over the sale price, and let the beef cattle go.

It will require many years of careful, painstaking selection and breeding to develop the ideal general-purpose cow so that she will be satisfactory in all points and have those characteristics so fixed that they will be transmitted from sire and dam with almost unerring certainty from generation to generation.

May we not hope that some young American, with the persistency and good sense of a Bates, a Booth, or a Cruickshank, may yet take this matter up and carry it to a successful issue and thus become a benefactor of the race.

The writer is of the opnion that, with proper selection and breeding the Shorthorns may be made to excel the Jerseys in the amount of milk given, to at least equal to them in the amount of butter produced and to far excel them in the amount and quality of beef products, though the quality of milk and butter produced by the Jersey may never me excelled. It requires a persistent determination, almost amounting to stubbornness, to break over the rule and breed the higher priced, though less intrinsically valuable beef cattle.

Benefits of Improving Cattle

At the recent meeting of the Texas Cattle Raisers' association Joseph F. Green of Gregory, Tex., discussing benefits to be derived from the improvement of cattle, said:

"Beef trusts will come and go, railroad rates will be high and reduced to a minimum, but the benefits to be derived from the improvement of cattle affect the breeder, for without well-bred cattle he is a failure. It affects the feeder, for without well-bred cattle he is doomed to financial ruin; it affects the farmer, for it makes a market for his forage, that otherwise would be worthless; it affects the banker, because cattle that are not improved will neither pay him principal nor interest; it affects the railroad by adding tonnage for it to haul; it affects the packer, for without improved cattle he could not compete for trade in foreign markets; it affects the manufacturer by making a home market for his product, and it affects the consumer by giving him meat that is young, tender and easy to digest.

"Professor Willet M. Hays, our recently appointed assistant secretary of agriculture, has made the following report: 'The ten leading field crops in the United States annually yield nearly $2,000,000,000 worth of plant products by means of live stock and by manufacturing processes; the value of these is so increased before they are consumed that it is very nearly doubled.'

"Our scientific institutions and breeders have also demonstrated that the animals used to convert large quantities of these crops into concentrated forms of greater worth may also be so improved by breeding as to secure better results from foods that they eat.

"The importance of breeding our cattle is becoming greater each year. South America, Canada and Australia are fast becoming large factors in our foreign trade, and there is but one way for us to meet this competition—namely, by the improvement of our cattle.

"Cattle are improved by three different methods—by handling, by feeding and by breeding.

"According to the twelfth census we have in the United States 700,000 pure-bred cattle of all breeds among a total of 68,000,000, which is just a little more than 1 per cent. It also has been estimated that 20 per cent, of our cattle are grades, having half or more of the improved blood in their veins; this leaves a tremendous percentage of scrub—more than two-thirds of all the cattle in the United States.

"I wish that every cow in the state and every bull were of some registered breed and that they justified their registration.

"The great trouble with a grade bull is that you never know of what the unknown part of his breeding consists; it may be a Jersey, Holstein or from the mountains of Arkansas, and he will often breed back to some of these inferior beef producing crosses.

"Range men have been slow to breed up their cattle because they could raise an animal with such little cost, and they were so far from that market that instead of selling an inferior calf for veal they would allow it to remain in the breeding herd.

"In England the farmers in each community, often taking in an entire county, breed one kind of cattle, and while many of their cattle are not registered, yet their opportunities are so great for selecting sires from their neighbors that it has enabled them to lead the world in the environment of cattle breeding.

"'There are members of this association—some of them may be sitting before me—yes, there are many feeders scattered all over the United States that have lost money, some of them their entire fortunes, that had taken many years of hard labor and toil to accumulate, by feeding cattle that are not properly bred.

"'The American feeder can buy his feed far cheaper than in any other country in the world, yet on the British isles farmers buy their cottonseed meal of us, pay the freight both by land and sea, and make money, while we so often lose simply because our cattle are not well-bred.'"

And Why Not?

It is said that in Norway a bucket of water is always placed within reach of a horse when he is taking his allowance of hay. "It is interesting," says the writer of the incident, "to see with what a relish they take a sip out of one and a mouthful out of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths as any rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway, and the question is whether this mode of feeding has not a beneficial effect in preserving the animal's respiratory organs."—Woman's Farm Journal.

Only a Fence Between.

According to the Standard, a stranger addressed the farmer's boy across the fence:

"Young man, your corn looks kind o' yellow."

"Yes, that's the kind we planted."

"Don't look as though you would get more than half a crop."

"We don't expect to. The landlord gets the other half."

Then, after a short time, the man said: "Boy, there isn't much difference between you and a fool."

"Nope," replied the boy, "only the fence."

"The New York Idea."

The time had come for them to part temporarily.

"Are you superstitious, love?" inquired the great millionaire.

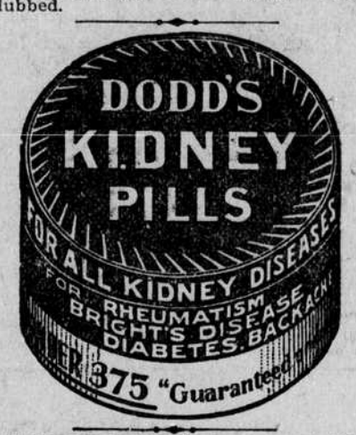
"Superstitious? Why do you ask?" said the beautiful young actress.

"I dare not tell you," said he, "till you have answered my question."

"Well, then; no," she said thoughtfully. "I don't believe I am superstitious in the least."

"Then I don't mind admitting," he chuckled, "that you will be my 13th wife."

So saying he stepped aboard the Divorce Special, as the sumptuous new Dakota express has recently been dubbed.



There are plenty of wise men—at the end of the rainbow—which is always in the next county.

LICE IN POULTRY

Borax Spray a Safe Preventive—Simple, Cheap, Harmless to Fowls.

"20 Mule Team" Borax was a good thing to rid poultry of lice. I had used so much inflammable Lice killers that my Poultry Houses were regular fire traps. I gave my S. C. W. Leghorn house a good spraying just two months ago. Since I have caught several hens and I found no lice. I am rid of lice and shall continue to use "20 Mule Team" Borax as a spray, also as a wash.

(Signed) MRS. B. R. BUFFHAM,
Roswell, New Mexico.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

WHY PARTRIDGES ARE SCARCE

The Migratory Instinct That Possesses the Birds Every 25 or 30 Years.

Winsted Correspondence Springfield Republican.

The following opinion of T. S. Skilton, a learned nimrod residing here, as to why partridges have been scarce the last season ought to interest hunters in New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut, where at present there is much agitation in favor of prohibiting the taking of the bird for a few years.

"Every 25 or 30 years partridges seem to become possessed of a sort of migratory instinct or craze," he says, "and for no apparent reason whatever they appear, during the summer and fall, to travel continually from place to place and from cover to cover, and so far as my observation goes they do not get settled or established in any particular locality till late in December.

"This is one of their migratory years. This freak in the partridge nature has never been fully explained, and I am unable to advance any tenable theory explaining the fact excepting possibly the recurrence of ancestral migratory instinct; at any rate it is not for want of food or better location. Up to the middle of December in 1880 Winsted sportsmen were getting no more than one or two partridges a day, and often none at all. In fact there were very many less birds in the covers that year than there have been this, yet the last two weeks of December of that year found partridges in their usual abundance and many good bags were made. They will come back now as before, only I doubt if they are as plenty the first of January next as they were the first of last January, as the hatching season last spring was cold and wet and few young birds were raised."

JUBS' FOOD.

They Thrive on Grape Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

"My little baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1½ tablespoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious healthful food for grown-ups, as we have discovered in our family."

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. It stands for the true theory of health "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.