



TYPICAL NEBRASKA CHERRY ORCHARD, PROPERTY OF CRETE NURSERIES.

MR. WICKS.

CHAPTER II. THE GOING.

Miss Cherryton took the loss of her jewels more calmly than most people would have done, probably because it was her nature to take events quietly and comfortably, just as they came.

But, strange to say, she seemed really concerned about the loss of her pheasants. She said repeatedly to Jack, "How very provoking!" and at last made up her mind that Mr. Wicks ought to go back.

Now, the truth of the matter was that Miss Cherryton disliked dogs extremely. She was afraid of them, and it was only on account of her great fondness for Sylvia that in a weak moment she had allowed Mr. Wicks to be sent for, and the death of the pheasants gave her a tolerably good excuse for Mr. Wicks' dismissal.

"Miss Druce will be dreadfully disappointed," pleaded Jack, who saw in his aunt's decision an opportunity for making some atonement to Sylvia for having punished Mr. Wicks. "There is, I believe, great truth in the proverb, 'Love me, love my dog,'" he said consolingly to himself.

"Sylvia, dear," said Miss Cherryton a little later, "I am afraid Mr. Wicks is too young to be here, and—I am sorry to say that I think it would perhaps be better if he went back."

"Oh, Miss Cherryton!" exclaimed Sylvia, opening her blue eyes wide with astonishment. "I am sorry if he has been troublesome, but I thought you liked him a little, and he does love the country so. Won't you let him stay just a little longer?"

"My dear, such pretty pleadings ought to soften my heart, but mine is a hard heart."

"Look here, aunt, I'll guarantee that Mr. Wicks eats no more pheasants. I will take him under my special care, if Miss Druce will allow me. I'll lick him into shape. No, no, I mean across him till he becomes the best, most obedient, tractable, delightful dog in the world. You positively mustn't refuse, aunt. Think how Miss Druce will miss Mr. Wicks."

"And how Mr. Wicks will miss Miss Druce," added Sylvia.

"And," continued Jack, "though he has devoured young pheasants we shall all miss him."

But Miss Cherryton shook her head and remained firm through all these arguments.

"Never mind, Miss Druce," said Jack cheerfully after Aunt Matilda had left the room. "I'll try again. Mr. Wicks mustn't be banished if we can help it."

"Thank you," said Sylvia demurely. "Mr. Wicks will be grateful. And now, Mr. Cherryton, if you have really nothing better to do, come and give me another golf lesson."

Jack ran into the hall and seized his golf bag, saying that it was the best thing he could do.

"Not quite," retorted Sylvia, laughing. "The very best thing that you could do would be to persuade your aunt to let dear Mr. Wicks stay."

"And so I will," exclaimed Jack with great earnestness. "How serious," said Sylvia, glancing quickly at him, and then there was a pattering of feet and panting behind them. It was Mr. Wicks.

"How nice! We shall have an audience. Mr. Wicks has come to look on," said Sylvia, holding out her cheek for the dog to jump over.

But Jack thought differently. "I'm afraid we shall find it quite impossible to play if he does look on," he suggested.

"And why?" "Oh, because he'll stand behind you just when you're going to hit, or come in front and get killed, and many other things."

"Very well," said Sylvia, with a shade of annoyance in her voice. "Rather than that Mr. Wicks should lose his walk I'll give up golf, and please, Mr. Cherryton, will you take my clubs back to the house? Thank you."

And at that moment Jack felt that he positively hated Mr. Wicks.

"Come along, Mr. Wicks, dear," cried Sylvia gaily.

Jack said never a word, but stood staring after Sylvia as she walked away with Mr. Wicks by her side, and his old enemy—jealousy—raged within him.

Two or three days passed by. Sylvia seemed just as devoted as ever to her dog, and Jack became more and more gloomy and silent.

"Mr. Wicks must really go tomorrow," said Miss Cherryton, looking at her morose nephew. "My dear Jack, for goodness' sake say something, do something," she cried, jumping up and bustling about the room. "But don't sit there so solemn and sphinxlike."

"Send him away, aunt, send the dog away. But what am I saying? Keep him, I mean, oh, keep him. Miss Druce is so devoted to him." And Jack flung himself out of the room.

"Well," laughed Miss Cherryton, "young men are strange creatures, especially when they are in love. Nevertheless, I shall send the puppy away."

Jack strolled out of the house in the cool of the evening. In his state of mind the rooms seemed oppressively hot. Again and again he asked himself if Sylvia cared for him, but he could find no answer, and the tall trees, waving their branches in the night breeze, seemed to sigh in sympathy with him.

He walked slowly across the soft, velvety lawn and out of the garden into the long grass of the park. He looked up at the starlit heavens and at the faint pink light just above the horizon, but the silent beauty of the evening made him the more sad.

At this moment there was a sharp little bark of delight, a rustling in the grass, and Mr. Wicks came dancing at Jack's side.

"Go home," cried Jack, pointing to the house. "Go home. What are you doing out here?"

Most dogs would have slunk away with their tails between their legs, but Mr. Wicks looked up solemnly at Jack and almost seemed to speak the words, "Why are you angry with me?" then held up a little paw, as if to ask forgiveness, and a stump of a tail wagged pleadingly.

Presently, without any apparent reason, Mr. Wicks began to growl.

Close by, on a slight rising of the ground, were three old oaks, veterans, gnarled and weather beaten. Toward these Mr. Wicks trotted slowly; then he stopped, put his head on one side, listened and growled again, and scampering toward one of the oaks, barked furiously.

Jack whistled, but Mr. Wicks seemed engrossed in gazing up into the tree.

Then a strange thing happened. The branches of the old oak were pushed roughly to one side, and a man, leaping down from the tree, looked rapidly around him and ran with might and main across the open ground. Like the wind, Mr. Wicks, followed by Jack, was after him, had reached him, and then there was a yell of pain, for Mr. Wicks had used his weapons with good effect. With a volley of oaths and curses, the tramp dropped a square parcel he had been carrying, and then the stick that he held in his other hand fell with a heavy thud, and with just the faintest little cry Mr. Wicks relaxed his hold and rolled over on his back.

The burglar ran for his life.

Jack knelt down at Mr. Wicks' side, called the dog by his name, and the recovery of the jewels seemed nothing to him now. Mr. Wicks opened his eyes slowly, and very feebly he tried to lick Jack's hand. There was a world of understanding in those glorious eyes, then the light flashed out from them, and Mr. Wicks' merry, brief career was over.

Two figures were walking slowly toward the three old oaks. The twilight was deepening, there was the same pink glow on the horizon and the same soft breezes whirling among the trees as on that evening when Jack had walked alone, jealous and miserable. But now there was a change.

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A Wise Physician.

BROAD OF OPINION, HE THROWS PREJUDICE TO THE WIND.

Dr. J. L. Limes Endorses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Because He Has Found Them Efficacious. Believes the First Duty of a Physician is to Cure His Patients.

From the Capital, St. John, Kansas.

Hearing that Dr. J. L. Limes of St. John, Kansas, had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in his practice with great success, a reporter called upon and interviewed him regarding the matter.

Your reporter found the doctor a very pleasant and affable man of probably fifty years of age. We were very much impressed with his manner, as it was kindly and dignified. When we broached the subject of our call he became enthusiastic at once and proceeded to give us the following for publication:

"My attention had been called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People by several persons of my acquaintances who had been greatly benefited or entirely cured by their use. I determined to give them a trial in my practice and if they proved to be satisfactory I would adopt them and use them regularly. Since I began prescribing them I have never had cause to regret my determination. I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a number of cases of nervous troubles, neurasthenia, rheumatism, etc., and in every case have been exceptionally well pleased with the results, and I can honestly and conscientiously recommend Pink Pills for the above diseases.



"I shall continue to use them and recommend them to my patients, for I consider there is nothing better for the diseases they are recommended to cure than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you desire to use this for publication you can attach my name. I am well known in this part of Kansas and also in Fayette county, Ohio. I am secretary of the United States Pension Examining Surgeon's Board of Stafford county, Kansas, and chairman of the republican county central committee for the above named county."

Yours faithfully, JESSE L. LIMES, M. D. We also ascertained the doctor's standing in St. John by a few interviews with prominent people, which we herewith publish along with the doctor's statement regarding Pink Pills:

"I am well acquainted with Dr. J. L. Limes and know him to be an honorable, straightforward man, and what ever he says can be relied upon.

E. R. BENEFIEL, county superintendent of schools, Ford county, Kansas. ST. JOHN, KANSAS, July 14, 1896.

"I know Dr. J. L. Limes for several years and can recommend him as a first class physician, and a man well known in this vicinity.

HOWARD GRAY, I have Cashier Commercial bank, number one Dr. J. L. Limes for a very long time, and as a physician he is very prompt, and his reputation for honor and integrity are too well known to be in need of an instant.

H. J. CORNWELL, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and vigor to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50—(they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c 25c

Ripans Tablets: for sour stomach.

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OUR ILLUSTRATION.

Our illustration is from a photograph of a six-year-old cherry orchard grown by the Crete Nurseries. This orchard was photographed in May last at the age of six years. The trees had already yielded in a single crop from thirty to forty-five quarts of cherries per tree. The trees were planted 14x16, giving about 200 trees per acre. That particular season the fruit sold for three dollars per bushel, and the profits are easily reckoned. It will be noticed in the cultivation of this orchard that it has been cultivated with disc and harrow, and grown in an orchard without other crops. In this manner most of the moisture that falls during the winter season is conserved and sinks deeply into the subsoil, and part of it remains until other seasons when the rainfall is deficient. The varieties are Early Richmond, English Morello, and Wragg. These have been found in Nebraska very productive. The view is from the north side of the farm, and looks across a ravine over into the old apple orchard planted in 1873.

CAREFULLY PLANNED.

Rainwater Had Threatened to Kill All His Wife's Family.

RICHMOND, Mo., March 24.—Crowds continued to flock to the Ardman farm, the scene of Saturday night's terrible tragedy, all day yesterday. Many also visited the Rainwater farm. Rainwater had the tragedy carefully planned. Three months ago he said to a neighbor, W. D. Lloyd, that if his wife and her people did not take care he would "clean out the whole crowd." The murderer spared his blood relations, killing all others on the place except his father-in-law, William Ardman. One of the differences between Rainwater and his wife was over religion. She was a member and attendant at church, while he was not. They were not well-to-do, but were never in want.

TROOPS FOR GREECE.

The Ancient Kingdom Still Preparing for War—Will History Be Repeated.

ATHENS, March 24.—The Official Gazette publishes a decree ordering the formation of ten new battalions of light infantry, fourteen batteries of artillery, one battalion of sappers and six baggage companies. The Thessalian army consists of two divisions of two brigades each, and the army in Epirus of a single division with two brigades. All private horses in Athens have been taken for the army. Several millionaires gave their entire estates.

The admirals have ordered the Greek consular agents to quit Batimo and Candia forthwith, on the ground that the blockade would prove useless if they were allowed to continue what the admirals call their "intrigues."

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