

# Old Blazer's Hero

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"A pretty market you've brought your pig to, miss," said he.

Of the two he had been rather more eager for the marriage than she had. It had been half to please him, and because his consent seemed partly to assuage the effort, that she had imposed upon herself the task of drawing the prodigal from his evil ways.

"You speak," she said, "as if I had been to blame."

"I reckon," he said, with some asperity, "as when a fellow's husband runs away from her after no more than three months as there's pretty likely to be some sort of a reason for it."

Mary's reply to this was disingenuous, or at least she felt it to be so.

"You have no right to say he has run away. He has left home on business. There is his letter."

"H—m," said Howarth, after having deliberately read the letter through and handed it to his wife. "Thinks he's going to be prosperous, does he? Well, I hope he may. But it looks very much as if I'd got a burden back again as I thought I'd got rid of."

This was intended to mean no more than that his daughter should come home with a due and proper sense of her own poor deservings and of the parental magnanimity. In point of fact, it was Howarth's way of approach to a friendly understanding, but there are methods of approach which have the look of treatment, and this was one of them.

"You need not fear, father," answered Mary, "that I shall be a burden to you."

"No?" said Howarth, satirically. "Well, that's a blessing, anyway."

"It's never been my way to be one of them complainin' creatures as ud made you believe as all the worries of the world was on their backs and none of 'em on our shoulders," said Mrs. Howarth. "But if I've held my tongue it's never been for want of troubles to talk about, if I'd been one of them as does the talkin' easier than the sufferin'. I've had enough to put up with this last five-and-twenty year, and if I'd been one of the complainin' sort I've had plenty to complain about. But that was niver my fashion, and I'm not a-going to aiter my ways at my time o' life. But this I will say—"

And the hearers bowed themselves below the vocal storm.

## CHAPTER XV.

The mother's fearful protestations hardened the girl's heart. She would have asked for bread and they gave her a stone. The mere right to live without labor, with reproach for the wages of idleness, had no enticement for her, and the manner of giving the stone was as sterile of feeling as the gift itself.

"Is this all you have to say to me?" she asked, with defiance in the tone and in the eyes.

"What d'ye expect we should have to say to you?" asked her father. "Say as we're glad to see you chucked over by your husband, and sent back to be a weight on our old age?"

"I should never be a weight on your old age," she answered. "I will work for myself and never ask you for a crust."

"You'll make a nice hand at workin' for yourself," said the mother.

From the parents' point of view it was absolutely necessary that Mary should be convinced of her own unworthiness, and should demand aid before they were justified in giving it; and, to do them justice as they deserve, the couple were much readier to give all the help that was required than they professed to be. But they had made it a condition that the help should be asked for, and their daughter had made it a condition on the other side that it should be offered before she would accept it.

"I shall never ask anything from you," she said.

Howarth's heart was a little touched at this, and he was almost on the point of saying that the help might be had for the asking. But he deferred that kindly impulse, and the girl went on, with flashing eyes and heightened color:

"I have done no wrong. If wrong has been done at all I am the sufferer by it, and you have no right to come here and talk to me as if I were left alone in the world by any fault of mine."

"Pride and hunger," said the mother, "are poor companions, Polly, and you'll find that out afore long. I don't see as we're made much by coming here, John," she added, addressing her husband, "and I think we may as well go home again."

This maneuver was designed to do nothing more than bring Mary at once to terms. It had a contrary effect, for Howarth rising, to point his wife's speech by a show of willingness to obey her, Mary advanced to the door with more than actually necessary vehemence, and throwing it wide open, stood on one side, with her eyes bosom and pale face and scornful eyes, as her parents left the room.

"Her won't be long o' that mind, John," said the mother, as the two came upon the street together.

"Her'd better not be, for her own sake," said the father.

And so they made their consciences tolerably easy, and waited for the next overture for peace to come from their daughter, under the profound impression that they had made offer of the olive branch and that the offer had been refused.

In the meantime the little maid, having received permission to go home, started off to apprise her mother of the fact that she had lost her place. The maid was garrulous, as maids are at times, and she had such a budget of news to open as she had never carried before, she told the wondering old woman, her mother, how Mr. Hackett had run away nobody knew whether, and how Mrs. Hackett had no money left, she was quite out, and how the shelve were

here in the larder, and how, when she had asked if she should call on the baker or the butcher or the grocer with orders, her mistress had answered quietly in the negative. And it chanced that while the maid was telling this doleful story Hepzibah arrived upon the scene in search of a further consignment of fruit for preserving, and was at once made a partaker of the news.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Hepzibah, "that there's nothing to eat in the house?"

"There's barely as much," said the maid, "as'll serve for tea time."

The kindly Hepzibah sat miserably astonished at this intelligence for a minute, and then brightened.

"It's lucky for him," she said, "I spoke my mind to old Jack Howarth a'ready this morning, for if I hadn't I'd ha' had to ha' gone to him now, for all so big as he thinks himself. But look here, my dear," she added, growing suddenly confidential, "this affair of Mrs. Hackett's ain't a thing to be talked about."

"No," said the maid solemnly; she would not breathe a word.

The maid's mother, who was perhaps the most inveterate gossip in the township, promised a similar secrecy.

"And now," said Hepzibah, "have you left your place, or are you going back again?"

"I've got to go back for my things," said the maid, "and I've come to get mother's wheelbarrow to bring 'em home on."

"Well, then," said Hepzibah, "you be there in half an hour in the back kitchen, and I shall come around to you and have something to say to you."

There was an air of benevolent mystery about Hepzibah as she said this, which excited the curiosity both of maid and mother; but she contented herself by mystic nods and smiles, and having secured her supply of fruit, departed. She left the basket at her mistress's house, and ran with a gaunt and jerky gait, at which anybody unacquainted with the nature of her errand might have laughed, to her mother's.

"Has that rabbit pie been cut into yet?" she demanded breathlessly.

"No," said her mother. "I was a-keepin' it for to-morrow."

Hepzibah marched straightway to a cupboard in the corner of the kitchen, and there possessed herself of a substantial pie, which she proceeded to fold up in a snow-white cloth, which she secured by half a dozen pins drawn from different parts of her own person. The old woman looked on at this for a while in dumb astonishment.

"What on earth," she asked at last, "beat you to do with the pie? It isn't like you, Hepzibah, to come and steal your mother's victuals."

"I'll get time to-night," said Hepzibah, "and come up and make a new up; but I want this now." And to the old lady's infinite astonishment she took up the pastry and marched off with it, still breathless from her run.

She bore it straight to Mrs. Hackett's house, and, entering by the back door, confronted the maid, who was already there awaiting her.

"Now, mind you," said Hepzibah, "warning the maid with great solemnity, "what you have got to do now has got to be handled very proper and polite. You've got to take this here pie to Mrs. Hackett, with Mrs. Blane's best compliments, and to say—"

"—and here Hepzibah began to blush and had some difficulty in encountering the maid's glance—"you've got to say as Mrs. Blane had two o' these made, expecting company as never came, and as she's afraid as it'll grow stale upon her hands, and as she hopes that Mrs. Hackett will be so good as to accept of it."

Now, this is by no means an uncommon form of rural civility; but it happened, unfortunately for Hepzibah's friend, that Mrs. Hackett and Mrs. Blane had never been on terms to offer each other this sort of homely rustic kindness. And when Hepzibah had gone, and the maid, nothing doubting the story she had to tell, but being fully able to divine the real intent of the gift, approached her mistress with the pie and Hepzibah's tale together, it seemed to Mrs. Hackett's outraged feelings the cruellest insult she had yet received. She was a little creature; but for a mere instant she seemed to tower, and she stood over the trembling maid like a statue of indignation. It cost her much trouble to quiet herself, but in a little while she succeeded.

"Take the pie back to Mrs. Blane with my best thanks for her kindness," she said, "and tell her that I can make no use of it."

The maid, charged with this message, which seemed to her mind to make the deadliest possible breach of politeness, would willingly have abandoned the pie by the roadside, and indeed lingered a good five minutes in front of Mrs. Blane's house before she dared to ring the bell. When at last she plucked up courage to do this and was rehearsing her speech in preparation for Hepzibah, the door opened and a bearded face appeared, kindly in expression by nature, but looking at this moment stern and white enough to frighten the maid's wits away altogether.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked her gently, seeing that she was alarmed.

"It's not my fault, if you please, sir," said the maid, "but missus won't keep the pie, and she sends it back to Mrs. Blane with her best thanks."

"Oh," said Blane; "and who is your mistress?"

"Mrs. Hackett, if you please, sir," said the maid.

Ned Blane dropped the pie dish, which went to pieces within his cover. He stopped with an expression of grave pain to recover it, and stood with it in his hands—a wet and sticky mass—as he looked down at the girl.

"Mrs. Blane," he said, "sent this to Mrs. Hackett."

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you," said Blane quietly, "that will do."

The girl, having discharged her errand, made the best of her way back, glad that it was over; and Blane, having closed the door, walked straight into the kitchen, where his mother sat in her customary place by the side of the hearth.

"Mother," he said, depositing the wrecked pie on the table and turning upon her in grave reproach, "this is an insult."

"Lawk a mercy!" cried Mrs. Blane, "what's an insult?"

"Your sending this pie to Mrs. Hackett."

"Pie to Mrs. Hackett?" said his mother, in great astonishment. "What's the lad talking about, in the name of wonder? I've sent no pie to Mrs. Hackett."

At this instant Hepzibah, who had been attending to some duties in the rear of the house, bounded suddenly into the kitchen, and bearing these words stood transfixed with a sense of her own guilty deceit. Blane looked up at her and read the truth in her face at a glance.

"It was you," he asked, "who sent this pie to Mrs. Hackett?"

Hepzibah paled and held on to the latch of the door for support. "You sent it as coming from my mother?" Hepzibah was silent, and looked as if she were being charged with murder. "Why did you do this?"

"Why? Desery me, Edward," said Hepzibah, recovering herself a little, "how you do talk, and how you do look at a body over a little bit of civility like that! The poor thing's never gone and sent it back again!"

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Blane, stern and cold.

"The meaning of it," said Hepzibah, shaking herself back into courage by an effort—"the meaning of it is as I wanted to do the poor creature a kindness as her pride wouldn't stand."

Blane turned as pale as Hepzibah had been a minute earlier.

"A kindness?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

"Mean?" said Hepzibah, half crying with the shock of her recent detection and the wretched sense that she was giving intense pain to the one creature she loved best on earth. "What should I mean, but that the poor creature's starvin'?"

"Dear me!" said the sympathetic Mrs. Blane, in a voice of much interest as if she had asked a question about the weather. "Are you talking about Polly Howarth, Hepzibah?"

The young man turned about and stood for a minute with one hand on the table near the broken pastry. A curious little gasping sound escaped him. It was so slight that it did not attract his mother's notice, but Hepzibah went white again and made a movement toward him which her hands outstretched, as if she would faint protect and soothe him. He seemed to hear the step behind, and, as if to avoid it, he walked from the kitchen without looking behind him and went heavily up to his own room.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A man's virtues and offenses are always in accord with each other. This dogma is neither so profound nor so shallow by a good half as it may seem at first sight to different minds. The mean man's virtues are mean, the brave man's vices have at least the credit of being courageous.

This being admitted as it must be, it becomes a matter of profound surprise to detect Ned Blane in the act of forgery. Yet, when he had sat in his own bedroom for some half hour he arose and shook himself, and set about that task with an air of resolution. He took pen, ink and paper, and having set a page of his own handwriting before him, he began to write in a legal-looking hand, pausing every now and then to make sure of the form he commonly employed for a given letter, and then painstakingly avoiding a likeness to it. The letter, when completed, ran thus:

"Keston Square, Brocton.

"Madam—I am instructed by Mr. William Hackett to forward to you the enclosed. Your obedient servant,

"JNO. HARGREAVES."

He addressed an envelope, and then, having unlocked a drawer in his dressing table, took from it a twenty-dollar bill and folded it up and sealed it with the letter.

"I have business in Brocton, mother," he said as he entered the kitchen with the forgery in his pocket. "I shall be back before dark if I can catch the bus, but if I don't manage that, you're not to sit up for me."

Hepzibah looked at him with a timid inquiry, and as he left the room arose and followed him, laying a hand upon his arm.

(To be continued.)

## Not His Forte

Clyde Fitch, the playwright, says that a well-known New York manager was recently much annoyed by the persistent applications for a "job" made to him by a most peculiar looking and seedy individual. Time and time again, it appears, the manager had referred this person to his stage manager.

"Talk to Blank," he would say, interrupting the man's attempts to name his qualifications.

Finally the seedy man in search of a job did see Blank, the stage manager, who at that time was in the theater, listening to the efforts of candidates for the chorus. As there was a number ahead of him, the peculiar looking individual would, between songs, interrupt the stage manager with his requests for a job. Exasperated, the stage manager at length turned to the pianist and bade him play an accompaniment for the stranger. With some hesitancy the applicant for a job employed what voice he had in song. It was as bad as bad could be.

Disgusted, the manager stopped him. "And you have the audacity to ask for a job!" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

"Certainly," replied the man.

"Why, you can't sing a little bit?" said the manager, astonished.

"I don't claim to be able to sing," replied the seedy individual, calmly. "And I don't want to sing. I'm a stage carpenter. I was only singing to please you people!"

Only those get to heaven who help others get there.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



### Butchering Outfit.

Although old time customs in butchering are to some extent passing away, hog killing is still an important performance on many farms. A simple outfit for out of door work is shown in a cut originally contributed to the Ohio Farmer. A post eight feet high has pivoted to its top a sweep fifteen feet long. This sweep has a hook on the short end and a rope on the long end. The scalding barrel, cleaning bench and hanging gallows are all on the circumference of the circle made by the short end of the sweep. With this arrangement one man at the long end of sweep can easily dip a hog

### Hog Killing Conveniences.

and transfer it from one place to another, as may be desired. The cut also shows a good method of heating water. A bent piece of one and a half inch iron pipe enters the barrel in two places. A fire built under this pipe soon heats the water in the barrel, as the heat causes a rapid circulation of the water in the pipe and barrel.

### Bran, Shorts and Alfalfa.

Horsemen are loud in their praises of oats as feed for working or driving horses, and oats deserve all the praise. By reason of the fact that they are a preferred food for horses and Scotchmen, oats are usually about the dearest feed per hundred pounds on the farm. Horsemen attribute this superior value of oats to the mythical substance "avenin," which no chemist has ever yet been able to discover. They claim that it is this that puts the ginger in man and beast which feed on oats. The Utah Experiment station, however, has found out by experiment that when a mixture of bran and shorts, half and half, can be bought at the same price per hundred pounds as oats, it serves the same purpose equally well, and when fed with alfalfa gives even better results, thus materially reducing the cost of feeding the horse as compared with oats.

### Best Corn for the North.

In a test of 135 varieties of corn grown for fodder or silage at the Ontario experiment farm, New Delaware Dent and Pedrick Perfected Golden Beauty gave the greatest total yields, being twenty-four and 23.8 tons per acre, respectively. The greatest yields of husked ears were produced by Golden Leneway Dent, Snow White Dent and Black Mexican sweet corn, the yields being 4.3, 4.3 and 4.2 tons per acre, respectively. Salzer North Dakota, Compton Early and King Philip, Flint varieties, and North Star Yellow Dent, a Dent variety, are recommended for central and southern Ontario. An average of four years tests gave the following total yields: Two inches, 33.2 tons; 1 1/2 and three inches, each, 11.8 tons; no inch, 11.7 tons; one-half inch, 10.6 tons, and four inches, 9.8 tons.—American Cultivator.

### Home-Made Barrel Brooder.

For our readers who are interested in brooders we give the plan of Mr. Normandin, who gives a description and illustration of a cheap brooder he has constructed, in the Farm-Poultry. He says: "Get a round sugar barrel, and 2 inch galvanized pipe enough to go through the barrel, with an elbow to fit on a cheap lamp; also a tomato can. Cut a hole in side of can to put pipe through, and a hole in the barrel to put can in snug, as most of the heat is right above the lamp. That is the reason I put the can over the pipe. The floor can be put about 6 inches below the pipe. With a piece of carpet around the

### Barrow for Fruits and Vegetables.

the user. With the ordinary wheelbarrow the sloping floor causes the fruit to roll out of the baskets or boxes, and the latter to huddle together in a heap. The exact pattern here given need not be followed, the idea is serviceable, and anyone can plan the form of the barrow to suit himself.—Farm and Home.

### To Measure an Acre.

To measure an acre, tie a ring at each end of a rope, the distance being just 66 feet between them; tie a piece of colored cloth exactly in the middle of this. One acre of ground will be four times the length and two and one-half times the width, or the equal of 132 rods one way and 10 rods the other, making the full acre 132 square rods. Keep the rope taut, so it will not stretch. A rod is 16 1/2 lineal feet. An acre is 4,840 square yards, or 43,560 square feet. To lay out an acre when one side is known, divide the unit in the square contents by the units of the same kind in the length of the known side. Thus: if the known side be 4 rods, divide 160 by 4, and the quotient 40 will be the depth of the acre plot. If the length of the known side be 90 feet, divide 43,560 by 90, and the quotient 48 will be the depth of an acre plot. Either of the following measures include an acre plot: 4x40 rods; 5x32 rods; 8x20 rods; 10x14 rods; 12 rods 10 feet 8 1/2 inches square make an acre.

### A Good Bacon Hog.

A writer for the American Cultivator speaks well of the Jersey red or duroc as a bacon hog, but thinks that, on account of the ability to stand exposure and habits it is better suited to the Western farmer, who permits his hogs to run wild over an extensive range, than to the farmers who have limited ranges and shelter their stock in bad weather. These hogs are coarser built, thicker bristled and harder than most of the other improved breeds.

### To Make the Cows Go Dry.

Frequently the question is asked how to do this. An experienced dairyman who manages a herd of cows in Pennsylvania gives his method as follows. He says: "To make a cow dry give timothy hay and water, exercise the cow with the halter and skip teats in milking. By this method the animal will go dry in six days."

### Ripe Cream.

In the winter season cream rises slowly, and much of it fails to ripen as it should. The ripening is known

# GOOD Short Stories

Mrs. Disraeli once said to an astounded circle in an English country house: "Dizzy has the most wonderful moral and political courage, but he has no physical courage. I always have to pull the string of his shower bath."

Glen MacDonough, who wrote the libretto for the comic opera, "Babes in Toyland," was sitting in a New York cafe recently with Victor Herbert, the composer, when a waiter approached to take his order. The waiter smiled at Mr. MacDonough, and said: "You don't remember me, do you? I used to sing in one of your companies."

"I remember you very well," said Mr. MacDonough. "Are you surprised to see me here as a waiter?" asked the other. "Not a bit," replied the librettist, cheerfully; "you know, I have heard you sing."

One day last March, when Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, threatened to have a page dismissed because of carelessness in delivering cards, Senator Arthur Pue Gorman laid his hand on the angry Rhode Islander's shoulder, and remarked: "Gentry, gently, Aldrich. Give the boy a show. I often made the same mistake myself. Let it pass this time." "You often made the same mistake!" echoed Senator Aldrich. "Often," Senator Gorman replied; "don't you know that I first entered the Senate as a page nearly fifty years ago? I have never forgotten those days. You have no idea what a hard time a page has, with a half-dozen Senators pulling him at the same time, and all of them in a hurry. He is bound to make mistakes. If I had been dismissed for a little delay in delivering a card, I should not probably be in the Senate to-day."

The Paris papers discuss at length the fatal ending of the duel which recently took place at the Ile de la Grande Gatte between M. Ebelot, a novice in the use of fells, and M. Lantier, who had quite a reputation as a fencer. The duel began with the usual crossing of swords and an attempt of the part of the experienced fencer merely to keep his adversary at a distance. The fells crossed each other for only about half a minute, when M. Ebelot, the inexperienced fencer, suddenly gave a lunge forward and plunged his sword into the side of his adversary, just under the armpit. The unfortunate man at once fell, with his shirt soaked in blood, and blood pouring from his mouth and nose, and in a quarter of an hour he was dead. The stroke which the novice used is called the "Coup de Mouserrat," and has quite a romantic history. The hero of the story was a young Parisian musician, engaged to be married to a young lady of Bordeaux. Quarrelling with a cousin of his fiancée, he got his ears boxed at the Bordeaux Club. Ignorant of fencing, he dared not resent the insult, and renounced his engagement. But he also took fencing lessons from one Mouserrat, a maître d'armes of Toulouse. Mouserrat taught him one trick only, and he practiced it for a year. At the end of that time, he returned to the Bordeaux Club, slapped his man's face, and, being called out instantly ran his opponent through the body with his cunning lunge.

### MILLIONS FOR GOATSKINS.

Farmers Make No Effort to Reap Par of This Harvest.

A new industry is offering itself to the farmers and manufacturers of the United States. The fact that \$25,000,000 worth of goatskins are now annually imported into the United States, and that our outcropping manufacturers are now obliged to send half way around the world for a large share of them, suggests that the farmers of the country have a great opportunity to put a large share of this sum into their own pockets, and that the entire sum may be divided between our producers and manufacturers. Imports of goatskins into the United States now amount to about \$25,000,000 per annum, and a large share of these are brought from India, China, Arabia and southeastern Russia. The increasing popularity of certain classes of khaki leather for footwear, as well as gloves, has greatly increased the demand for goatskins in the United States within recent years. In 1885 the value of goat skins imported was about \$4,000,000, by 1890 it had grown to \$9,000,000, by 1898 it was \$15,000,000, in 1900 it was \$22,000,000 and in 1903, in round numbers, \$25,000,000. The farmers of the United States are apparently making no effort to reap any part of this golden harvest for themselves. The census of 1890 showed the total number of goats in the United States to be less than 2,000,000 in number, and when it is understood that the skins of probably 20,000,000 goats were required to make the \$25,000,000 worth imported last year, it would be seen that the supply from the United States could have formed but a small share of the total consumption. Yet the fact that a large share of our supply of this important import comes from India, China, France and Mexico suggests that there are large areas in the United States which produce goats successfully and in sufficiently large numbers to supply the entire home demand.—Harper's Bazar.

### Polltences.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is polite ones?

Professor Broadhead—Polltences, my son, is the art of not letting other people know what you really think of them.—Town Topics.