

FARMER JOHN'S SOLILOQUY.

I must as well acknowledge, 'tain't no use o' beatin' round, I've done a heap o' thinkin', plowin' up this faller ground, An' suthin's been a-painin' an' achin' me like sin— I reckoned 'twas dyspepsy or malaria creepin' in. At last I got my dander up, an' to myself sez I: The biggest fool in natur's him that tells hisself a lie; I've been lettin' on 'tis malary, an' my stum-mick, when I know It's my conscience that's a-hurtin' an' worryin' me so. I've been a-shirkin' this here thing for thirty year or more; An' I had orto had this shakin' an' settin' down afore. I've been honest, fur as payin' up goes; not a penny do I owe, But the kind o' cheatin' that I done was the kind that didn't show. My mind goes back to Hanner when I fetched her here a bride— No apple bloom was sweeter, an' she nussed to my side Like she thought she had a right to, an' could trust me without fear. For the love I never hinted at for mo'n thirty year. There was charmin', bakin', bilin', there was nussin' an' the rest, From long afore the sun riz till he slumbered in the West, An' when the rest of us was done an' lollin' 'round on cheers, Hanner was recuperatin' with her needle an' her shears. But when the life was ebblin' from that faith-ful, patient heart, I had to face the music—I hadn't done my part; An' I couldn't help a thinkin', watchin' out that weary life, That tier's other ways o' killin' 'cept a pistol or a knife. It sounds like sacrilege, but I know just what she meant, As I whispered: "Fly to meet me when my airthy life is spent"— "I'm tired, John, so tired, but I've allus done my best, An' I may feel more like flyin' when I've had a spell o' rest." —Amy Hamilton, in N. Y. Mercury.

LONE HOLLOW,

Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

By JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOGUS BILL," "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

RETRIBUTION.

"Don't put yourself out, doctor," said the Captain, with an assumption of coolness he did not feel. "I care nothing for this yarn of yours, and can not wait to hear it." He came to his feet. "Sit down," ordered Lura, emphasizing the order by covering him with her cocked revolver. He sank back into his chair with a muttered imprecation against the "tiger cat." "It was in California about two years ago that my first scene opens," proceeded the doctor. "Two men among the gold hills of that State became bosom friends—Lawrence Brandon and Karl Vandible. They first met in San Francisco and went to the mountains together. Karl Vandible was an eccentric man past the meridian of life, one who had seen better days, he asserted, and Brandon believed him. In time Vandible made a confidant of his young friend, Brandon, and told him a strange story of the past. "Karl had been the black sheep in the family of four boys. Two were dead, and Karl, the youngest, had drifted to California in search of adventure even at the age of fifty-six. He assured Brandon that it was not really necessary for him to fight hand to hand with the world, since he had a brother who was a millionaire in one of the States beyond the Mississippi. 'That brother,' said Karl, 'always sympathized with me, and defended me against the assaults of others. I was proud, however, and wouldn't accept his bounty. I haven't seen Morgan for ten years, but I know he must be a very old man now.' "Then Karl Vandible took from his pocket a letter which had lately come from his aged brother beyond the mountains. I will read a part of it." The nonchalant expression on the Captain's face changed to nervous agitation as Dr. Colton drew forth a wrinkled envelope, stained and frayed at the edges from apparent rough usage. "This is nothing more," growled the Captain, again attempting to rise. "Sit down!" Again Starbright looked into the muzzle of Lura's revolver and subsided without more words. Opening the letter, Dr. Colton proceeded: "Come home, Karl. I am intending to pass the remainder of my days at Lone Hollow, the old stone house where you once staid for a day and liked the hunting so well. You shall one day own the place and every thing that I have. In fact, I have made a will in your favor, leaving everything to you with the one condition that you allow my granddaughter, Grace Penroy, an annuity of twenty thousand a year after she comes of age. I make the stipulation because I love the girl, and she has been most dutiful and kind to me. You are twenty years my junior, and will have ample time to enjoy my wealth after I am gone. Come, Karl, I am becoming feeble; feeling my years and infirmities more and more every day, and I wish to enjoy your company a little while before I pass to the other shore. If you receive this I am sure you will not refuse to grant the prayer of your last of kin." "That is the substance of the letter read to Lawrence Brandon by Karl Vandible," said Dr. Colton, "and it was that letter that influenced Brandon to commit an awful crime."

for Karl, Morgan's brother, and of how he had been with him when he died in a lonely cave on the gold range. Morgan was deeply grieved. For Karl's sake he befriended Brandon, who now bore the assumed name of Starbright.

"This is false!"

"Sit down!" commanded Lura, as the villain attempted to rise. "I won't speak again, either. A bullet will be the next compliment you'll get!"

White now, with cold sweat standing out in great drops, the pseudo Captain was obliged to listen to the remainder of the narrative.

Lawrence Brandon murdered his trusting friend and came East for the purpose of stealing a fortune. Had his murderous blow succeeded, all might even now be well with this villain. Karl Vandible was not killed, however. He lived and came East, but the blow had affected his brain and he was demented.

"Instead of coming to Lone Hollow he hid in a cave, once a counterfeiter's resort, in Hangman's Gulch. Sometimes he had moments of sanity, but they were of short duration. He led a hermit life, and watched to meet Lawrence Brandon. He did meet him finally, and recognized him. He fired with the intention of taking life. Somehow, it seems that Brandon, alias Starbright, lived to concoct further schemes of villainy, among them the poisoning of Grace Penroy, that he might, through a forged will, seize upon the million left by Morgan Vandible."

"That will is not a forgery."

"Keep quiet," ordered Lura.

"I have come near to the end of my story," asserted Dr. Colton, with the utmost gravity. "Before you went to California you had sought to win the hand of Miss Joyce. She read your character and despised you. Afterward, when she learned that you were at Lone Hollow, she resolved to thwart your designs upon the unsuspecting old man Vandible and upon Grace, although at that time she knew nothing of the crime you had committed among the gold hills of California.

"Disguised as Fingal, the hunter, she has been quite successful in thwarting your villainy. Your attempt upon her life on two occasions failed signally. She discovered your attempt to poison her cousin—"

"By heaven! this is too much," grated the Captain, white and trembling, at the same time coming to his feet. "This plot arranged between you and this shameless girl will not succeed. In good faith I came here. I was the friend of Karl Vandible. My name is Starbright, and—"

"You deny that you attempted his life?" interrupted the doctor.

"I do, most emphatically."

"You did not strike him down in California?"

"No."

"You did not set hired assassins on his track but a few weeks since, and sink his body in a dark pool in the woods?"

White, stern, grim as fate was the face of Dr. Arthur Colton as he put these questions so swiftly to the trembling man before him.

"N—n—o!" faltered Captain Starbright, reeling and cringing.

"Then, perhaps, you will dare deny these things to another witness?"

Dr. Colton turned swiftly and flung wide the door. Two men crossed the threshold. Captain Starbright glared wildly into the face of the foremost man, then he uttered a great cry of agony and terror. The dead had indeed come back to earth to stand as a witness against him.

"Karl Vandible alive!"

Then the shattered spirit sank weakly, and Captain Starbright fell heavily into his chair, covering his face to shut out the view. Before them stood the man we have known as Don Benito, the maniac. Now there was the light of reason glowing in his eyes, yet he was thin and pale, and leaned on the arm of his companion, an officer, for support.

"I am not dead, Lawrence Brandon," said the wronged Californian, in a solemn voice. "A blow from your hand clouded my brain and sent me forth a demented wanderer upon the earth. A weight of years has whelmed me, yet I did not forget nor forgive the man who struck that blow, the man I trusted and confided in only to be murdered, almost, by his treachery."

"Your last attempt upon my life proved as futile as the first, thanks to this brave doctor and his equally brave helper, Lura Joyce. Both were on hand to rescue me from the watery grave into which your maniac had cast me. The stone rolled back at the outset. I was unconscious for some time, and these friends conveyed me to Stonefield in a light vehicle. The shock to my system was terrible, but it served the good turn to restore my reason."

"From the hour of my regaining consciousness I knew every thing. My head is yet sore, and I am very weak, yet I managed last night to ascend you on the brink of the forest pool, where you had gone to contemplate your latest villainy. I had been to the cave after something left there by me, and spying you moving toward the pool I dogged your steps and executed a little tableau that frightened you so that you swooned. From your pocket I abstracted this," holding up a delicate vial, "which the good doctor informs me is a subtle and deadly poison. You have used it. My brother Morgan died from its effects before he signed the will, to which you afterward affixed his name. Your race is run, Lawrence Brandon. You have many murders to answer for, all to gain a million that was not for you."

As the man paused Lura held aloft a folded document.

"The last will and testament of Morgan Vandible, which leaves all his property to Karl, his beloved brother. This will has been concealed, and is the only genuine document in existence from the hand of Morgan Vandible. I congratulate you, Mr. Vandible."

Starbright dropped his hands and glared at the paper in a hopeless, despairing way. His face was like death itself.

"And now," said Karl Vandible, "I have the satisfaction of turning you over to the custody of an officer, Lawrence Brandon."

"Wait," cried the culprit, huskily, as Vandible's companion advanced, displaying a pair of handcuffs. Then he came to his feet and shrank back across the floor toward the window.

"Seize him!" cried Lura. "There's a ladder at the window. He will escape."

"Halt, sir!"

"I will not be taken alive!" hoarsely uttered the haggard villain. On the instant he presented a revolver, which he always carried in case of emergency.

This movement deterred his seizure, and then, crouching quickly, he glided through the open window. Both the officer and Dr. Colton dashed forward and peered out. The escaping villain made a misstep, slipped, and with a wild cry, plunged headlong to the ground below.

"I—I feel that I am not long for this world, Karl."

The voice was faltering and low, and the lips that uttered the words blue and shrunken. Beside the couch sat two men, Dr. Colton and Karl Vandible. Outside the first snow of the season was sitting softly down upon the gray roof at Lone Hollow. One would scarcely recognize in the emaciated man on the bed our old acquaintance, Captain Starbright.

Bodily and mental sufferings had done its work. The plunge from the upper story of the great house on that night just a fortnight before had given the man a shock from which he could not recover, and he was slowly and surely dying.

"There is no help for you, Captain—"

"Hush! Do not utter that title. It was as false as my life has been. Where—where is Austin Wentworth? He ought to be here."

"He is still behind prison bars," answered the doctor.

"And for my crime. Yes, it was mine. I meant to get rid of both when I fired that shot. My aim was not good. I was nervous, I suppose. Dropping the pistol I fled, and making a swift detour, came upon Austin and Grace from the direction of the house. I hope he may be set free. And Grace—"

"She is improving."

"I—I am glad."

"And now," said Karl Vandible, "tell us about the others, the will, and—"

"Every thing said against me is true, even to forging the name of your brother to that will. He never would have changed the first one had he not supposed you dead—never."

The dying man was breathing huskily. Soon he opened his lips and told the story of his villainy, confessing every thing.

"Now—now, can you ever forgive me for the wrongs I did, Karl—Karl, you who were once my friend?" faltered the dying man at the last.

Karl thought of his own sufferings, of the dead brother hastened to his grave by the poison administered by the hand of the man before him, and he smiled sadly.

"You can not!" growled the dying man.

"A higher power may look there, not to me," answered Vandible, in tones of solemn gravity.

Then the sinking man gasped, attempted to speak, but failed. A convulsive shudder passed through his frame, a gasp and then silence—the man of evil was dead.

With his death comes the ending of our story. We have no desire to prolong the narrative. Through the efforts of Lura Joyce, assisted at the last by Dr. Colton, retribution had overtaken the man who had staked his soul in the struggle for a fortune. He had meditated the destruction of the last Penroy in his eager desire to gain the wealth of Major Vandible. Caught, he had fallen and died a miserable death.

Austin Wentworth was at once released. The forged will was cast aside and the genuine one, which was satisfactory to all, Mr. Penroy having the promise of ample pin money as well as a home while she lived, and Grace the snug sum of twenty thousand dollars a year. This was enough to marry on, Wentworth and Grace believed, and they consequently acted upon it and were united early the following spring.

Lawyer Grips, fearing prosecution for his part in the transaction with Lawrence Brandon, fled to Stonefield and was seen there no more.

Mother Cabera and her sons were arrested on their reappearance at Lone Hollow and were sent to prison for a term of years.

Lura Joyce!

Yes, what of her who had proved the guardian angel of the Penroys? She won Dr. Arthur Colton, certainly, and became his happy wife a year after the death of the wicked Brandon, alias Starbright.

On the wedding morn Karl Vandible astonished the bride with a certificate of deposit in the Stonefield Bank, in her name for the snug sum of twenty thousand dollars.

"I owe every thing to you, brave little woman," he said, gravely, "and you must accept this in slight recompense."

It proved the nest-egg for a future fortune.

THE END.

SPEAKING IN PUBLIC.

Suggestions Furnished by a Well-Known

Orator to the Honorable Members of the

Scottish, and a Shipbuilder, and a Literary

Man as well as a Business Man. He wrote much and delivered many addresses. Dis-

covering that his "pace" in public speaking

was too rapid to hold his audience, he

trained himself in order to reduce his

speeches verbatim. By his side sat a

lad with a chronograph, who told the

reporter at the end of every minute so that he might mark it in his report. Mr. Denny, being thus informed as to the number of words he spoke each separate minute, was enabled to reduce his space from a hundred and fifty-one words per minute to a hundred and twenty-four. To a company of theological students Mr. Denny said:

"Pace is a very difficult matter, especially for young students. They almost all speak much too fast. A pace of a hundred and fifty words is not at all unusual, but it is too fast to allow the speaker to form his sentences with any approach to correctness and clearness, and it is much too fast to permit his audience to grasp what he is saying to them. The pace which you will find the best is one varying from a hundred to a hundred and ten words to the minute."

On the subject of "words" his advice was: "Don't use uncommon words; don't use classical words, if you can at all avoid them; above all, don't use foreign words. The words you use in public speaking should be homely to you; their history, their pathos, and their full scope for use should be of the experience of your daily life."

As to "matter," this shipbuilder said:

"In matter, be very careful not to be encyclopedic. An audience do not want to hear a dictionary, nor do they wish to listen to a gazetteer. You can only speak about one or two things well and clearly, and the moment you try to extend your powers beyond these limits you fail. Learn well the limits of public speaking, and be content if you have stimulated one fine impulse, and conveyed the sharply-defined bits of truth."

Mr. Denny's custom was to write on a slip of paper three or four principal headings, each with four or five subsidiary ones.

"To the extempore speaker," he said, "the arrangement of his matter is one-half his work. It is his road through a country which would otherwise be to him either a trackless expanse or a piece of pitfalls and quagmires."—Christian Union.

THE RATTLER'S RATTLE.

A Cambridge Professor Says the Attach-

ment Is Simply Mechanical.

Mr. S. Garman of the Museum of

Comparative Zoology, Cambridge,

Mass., has been investigating the rattle

of the rattlesnake. The habit of

sloughing is common to all serpents.

A short time before the removal of the

old skin takes place, the new epiderm

makes its appearance beneath the old. The mode of growth of the new and the removal of the old is the same in all snakes, with the exception that in those with a rattle that portion of the slough that covers the tip of the tail is retained to form one of the rings of the rattle. The attachment is simply mechanical; the rings are merely the sloughs off the end of the tail. The terminal bone of the tail is formed of vertebrae that have coalesced, and changed in great measure their shape. In the different species the number of vertebrae included in this bone varies considerably, and sometimes it varies in individuals of the same species. With the purpose of indicating the manner of growth of the rattle, and as far as possible determine its origin, Mr. Garman has followed up its appearance in several species, full details of which, with figures, have been lately published. In the very young rattlesnake, while the vertebrae are still separate, there is no rattle; but about a week after birth a well-marked button is seen. With the first slough the first ring is set free, the button being pushed forward, and a third button is gradually perfected. In time the traces of the vertebrae in the terminal bone are almost obliterated. The bone becomes thickened, pushed forward at its edges, and otherwise enlarged. In a full-grown rattlesnake the hinder seven of the rings belong to the period of the snake's most rapid growth—they form the "tapering rattle" formerly used in classification of the species—while four of the rings and the button are formed while the gain in size was less rapid, and form the "parallel-grammatic rattle" of the old classifiers. Many serpents besides those possessed of a "crepitaculous" are addicted to making a rattling noise by vibrations of the end of their tails. In illustration of the extent to which the tail has been modified in different cases, Mr. Garman figures the tails of several species, among others that of *Ancistrodon corcorix*, Lin., the copperhead of the United States. The tip of its tail is directed downwards as well as a little backwards. Most often the button has one or two swellings in a degree resembling those on a ring of the rattle. A living specimen of this snake, kept for a year or more, would take to rattling on the floor whenever it was irritated. The sound was made by the terminal inch of the tail, this part being swung from side to side in the segment of a circle, so that the tip might strike downward. The result was a tolerable imitation of the sound made by a small rattlesnake.—Science.

WOMAN'S GREAT GLORY.

A Learned Hair-Dresser Tells Ladies How

to Care for Their Hair.

Very few ladies in this country

know how to take care of the hair.

Abroad it is part of a lady's education

to know how to keep her hair, her

hands, her feet, her teeth and her com-

plexion in perfect condition. The

American ladies who were educated

abroad, or who have maids to attend them, are almost the only ones who give their hair the proper attention. The rest let it go any way, and you will see elegantly dressed women on the street with hair broken off at the back and sticking out in every direction. Very few hair-dressers in this country understand their business. The only good ones are those who have been brought up to it and whose fathers were hair-dressers before them. The art can not be learned in this country; it must be learned abroad. It is not necessary to wash the head very often, if the hair is carefully combed and dressed every day. When a shampoo is needed, braid the hair, commencing about four inches from the head and braiding to the ends. Then wet the scalp and with a sponge apply a lather made from the best soap that can be obtained. After rubbing the scalp thoroughly with the fingers, wash the head with clean water. Now let the hair dry naturally. Do not sit by a fire or near a gas-burner, as heat will make the hair brittle. It is best to not even use a brush, but take plenty of time for the hair to dry. It will be from an hour to an hour and a half. Do not comb it or put it up before it is thoroughly dry. A drop of hair oil may be used to give it a gloss. Only the best oil should be employed. The hair should be combed with a tortoise shell comb, and a brush made of horse hair should be the only one used. These brushes are made expressly for the purpose in France and England, and cost three dollars each. In dressing the hair care should be taken to avoid straining it by doing it up too tightly. The late style of drawing it all up on top of the head was very injurious. The tendency of the hair is to grow downward, and fastening up breaks off the hair at the back of the neck. The styles of braiding and twisting into a coil at the back, from which two small curls are left hanging, or of twisting the hair into two strands and forming what is called the chain-link, which droop from the crown of the head to the edge of the neck, are becoming to the wearer, and do not interfere with the growth of the hair. It is better for ladies to wear a false front than to curl their own hair with an iron every morning and gradually burn it up in front.—H. Gulliard, in Courier-Journal.

RAVAGES OF INSECTS.

How to Apply Insecticides so as to Se-

cure Satisfactory Results.

Considerable interest has developed

lately on the subject of applying insecti-

cides, and it is very opportune. The

pressing need of a better understand-

ing of methods for successfully resist-

ing the ravages of our insect enemies

crowds upon us with increased vigor

as the recurring seasons increase the

number and rapacity of the foe. It

has been very evident (to close ob-

servers at least) that a great part of

the work done, especially in the use

of poisonous compounds, has proved of

actual damage; that is, the insects them-

selves would not have done more harm

if left alone than the misuse of poison

did. A treatment for insects that may

do very well in a growing, productive

season is liable to do great harm to the

crops in an unfavorable one. To apply

poisons effectively (without doing in-

jury) and cheaply, is equally of impor-

tance.

After quite an extended experience

in using insecticides in nearly all

ways, I have decided that there is only

one way in which satisfactory results

can be reasonably expected every time,

and that is by spraying. Poisons should

be used in liquid form always, and in

applying to the foliage, to insure suc-

cess, it must be broken up into fine,

misty spray, like fog or steam. To ac-

complish this desired result, there is

nothing yet made to excel the spraying

machine. It is built on simple, me-

chanical principles, and the amount of

the application can be gauged per-

fectly. By the aid of one horse (or

team) and man, this machine operates

on four rows of potatoes at a time, de-

livering a fine, misty spray with force,

penetrating every part of the plant and

thoroughly impregnating the foliage

with poison (but not drenching), so

that if the larva feed on any portion

they must get the poison. The danger

of burning the leaves is greatly less-

ened. In fact, the plant can hardly

be harmed if ordinary care is taken. I

have sprayed eighty acres of potatoes

in three days, using only \$3.50 worth

of London purple, and in thirty-six to

forty-eight hours after the poison was

applied on hardly a slug could be found

alive. The expedition and economy

with which poisons can be applied in

this way enables the grower to use

weaker solutions often, and thus ob-

viates all danger from doing harm

to the growing crops.

The Colorado bugs bade fair to give

us the most trouble we ever experi-

enced during the dry season of 1887,

yet by two timely applications of Lon-

don purple by spraying, we succeeded

in almost totally destroying them,

without apparent damage to any part

of the crop, at a cost of less than 50

cents per acre, including labor and

poisons for the two jobs. I saw a great

many fields of potatoes that were al-

most ruined that season by applying

poisons in a careless manner, both in

liquid and powder form. When pota-

toes bring 75 cents to \$1 per bushel at

harvest time, it is poor policy to ruin

a crop by being short-sighted in any way.

Wetting or drenching the vines with

water alone during dry, hot weather is

a dangerous experiment, and when the

water is incorporated with active

poisons and applied in a haphazard

manner, it is most sure to do harm.

The whole business of mixing and ap-

plying insecticides should be done in a

systematic and methodical manner.

Guess work will not pay. As Prof. W.

B. Alwood has well said, in his station

report on Insects and Insecticides:

"Lack of exactness in the details often

defeats the purpose of work with in-

secticides." Defeat is the price of

carelessness or ignorance.—Cor. Ohio

Farmer.

THE COMING FARMER.

He Will Be a Man Competent to Bring

forth New Ideas.

The coming farmer is on the way. He

is the new-school farmer, the one who

is cutting loose from the ancestral ways

and stepping far in advance of his fel-

lows; he is adopting and bringing forth

new ideas, putting into practice

methods which will eventually double

and treble the productive powers of

the soil. The coming farmer will be a

man of thought as well as of brawn