

WILLY WAS TOO LIBERAL

Oversupply of Alcoholic Stimulants
Disturbed Schedule of Funeral
Arrangements.

Dean Ramsay's memoirs contain an apt note of an old woman of Strathpey. Just before her death she solemnly instructed her grandnephew: "Willy, I'm deefin', and as ye'll hae the charge o' a' I have, mind now that as much whisky is to be used at my funeral as there was at my baptism."

Willy, having no record of the quantity consumed at the baptism, decided to give every mourner as much as he wished, with the result that the funeral procession, having to traverse ten miles to the churchyard on a short November day, arrived only at nightfall.

Then it was discovered that the mourners, halting at a wayside inn, had rested the coffin on a dyke and left it there when they resumed their journey. The corpse was a day late in arriving at the grave.

RAW ECZEMA ON HANDS

"I had eczema on my hands for ten years. I had three good doctors but none of them did any good. I then used one box of Cuticura Ointment and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and was completely cured. My hands were raw all over, inside and out, and the eczema was spreading all over my body and limbs. Before I had used one bottle, together with the Cuticura Ointment, my sores were nearly healed over, and by the time I had used the third bottle, I was entirely well. To any one who has any skin or blood disease I would honestly advise them to fool with nothing else, but get Cuticura and get well. My hands have never given me the least bit of trouble up to now.

"My daughter's hands this summer became perfectly raw with eczema. She could get nothing that would do them any good until she tried Cuticura. She used Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Ointment and in two weeks they were entirely cured. I have used Cuticura for other members of my family and it always proved successful. Mrs. M. E. Fallin, Speers Ferry, Va., Oct. 19, 1909."

The Wrong Sort.

An old Irish peasant was one Sunday sitting in front of his cottage puffing away furiously at his pipe.

Match after match he lighted, pulling hard at the pipe the while, until at last the ground all round his feet was strewn with struck matches.

"Come in to your dinner, Patsy," at length called out his wife.

"Faith, and Oi will in a minute, Biddy," said he. "Molke Mulrooney has been at-telling me that if Oi smoked a bit av glass Oi cud see the shpots on the sun. Oi don't know whether Molke's a fooling me or whether Oi've got hold av the wrong kind of glass."—Scraps.

119 Years Old When He Died.

Paddy Blake, who was born at Ballygreen, parish of Kilnasoolagh, county Clare, Ireland, 119 years ago, has died in the Corofin Union hospital. Paddy had a clear memory of events that happened a hundred years ago and was one of those who went to see Daniel O'Connell passing through Bunratty Pike on his way to Ennis for the great election of 1828.

Picturesque Language.

"I'm afraid fire has very poor table manners."

"Why so."

"A young reporter says the 'greedy flames devoured everything in reach and then licked the paint off an adjoining building.'—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Reformation.

"You say you are a reformer?"

"Yep," replied the local boss; "of the deepest dye."

"But you were not always so."

"No. The reformers reformed our town last year and I want to reform it back again."

Not Really Famous.

"Did he ever attain real eminence?"

"I don't think so. He was never looked on as the 'hope of the white race.'"—Detroit Free Press.

No Trouble

A Saucer,
A little Cream,
and

Post Toasties

right from the box.

Breakfast in a minute, and you have a meal as delightful as it is wholesome.

Post Toasties are crisp and flavoury—golden-brown, fluffy bits that almost melt in the mouth.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Zelda Dameron

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Zelda walking beside Pollock, to whom she talked with unusual vivacity. She did not speak to Leighton again until the two young men said good-night at the veranda.

"What did you treat him that way for?" demanded Olive, facing Zelda in the hall as soon as the door closed.

"What are you talking about? The moon must have."

"It wasn't the moon! You said something unkind to Mr. Leighton. He walked back to the house with me without saying a word. You shouldn't treat a man that way, even if you're my cousin—a fine, splendid fellow like Morris Leighton!"

"You foolish, sentimental young thing, what on earth has got into you? Mr. Leighton talked to me about Wagner—I think it was Wagner, and he didn't interest me a bit. I'm going to bed."

She went to her room and closed and locked the door. Then she drew back the curtains and looked out upon the night. Through an opening in the trees she saw Pollock and Leighton standing together in the highway outside the gate. Pollock had walked out leading his horse and he stood for greater ease in talking to Leighton. The men were clearly outlined, for it was as light as day. Suddenly they shook hands; then they lifted their hats to each other. Pollock mounted his horse and rode off rapidly countryward, and Leighton turned toward the interurban station.

It was Leighton's solitary figure that Zelda's eyes followed. She saw him pause just at the edge of a strip of woodland, glance toward the house, and then walk slowly away, while her eyes still rested on the spot where she had seen him last.

It was a sweet thing to know that Morris Leighton loved her. She had felt that it would come some time; it was one of the inevitable things; and his reference to her singing, to the dream, had thrilled her with an exquisite delight. Any woman might be proud of a love like this; yet she had treated it lightly, almost insolently; and a good woman might not lightly thrust aside the love of a good man!

She was still gazing with unseeing eyes upon the moonlit world when Olive came to the door, tried it and found it locked.

"Please, Cousin Zee, I came to beg forgiveness. I didn't mean to scold you—about anything!" she said.

"Please don't think I would meddle in your affairs, Zee. I was just sorry for Mr. Leighton, that's all. He's so fine and strong and good—and he seemed so dejected, or I thought he did."

"Oh, it's the goodness, it's the goodness that I hate!" cried Zelda. "Please go—I don't know what I mean," and she thrust Olive into the hall and closed the door.

CHAPTER XV.

Esra Dameron had never been happier than during this summer. His life had for years an eventless course; his interests had been small and he had been content to have them so. But since the gambler's passion had fixed its gyves upon him he had become a changed being. He walked with a quicker step; his drooping shoulders grew erect; he was a new man, living in a new paradise that folly was constructing for him. He enjoyed the farm greatly, rising betimes to direct the work of his laborers. He permitted Zelda to drive him in her runabout to the interurban station—a concession in itself significant of a greater deference to the comfort and ease of living.

Jack Balcomb's flat scheme had hung fire during the spring, with only half the stock of the Patoka Land and Improvement Company sold; but Balcomb had taken it up again, determined to carry it through. Dameron always insisted, when Balcomb approached him, that he did not care to sell the tract on the creek which the promoter coveted; but he never rebuffed Balcomb entirely. It had occurred to Dameron that Balcomb might be of use to him.

The young man was, moreover, a new species, who talked of large affairs in an intimate way that fell in well with Dameron's new ideas of business, and he accepted Balcomb at as high a valuation as he ever placed upon any one. Balcomb called one day at the dingy office in the Dameron Block.

"Good morning, Mr. Dameron," he said. "Your office is positively cool. You ought to advertise it—the coolest place in the city. That's what I'd do if I had it."

He eyed a decrepit chair by Dameron's desk, sat down in it with misgivings, and fanned himself with his straw hat, whose blue ribbon, it may be said, was of exactly the same tint as his shirt and socks.

"You are very prompt, Mr. Balcomb. I trust my chance word of the other night hasn't put you to inconvenience."

"Don't worry about me! I flatter myself that I know when to go and when to come, and a word from a man of your standing is enough for a novice like me. There's a disposition all along the line to crowd out old men, but I tell you, Mr. Dameron, we've got a lot to learn from the senior class. I flatter myself that I have among my friends some of the greatest old men in the State, and I'm proud of it."

"A worthy sentiment—a very worthy sentiment, Mr. Balcomb."

"I consider, Mr. Dameron, that anything I may be able to do for you is to my credit. It looks well to the public for a young tyro in business to win the confidence of one of the conservatives. Doctor Bridges, over at Tippecanoe—you know the doctor?"

"I know him very well, indeed."

Doctor Bridges, the president of Tippecanoe College, was a venerable Presbyterian minister, widely beloved for his many virtues. Dameron's face lighted at the mention of the name.

Balcomb saw that he had struck the right note and continued volubly:

"Well, sir, I was the doctor's secre-

tary in my junior and senior years, and I shall always feel that I learned more from my books. The doctor used to say to me in that sweet, winning way of his: 'Balcomb, he would say, 'be honest, be just.' Over and over again he would repeat those words, and they got to be a sort of rule of life with me. But I didn't come here to take up your time with reminiscences."

"Mr. Balcomb," said Dameron, tipping himself back in his chair, "you have suggested to me the possibility of selling a strip of land I hold as trustee out here on the creek. As I have told you before, I do not care to sell at this time. I have, however, some lots southwest of town, also a part of a tract, which I have about decided to dispose of. Several factories have been built in the neighborhood, and the lots are already in demand by mechanics who wish to build themselves homes. I have declined to sell them separately, as most of those people wish to pay a little at a time, and I don't care to sell in that way. I am at an age, Mr. Balcomb, when I don't like to accept promises for the future. Do I make myself clear?"

"Certainly, Mr. Dameron," said Balcomb, with a sympathy that was almost moist with tears.

"But if you can manage this and sell those lots so as to bring me cash I shall be willing to pay you a commission—the usual commission."

"In other words," said Balcomb, "you wish me to find purchasers for the lots and sell them out so as to bring you the money in a lump. How much do you want for them?"

"I think for the corner lots I should get two hundred and fifty dollars each; the inside lots I hold to be worth a thousand. But we'll say fifty thousand for all."

There was an inquiry in his words and his eyes questioned Balcomb in a way that made the young man wonder. It is not the part of what is known as a good trader to show anxiety, and the old man's tone and look were not wasted on Balcomb. The young fellow knew a great many things about human nature, and ever since he had seen Esra Dameron enter the broker's office he had set the old man down as a fraud.

The reason Dameron gave for turning the lots over to him to sell was hardly convincing. Balcomb was nothing if not suspicious, and it occurred to him at once that Dameron was in straits; and at the same moment he began to devise means for turning the old man's necessities to his own advantage.

"Here is a plat of the property. Suppose you study the matter over and let me know whether you care to attempt the sale."

"As you wish, Mr. Dameron. I'll come in, say, to-morrow at this hour."

"I don't want you to undertake the matter unless you can handle it in bulk."

The Dameron addition of fifty lots was an inheritance from old Roger Merriam, Zelda Dameron's grandfather. It had been a part of Margaret Dameron's share of her father's estate, and was held by Esra Dameron in trust for Zelda. Manufacturing interests had lately carried improvements that way, but Dameron's efforts to sell lots had not been successful, as his prices were high and the menace of expensive improvements gave pause to the working people who were the natural buyers. Then Dameron had become interested in larger matters than the peddling of lots, and he had given no serious thought to selling until he felt the need of obtaining more ready money for use in his speculations.

At Balcomb turned to go a boy came in with a telegram. It was from brokers in Chicago through whom Dameron was trading in grain. The market had opened wildly on news that the drought had done the actual damage to the corn crop. An hour later he was advised that his margins had been wiped out; he made them good from funds he was now carrying in Chicago and ordered the sale of unimpeachable securities to replenish his account.

CHAPTER XVI.

Dameron, whose mind was singularly prosaic, had of late been reading into his speculations a certain poetic quality, though he did not suspect it. He had never been a farmer and had only the most superficial knowledge of farming. Yet he had studied all summer long the growth of the corn in his own fields at The Beeches. He had reckoned the rainfall of the region and compared it with the figures given in books of statistics for other years. He covered hundreds of sheets of paper during the long summer days with computations, and played with them as a boy with the knack of rhyming plays at tagging rhymes. He cherished first the idea that the year would be marked by excessive rainfalls which would be detrimental to the corn crop, and when the government bulletins failed to bear him out in this he assured himself that the year would be marked by late frosts that would destroy the crop over a wide area. He proved to his own satisfaction, by means of the tables he had compiled, that dollar corn was inevitable.

This idea took a strong hold upon his imagination. It was fascinating, the thought of playing a great game in which the sun and winds and clouds of heaven were such potent factors. There was a keen satisfaction in the fact that he could study the whole matter from the secure vantage ground of his own office, and that when he went home at night, there it was across the road from his own gate, under his eye, the beloved corn, tall and rustling, beautiful and calm, but waiting for the hand of the destroyer. Even this, his own, should perish, and yet he was accumulating scraps of paper that called for thousands of bushels of corn at a time when it would give many short-stighted men sorely to deliver it to him.

An enormous conceit was bred in

him and he fed it upon his dreams—dreams of power. The Chicago broker sent him prognostications and forecasts which the old man threw away in disgust. They were fools, all of them. He asked no man's suggestions; they were afraid of him, he assured himself, when the reports were contrary to his own ideas; and when they coincided with his own notions he flattered himself that they proved his own wisdom. He made good his margins as fast as called for, but his purchases on a short crop. Always it was corn, corn, corn!

He waited patiently for Balcomb to report, for if he could get fifty thousand dollars more to put into corn his triumph would be all the greater. He waited feverishly for the hour which the promoter had set and when Balcomb appeared he could scarcely conceal his impatience. He had just learned by consulting the files of old newspapers at the public library that there was a certain periodicity in the fall of frosts. There seemed to him every reason for thinking that early frosts were to be expected and he was anxious to increase his investment in October contracts. It was the greatest opportunity of a lifetime; to lose it was to miss a chance that a wise Providence would hardly again put into his hands.

There was a gleam of excitement in the old man's eyes which Balcomb did not fail to note. He found a pleasure in playing with Esra Dameron, the hard old reprobate who had always exacted the last ounce of flesh. He quoted again from Doctor Bridges, imputing to that gentleman's sentiments that were original in Balcomb's fertile brain, though none the less noble for being purely fictitious. Balcomb enjoyed his own skill at lying, and it was a high testimony to the promoter's powers that Esra Dameron believed a good deal that Balcomb told him.

"Well, sir," said Balcomb, presently, after he had given a resume of one of Doctor Bridges' Easter sermons, "I've been thinking over your proposition about the lots, and I'm sorry—"

The old man's face fell and Balcomb inwardly rejoiced that his victim was so easily played upon.

"—sorry," Balcomb continued, "that I can't do anything in the matter—"

He paused and made a feint of dropping his hat to continue the suspense as long as possible.

"—along the lines you indicated the other day."

"Oh, yes, to be sure! I remember that it was rather a large proposition," said Dameron, recovering himself and smiling in tolerance of Balcomb's failure.

"Yes; the sale of those lots means time and work, and, as I understood you, you wished to avoid both. Well, I don't blame you. I feel myself that I should prefer to have some other fellow tackle the job. These mechanics can't pay more than a hundred or so dollars a year on property. I have friends who went through that in the building associations of blessed memory."

"I don't believe I need any information on the subject," said Dameron, indifferently. "If you can't handle the lots—"

"I haven't said that, Mr. Dameron. What I said was that I couldn't do it in the way you indicated. It would take a long time to sell those fifty lots on payments to working people. But I have a better plan. I propose selling them in a bunch."

"Oh!" exclaimed the old man, non-committally, though his face flushed with returning hope.

"Yes. Large bunches are more in my line. But my friends that I may possibly interest can't carry them for their health or yours or mine. You'll have to make a good easy price on them if we do any business. There are only two or three factories in that neighborhood and there may never be any more. And they're getting ready to stick a whole lot of fancy street improvements down there. It may cost a thousand dollars to stop that—and Balcomb grinned cheerfully.

"I can't countenance any irregular dealing," said the old man, severely.

"Of course you can't! You're going to turn that over to me. It isn't regular, but as the saying is, it's done. You've got to see a man that knows a man that knows another man that has the ear of the Board of Public Works. There's nothing in it to make a Christian gentleman shy. I see only the first man!" And Balcomb laughed his cheerful, easy laugh and stroked his beard.

"Now, Mr. Dameron, I'll give you twenty thousand dollars for those lots as they lie. That's cash."

(To be continued.)

The Psychological Moment.

"Is Miss Wheaton at home?" asked one of the neighbors of the splinter, as he called at her door to get her signature to a petition.

"She is that," responded Cella Leahy, three weeks over from Ireland, and a most willing hand maiden.

"Will yez step in, sorr?"

"I should like to see her on a matter of business for a few moments if she is not engaged," said the neighbor.

Cella flung wide the door and waved him in.

"If she has wan, he's neglectin' her shameful," she said, in a hoarse, confidential whisper, "for 'tis three weeks late-morr since I come here, and he's not put his fut over the t'reshold in all that toime! Sure, 'tis your chanst!"—Youth's Companion.

Gould's Son Uses \$1,000 Toy.

George J. Gould's young son Jay has had a miniature of the Missouri Pacific railroad system laid out on the grounds of Georgian court and passes many hours sending trains on a steel track drawn by a thousand dollar locomotive that his father gave him as a Christmas present. I haven't seen the pretty toy, but I recall the remark of Henry Clews when we were discussing an article in one of the newspapers criticising George Gould for spending a thousand dollars on a plaything.

"Nobody can find any fault with the gift of a toy engine," said he. "I have bought many a piece of paper from George's father with a picture of a locomotive on it that brought me sorrow instead of amusement—and wasn't worth nearly as much, although it cost me a great deal more."

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



A brood sow must be fed properly.

Kill Canadian thistles and quick grass.

Wheat bran and oats make strong bones in the colt.

The usual time required for churning is about 20 minutes.

Improvements furnish a few comforts and all something to admire.

Rub off the water sprouts between the thumb and finger as soon as they appear.

A lazy man should never breed colts, for he must be alert and on the job if he wishes to succeed.

Man imitates nature. By grafting schemes he improves on nature. After that nature imitates man.

An attendant should be on hand at the time of birth, for a little timely help has saved many a valuable colt.

Clean water, pure air and sunshine are all free; and they are necessary in the production of pure, wholesome milk.

Filth and dampness are great hindrances. The first fosters vermin; the second brings most dangerous ailments to fowls.

Watch for cabbage bugs and cabbage worms. These insects usually cause trouble when the weather gets dry and food is scarce.

All of the corn ground should be manured or otherwise well fertilized for a large yield, and no farmer should be content with a small yield.

Eternal vigilance is the price of having the best; so one must watch for insect pests and be ready with insecticides and fungicides to destroy them.

The cow's appetite is important, but it should not be abused. As much harm comes from allowing her to eat too much as comes from not allowing her to eat enough.

It is a good plan to keep all vegetation down around the hives, so that it will not interfere with the flight of the working bees, their hive and the feeding ground.

The best dairymen now practise intensive methods with their cows, making them yield the greatest amount of milk possible by liberal feeding and the best of shelter and other care.

Geese may be picked every six weeks in warm weather, but they must be well fed. When they are picked often they do not lay, as the growth of new feathers weakens and debilitates them.

Attractive flower beds add much to the charm of the flower garden. Coleus, salvia and phlox are well adapted for bedding purposes. Plants may be bedded now if they are watered occasionally during summer.

Few sheep have as good care as they ought to have. Too many farmers leave them to shift for themselves. They can't do their best that way. Make much of your sheep. They are one of the best kind of property on the farm.

The day of feeding stock of any kind, and especially sheep, on the ground has gone by. It was a most wasteful way. Sheep will drag more hay out on the ground and spoil it for their own eating or that of any other animal than any other farm animal. Racks are cheaper than hay.

The texture of butter depends partly on the animal, partly on feed, and partly upon the temperature of the cream when churned. Cows that give the richest milk make the most solid butter. In summer the feeding of a small quantity of cotton seed meal will help to make the butter firm.

Bisulphide of carbon on a piece of burlap or oakum, thrown quickly down a pocket gopher's burrow, preferably when the soil is moist, Professor Washburn, Minnesota entomologist, says has killed many pocket gophers in his experiment work. He uses half a pint of bisulphide at a burrow.

All soils with a retentive subsoil should be tile drained, and work should be most perfectly planned and executed. Should water stand a few hours on the land a season's crop may be lost. Soil that is well drained will allow the heat and air to penetrate to a greater depth and will withstand drought better than one that is not.

Sheep gain in clover.

Plant young, medium-size trees.

Every farmer should improve his land.

The strawberry will thrive in a great variety of soils.

A ration rich in protein is the only ration fit for the brood sow.

A wheel hoe is a very good paying investment for any one who has a garden.

Unleached wood ashes sown broadcast in the orchard will prove beneficial.

Start the milk with the thumb and finger if the colt is not very strong, or if the udder is at all hard.

Dust the climbing roses with sulphur early in the morning, while the dew is on, to prevent mildew.

A cool, well ventilated pen is ideal, but it must be free from drafts or you will surely have trouble.

The ground is a bank in which the farmer invests manure, seed, tilling, time had thought. All are important.

There is no better or cheaper place to develop a young horse and put him in proper shape for market than on the farm.

Sweet corn may be canned and kept through the winter, but it requires considerable time and patience to cook it properly.

Two drones cost as much to raise as three workers, and after they are raised they keep on eating, while the workers labor for you.

Good roads contribute much toward rural development. The money spent upon building and maintaining roads returns in splendid dividends.

Difference in individuals to produce maximum flow of milk should prompt every dairyman to weed out his inferior animals as early as possible.

A good bee smoker rightly used is necessary to handle bees, as by its use one can subdue them so that they may be handled with few if any stings.

Unless the owner is a thorough fancier and has time and facilities for keeping them unmixed the keeping of more than one variety is exasperating and seldom profitable.

Make bird-houses and thus secure the presence and esteem of these active insect-destroyers. Also protect every toad and try to keep a few about the home place.

When a hen is through setting burn all the old nest material, disinfect the nest box and give it a coat of liquor lice-killer to make a good job of it, and then put in fresh material.

Cottonseed meal at \$1.50 per hundredweight is better and cheaper to feed with corn to dairy cows than meal at the same price or than bran at even as low as \$1 per hundredweight.

After the hay has been in the mow a few weeks the leaves become tender, and when the hay is handled for feeding purposes break off and go to waste. This waste is far greater than generally realized by most farmers.

Keep some kind of a crop growing in the garden the entire season. If nothing else is done sow wheat or rye on the vacant places to keep weeds from springing up and maturing seed. Weeds ripen in a very short time, if they are allowed to grow.

Soil is composed of minute particles of disintegrated rock. These rock particles contain chemical substances. These substances must be in solution. Hence the first great office of cultivation is to conserve heated moisture in the soil to aid in making soluble mineral plant food.

The greatest profit in raising bees is secured by a well-directed method of dividing the colonies when in a proper condition to do so, and restraining their instincts, as far as may be, to swarm when the surrounding circumstances are unfavorable for an increase of colonies.

The cows which produce best are usually those which were well prepared for their milking period. Breed and strain or family are important factors, but important and necessary as they both are, neither, in itself, is a guarantee of production. Feed is equally, and possibly more important.

If the busy woman on the farm finds it takes too much time to make her butter into pound prints, which are some trouble to make and still more difficult to keep without ice, she can purchase small jars of crocks which hold a pound each, and which cost but a few cents, the customers to return them when the butter is used.

Don't wait until the clover heads have all turned brown before you begin to cut it for hay. If you do you will lose just about one-half of the feeding value of the crop. Cut and clover as nearly in full bloom as possible. Start the mowing when the field looks red, when about two-thirds of the clover is in full bloom. Before you get the crop secured it will be pretty ripe for good hay.