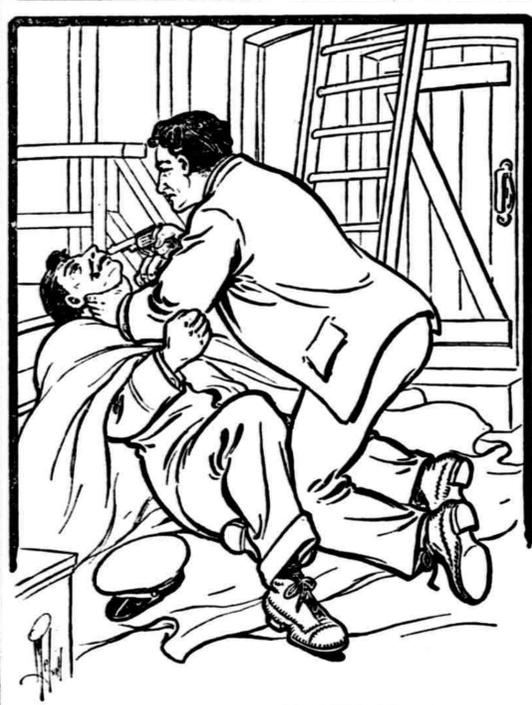


THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARDISH
AUTHOR OF "DARK HORIZON" "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN PHELPS
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where it goes, only the dark sea bell.
"It comes out under the forecastle, sir," broke in a coal heaver named Davis. "Leastwise there's a trap in the deck there, with a ladder leadin' down."
"I'll finish the trip through, then, for I like to know what is under my feet when I command a vessel. Where is the engineer, Anderson?"
He waved his big hairy hand in the direction of the boilers.
"Went to his bunk to lie down for an hour; he was about all in."
"Are you capable of standing watch alone in an engine room?"
The fellow grinned, his bulldog jaw protruding.
"Well, I've had to do it on this trip whether I'm capable or not. That fellow can't stand it in here night 'n' day without no rest. I know how to start an' stop her, an' watch the water gauge. If anything else goes wrong he's easy enough called."
So it was McKnight who was playing the antics of a ghost on board; McKnight who had discovered that unusual passageway through the bulkheads; McKnight who had conceived the idea that in this manner he could frighten us into turning back. Well, truly, I did not altogether blame the man, and, now that my own fear of the supernatural was allayed, did not feel any desire to punish him severely. Still, his masquerade must stop before he thoroughly demoralized the crew, frightening them beyond all my power of control.
I discovered the door concealed behind the donkey engine, left it slightly ajar behind me, and stepped forward into the black passage. I had groped along to the very foot of the ladder, feeling nothing but bare walls, and hearing no sound except the slush of bilge water, when suddenly an inarticulate cry sounded almost directly above; something, a hatch cover possibly, seemed to settle into place, and the ladder shook under my hand. I drew back a step, permitting the fellow to come down until he reached the floor. My eyes, accustomed to the gloom, enabled me to dimly perceive his shape. It was no more than a formless smudge he made, but I struck straight for what seemed to be the head, and landed with a force that dropped him like a log. In an instant I was on top, clasping the canvas sheet he wore tightly about his arms, and throttling him against the deck. He fought like a wild bull for a moment, thoroughly frightened and whimpering, dazed by the suddenness of attack, yet following the animal instinct of a struggle for life.
"Damn you, McKnight, lie still!" I panted. "I've got you, and you might just as well take your medicine, my man. Yes, that's a gun you feel, and I know how to use it. So you're the ghost of the Sea Queen, are you? I guess you know what this means if I turn you over to those fellows, don't you?"
He groaned, and I ventured to release his grip on his throat, flinging back the canvas from his head.
"Sit up, well, I'll tell you, McKnight—you would probably go overboard to feed the fishes. Do you recognize me?"
"Yes, sir," managing to find his voice for the first time. "You're Mr. Stephens."
"Right you are, and you can bless your lucky stars that I am the one who caught you. What started you in this trick?"
"It was the Chilean, sir, Sanchez; he said we could scare the whole outfit."
"Did he do any of the ghost playing?"
"No, sir; he didn't have the nerve, but—but he rigged me up, and found out about these passageways."
"What was I to do with the man? In truth there was little I dared to do under the circumstances."
"Now see here, McKnight," I said, soberly, "you quit this thing for good and all; if there is any more ghost walking down on the Sea Queen I'll turn you and Sanchez over to the men. Besides, there's no use resorting again to that sort of trick, for we're about at the end of our cruise."
"You mean we're going to turn north?"
"Yes. Now if I let you go will you behave yourself?"
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, an American, a Massachusetts man, who, after a long and arduous voyage, has just returned to Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was disappointed by Chile as an investment and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and his young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from the clutches of the Englishman, who was a drunkard. He was then joined by the Englishman's wife, who had been abandoned by her husband. Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru, and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the *Donna Isabel*, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them directions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the *Donna Isabel*, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the Englishman and his wife. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the *Donna Isabel*, and he was being taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tattle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the *Donna Isabel* was lost in 1882. He had found it frozen in a huge case of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington, Stephens was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The *Sea Queen* encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tattle finally squaring the situation. Then the *Sea Queen* headed south again. Under Tattle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. Now, the mate told Stephens he believed Tattle, now acting as skipper, was because of his superior actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tattle in the grip of a spasm of religious fanaticism. Stephens was taken ill. Tattle committed suicide by shooting himself. Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt. The island being supposed to be only 200 miles distant. Tattle was buried in the sea. Lady Darlington pronouncing the service. Stephens, awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tattle's religious mania.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

By heaven, for her sake, if for no other reason, I would play the man! Ay, and I comprehended exactly what such resolve would cost—exactly fully what that monnet crew would say and do the moment their ghostly terrors fled, and they knew I had given up search for the treasure. I should have to command by brute force, by threat and blow. There would be mutiny aboard for every league until we made port. I knew the nature of that seasickness forward—how they would whine and curse, how they would hate me for failing to hold them to their course in face of death! Well, let them hate; my love was worth by far the more, and the life and honor of Lady Darlington outweighed all else on board—my and the treasure of the *Donna Isabel*! "Implicitly"—I saw her eyes again as she said it, and sprang to the deck, fumbling in the darkness for the latch of my door.
The main cabin was dimly lighted and the chair, the fire in the stove low. I paused to rattle it, and add a few lumps of coal from the scuttle standing near by. In spite of surrounding comforts what a grim, inhospitable place this was for any woman like her! The very snugness of the cabin served only to emphasize the gloom and peril without, the frightful polar mystery which surrounded us, which drives men mad amid its awful distances, its shrouded silence.
Suddenly, directly opposite where I stood, I saw it again—that same shapeless, white, gliding figure. An instant only I stood rooted to the spot, my blood like ice, my eyes full of horror. Then the swift reaction came, the reserve courage of a man ashamed of such weakness, and I leaped straight toward the misty object, grasping at it with my hands. I touched nothing but air, falling headlong with a violence jarring the entire cabin, and overthrowing a chair crashing to the deck. Dazed, confused, I staggered to my knees, starting about into the dim shadows. A white-draped figure was at my very elbow, and I sprang to my feet, only to take a quick step backward, grasping at the table, as I recognized Lady Darlington.
"Good God! was that you?" I gasped, the horror still possessing me.
"Not I," she said, smiling sweetly. "But what do you mean? What has occurred?"
"I hardly know," and I looked about me, and then into her face, breathing heavily. "I seem unable to separate the real from the unreal. I am half afraid I am losing my mind. Lady Darlington, it is not only the crew forward who are seeing ghosts on board. I laughed at my experience before, believing it a mere illusion that could never occur again. In that spirit I told you about seeing a white, misty figure in this cabin the night after Tattle died. It vanished like a wreath of smoke, and daylight made me believe the vision was born of a tired brain. But I have seen it again now—yonder, as plainly as I can see you. It was no dream, no imagination; yet when I sought to grasp the thing, my fingers encountered nothing but air."
"I saw her hands tremble, her white face turned whither I pointed; but she had not beheld what I had, and her mind remained clear."
"What was it you saw?"
"A shapeless white figure, misty, vanishing like a bubble."
"Yonder, you say? Just where you saw it before?"
"I had not thought of that, yet it was true—there, beside Tattle's door. An instant she stood motionless, her eyes searching the dim corners of the cabin, as though tracing some suspicion awakened within her mind. Suddenly she clasped my arm.

"Damn you, McKnight, lie still!" I panted.
"We do not believe in ghosts, Mr. Stephens, you and I," her voice growling firmer with conviction. "Our education and training make such a conception impossible. There is a natural cause for this, a reason, an actual presence back of the shadow. There must be, and we must find it. Where did you stand when you saw this apparition?"
"I stepped back to the spot beside the stove, realizing that she still clung tightly to me."
"Here, and I lifted my eyes like this."
She leaned eagerly forward, her breath on my cheek, her fingers clutching my arm.
"Why—why that is a mirror you are looking into! See! What is it reflected there? Turn up the light until I locate the spot. Oh, I see now—the open pantry door. Mr. Stephens, there is where your ghost stood—it was the shadow of a man reflected in that mirror."
Our eyes met, all my former terror fled, shame and anger dominating me.
"Dad!"
"It might be—certainly some one who sought in that way to terrize officers and crew, and thus compel them to turn back. Whoever it was, he killed Mr. Tattle, and now seeks to accomplish the same end with you. What are you going to do?"
"Trace him down. The last time the fellow went directly from here to the forecastle. There must be a passageway from stem to stern."
She caught me as I turned, her gray eyes wide with apprehension.
"You will take me with you?"
"That will be impossible, Lady Darlington. I know nothing regarding this passage amidships, but it must surely lead through the coal bunkers and the engine room."
"But—but I cannot let you go alone," utterly forgetting to conceal her agitation. "Truly, I could not bear to do it. Whoever this man may be he will become desperate when cornered. Your very life will be in danger."
"And you really care?" my hand clasping hers, my eyes eagerly searching the gray depths.
"Yes, I care," making no effort to free herself; "why should I not? Think what our condition would be if you were not on board. Yet that is not all I care because I value your life, your friendship. Little as I can do, let me, at least, be near you."
"You are near me," said I, utterly forgetful of circumstances in the sudden rush of passion, "always near me, because my thoughts are with you, my sole purpose in life to serve you."
The gray eyes fell instantly; the clasping hand was withdrawn and pressed to her forehead.
"I—I will try to do as you wish," she faltered, "but are you armed?"
"Not now, but I will get a revolver from my stateroom. First, let me help you to your cabin."
She permitted my guidance without a word of protest, only glancing once up into my face as she put a question.
"You will return here? You will let me know at once what you discover? Promise me this."
"I promise; and more, I will pledge myself to be cautious, so do not worry."
I procured my revolver, turned the light low once more in the main cabin, and then stole silently into the narrow passageway leading forward. There was no light in the pantry, but the faint reflection from the cabin enabled me to distinguish the more prominent outlines. A form lay outstretched on a locker, and I bent over it silently. It was Dade, curled up on his side and sound asleep. There was no doubt about the reality of his slumber; the fellow was not shamming, and I drew back, leaving him undisturbed. The alleyway leading forward was extremely narrow, yet of a height sufficient to afford comparatively easy passage had it only been lighted. Suddenly a faint glow appeared ahead, and a moment later I slipped cautiously through a small bulkhead door standing ajar, into a low, square room, containing six bunks arranged in tiers of two. A slush lamp swung from a blackened beam, and various articles of wearing apparel dangled from hooks. I peered into the bunks, discovering three occupied, the unconscious sleepers being Cooky, the smooth-faced Chilean, and the gunner, a Swede named Gustafson. None awoke under my scrutiny, although the Chilean was talking in his sleep and thrashing his arms about as if in nightmare. I bent down, looking at him more closely, attracted by something oddly familiar in the upturned features. By all the gods, the fellow was Lieut. Juan Sanchez, his long mustaches shaven, and looking ten years younger! It was so odd a thing, this sudden renewal of a controvcrsial originating thousands of leagues away, that I nearly laughed outright, forgetting for the instant the serious purpose bringing me there.
Yet this surprising discovery of Sanchez aboard seemed of comparatively little importance, and was as quickly dismissed. The narrow bulkhead door leading forward was tightly closed, and in that dim light I had to hunt for it, so perfectly was it fitted into place. When discovered, however, it proved to be unfastened, and I stepped forth into an empty coal bunker, whence I could look straight forward along the glowing boilers into the engine room. I advanced carefully along the slight open space until I came upon the squad of firemen and big Bill Anderson. The latter shaded his eyes, staring at me as though he mistook me for another ghost, but I took the initiative.
"I have been investigating the arrangement of things below, Anderson," I said, in explanation; "rather odd way in which the yacht is cut up. Did you know there was a passage leading all the way aft?"
The boatswain shook his head, too surely naturally to answer.
"Well, possibly you know whether or not a similar passage leads forward into the forecastle."
"There's a bulkhead door over there," he returned, indicating by a gesture a spot concealed by the donkey pump, "but I don't know

DANCE IN HIDEOUS MASKS

Participants in Lamaist Church, the Lorsa, Festival Wear Garb of Demons.

New York—If you happened to be alone in the woods at night and should meet such creatures as shown in the accompanying photographs what would you do?
Run!
Of course.
But these are only pictures of masks identical with those worn by participants in the greatest festival of the Lamaist church, the Lorsa, the New Year's feast held at the beginning of February in remembrance of Buddha's victory over the six heresies.



No. 1.—The Monkey-Faced Demon. No. 2.—The Tiger-Faced Demon. No. 3.—The Guardian of the Spirits of Chinese Priests.

the victory of the true religion over infidelity.
Writing of it in "Trans-Himalaya," Dr. Sven Hedin says of its celebration in the monastery town of Tashi-Luapo: "Lamaism is only a corrupt form of pure Buddhism, and under an outward varnish of Buddhist symbolism has incorporated a number of Sivaistic elements, and has also retained the superstitions which in pre-Buddhistic times found expression in wild fanatical devil-dances, rites and sacrifices. The object of these ceremonies was to exorcise, banish or propitiate the powerful demons which reign everywhere, in the air, on the earth, and in water, and whose only function is to plague, torture and persecute the children of men. Lastly, Lamaism dance in hideous masks with large evil eyes and Mephistophelean eyebrows, distorted features and huge tusks; others represent mythical wild beasts, all equally terrible."

HAS WORKED HIS WAY UP

William S. Kies, New Solicitor of Railway, at 31, Heads Big Legal Department.

Chicago.—William S. Kies, who recently became general solicitor for the Chicago & Western Indiana railway, is a native of Minnesota. Left an orphan when two years old, he worked his way through school and later through the University of Wisconsin, supporting himself at the university mainly by working on the university paper.
After his graduation, nine years ago, he came to Chicago and took a position as investigator for the Chicago City Railway Company. When John F. Smulski was elected city at-



torney in 1903 Mr. Kies applied to him for a place in his office and received it. Three years later he was made chief trial attorney, and in three years won about 90 per cent. of his cases.
This record attracted the attention of many legal firms and corporations, and Mr. Kies finally accepted an offer from the Chicago & Northwestern railroad to become its general attorney in Chicago. He has held that position since 1906, and now, at the age of 31 years, he finds himself at the head of the legal department of an important railroad system.

Rhodesian Pigmies.
Of the pigmies of northwestern Rhodesia a modern traveler writes: "The Batwa stand about four feet high and are long armed, short legged and ugly, being usually prognathous. The legs are disproportionately short, the feet large and the body is covered with a sort of down. Both sexes affect a state of comparative nudity. They have their own tongue, but usually know a little of the language of their big neighbors. No attempt is made to till the open forest glades; they depend for food on game and what they steal from the fields and plantations of the surrounding tribes."
Experienced.
Johnny—My papa and mamma are divorced.
Freddy—Which have you got the custody of?

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Don't hurry the ducks.
Study the "other fellow's" methods.
The little chicks like a clean house as well as anyone.
When about three weeks old is a critical time with early chicks.
In ordering trees of any kind consult your soil, climate and market as to varieties.
Young apple trees fit for setting are higher than last year. Poor trees are awfully dear as a gift.
The great difficulty confronting the average planter is in selecting varieties adapted to his particular soil.
The pure bred herd of hogs will be more profitable even from the standpoint of meat production than the scrubs.
The pea vines can easily be cured by spreading them on sod land. Peavine hay is considered better than clover hay.

Nature will reclaim and make profitable what man has apparently destroyed if given time and opportunity to do so.
Standard varieties of strawberries are a known quantity, untried varieties a good way to lose valuable time, labor and money.
When a milker does all sorts of farm work he will soon have his hands in bad shape for handling the cow's udder properly.
For family use set the varieties the different members like. For market what the ultimate consumer likes. It will pay to consult him.
Beef scraps or cut green bone must be fed in winter to furnish the meat food, which is necessary for the production of a large number of eggs.

If you keep cross-bred or mongrel hens, buy a well-built, vigorous male and see how much bigger, better laying, more uniform the chicks will be next summer.
The American hen has made her place in agriculture by producing millions of dollars every year and she has earned the respect of every right-thinking farmer in the land.

The nurseryman prefers to sell something which brings immediate satisfaction rather than to urge upon the customer a poor tree which he receives with protest and harbors under suspicion.
Information gathered from a number of sources indicates that cattle will consume from 30 to 100 pounds of water per day per head; that horses weighing 1,200 pounds will consume from 30 to 80 pounds per day.

When the utmost cleanliness is not observed in the poultry yard the birds become infested with vermin, which set up a certain amount of irritation, and to overcome this the fowls are constantly picking at their feathers.
There are usually two ways of doing anything, the right way and the wrong way. The wrong way to feed steers is to feed them without hogs following. The waste that hogs get is sometimes the only profit there is in the transaction.
Poultry raising in Germany has not kept pace with the demands of the market. Imports of poultry into Germany have increased in 20 years from \$500,000 annually to nearly \$50,000,000 worth at the present time, an increase that is almost incredible.

During recent years the pea vines have risen to the dignity of a by-product from which the factories derive considerable profit. They are now utilized for silage or fed to stock in a fresh state or cured for hay. They make a silage superior in value to corn silage.
For breeding stock, growth and vigor are desired, and, to promote the best growth and development, a considerable part of the ration should be made up of a feed rich in protein. The feed, however, should not be too concentrated. Corn may be used in connection with other material but at no time should it constitute over one-half of the entire ration.

Vicious bulls are generally made so by unwise treatment when they are young, giving them too much liberty or using them cruelly. It is well to use them kindly, but they should be trusted no more than is necessary, for it sometimes happens that a bull that has been quiet suddenly and unexpectedly becomes vicious and maims a man for life or gores him to death.
The productivity of the corn land may often be increased for a time simply by deeper tillage and thorough cultivation, the effect of this treatment being to develop the latent plant food in the soil and to put the soil in good physical condition, so that the roots of the plants may have a better environment in which to grow and receive nourishment; but it must be understood that the improvement in soil fertility alone is a temporary and not a permanent condition.

The use of green manures, in the form of the clover, is not appreciated as widely as it should be, or at least is not sufficiently practiced.
Gentleness and quick, easy milking will increase a cow's milk every time. It is in that easy, deft hand in milking that makes milking a trade.
As the warm spring weather approaches it is well to plan a little in anticipation of the annual campaign against the insect pests which infest poultry kind.
The low growing sorts, principally the flint or the sweet corn, especially those varieties which do not require a long season to complete their growth, are most desirable.
Outdoor work for the year begins in real earnest with this month and from now on, as the weather warms up, important jobs begin to crowd each other with increasing intensity.
A few radish seed may be sown in the onion rows. The radishes will come up quickly and will show the rows plainly; give early and clean culture; this must be done to keep the weeds in check.
The ideal way to manage sheep on pastures is to have them graze one pasture down reasonably and then put them on another pasture until the first springs up again. In this way the pasture is kept fresh and sweet.
Soils may be and have been most abominably abused by individuals; and history, observations and experiments teach that this can be overcome by intelligent control of soil adaptation, cultivation, fertilization and rotation of crops.
Much of the ill luck complained of by beginners is traceable, in one way or another, to lice. They get at the young chick almost as soon as it comes from the shell; and unless something is done to keep them down the chick will have a poor show.
There is always a good local demand for really good farm dairy butter. There is a sentiment connected with home made butter which is not attached to that made in butter factories which impels people to buy it at something above the going price.
Keep your eyes and ears open for the first symptoms of disease, especially at this time of the year, when the weather is changeable. When you hear a fowl sneeze or see an unusual amount of watery discharge at the nostrils and eyes, remove her to warm, dry quarters at once.
What we need is a class of farmers in America who will have a better understanding of the fundamental principles of fertility, who appreciate the possibilities of crop production when all the conditions are right, and who have a sense of their responsibility in the conservation of soil resources that have been placed in their hands.
Prof. Bailey, of the agricultural college of Cornell university, says "animals born when the moon is new, or increasing, will be much more likely to thrive than those unfortunately born at the opposite period. In the new of the moon is the time to set hens, to plant corn and other things that grow above ground. Planted in the old of the moon, seeds of such plants will probably rot. On the other hand, crops that grow under the ground, as potatoes and beets, should be planted in the old of the moon."
If the amount of cream necessary for one churning can be collected at about the same time the butter will be of better quality, all things being equal, as too long standing of cream injures the butter factor. Just here is where the machine separator is superior to any system of settling milk. The cream is sweet, without taint or odor, and it is an easy matter to keep it sweet and cool until a churning is obtained and all is ripened evenly; but without a separator, if cream is attended to and kept under certain conditions, the result will be satisfactory to a degree.

Be gentle with the cow.
Graft cherries and plums early.
There is a growing interest in seed and soil sterilization.
Never put a worm, fresh-laid egg in the incubator; it will not hatch.
Chickens and turkeys are raised throughout Mexico, but in a haphazard way.
Let every farmer carefully estimate the cost of things he produces in the form of labor.
In order to get good results from the incubator, it is necessary to fill it with good eggs.
Sow as bee pasturage only crops that have an agricultural value apart from their blossoms.
Sheep will eat off many weeds that cattle avoid, and in this way they help to clean the pastures.
The primary object of the market grower is the greatest return of dollars and cents per acre.
If you have a greenhouse or frame and can afford room for successions, sow cress, mustard, radish.
Many things enter into the production of a sound bird. The foremost is the character of the parent stock.
A very young sow frequently does not have the vitality and constitution to furnish a large litter of pigs with nourishment.
A Western Australia expert claims to have patented a process by which milk can be kept absolutely fresh for an indefinite period.
A good way to keep the orchard clean and free of insects and disease is to pick up and feed to the hogs all fallen and wormy fruit.
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See End of Man's Dominion

Whote Matter Settled by Four Women Over the Tea Table.
The women, taking their tea by the club window, talked.
"They have a girl promoter at the Garrick theater," said one. "The manager told me last night that he'll have none but women promoters after this. Their fine, clear voices carry so beautifully across the stage, while at the same time they are quite inaudible in the auditorium."
"Of course," said another. "In teaching living languages, too, a woman is incomparably better than a man. A man has a thick guttural voice. His words are all mumbled and jumbled. But a woman's clear delivery—her open voice—gives every syllable its just value. In studying French or German or Italian, choose a woman, and your progress will be easier and faster."
"Norwegian horses," said a third woman, "are at once spirited and gentle. Do you know why? Because it is the women, the farm women, who break them. They make pots of them first; the colts feed from their hands and follow them about like dogs. After that their breaking is easy. It is only done by kindness. And the result is that Norwegian horses have the best dispositions in the world."
A fourth woman settled the whole matter.
"As mental power ousts muscular power," she said, "woman, save in such irremediably brutal vocations as surgery or pig-sticking, will supersede man all along the line."
Origin of "Living on Tick."
The phrase, "living on tick," dates back to the seventeenth century, when a tradesman's bill was known as a ticket.