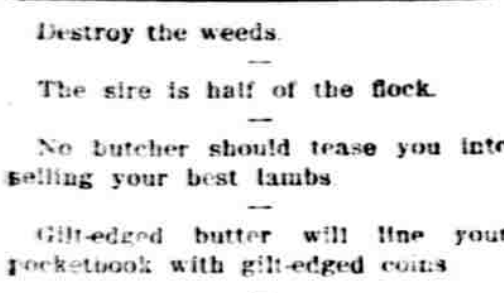


NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Use common sense with calf.
Wear the colt at three months.
The time of feeding should be regular.
Skim milk is a cheap feed for calves.
Pure water is of the greatest importance for ducklings.
There is nothing like milk for getting the calf up in condition.
Midsummer pruning heats quickly, and is coming more into favor.
The record of the individual cow is the only road that leads to success.
Everything that decreases the cost of production is so much self-help for the wool grower.
The profit of wool growing depends as much on the cost of production as the selling price.
Properly drained soils always suffer more under adverse climatic conditions than those that are well drained.
Some gardeners pack cauliflower by drawing a few of the outer leaves over them and tying the ends at the tops.
Teach the calf to drink and feed whole milk for at least three weeks, changing to a skim milk diet gradually.
Italian bees will quite often, especially when crowded for room, swarm before they have any sealed queen cells.
The bacon hogs, like other hogs, feed to be well fed, but the feed and habits differ considerably from the hard type of hogs.
If watering in the garden becomes necessary it is better to thoroughly soak the soil once a week than to sprinkle every day for a month.
Commence in good season to make the heifer's first milking period a long one and so cultivate in her the habit of keeping up her flow.
The roughage for calves should first be fed at two or three weeks of age, when the calf begins to eat grain. Good clean hay, either timothy, blue grass, clover or alfalfa may be used.
Sheep should be provided with shade during the hot days. If there are no shade trees on the place build a shed open on all sides on an elevation where the wind will have full access to it.
Dead vines at digging time are not a reliable index to the vitality of a hill of potatoes, so the only safe, sure way of obtaining the choicest seed is to mark the vigorous plants while they are in their prime.
If the conditions are favorable it is not too late yet to sow a crop of cow peas in the orchard. They will serve as a mulch during hot, dry weather, and can be plowed under to a good advantage as a green manure.
If you get a lot of old hens on your hands you are sure to be discouraged before you know it, and say: "There is no money in poultry. It is all a hoax." You cannot do wonders with poor hens, and old hens are always poor hens.
Upon the horse-collar depends much more than appears at first glance. The day-in-and-out efficiency of the team, its labor service, its thriftiness depend very largely upon the proper kind and fitting of the collars used.
The fowl that has free range gets a large part of its living in the shape of bugs and insects and is healthy and a good layer. Hens that are confined should be fed the equivalent of bugs in the form of chopped meat and bone meal.
The farmer or fruit grower cannot possibly reach the highest success in his business without the aid of the birds (except, perhaps, the English sparrow) and yet they are often very annoying during the ripening season of the early fruits.
The young lady, however, declined and went on together once, when the trolley line was in sight, and she pebbled in her low shoe, and went down under a tree until she found the cause of the trouble.
"I don't know what I should have done without you," I blundered. "Moral support and all that. Do you know, my first conscious thought after the wreck was of relief that you had not been hurt?"
She was sitting beside me where a big chestnut tree shaded the road, and I surprised a look of misery on her face that certainly my words had not been meant to produce.
"And my first thought," she said slowly, "was regret that I—that I hadn't been obliterated, blown out like a candle. Please don't look like that! I am—only talking."
But her lips were trembling, and because the little shams of society are forgotten at times like this, I leaned over and patted her hand lightly, where it rested on the grass beside me.
"You must not say those things," I expostulated. "Perhaps, after all, your friends—"
"I had no friends on the train," Her voice was hard again, her tone final. She drew her hand from under mine, not quickly, but decisively. A car was in sight, coming toward us. The steel ring of civilization, of propriety, of visiting cards and formal introductions was beclouding us in. Miss West put on her shoe.
We said little on the car. The few passengers stared at us frankly, and discussed the wreck, emphasizing its horrors. The girl did not seem to hear. Once she turned to me with the quick, unexpected movement that was one of her charms.
"I do not wish my mother to know I was in the accident," she said. "Will you please not tell Richey about having met me?"
I gave my promise, of course. Again when we were almost into Baltimore,

she asked to examine the gun-metal cigarette case, and sat silent with it in her hands, while I told of the early morning's events on the Ontario.
"So you see," I finished, "this grip, everything I have on, belongs to a fellow named Sullivan. He probably left the train before the wreck—perhaps just after the murder."
"And so you think he committed the crime?" Her eyes were on the cigarette case.
"Naturally," I said. "A man doesn't jump off a Pullman car in the middle of the night in another man's clothes, unless he is trying to get away from something. Besides the dirt, there were the stains that you saw. Why, I have the murdered man's pocketbook in this valise at my feet. What does that look like?"
I colored when I saw the ghost of a smile hovering around the corners of her mouth. "That is," I finished, "if you care to believe that I am innocent."
The sustaining chain of her small gold bag gave just then. It did not notice it. I picked it up and slid the trinket into my pocket for safe-keeping, where I promptly forgot it. Afterwards I wished I had let it lie unnoted on the floor of that dirty little suburban car, and even now, when I see a woman carelessly dangling a similar feminine trinket, I shudder involuntarily; there comes back to me the memory of a girl's puzzled eyes under the brim of a flopping hat, the haunting suspicion of the sleepless nights that followed.
Just then I was determined that my companion should not stray back to the wreck, and to that end I was determinedly facetious.
"Do you know that it is Sunday?" she asked suddenly, "and that we are actually ragged?"
"Never mind that," I retorted. "All Baltimore is divided on Sunday into three parts, those who rise and go to church, those who rise up and read the newspapers, and those who don't rise up. The first are somewhere between the creed and the sermon, and we need not worry about the others."
"You treat me like a child," she said almost pettishly. "Don't try so hard to be cheerful. It—it is almost ghastly."
After that I subsided like a pricked balloon, and the remainder of the ride was made in silence. The information that she would go to friends in the city as a stock; it meant an earlier separation than I had planned for. But my arm was beginning again. In putting her into a cab I struck it and gritted my teeth with the pain. It was probably for that reason that I forgot the gold bag.
She leaned forward and held out her hand. "I may not have another chance to thank you," she said, "and I think I would better not try, anyway. I cannot tell you how grateful I am." I muttered something about the gratitude being mine. Owing to the knock I was seeing two cabs, and two girls were holding out two hands.
"Remember," they were both saying, "you have never met me, Mr. Blakeley. And—if you ever hear anything about me—that is not pleasant, I want you to think the best you can of me. Will you?"
The two girls were one now, with little flashes of white light playing all around. "I—I'm afraid that I shall think too well for my own good," I said unsteadily. And the cab drove on.
CHAPTER XI.
The Name of Sullivan.
I had my arm done up temporarily in Baltimore and took the next train home. I was pretty far gone when I tumbled out of a cab almost into the crowded arms of Mrs. Klopston. In 15 minutes I was in bed, with that good woman piling on blankets and darning me in unprotected places with hot-water bottles. And in an hour I had had a whiff of chloroform and Dr. Williams had set the broken bone.
I dropped asleep then, waking in the late twilight to a realization that



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Baltimore with the freed man in the Bronson case to get the decision of John Gibney, millionaire. In the latter's house he is introduced by the niece of a girl whom Gibney, explains to his grand-daughter, Allison West. He says her father is a Pullman car conductor and the girl is a Pullman car conductor. He says a man in a Pullman car in lower ten and goes to his lower ten. He awakes to find a man in a Pullman car in lower ten and goes to his lower ten. He awakes to find a man in a Pullman car in lower ten and goes to his lower ten.

CHAPTER X.

Miss West's Request.
The surprising change in her held me speechless. All the animation of the breakfast table was gone; there was no hint of the response with which, before, she had met my nonsensical sallies. She stood there, white-tipped, unsmiling, staring down the dusty road. One hand was clenched tight over some small object. Her eyes dropped to it from the distant road, and then closed, with a quick, indrawn breath.
Her color came back slowly. Whatever had caused the change, she said nothing. She was anxious to leave at once, almost impatient over my deliberate masculine way of getting my things together. Afterward I recalled that I had wanted to explore the barn for a horse and some sort of a vehicle to take us to the trolley, and that she had refused to allow me to look. I remembered many things later that might have helped me, and did not. At the time, I was only completely bewildered. Save the wreck, the responsibility for which lay between Providence and the engineer of the second section, all the events of that strange morning were logically connected; they came from one cause, and tended unerringly to one end. But the cause was buried, the end not yet in view.
Not until we had left the house well behind did the girl's face relax its tense lines. I was watching her more closely than I had realized, for when we had gone a little way along the road she turned to me almost pettishly. "Please don't stare so at me," she said, to my sudden confusion. "I know the hat is dreadful. Green always makes me look ghastly."
"Perhaps it was the green." I was unaccountably relieved. "Do you know, a few minutes ago, you looked almost pallid to me!"
She glanced at me quickly, but I was gazing ahead. We were out of sight of the house, now, and with every step away from it the girl was obviously relieved. Whatever she held in her hand, she never glanced at it. But she seemed to come to a decision about it while we were still in sight of the gate, for she murmured something and turned back alone, going swiftly, her feet stirring up small puffs of dust at every step. She fastened something to the gate post— I could see the nervous haste with which she worked. When she joined me again it was without explanation. But the clenched fingers were free now, and while she looked tired and worn the strain had visibly relaxed.

The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STEELCASE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETTNER
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"I May Not Have Another Chance to Thank You."

"You should have been a writer of ghost stories," I said, giving my pillow a thump. "And so it was fittingly!"
"That's what it was doing," she reiterated. Fittingly—how you do throw one out, Mr. Lawrence! And what's more, it came again!"
"Oh, come now, Mrs. Klopston," I objected, "ghosts are like lightning; they never strike twice in the same night. That is only worth half a cup of beef tea."
"You may ask Euphemia," she retorted with dignity. "Not more than an hour after, there was a light there again. We saw it through the chinks of the shutters. Only—this time it began at the lower floor and climbed!"
"You oughtn't to tell ghost stories at night," came McKnight's voice from the doorway. "Really, Mrs. Klopston, I'm amazed at you. You old duffer! I've got to thank you for the worst day of my life."
Mrs. Klopston gulped. Then realizing that the "old duffer" was meaning for me, she took her empty cup and went out muttering.
"The Pirate's crazy about me, isn't she?" McKnight said to the closing door. Then he swung around and held out his hand.
"By Jove," he said, "I've been laying you out all day, lilies on the doorbell, black gloves, everything. If you had had the sense of a mosquito in a snowstorm, you would have telephoned me."
"I never even thought of it." I was filled with remorse. "Upon my word, Rich, I hadn't an idea beyond getting away from that place. If you had seen what I saw—"
McKnight stopped me. "Seen it! Why, you lunatic, I've been digging for you all day in the ruins. I've lunched and dined on horrors. Give me something to rinse them down, Lollie!"
He had fished the key of the cellarette from his hiding place in my shoe bag and was mixing himself what he called a Bernard Shaw—a foundation of brandy and soda, with a little of everything else in sight to give it snap. Now that I saw him clearly, he looked weary and grimy. I hated to tell him what I knew he was waiting to hear, but there was no use waiting in by inches. I ducked and got it over.
"The notes are gone, Rich," I said, as quietly as I could. In spite of himself his face fell.
"—of course I expected it," he said. "But—Mrs. Klopston said over the telephone that you had brought home a grip and I hoped—well, Lord knows we ought not to complain. You're here, damaged, but here." He lifted his glass. "Happy days, old man!"
"If you will give me that black bottle and teaspoon, I'll drink that in arnica, or whatever the stuff is; Rich—the notes were gone before the wreck!"
He wheeled and stared at me, the bottle in his hand. "Lost, strayed or stolen?" he queried with forced lightness.
"Stolen, although I believe the theft was incidental to something else."
Mrs. Klopston came in at that moment, with an egg-nog in her hand. She glanced at the clock, and, without addressing any one in particular, she intimated that it was time for bed-respecting folks to be at home in self. McKnight, who could never resist a fling at her back, spoke to me in a stage whisper.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Need Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Brookfield, Mo.—"Two years ago I was unable to do any kind of work and only weighed 115 pounds. My trouble dates back to the time that women may expect nature to bring on the change of life. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me feel much better, and I have continued its use. I am very grateful to you for the good health I am now enjoying."—Mrs. SARAH JOHNSON, 414 S. Livingston Street, Brookfield, Mo.
The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.
Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through the trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.
For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ill—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pain, backache, and nervous prostration.
If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.
A Shipping Error.
The young Duchess of Westminster, wife of the richest peer in England, recently gave birth to her third child, a daughter. Thus there is no heir to the immense Grosvenor fortune, Earl Grosvenor, the duchess's second child, having died at the age of four.
Apropos of all this, a rather cruel story is being told in Newport about Lady Ursula Grosvenor, the eight-year-old daughter of the young duchess.
A friend, the story goes, called at Eaton Hall, and as she sat in the drawing-room, little Lady Ursula entered.
"Oh, good afternoon," she said gravely. "Mamma can't see any one today. She's upstairs with the new baby. They sent her, you know, a girl when she'd ordered a man, and she's so upset that she's quite ill."
Talking to the Child.
"Mrs. X— talks to little Madge just as Mr. X— talks to his dog," said a little girl of a neighboring family. And it was indeed true. Mrs. X— is a very well-meaning woman and would be greatly surprised if she should hear the foregoing statement. She has simply unconsciously acquired a harsh tone of voice in dealing with her children. This is altogether unnecessary and is not, as many mothers seem to think, a mark of good discipline. The mother whose manner is quiet but firm is generally a much more successful disciplinarian than the harsh-voiced mother who issues her commands in a dictatorial manner. Kindness never spoils children. It is fussy indecision, sometimes mistaken for kindness, which spoils them.
When the Fish Exploded.
Somebody discovered that fish are fond of gasoline, and this led to the idea of soaking worms in gasoline in order to make them more alluring when used for bait.
Mark the result.
Two of those gasoline-tempted fish exploded in the frying-pan, and broke the kitchen window, and blew the cook's face full of mashed potato, and buried the teakettle into the four barrel, and painted the kitchen ceiling with steamed tomatoes.
Call it a lying world and let it go at that.
Slightly Confused.
All of us become confused and all of us mix our language sometimes, but the preparation of an old negro preacher's sermon was the greatest confusion of metaphors I ever heard, says a traveler. When the lengthy discourse was nearing its close and he had reached his "twenty-third and lastly, brethren," he wound up by the following elaborate figure:
"Everywhere, brethren, we see de almighty—all down de untrudden paths of time, we see de footprints of de Almighty hand."—Human Life.

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

This Is a Good Breakfast!
Instead of preparing a hot meal, have some fruit;
Post Toasties
with cream;
A soft boiled egg;
Slice of crisp toast;
A cup of Postum.
Such a breakfast is pretty sure to win you.
"The Memory Lingers"
Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.



City a Veritable Beshive

According to This, "Little Old New York" Must Be About Crowded to the Limit.
We are told that if the inmates of all the office buildings in the most over-built section of lower New York were to leave their skyscrapers at the same time six strata of sidewalks would be required to give this mass footway.
It is asserted that the population of New York is growing at the rate of 30,000 persons a year, which means that in the next half century the city will contain double the number of inhabitants that it does to-day.
Even granting that this rate of increase is somewhat exaggerated, the necessity of arranging for tremendous expansion is obvious to all. The