

RIGHT ATTENTION TO COLTS

Good Work Horses and Mules Will Bring Remunerative Prices for Several Years to Come.

Horse owners cannot afford to give their colts indifferent care.

There is every indication that good work horses and mules will bring remunerative prices for several years. The demand for army horses is taking a large number of light weight animals out of the country. Most of



Prize-Winning Filly.

these will be replaced ultimately by heavier horses better suited for heavy farm work.

The size and value of the mature animal depends to a large extent on the feed and care it gets during colthood. It pays to give the colt a chance to make the most of its inherited possibility of development, for an extra 200 or 300 pounds make a striking difference in the selling price of a work horse or mule.

The maximum development is possible only when the colts are handled carefully and fed well during the first two or three years of their lives.

PROVIDE BEES WITH WATER

Place Fountain Near the Hives—Honey Secured From Goldenrod and Aster Is of Rich Flavor.

(By R. L. PUTNAM.)

When you see the bees clustering around the watering trough just provide them a fountain near their hives. This will save time for them and there will be no more drowned bees and horses and other stock will not be stung as they come from the field, heated and perspiring—a fit mark for the angry bee.

Surround a board of convenient size with a narrow cleat an inch high, making the shallow trough water tight. Over this tack a piece of wire screen, being careful to leave no sharp edges that will hurt the bees. Fill with water and note the enjoyment with which the winged visitors flock and drink with no possibility of finding in it a fatal draft. They will drink lots of water now, and if you do not furnish the pure stuff they will hunt out the nearest cesspool for moisture they must have.

Do not worry if your fence row is bordered with goldenrod and aster. You may not be impressed with the esthetic effect admired by your city cousins, but the bees revel in the sweets afforded and will, from the weeds, extract a supply of honey that will go a long way toward picking out their winter store. Beside, goldenrod honey, when it can be secured in quantity, is food fit for kings, being of a rich amber hue and of superior flavor.

Remember that honey must ripen before it is ready for market. When first made it is thin and watery but after two or three weeks it acquires the consistency necessary to the first-class product.

Conversely, if kept in a damp place it soon gathers moisture and becomes seriously damaged. A cool, dry closet is preferable to the cellar for storing.

WELL-BRACED LONG LADDER

Weak and Dangerous Feature Overcome by Wire Brace—Strength Added at Little Expense.

Farmers who have occasion to use long ladders often find them weak and dangerous when set up at the proper angle. This can be overcome by a wire brace. Get a blacksmith to make two V-shaped irons, and fasten them to the side sills with small bolts. Bore small holes through sills at each end.



Ladder Braced With Wire.

Take two pieces of No. 9 wire and fasten to the sills at one end by passing through the holes and forming a lock by turning the end back through the holes over small iron pins, then pass the wire over the V-irons, drawing them tight with a lever and fasten at the other ends in the same way. This brace will more than double the strength of the ladder and add but little expense.

Approach of Foaling Time.
With the approach of foaling time the grain ration of the mare should be decreased. Use feeds such as bran and roots, as they are valuable. A roomy box stall or an open grassy lot is almost imperative. After foaling the mare should not be worked for from ten to fifteen days, and then but lightly.

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pichoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algiers but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pichoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The marquis plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pichoune follows Sabron to Algiers, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pichoune. After a horrible night and day Pichoune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the marquis to Algiers in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts. Julia, for the moment turns matchmaker in behalf of Tremont. Hammet Abou tells the Marquise where he thinks Sabron may be found. Tremont decides to go with Hammet Abou to find Sabron.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

It was rare for the caravan to pass by Beni Medinet. The old woman's superstition foresaw danger in this visit. Her veil before her face, her gnarled old fingers held the fan with which she had been fanning Sabron. She went out to the strangers. Down by the well a group of girls in garments of blue and yellow, with earthen bottles on their heads, stood staring at Beni Medinet's unusual visitors.

"Peace be with you, Fatou Anni," said the older of the Bedouins.

"Are you a cousin or a brother that you know my name?" asked the ancient woman.

"Everyone knows the name of the oldest woman in the Sahara," said Hammet Abou, "and the victorious are always brothers."

"What do you want with me?" she asked, thinking of the helplessness of the village.

Hammet Abou pointed to the hut.

"You have a white captive in there. Is he alive?"

"What is that to you, son of a dog?" "The mother of many sons is wise," said Hammet Abou portentously, "but she does not know that this man carries the Evil Eye. His dog carries the Evil Eye for his enemies. Your people have gone to battle. Unless this man is cast out from your village, your young men, your grandsons and your sons will be destroyed."

The old woman regarded him calmly.

"I do not fear it," she said tranquilly. "We have had corn and oil in plenty. He is sacred."

For the first time she looked at his companion, tall and slender and evidently younger.

"You favor the coward Franks," she said in a high voice. "You have come to fall upon us in our desolation."

She was about to raise the peculiar wall which would have summoned to her all the women of the village. The dogs of the place had already begun to show their noses, and the villagers were drawing near the people under the palms. Now the young man began to speak swiftly in a language that she did not understand, addressing his comrade. The language was so serious that the woman, with the cry arrested on her lips, stared at him. Pointing to his companion, Hammet Abou said:

"Fatou Anni, this great lord kisses your hand. He says that he wishes he could speak your beautiful language. He does not come from the enemy; he does not come from the French. He comes from two women of his people by whom the captive is beloved. He says that you are the mother of sons and grandsons, and that you will deliver this man up into our hands in peace."

The narrow fetid streets were beginning to fill with the figures of women, their beautifully colored robes fluttering in the light, and there were curious eager children who came running, naked save for the bangles upon their arms and ankles.

Pointing to them, Hammet Abou said to the old sage:

"See, you are only women here, Fatou Anni. Your men are twenty miles farther south. We have a caravan of fifty men all armed, Fatou Anni. They camp just there, at the edge of the oasis. They are waiting. We come in peace, old woman; we come to take away the Evil Eye from your door; but if you anger us and rave against us, the dogs and women of your town will fall upon you and destroy every breast among you."

She began to beat her palms together, murmuring:

"Allah! Allah!"

"Hush," said the Bedouin fiercely, "take us to the captive, Fatou Anni."

Fatou Anni did not stir. She pulled aside the veil from her withered face, so that her great eyes looked out at the two men. She saw her predicament, but she was a subtle Oriental. Victory had been in her camp and in her village; her sons and grandsons had never been vanquished. Perhaps the dying man in the hut would bring the Evil Eye! He was dying, anyway—he would not live twenty-four hours. She knew this, for her ninety years of life had seen many eyes close on the oasis under the hard blue skies.

To the taller of the two Bedouins she said in Arabic:

"Fatou Anni is nearly one hundred years old. She has borne twenty children, she has had fifty grandchildren; she has seen many wives, many brides and many mothers. She does not believe the sick man has the Evil Eye. She is not afraid of your fifty armed men. Fatou Anni is not afraid. Allah is great. She will not give up the Frenchman because of fear, nor will she give him up to any man. She gives him to the women of his people."

With dignity and majesty and with great beauty of carriage, the old woman turned and walked toward her hut and the Bedouins followed her.

CHAPTER XXII.

Into the Desert.

A week after the caravan of the Duc de Tremont left Algiers, Julia Redmond came unexpectedly to the villa of Madame de la Maine at an early morning hour. Madame de la Maine saw her standing on the threshold of her bedroom door.

"Chere Madame," Julia said, "I am leaving today with a dragoon and twenty servants to go into the desert."

Madame de la Maine was still in bed. At nine o'clock she read her papers and her correspondence.

"Into the desert—alone!"

Julia, with her cravache in her gloved hands, smiled sweetly though she was very pale. "I had not thought of going alone, Madame," she replied with charming assurance, "I knew you would go with me."

On a chair by her bed was a wrapper of blue silk and lace. The comtesse sprang up and then thrust her feet into her slippers and stared at Julia.

"What are you going to do in the desert?"

"Watch!"

"Yes, yes!" nodded Madame de la Maine. "And your aunt?"

"Deep in a bazaar for the hospital," smiled Miss Redmond.

Madame de la Maine regarded her slender friend with admiration and envy. "Why hadn't I thought of it?" She rang for her maid.

"Because your great-grandfather was not a pioneer!" Miss Redmond answered.

The sun which, all day long, held the desert in its burning embrace, went westward in his own brilliant caravan.

"The desert blossoms like a rose, Therese."

"Like a rose?" questioned Madame de la Maine.

She was sitting in the door of her tent; her white dress and her white

hat gleamed like a touch of snow upon the desert's face. Julia Redmond, on a rug at her feet, and in her khaki riding-habit the color of the sand, blended with the desert as though part of it. She sat up as she spoke.

"How divine! See!" She pointed to the stretches of the Sahara before her. On every side they spread away as far as the eye could reach, suave, mellow, black, undulating finally to small hillocks with corrugated sides, as a group of little sandhills rose softly out of the sealike plain. "Look, Therese!"

Slowly, from ocher and gold the color changed; a faint wavelike bluish crept over the sands, which reddened, paled, faded, warmed again, took depth and grew intense like flame.

"The heart of a rose! N'est-ce pas, Therese?"

"I understand now what you mean," said Madame. The comtesse was not a dreamer. Parisian to the tips of her fingers, elegant, fine, she had lived a conventional life. Therese had been taught to conceal her emotions. She had been taught that our feelings matter very little to any one but our-

selves. She had been taught to go lightly, to avoid serious things. Her great-grandmother had gone lightly to the scaffold, exquisitely courteous till the last.

"I ask your pardon if I jostled you in the tumbrel," the old comtesse had said to her companion on the way to the guillotine. "The springs of the cart are poor"—and she went up smiling.

In the companionship of the American girl, Therese de la Maine had thrown off restraint. If the Marquise d'Esclignac had felt Julia's influence, Therese de la Maine, being near her own age, echoed Julia's very feeling.

Except for their dragoon and their servants, the two women were alone in the desert.

Smiling at Julia, Madame de la Maine said: "I haven't been so far from the Rue de la Paix in my life."

"How can you speak of the Rue de la Paix, Therese?"

"Only to show you how completely I have left it behind."

Julia's eyes were fixed upon the limitless sands, a sea where a faint line lost itself in the red west and the horizon shut from her sight everything that she believed to be her life.

"This is the seventh day, Therese!" "Already you are as brown as an Arab, Julia!"

"You as well, ma chere amie!"

"Robert does not like dark women," said the Comtesse de la Maine, and rubbed her cheek. "I must wear two veils."

"Look, Therese!"

Across the face of the desert the glow began to withdraw its curtains. The sands suffused an ineffable hue, a shell-like pink took possession, and the desert melted and then grew colder—it waned before their eyes, withered like a tea-rose.

"Like a rose!" Julia murmured, "smell its perfume!" She lifted her head, drinking in with delight the fragrance of the sands.

"Ma chere Julia," gently protested the comtesse, lifting her head, "perfume, Julia!" But she breathed with her friend, while a sweetly subtle, intoxicating odor, as of millions and millions of roses, gathered, warmed, kept, then scattered on the airs of heaven, intoxicating her.

To the left were the huddled tents of their attendants. No sooner had the sun gone down than the Arabs commenced to sing—a song that Julia had especially liked:

Love is like a sweet perfume,
It comes, it escapes,
When it's present, it intoxicates;
When it's a memory, it brings tears.
Love is like a sweet breath,
It comes and it escapes.

The weird music filled the silence of the silent place. It had the evanescent quality of the wind that brought the breath of the sand-flowers. The voices of the Arabs, not unmusical, though hoarse and appealing, cried out their love-song, and then the music turned to invocation and to prayer.

The two women listened silently as the night fell, their figures sharply outlined in the beautiful clarity of the eastern night.

Julia stood upright. In her riding dress, she was as slender as a boy. She remained looking toward the horizon, immovable, patient, a silent watcher over the uncommunicative waste.

"Perhaps," she thought, "there is nothing really beyond that line, so fast blotting itself into night—and yet I seem to see them come!"

Madame de la Maine, in the door of her tent, immovable, her hands clasped around her knees, looked affectionately at the young girl before her. Julia was a delight to her. She was carried away by her, by her frank simplicity, and drawn to her warm and generous heart. Madame de la Maine had her own story. She wondered whether ever, for any period of her conventional life, she could have thrown everything aside and stood out with the man she loved.

Julia, standing before her, a dark slim figure in the night—isolated and alone—recalled the figurehead of a ship, its face toward heaven, pioneering the open seas.

Julia watched, indeed. On the desert there is the brilliant day, a passionate glow, and the nightfall. They passed the nights sometimes listening for a cry that should hail an approaching caravan, sometimes hearing the wild cry of the hyenas, or of a passing vulture on his horrid flight. Otherwise, until the camp stirred with the dawn and the early prayer-call sounded "Allah! Allah! Akbar!" into the stillness, they were wrapped in complete silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Meaning of Yankee.

There are several conflicting theories regarding the origin of the word Yankee. The most probable is that it came from a corrupt pronunciation by the Indians of the word English, or its French from Anglais. The term Yankee was originally applied only to the natives of the New England states but foreigners have extended it to all the natives of the United States and during the American Civil War the southerners used it as a term of reproach for all the inhabitants of the North.

Porto Rico Sugar Industry.

The important part played by the sugar industry in the material welfare of Porto Rico is shown by the figures of exports. Out of a total valuation of exports amounting to \$43,000,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, sugar alone constituted over \$20,000,000. This was the lowest sum realized for sugar exports in five years. Under normal conditions sugar constitutes two-thirds the total value of all exports.

Permanent Styles in Fans



There is nothing very new to report in fans, and there hardly need be, for, like flowers, they suit us as they are. They are medium or small in size and composed of the fragile and fair materials we are used to. Silk gauze or lace or both combined make airy backgrounds for flowers painted in festoons and wreaths in miniature, but perfect art. Spangles, thicker than stars in the sky, sparkle over all. They were never so liberally used.

Ivory, mother of pearl, or wood, with much carving and picking out in gold or silver paint, form the sticks. Even in the least expensive fans there is an unusual amount of beautiful decoration. The imitation ivory sticks are quite as beautifully handled as the genuine. It takes a good judge to tell the difference.

Fans of white gauze with medallions and borders of princess lace braid and thickly spangled with tiny silver sequins have proved their captivating qualities by heading the list of "best sellers." In the month of roses, when graduates and brides must be remembered, this is the fan that is scattered to all the points of the compass. Fans of black gauze with many spangles put on in a set design and scattered over the surface besides, have proved as alluring as ever.

Small celluloid fans that may be carried in the handbag are deco-

rated with gold borders in set figures or are gay with painted flowers. One of these is a novelty having a small coin carrier at the base of the stick, just large enough to hold dimes. Pretty as they are, none of these fans are expensive unless one chooses those with pearl sticks or having much carving.

Among the very cheap fans, such as sell for twenty-five cents or not more than fifty, the Japanese designs offer really good colorings and fascinating surfaces. They are well made and more than tasteful; they are often fine examples of Japanese art.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Knitted Silk Sports Coats.

Knitted silk sports coats are not sweaters. True, they can be used for many of the purposes for which a sweater is used, but there is quite a difference in the garments. Various kinds of knitted silk fabrics are used for the purpose, but, unlike the sweater, they are lined, and sometimes with a silk strongly contrasting with the outer material. Not infrequently this silk runs over into cuffs and collar. The coats are made along loose wrap lines, sometimes belted or sashed. Semi-norfolk jackets of knitted silk are very fetching and among the most popular coats in the knitted silk fabrics.

About Shoes for the Young People



Following in the shoe tracks of their elders, children and half-grown young people are wearing the best-looking and best-made shoes which have fallen to their lot so far. The correct styles for children as to shape are those that follow the shape of the foot, snug enough not to slip at the heel, and a little longer and broader than the feet they are to clothe, with wide toes, flexible soles and low heels.

The matter of shape disposed of, without room for mistake, there is left a considerable latitude in choice of design and finish. All on the same sensible last, plain, dressy and fancy shoes have received almost as much attention at the hands of manufacturers as those meant for older people—and this is saying a lot.

An attractive dress shoe for a child is shown in the picture, with white kid and patent leather combined in a graceful design. It fastens over the instep and ankles with cut-out straps buttoned over black buttons at the side. The neat machine stitching is an important feature in its finish. A flat ribbon bow decorates the toe.

For the well-grown miss a pretty boot is shown with cloth top, patent leather trimming and laced fastening.

It is trim in appearance and broader in the toe than it looks. The narrow effect is accomplished by the long point in the tip of patent leather.

The plain leather sandals made for children's midsummer wear deserve a good word always. Worn without stockings, they help out the youngsters that are denied the pleasure of running barefoot, and are so easy to put off and on that the little people can indulge in the joy of getting their feet on the ground occasionally.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Braid in Millinery.

Serviceable, adaptable braid has been called upon for trimming the newest tailored hats, and some very unique effects have been obtained from its artistic use. A large chou or rose of folded white silk braid effectively trims a fine white leghorn. A three-cornered dark brown milan has dangling at one side a red apple of soutache braid alluring enough to tempt any modern daughter of Eve. Wide cotton braid with colored borders band the sports hats of Panama, silk and peanut straw. Watch the braid counters for choice bits if you wish a new hat trimming.