Zelda Dameron

By

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CHAPTER IV.

The law offices of Knight, Kittredge & Carr were tucked away in the rear of an old building that stood at the apex of a triangle. The firm had been tenants of the same rooms for many years. There was a battered tin sign at the entrance, but its inscription could be read only by persons who remembered it from bygone days. Knight and Kittredge had been prominent in State politics during and immediately following the Civil War. They were dead now, but Carr, who had left politics to his partners, survived, and he had changed nothing in the offices.

In the old days it had been the custom of the members of the firm of Knight, Kittredge & Carr to assemble every morning at 8 o'clock in the library for a brief discussion of the news of the day, or for a review of the work that lay before them. The young men who were fortunate enough to be tolerated in the offices had always enjoyed these discussions immensely, for Governor Kittredge and Senator Knight had known men and manners as well as the law; and Michael Carr knew Plato and the Greek and Latin poets as he knew the way home.

These morning conferences were still continued in Morris Leighton's day, though Knight and Kittredge had long been gone. It might be a topic from the day's news that received attention, or some new book—Michael Carr was a persistent novel reader—or it might be even a bit of social gossip that was discussed. Mr. Carr was a man of deliberate habits, and when he set apart this half-hour for a talk with his young men, as he called them, it made no difference that the president of a great railway cooled his heels in the outer office while the Latin poets were discussed in the library, or that other dignified Caucasians waited while negro suffrage was debated.

Ezra Dameron was waiting for him this morning, for it was the first of October; and on the first of every month Ezra Dameron went to the offices to discuss his personal affairs. He was of an economical turn, and he made it a point to combine as many questions as possible in a single consultation. His relations with the offices were of long standing and dated back to a day when Knight, Kittredge & Carr were a new firm and Ezra Dameron was a young merchant whom people respected, and whose prospects in life were bright.

While Ezra Dameron waited for Michael Carr, Rodney Merriam was walking slowly from his house in Seminary Square down High street to Jefferson, swinging his stick, and gravely returning the salutations of friends and acquaintances. He came presently to the offices of Knight, Kittredge & Carr. He stepped into the reception-room and found it empty. The door into the library was closed but he could hear Carr's voice; and he knew that the lawyer was holding one of those morning talks with his clerks and students that Morris Leighton had often described. He looked about with interest and then crossed the hall. The doors of three private offices were closed, but he turned the knob of the one marked in small black letters "Mr. Carr," and went in.

Ezra Dameron was still looking out of the window when the door was flung open. He supposed Carr had come, and having been gazing out into the sunny court, his sight did not accommodate itself at once to the dim light of the little room.

"Ah, Mr. Carr—" he began.

"Good-morning, Ezra," said Rodney Merriam, blandly. Dameron knew the voice before he recognized his brother-in-law, and after a second's hesitation he advanced with a great air of cordiality.

"Why, Rodney, what brings you into the haunts of the law? I thought you were a man who never got into trouble. I'm waiting for Mr. Carr. I have a standing appointment with him this same day every month—excepting Sundays, of course."

"So I have understood. I don't want to see Mr. Carr, however; I want to see you."

Dameron glanced at his brother-in-law anxiously. He had believed Merriam's appearance to be purely accidental, and he was not agreeably disappointed to find that he had been mistaken. He looked at the little clock on Carr's desk, and was relieved to find that the lawyer would undoubtedly appear in a few minutes.

"I should be glad, at any other time, Rodney, but Mr. Carr is very particular about his appointments."

"I have heard so, Ezra. What I have to say to you will not interfere with your engagement with Mr. Carr. As near as I can remember, it has been ten years since I enjoyed a conversation with you."

"Better let the old times go—I—I—am willing to let them go, Rodney."

"And on that last occasion, if my memory serve me, I believe I told you that you were an infernal scoundrel."

"You were very violent, very unjust; but let it all go, Rodney. I treasure no unkind feelings."

"It would be a source of real annoyance to me to have you think for a moment that I have changed my mind. I want to have a word with you about Zelda. She has chosen to go to live with you——"

"Very loyal, very noble of her. I'm sure I appreciate it."

"I hope you do. She doesn't understand what a contemptible hound you are, and I don't intend to tell her. And you may be quite sure that her Aunt Julia will never tell her how you treated her mother—how you made her life a curse to her. I don't want you to think that because I have let you alone these ten years I have forgotten or forgiven you. I wouldn't trust you to do anything that demanded the lowest sense of honor or manhood."

There was no sign of anger or even resentment in Ezra's face. His inevitable smile died away in a sickly grin, but he said nothing.

"With this little preface I think you will understand that what I have sought you out for is not to ask favors but to give orders, in view of Zee's return."

"But, Rodney, Rodney—that matter needs no discussion. I shall hope to make my daughter happy in her father's house—I am her natural protector——"

"You are, indeed; but a few instructions from me will be of great assistance, Ezra. To begin with, I want you to understand that the first time I hear you have mistreated that girl or in any way made her uncomfortable I shall horsewhip you in front of the postoffice. The second time I shall cowhide you in your own house, and the third offense I shall punish either by shooting you or taking you out and dropping you into the river, I haven't decided which. I expect you to provide generously for her out of the money her mother left her. If you haven't squandered it there ought to be a goodly sum by this time."

"I fear she has acquired expensive tastes abroad. Julia always spent money wastefully."

"You ugly hypocrite, talking about expensive tastes! I suppose you have let everybody you know imagine that it has been your money that has kept Zee abroad. It's like you, and you're certainly a consistent beast. As I was saying, I mean that you shall treat her well, not according to your own ideas, but mine. I want you to brace up and try to act or look like a white man. You've got to keep enough servants in that old shell of yours to take care of it. You must be immensely rich by this time. You haven't spent any money for twenty years; and you've undoubtedly profited well in your handling of what Margaret left Zee. That was like Margaret, to make you trustee of her child's property, after the dog's life you had led her! You may be sure that it wasn't because she had any confidence in you, but because she had borne with you bravely, and it was like her to make an outward show of respect for you from the grave. And I suppose she hoped you might be a man at last for the girl's sake. The girl's her mother over again; she's a thoroughbred. And you—I suppose God tolerates you on earth merely to make Heaven more attractive."

Merriam at no time raised his voice; the Merriams were a low-spoken family; and when Rodney Merriam was quietest he was most dangerous.

Voices could be heard now across the hall. The morning conference was at an end; and Michael Carr crossed to his room at twenty-five minutes before nine, and opened the door in the full knowledge that Ezra Dameron was waiting for him. Many strange things had happened in the offices of Knight, Kittredge & Carr; but Michael Carr had long ago formed the habit of seeing everything and saying nothing.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, affably, and shook hands with both men.

"I have just been warning Ezra against overwork," said Merriam, composedly. "At Ezra's age a man ought to check himself; he ought to let other people use the hammer and drive the nails."

"Rodney always had his little joke," said Dameron, and laughed a dry laugh that showed his teeth in his very unpleasant smile.

Merriam wished both gentlemen a satisfactory disposition of their business. It was, of course, a perfectly natural thing for him to drop into a law office on a pleasant October morning and, meeting there a connection of his family, hold converse with him on matters of common interest. Michael Carr was not, however, a dull man, and he understood perfectly that Rodney Merriam had decided to resume diplomatic relations with Ezra Dameron; and he rightly guessed the reason to be the return of Margaret Dameron's daughter to her father's house.

Merriam found Morris Leighton at work in the library. The young man threw down his book in surprise as the old gentleman darkened the door.

"The date shall be printed in red ink on the office wall! I never expected to see you here!"

"It may never happen again, my boy. Is this all you have to do, read books? I sometimes wish I had been a lawyer. Nothing to do but read and write; it's the easiest business there is."

"Mr. Carr would like to see you; I'd be glad to call him—except that this is his morning with Mr. Dameron."

"To be sure it is; but don't trouble yourself. I've seen both of them, anyhow."

"Oh!"

"I just happened in and found Mr. Dameron waiting; so I amused him until Mr. Carr appeared. You still have your historic morning round-up here, I suppose. There are two things that you young gentlemen will undoubtedly derive from Mr. Carr—good manners and sound literary tastes."

CHAPTER V.

Zelda's days ran on now much like those of other girls in Mariona. Between Mrs. Forrest and Mrs. Carr, she was well launched socially, and her time was fully occupied. She overhauled the house and changed its furnishings radically—while her father blinked at the expenditures. Rodney Merriam, dropping in often to chaff Zelda about her neglect of himself, rejoiced at the free way in which she contracted bills. The old mahogany from the garret fitted into the house charmingly. The dingy walls were brightened with new papers; the old carpets were taken up, the floors stained, to save the trouble of putting down hardwood, and rugs bought.

Ezra Dameron's greatest shock was the installing of the telephone in his house; but every one else in Mariona, so Zelda assured him, had one; and it would undoubtedly be of service to her in many ways. Her real purpose was to place herself in communication with her aunt and uncle, whose help she outwardly refused but secretly leaned on.

Zelda did not disturb the black woman in the kitchen, though she employed a house-maid to supplement her services; but she labored patiently to correct some of the veteran Polly's distressing faults. Polly was a good cook in the haphazard fashion of her kind. She could not read, so that the cook books which Zelda bought were of no use to her. She shook her head over "book cookin'," but Zelda, who dimly remembered that her mother had spent much time in the kitchen, bought a supply of aprons and gave herself persistently to culinary practice. Or, she sat and dictated to Polly from one of the recipe books while that amiable soul mixed the ingredients; and then, after the necessary interval of fear and hope, they opened the oven door and peered in anxiously upon triumph or disaster.

A horse was duly purchased at Lexington, on an excursion planned and managed by Mrs. Carr. They named the little Hambletonian Xanthippe, which Zelda changed to Zan, at her uncle's suggestion. It was better, he said, not to introduce any more of the remoter letters of the alphabet into the family nomenclature; and as they already had Z it would be unwise to add X. Moreover, it was fitting that Zee should own Zan!

The possession of the pretty brown mare and a runabout greatly increased Zelda's range of activities. Her uncle kept a saddle horse and he taught her how to ride and drive. He also, under Ezra Dameron's very eyes, had the old barn reconstructed, to make a proper abiding place for a Kentucky horse of at least decent ancestry, and employed a stable-boy.

Zelda became daily more conscious of her father's penurious ways, that were always cropping out in the petty details of the housekeeping. One evening when he thought himself unobserved, she saw him walking down the front stairway, avoiding the carpet on the treads with difficult care. Zelda did not at first know what he was doing; but she soon found this to be only one of his many whimsical economies. He overhauled the pantry now and then, making an inventory of the amount of flour, sugar and coffee in stock, and he still did a part of the marketing. Zelda had given the black stable-boy orders that Zan was to be fed generously; and when she found that her father was giving contrary directions she said nothing, but connived with the boy in the purchase of hay and corn to make good the deficiency caused by her indulgence.

Late one afternoon she drove to a remote quarter of town in pursuit of a laundress that had failed her. She concluded her arrand and turned Zan homeward, but lost her way in seeking to avoid a railway track on which a line of freight cars blocked her path. She came upon a public school building, which presented a stubborn front to a line of shops and saloons on the opposite side of a narrow street. Two boys were engaged in combat on the sidewalk at the school-house entrance, surrounded by a ring of noisy partisans. A young woman, a teacher, Zelda took her to be, hurried toward the scene of trouble from the school-house door, and at her approach the ring of spectators dispersed in disorder, leaving the combatants alone, vainly sparring for an advantage before they, too, yielded the field. Zelda unconsciously drew in her horse to watch the conclusion of matters. The young woman stepped between the antagonists without parley, catching the grimy fists of one of the boys in her hands, while the other took to his heels amid the jeers of the gallery. Zelda heard the teacher's voice raised in sharp reprimand as she dismissed the lad with a wave of her hand that implied an authority not to be gainsaid.

(To be continued.)

CARE OF BRITISH FORESTS.

Need for and Value of Conserving Them—Under Control Elsewhere.

The increasing interest taken in most civilized countries in questions of forest conservation is a notable proof of the growth of wisdom in the utilization of the world's resources. For centuries, the London Times says, mankind was prone to regard forests mainly as arenas for wholesale and often wanton destruction. The forests were, as the Siberian peasants still say, "the gift of God," to be used or wasted without let or hindrance. Their effect upon rainfall and temperature, their value in preventing the denudation of soil, the large part they play in the control of rivers and the preservation of moisture, were factors either not understood or disregarded.

Happily, most governments are now recognizing that forests are valuable assets, both by reason of the revenue they produce and the direct and indirect benefits they confer. The steady growth of checks upon the reckless exploitation of forests is a wholesome sign. Germany led the way in scientific forestry, and her splendid woodlands now a possession of enormous value have been to a large extent under state control for a hundred years. Austria-Hungary has long realized the importance of her forests to agriculture, particularly in the Alpine provinces, and has developed an efficient forestry system. France has not only carried out large works of afforestation on waste lands, but has exemplified the close interdependence of forests and water supply in the official title of her forest department.

The vast forests of Russia are slowly coming under scientific control. In the center and south of Russia stringent measures of regulation have been introduced, though the huge timber areas in the north are still almost without state care. In southern Siberia the process of forest extermination is now largely supervised, and in Central Asia the very special value of the mountain forests as "preservers and distributers of rain" receives constant official attention. Norway and Sweden have both began to appreciate the fact that their valuable forests are not meant solely for destruction. The United States, already consuming three times as much timber as the country annually produces, is turning with enthusiasm to problems of practical forestry.

It is curious, and not a little regrettable, that, while so much activity is visible in other lands, the forests of the British empire have hitherto received comparatively scant scientific treatment at the hands of the state. The one shining exception is India, where an admirable forest department is doing excellent work. Canada is still chiefly engrossed in production and gives little serious attention to the restocking of cleared areas, although her productivity must inevitably diminish in time.

Australia has not only failed to realize the immense importance of forest conservation, but in some quarters at the antipodes the question is even regarded as a matter of little account. In the united kingdom the influence of forests on rainfall and water supply is fortunately a negligible issue, but the economic advantages of schemes of afforestation are only now arousing the belated interest of the authorities.

The Retort Courteous.

A young woman had fallen upon the ice-covered pavement, and a man stepped forward to offer his services.

"Allow me—" he began, but his feet slipped and he fell flat upon his back.

"Certainly," responded the young woman, gravely.—Lippincott's.

Elevating.

Wiggs—The man who loves a woman can't help being elevated. Wagg—And the man who loves more than one is apt to be sent up too.—Philadelphia Record.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

"GOLDEN RULE CHIEF" CLEARED OF CHARGES

THE "Golden Rule Chief" is back on the job, and those who fall by the wayside in Cleveland O., are once more assured that they will be afforded kind treatment when they find themselves in the toils.

Chief Fred Kohler has been cleared of the charges that were preferred against him following a trial before the civil service commission, and when he returned to his desk after being suspended for several weeks he resumed his practise of tempering justice with mercy.

The chiefs of police of some of the other large cities laughed when they read that Kohler had adopted rules for the conduct of his department in Cleveland in which the word "kindness" played the star role.

Chief Kohler decided that his department could get better results by treating prisoners with proper consideration of their feelings and rights, a plan that is utterly disregarded in many of the big cities.

His order read like this:

Officers in charge:

Under no circumstances will you allow the so-termed sweat-box method, or harsh or brutal treatment to be used on or toward any prisoner, or witness in our custody. The proper inquisition must always be made.

FRED KOHLER,
Chief of Police.

The new plan had not been in operation six months before Kohler was being called the "best chief" Cleveland ever had. The department got results as effectively as those who mistreat prisoners and put them through the tortures of the "third degree."

Several important cases were handled under Kohler's golden rule plan. Notable among these were the Whitla kidnaping case. It was through information obtained by Kohler that the Boyles were arrested in Cleveland for kidnaping the little Sharon (Pa.) boy. Chief Kohler got confessions from the pair without mistreating them.

Then it was that other chiefs forgot to laugh. They agreed that if the application of the golden rule would so easily clear up a case in which such daring and desperate criminals was concerned there was something in it. They were surprised when charges were preferred against Kohler. Politics seemed to have played an important part in the filing of the charges, and after the civil service commission had heard only part of the evidence 13 of the original 23 counts against him were dropped. After the testimony was all in the board quickly exonerated the chief.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S VISIT TO OYSTER BAY

ROBERT MARION La Follette, senior senator from Wisconsin, the veteran insurgent of the upper branch of congress, was the first of the Republicans who have kicked over the traces to see Theodore Roosevelt after the former president's return from the jungles and the courts of Europe.

It was rather a surprise when Senator La Follette arrived at Oyster Bay to see the former chief executive. The two men had been none too friendly politically, and La Follette had seen occasion to criticise some of the acts of Roosevelt.

There are lots of persons who would like to know just what went on between the two behind the closed doors at Sagamore Hill. Certainly they patched up any differences there may have been between them, for did not the senator, after emerging from the Roosevelt home, say: "I want to tell you that Colonel Roosevelt is the greatest living American, and he is in fighting trim."

La Follette is not given to idle flattery. Those who know him are aware that he speaks plainly and does not beat about the bush. He has been fearless in his actions in the senate, and when he thought he was right he went ahead. Consequently such praise of Roosevelt from the La Follette lips is taken to mean something important so far as the political situation is concerned.

It is likely that La Follette did not go to Sagamore Hill without being asked. Just what Roosevelt wanted with him has not been made plain, but it probably all will come out in the political wash.

The senator has refused to say what the occasion of his visit was, but it is more than likely that the insurgent movement which has grown wonderfully while Roosevelt was away, was the chief topic of their conversation. He declared he would prefer to have the details of the conference come from the former president.

Old politicians throughout the country have been waiting impatiently to know from Roosevelt what was the cause of the chat. Shortly after he talked with the Wisconsin senator Colonel Roosevelt went to the summer White House at Beverly, Mass., and had a conference with President Taft. That something important was to come from these two conferences everybody expected.

ZEPPELIN DETERMINED TO MAKE AIR-LINE WIN

CARRYING 20 passengers 300 miles through the air in nine hours is getting pretty close to the realization of the dreams of persons who expect to see aerial craft supplant vehicles that are propelled by steam or electricity on rail or land.

So when Count Zepplin, the seventy-two-year-old German aviator cried: "all aboard," and started on the voyage high above ground from Friedrichshafen to Dusseldorf, and made the trip without a single mishap, there were many who said, "I told you so."

The count calls the great dirigible craft the Deutschland. It seems that the Deutschland is a great deal like the Chicago baseball team called the Cubs. When the count is at the helm the Deutschland behaves splendidly. When Manager Chance is in the game with the Cubs the team is almost unbeatable.

A few days after his first memorable trip, Count Zepplin turned the machine over to an assistant. The Deutschland of course, did not know that the master hand was not at the helm, but it acted like it. She had aboard 32 passengers, including 20 newspaper men who intended to write thrilling stories of the flight. Now the scribes are thankful that they are still in the land of the living and able to write at all. The Deutschland sailed along for a great distance without doing anything objectionable. Near Osnabruck, however, it began to act up. Something got out of gear and in the time it takes to wink your eye a couple of times the scribes found themselves in a pretty fix.

The Deutschland had dropped into the tops of several trees and became so tightly wedged there that it stuck.

The passengers were forced to climb to the ground, glad that none had been hurt.

Count Zepplin, disappointed, but not discouraged, to be discouraged not being a part of the makeup of an aviator, rushed to the scene on a train. He began at once to rescue his great aerial craft. It was found to be considerably damaged, but it was repaired and Count Zepplin says it will be ready shortly to resume the aerial passenger service.

Great Coal Bed.

A further development of the Great Greta coal bed at Kurri Kurri (N. S. W.) has taken place. A splendid seam of clean mineral has been struck which opens out a veritable mountain of coal. The company propose to open out three collieries, and estimate that it will require at least 1,500 hands. The marvelous depth of the seam as proved—34 feet 9 inches—should insure easy working, and consequently cheap coal.

The Permanent Fruit.

"The fruit crop has failed!" exclaimed the apprehensive person.

"Yes," replied the gloomy boarder, "but what's the use of trying to be hopeful. That never applies to prunes."—Washington Star.

Force of Habit.

Bronson—What did that pretty saleesgirl say when you stole a kiss?

Johnson—She said: "Will that be all today?"

Roberts One of Leaders in World of Finance

WHEN the Commercial and Continental National banks consolidated in Chicago and George M. Reynolds became president of the merged concern one of the country's foremost financiers was forced out of a position.

George Evan Roberts, who like Mr. Reynolds, is a native of Iowa, was the president of the Commercial national and had he so chosen no doubt could have held an important place with the new bank. But Mr. Roberts decided that he would step down and out and did so.

Mr. Roberts was born in Delaware county, Iowa, in 1857. He too has plowed corn, shocked wheat and done the other hard work that usually falls to the lot of a farmer b

From the public schools Mr. Roberts went into a printer's office as the "devil" and learned the trade from the ground up. He became connected with the Fort Dodge Messenger and later was its proprietor. He was elected state printer of Iowa in 1882, was connected with Iowa banks and in 1898 was chosen as director of the mint by President McKinley. Mr. Roberts served in this important government position until 1907 and was then selected as president of the Commercial National bank.

Mr. Roberts is the author of several important works on finance, among them "Coin at School in Finance," "Iowa and the Silver Question" and "Money, Wages and Prices."

Several reports have been circulated concerning Mr. Roberts' future, but none has been authorized by him. One was that he was to be reappointed director of the mint. This he took occasion to deny. His friends say he is too valuable to the financial world to remain out of it long.

CARE OF COWS IN FLY TIME

Pestiferous Little Insects Cut Off From 30 to 40 Per Cent. in Receipts of Creameries.

A few calves will occupy but little stable room and will require but little additional food and attention.

We can make no greater mistake than to compel them to suffer day after day fighting flies in the blistering sun.

Some dairymen keep their cows inside during the worst part of the fly season, allowing them to run out nights.

After a run out in the pasture they are put in the stable in the morning and it is darkened so that the flies will remain outside.

A little green forage fed while they are kept inside during the day and the loss in milk and flesh is reduced to a minimum.

Few dairymen can afford to withstand the losses that are due to the fly pest.

It is claimed by good authorities that in some cases an animal loses more than a pint of blood each day and such losses and suffering mean that they can return no profit at the pail when they are handled in this manner.

In nearly every dairy section flies cut off from 30 to 40 per cent. in the receipts of the creameries.

No dairying section can afford to stand such severe losses.

Until we find some fly repellant of lasting qualities we must avoid losses from this source by keeping the animals where the plague will be reduced to a minimum.

The scientific work of handling the fly problem should be encouraged until in due time we are in a position to handle the question.

If we can plan to keep all t t one side of the stable darkened the flies will not bother the calves or cows as badly as when there is no light at all, for they will fly toward the light and get lost and not be able to find the stock after flying toward the light.

When we stop and consider the intimate relationship between the comfort of the cows and calves and their milk and growth we will not hesitate to do all in our power to improve their condition during fly time.

POTATOES INTO A DRY MEAL

Process Successfully Accomplished by Prussian Process Saves Decay and Cost of Freight.

The conversion of potatoes into a dry, concentrated meal, successfully accomplished by a Prussian process described by Consul T. H. Norton, not only prevents loss from decay, but reduces the cost of transportation. In Germany potatoes are much used for feeding domestic animals, and the loss from decay amounts to about 11 per cent, equivalent to a value of $28,500,000 annually. The new process is claimed to be simpler and more effective than numerous earlier ones brought out by an offer of $6,000 in prizes. The potatoes are washed in a large vat, passed into a mashing machine, pumped into a reservoir, and then fed between two hollow cylinder of perforated plate covered with linen filtering cloth, the interior of each cylinder being connected with an air exhaust. The pressure of the cylinder and the air suction remove most of the water. The residual mass is taken by a helical conveyor to small cars, which pass through a hydraulic press, removing more liquid, and is then transferred to a revolving drum, heated at one end by steam pipes and cooled at the other by water. Stirred by prongs in the drum, the dried potato emerges as coarse meal. This has a quarter of the original weight of the tubers and occupies an eighth of the space, it smells and tastes like fresh bread, and analysis shows it to contain 80.69 per cent of carbohydrates, 11.50 of water, 3.73 of protein, 2.06 of ash, 1.71 of fiber, and 0.31 of fat. If desired, the meal can be compressed into compact cakes. The residual liquid contains sugar and dissolved salts, and, first yielding about 2 per cent of albumen, is used for irrigating farming land.

Kill Sick Fowls.

When a fowl becomes ill the best cure in many cases is to kill it. Only in trivial ailments or in the case of valuable birds which in all probability have been infected from outside, is an attempt at cure at all recommended, and even then when the disease is so defined that the treatment is fairly certain. By exercising good care, with all that it includes, correct sanitary conditions, good houses, well sunned and aired, proper food, exercise and cleanliness and prompt attention to birds who seem indisposed, will often prove effective in checking what otherwise might turn to be a very serious epidemic. Remove all sick fowls from the rest of the flock and see that all conditions are correct for preventing the spread of the disease to other members of the flock.

Tall Building for Bees.

The tall building idea is found t be successful with bees as with city folk. Many beekeepers claim that bees swarm because they have not enough room for their work. Swarming is the bane of the beginner in the industry. It will be found that a colony can be started out with a single story hive. As the season advances a second story can be added. Then a third and on until the capacity of the hive will be about 50 pounds. This method has been tried with success by beekeepers of experience.

The Orchard in August.

The first thing to do is to turn in stock enough, hogs or cows, to eat all the dropped, wormy fruit from the ground. This is important, as it stops the increase of insects. If the orchard is in grass, and no fruit and cannot be pastured, cut the grass leaving it to rot upon the grounds. If pruning has been neglected do it now, cutting out specially the misplaced new growth.

If your trees are old and decaying haul in the manure scattering a half load under each tree

MYSTERY IN CRIMES

Strange Vandal Commits Daring Depredations in Missouri.

Hatred of Mankind Is Shown by Many Shocking Offenses—Criminal Displays an Uncanny Hatred of Animals.

Versailles, Mo.—Four unkempt dogs from a farmhouse scurried down the roadside one day and yelped viciously at a passing buggy. For an eighth of a mile, perhaps, they kept up their clamor as they followed along beside the rails.

"Like to go into that yard at night?" Frank Brown, constable of Haw Creek township, who was driving, asked his companion. "No? Well, tonight, maybe, some one will drive in there, load his wagon with plunder—set the barn on fire if he likes—and those dogs won't even growl. For 20 years we have been robbed and our stock tortured and killed. It always is done at night. Is it any wonder that the whole neighborhood lives in terror when even the dogs are afraid?"

Such is the feeling in the western part of Morgan county. Within an area of six square miles a mysterious criminal has operated a score of years. Houses and barns have been burned down when the owners had no known enemies. Stock has been maimed. Granaries have been robbed of wagon loads of grain. Telephone and fence wires have been cut and spools of missing wire were found hidden in hollow logs. Recently a graphophone was found in a tree top far in the wooded hills.

The crimes are confined to a certain district that is peopled by sixty or seventy prosperous families of German descent. There is no petty neighborhood strife to account for the crimes. The people are of the burgher type, hearty, good-natured and honest. As the custom is among foreigners, they are clannish. Nearly every family is related to some other family, because they have lived in a small district in their adopted country for more than forty years.

Yet these people are afraid. They turn out their lamps at night, not knowing what blight they may suffer by morning. They speak of their fear in subdued voices. Their blue eyes express superstitious fear when they are deep in conversation on the subject. They have no protection. The grand jury has called in witnesses many times to testify about depredations, but no definite evidence has been collected. A year ago a farmer's barn was robbed four nights in succession. He asked three of his neighbors to help him watch. The party hid in the barn for two nights and nothing happened. The next night they did not watch. When morning came daylight showed that the visitor had been there again.

Another time 80 chickens were stolen and no noise was made. The dogs—every farmer has a ferocious pack—were silent. No one knows why, no more than they can explain why the fowls kept still. No one attempts explanations.

So strong is the fear in Haw Creek township that a victim will not tell his most intimate friend until several days after he has been visited. They do not suspect each other, they say. At any rate, a stranger can get little information from them regarding their suspicions. Many of them are ready to sell their farms and leave.

The time has passed when the crimes were surprises. Three hundred times, it is said, the curse has fallen. The thick woods are suggestive of mystery, on a fence board in one place is painted the inscription:

"Prepare to Meet Thy God."

No one knows who wrote it. It is not questioned—"he" put it there.

Often when the men of the neighborhood are hunting coons at night a shot is heard and a bullet whizzes over their heads. They drop to the ground and creep toward home through the bushes. So far no person has been harmed, but there is the ever-present fear that the mysterious criminal will turn his spite toward human beings.

Occasionally several weeks pass without events. Then a series comes rapidly. Last week a barn and several hay stacks were burned. Two farmers lost chickens. A man who had a quantity of potatoes, apples and turnips buried within thirty feet of his house awoke and found the earth freshly turned. His produce was gone. There were no tracks. That morning his dogs sulked and trembled.

"If all of us were to report these things as soon as they happen we might be able to catch him," said one man, who made a reporter promise not to use his name, "but we never hear a thing until several days later. Every man is afraid to arouse the anger of 'him.' They are afraid the little red rooster will run over their houses."

By the "little red rooster" he meant that the farmers feared that their houses would be burned.

Gentle Hint.

For ten minutes they had been sitting in the old parlor in deep silence.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" ventured the young man. "The coming spring?"

"Yes," responded the pretty girl, solemnly. "I am thinking about the spring that is coming through this sofa. Dad says young men that court girls for seven long years ought to furnish their own sofas."

There was no way of backing out, so then and there he popped the question.

Truth Comes Out.

Fred—I hear you are engaged to an heiress, old man. How about it?

Joe—Your hearing is good.

Fred—Did you propose to her on your knees?

Joe—No; I was on my uppers at the time.

Logical Remedy.

Mike (as train passes)—I understand that all the bad accidents happen to the last car.

Pat—Phy th' divil don't they leave it off?—Judge.