

#### CHAPTER V.

Three days passed before anything further happened to disturb my equanimity of mind, and I was getting back to my accustomed serene outlook on the beach when at dinner I found a tiny note lying any single beauty. Isn't it?" at my plate. Charles frequently stopped at the Penguin Club on his way from marketing, to see if by chance any mail had lodged there for me. This time he think these things, only really live, so had discovered the diminutive missive aforesaid tucked into the box that was reserved for me, and which usually contained only the daily papers. The envelope was square and of a delicate shade between violet and gray, and my name was written on it in a fine, bold hand. Inside was a single sheet :

"My Dear Mr. Pirate or Hermit (whichever you are) :

"I shall visit the Ship Friday after noon-when the tide is low."

There was no name, not even a bare initial.

I looked at my calendar-I was apt to forget the days of the week-and found that it was already Friday. I folded up the note and put it in my pocket, hardly knowing whether to be vexed or pleased.

The truth of the matter is that I found Miss Graham's last visit disconcerting. It seemed absurd, but she had in some strange manner changed the tone of the beach. Instead of being a place for calm, solitary musing, it had assumed the aspect of a spot made for company. I had never before felt the need of pointing out the pink shades of the sands and the golden crests of the rolling combers, nor of requiring another's admiration of the circling gulls. Now 1 did, and the result was that the more beautiful the beach, the more restless was I, and this did not sult me at all. I was not so dull as to miss the cause of this change, and that was the reason why the note both vexed and pleased me. I was vexed that I the Ship? When will it be?" should be glad, and yet glad that I was in the way of being further vexed.

I looked at the barometer after dinner: it was falling. I glanced at the sky: it was still a deep, dome-like blue, but there were clouds stealing across it that betokened storm. The wind was veering into the northeast; we might have bad weather at a moment's notice.

At the appointed time I went up the beach and clambered aboard the ship. There was no one on board. I descended into the cabin; that was empty. I climbed the stairs, and, coming again on deck, saw Miss Graham starting across the causeway. It was low tide, and the path was above water, covered with shells and barnacles. I threw over a rope-ladder that I had made and hung at the side, and helped her on board. She had on a soft, white lace hat that drop-

then that I first called her Barbara to myself-and over at me.

"The world itself is so much more wonderful than anything it contains, and the beauty of it all so much greater than

I could not agree, looking into her deep, serious eyes, so I held my peace. Why is it, I wonder, that we only

rarely?" There was something in her words that

made me hope; they seemed to say that she had often felt thus. "One exists so much, but lives so lit-

tle," I said ; "but I could imagine circumstances when one would be always liv-

Her eyes changed, the depths in them anished, there lay only the surface light that mocked me.

"One?" she echoed.

"Two," I answered. The moment of thought was over; she had changed as swiftly as the shadow of one of those clouds flying beneath the sun.

"You are a great dreamer," she said. 'Are you also a man of action, I wonder?

"Give me the chance."

"Give you the chance? Men of action don't wait for the chance; they make it." "If I were Canute, I would order the tide to come in."

The red blood flushed her cheeks, her eyelids dropped. I forget everything but the picture that she made-the loveliest picture that I had ever seen or dreamed. Next moment she sprang up. "But the tide is still out," she said, "and all

your wishes will not bring it in. I must be going home." I was up and standing beside her, lean-

ing on the bulwark. "But you will come again? You'll come again to the Ship and take tea with me, or take supper on

"Wait; not for a day or two." She crossed the deck, and, drawing out

small handkerchief, held it to the breeze. "The wind is from the northeast," she said. "That means a storm. We may have to wait many days."

"Several, not many," I answered, She gave a little cry; the handkerchief had blown from her hand and over to the shore.

"Get it for me," she said. The inland sea was low; I recovered the handkerchief and came back, to find her half way across the causeway.

"Thank you. This is the second way you devised of leaving the ship on foot." "But it's not the best way,"I answered.

I went with her to the great gate of the club and said good-night.

ed hair, when she had watched the sea and then I remembered those madden flashing changes when the imp of aubtis mischief had danced in her blue-gray eyes. She was just a bundle of mischlef, to whom a new man was simply so much! sport. Yet I envied Islip with all the strength of my heart, which shows how strangely inconsistent I had grown.

Charles had foreseen the storm and had made things tight about the cottage; moreover, he had built a fire in the living-room, which was also the dining-room, to take the chill out of the rapidly dampening air. Ordinarily, I would have been glad to get in and change into dry clothes and stand in front of the fire, anug and comfortable, but now I was as much out of sorts as though the cottage had been a house of cards and had suddenly tumbled down about my head. Poor Charles! He was soon to feel

the rawness of my temper. I had no sooner closed the door than I called to him to get into his oilskins and go to McCullom's with an order to him to have my horse at the back door by S.

"Yes, Mr. Fellx," said Charles. "It's going to be a bad night, sir, asking your pardon.'

"I'm going to the Penguin Club, Charles," I answered, "and I don't care if the heavens fall on the way.'

"Yes, sir, very good, sir;" and Charles departed, wondering, doubtless, at the strange new master he had found. He knew what I thought of the Penguin.

I changed into my storm clothes heavy riding breeches, with a leather facket that buttoned up to my chin. I put the locket in a little pasteboard box and placed it in an inside pocket. Doubtless Miss Graham valued that small gold oval trinket with her monogram woven on the outside and her lover ensconced inside, and she should not have to wait until the storm passed to learn that she had not lost it. It would do no harm for her to be disturbed for a few hours:

then I would end it. Charles came back and said that Nero would be around at S. I had supper in silent state, and then sank into gloomy thought before the fire. Confound me for being such a simple, gullible fool, I who had scarcely laid eyes on a woman before at Alastair! That was the trouble with the affair. In town I should have been prepared, properly gyved and breast-plated, but here she had come upon me in my own natural wilderness, on

dreams, where everything was us free and open as the sea,

The pines shot their water into my good condition in this compressed face as I galloped along the narrow road. form for an indefinite length of time. The sandy footing gave now and again, The military authorities have made and I had to let Nero's instinct save us thorough experiments with this prodfrom foundering in the bogs which the uct and have become convinced that heavy rain was making of the country. its nutritious value is fully equal to The night was black as pitch; the wind, risen to a hurricane, screeched through that of corn, and that the dried potathe forest in a thousand varied voices, toes can take the place of one-third each more harsh and ominous than the of the former ration of oats. The fact last. Several times, riding out from the that the potatoes are reduced to onemiddle of the road, wet branches driven fourth of their original weight brings by the gale flung themselves against me about a corresponding reduction in the and almost thudded me from my horse. I crouched low, bending forward for safe- price of freight, so that it will pay to ty and that I might peer into the murky grow more potatoes than has formerblackness of the road. Several times ly been the case .- Michigan Farmer. Nero stumbled and I almost pitched over his head.



## Roof on Plank Frame.

The sort of frame here pictured is called the plank system and is a hip roof braced from the sill and plates without post. The sketch explains itself, but to make certain that no mistake will occur a key to the numbers is given. No. 1 is the main side post buodt of two pleces of 2 in. x 8 in.; No. 2, purline post built of two pieces 2 in. x 8 in.; No. 3, purline roof support, one piece 2 in. x 8 in .-- 10 in.; No. 4, main tie, one piece, 2 in. x 8 in.; No. 5, sub-support, one piece, 2 in. x 6 in.; No. 6, stay, two pleces, 2 ft. x 4 in.; No. 7, tie, 2 in. x 8 in., or 2 in. x 6 in.; No. 8, strut, 2 in. x 6 in.; No. 9, sill or main cross tie,

two pleces, 2 in. x 8 in.; No. 10, line showing pitch of roof; No. 11, main

proximately the amount of nitrogen. phosphoric acid and potash in a soil, without specifically showing what proportion of these elements can be taken up by the growing plant. A large percentage of these elements is not available to plant food. Hence the neces sity for them in an available form. We must turn, then, to the crop, and by watching it closely during Its growth and by a careful examination when matured, see whether the soil is deficient in plant food and what elements are lacking. Care of Setting Hens. When sitting the hens in order to keep the lice from bothering them, a good plan is to fill the nest boxes with wood shavings, preferably those

that have some odor about them. Ce dar shavings are excellent and so are cedar twigs, and the hens will appreciate the nest of such materials. Lice are a great drawback to a hen when she is on the nest, and many times they compel the sitter to leave her nest when she does not desire, and if there is anything the poultryman can do to keep the sitting hen comfortable he will be amply repaid for it in the end. The shavings are inexpensive and are easily destroyed. They do not pack hard in the boxes said are quite comfortable for the hen. Try some of them when sitting a hen and see how useful they really are .- Rural World.

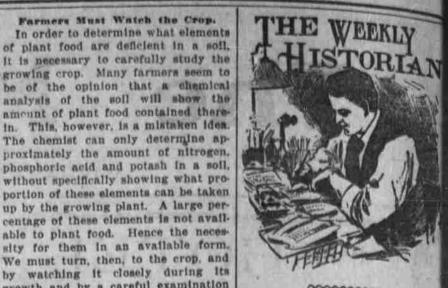
### A Celery Spray.

Celery blight can be controlled by spraying with ammonical carbonate of copper. To make this, dissolve 3 ounces copper carbonate in a pint of ammonia, and add 25 gallons of water. To make copper carbonate, dissolve ! pounds copper sulphate (blue vitrol) in 5 gallons of water, also 6 pounds carbonate of soda in 5 gallons of water. Mix the two solutions slowly, stirring well. Let the mixture stand port to the Department of Commerce until next day to settle, after which pour off the liquid. Pour on 10 gal periments in the drying of potatoes lons of water, let stand until next day and repeat the operation, after which strain and dry the blue powder," perial Interior Department, which

which is the copper carbonate.

### The Flavor of Butter.

It has been a generally accepted theory among teachers and writers on dairy subjects that the production of good butter necessitates the development of a certain amount of acid in the cream, for two reasons-to develop a desirable flavor and to improve the keeping quality. Recent investigations by the United States Department of Agriculture indicate, however, that butter made from pasteurized sweet cream has better keeping qualities and remains free from objectionable flavors for a longer time



1608-Founding of the city of Quebe

by Samuel de Champlain. 1609-Hudson, on his first voyage, ar

rived off the banks of Newfour land.

1676-New Jersey divided into Ear and West Jersoy.

1691-Boston visited by its sixth gree fire.

1775-William Ewen became presiden of Georgia .... Washington arrive at Cambridge to take command e the Continental army,

776-Continental Congress adopted Lee's resolution of independent and it was proclaimed two day later.

1777-British force under Burgoyne be gan the investment of Ticonder

1807-President Jefferson issued proclamation forbidding all inter course with British ships of war.

1812-American frigate Essex sails from New York on a cruise against the Jritish.

1813-Virginia militia defeated th British in battle at Craney Island in Chesapeake Bay.

1829-Silistria surrendered to the Rus sians. 18.7 -Boston and Buffalo were co

nected by telegraph. 1848-Convention at Utica nominate

Martin Van Buren for President the United States.

1851-Large section of San Francisc destroyed by fire.

1855-The . islature of Kansas m at Pawnee and organized.

1859-M. I londin first clossed Ningar Falls on a tight rope. 1862-The Union Pacific Railroad char

tered by Congress.

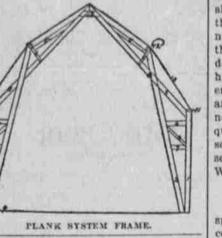
1863-Beginning of the three days' bat tie of Gettysburg .... Gan. Scher proclaimed martial law in Balt more. . . . Second day of th battl of Gettysburg.

1864-The Federals were repulsed attacks upon the Weldon railros in Virginia.

1873-Prince Edward Island enters the Dominion of Canada, with James Colledge Pope as the fir premler.

1881-President Garfield fatally shot b Charles J. Guiteau.

1885-The Indian chief Big Bear cop tured in Canada. -Nineteen persons



Consul Frank S. Hannah sends a re-

and Labor relative to some recent ex-

under the auspices of the German Im-

may offer a new field for farmers.

The potatoes are reduced by this proc-

ess to about one-quarter of their orig-

inal weight, and can be kept in a

plate, two pieces-top piece, one piece

2 in. x 10 in., and side piece, 2 in. x 8 in.; No. 12, purline plate, two pieces, 2 in. x 8 in.; No. 13, collar tie, 2 in. my own simple beach, in my Ship of day x 10 in., or 12 in. Dry Potatoes for Food.

Charles eyed me-askance as I pulled my oilskin hat about my ears and vaulted upon Nero Even the poor beast must have looked at me suspiciously, for this was no night for riding on any simple errand. I must be the bearer of tidings, a figure stepped out of a rough-and-tumble story. Had I only known how that night was to carry me far afield, and how that ride be the first swift gallop into a strange and swirling enterprise !

ped at the edges and looked delightfully summery. Her gown was white; indeed, the only color she wore was a gold chain and locket that hung low about her neck. She pointed proudly to her stout tan walking-shoes.

"I am wiser to-day." she said ; "much more of a sen-woman."

I had thought once before that I had tasted fully the sense of exploration of the Ship, but now I found that I had not. Like two inquisitive children playing at being explorers, we ransacked every corner of the cabin, thumping the boards for secret hiding-places, peering into the dim recesses of the bunks. She opened the brass-bound chest, "There was nothing found in it?" she asked. "Nothing."

"It seems a shame. How are we ever to find the clue if not in the chest?"

'We must look for it out of doors," said. "Perhaps if we wish hard enough, the spirits of the old rovers will come back.

So I took cushions that lay with my painting things and made her a seat on deck, and 1 lighted my pipe, and told her all 1 had dreamed about the Ship, and how I was sure, if we only had sufficient faith, that a man would come out of the sea to sail her again and bring her as fine adventures as any she had known.

"How different you are from most of the men I have met !" she said. "Now, you seem quite in your setting. It almost makes me doubt that I'm only six hours from town."

"You're not, you're a thousand miles from town, in another world, in another sphere. We don't talk the language of town out here on the Shlp; we talk a different tongue."

She shifted so that she could look over the sea, her chin still propped in her "Talk that tongue," she said in hand. that little tone of command peculiar to her.

I talked of the sea and ships, of treasures hidden under the waves, of derelicts that floated for years without being sighted, of the Ancient Mariner and the Flying Dutchman and all the thousand and one legends of ghost ships and their crews. Meanwhile I watched her, took in the dreamy lustre of her eyes gray that shaded to blue-the soft brown color of her cheeks and brow, the curling gold of her hair beneath her big white hat. and the delicate little hand that pillowed her chin. I noted the locket, oval and prince with the world as his realm. fint, with her initials B. G. intertwined, and the heavy gold links of the chain that softly stirred with her even breaths. She was a child listening to world-old stories, but I knew she was also a woman who had come to change Alastair.

I stopped, and for a time we both sat silent, while the benediction of that glorious afternoon rested upon our spirits. There seemed no limitation to the world. The sea stretched out far past the Shifting Shoal and melted into the sky, and that in turn rose immeasurably high. Only the white clouds flecked the deep blue, casting patches of shade, slivertipped, upon the waves, and that gave us the lure of contrast.

Barbara looked up-I think it was

"Oh !" said she. "We forgot and left the cushions lying on the deck. It may rain. A good sailor should make things tight."

"I will," I assured her. A storm was certainly coming : it sang

ip the boughs of the pines as I hurried through them, it grew in the gathering clouds that hid the beach, it roared in the loud waves that threw themselves on the shore.

I crossed the mussel-backed path, and climbed on the ship. As I picked up the cushions something slid from them on to the deck. It was a locket, the locket she had worn on the chain about her neck. and it lay open, face upward, looking at me. I saw a small, round photograph of Rodney Islip.

## CHAPTER VI.

There was no mistaking those features; they belonged as unquestionably to the man in tweeds as did the locket to Barbara Graham. Moreover, the photo-

graph did him justice, and showed an extremely preposessing, slightly smiling face, and that I considered added insult to the injury.

I snapped the locket together and put it in my breast pocket; then I hurled the cushions down the cabin-steps, pulled over the hatches, and left the Ship. I was in a very different humor from that of an hour before.

All the way down the beach I pondered the matter. How came the locket to have dropped from the chain, how came

it to have fallen open when the catch seemed so strong? But these were petty, trivial questions, the merest introductions to the great, all-absorbing question-how came Rodney Islip's picture there?

Alas, there seemed only one plausible explanation, and I remembered the slight air of proprietorship, the amused smille as though at some hidden joke, that had struck me when Islip had come upon us drinking tea. So they were in all likelihood to be married, and I a poor joke that had been batted back and forth like a shuttlecock between them. I tried to laugh as one should who sees a clown. head in air, stumble over a broomstick, but the laugh was not even a passable imitation.

The storm was coming, and I was glad of it. I wanted no more of this fine weather when a man was led to lapse into rose-colored dreams and fancy himself a

The rain began to spin against my face. The storm was coming fast, and the waves barked angrily at my feet, like hounds yelping. But I would not run, I would not even turn up my coat-collar to keep off the wet; I would walk stolidly and let myself be soaked, for the poor-

muddle-brained idiot that I was. But what of her? Barbara Graham looked to me like a consummate flirt, playing with me when she was a trifle weary of the company of her accredited admirer. I knew that women sometimes did such things; I did not consider that she was the worst of her sex, but merely a striking instance of the sex's insincerity. Yet she had looked like a child, as guileless as a maid in short skirts and braid-

The lights at the gate of the club were out; they were evidently not expecting visitors. I rode Nero to the stables, left him with a groom, and strode into the club's main hall. I must have presented a sorry spectacle; my tight-buttoned leather jacket, my riding-breeches and boots, all soaked and running with water, my hair and face dripping when I took listen and say nothing?" off my oilskin hat that buckled under my chin.

"Take my name to Miss Graham," I said to the 'clerk at the desk, and he rec ognized me and sent a buttons to find

"Miss Graham is in the sun-parlor on the porch to the right of the main-door,' reported the buttons, "and says she will see you there."

#### (To be continued.)

Manager and Party of Street of Stree

Not the Salary but the Opportunity. "If the laborer gets no more than the wages his employer offers him, he is cheated; he cheats himself."

It is said that Bismarck really founded the German Empire when working for a small salary as secretary to the German legation in Russia; for in that position he absorbed the secrets of strategy and diplomacy which later were used so effectively for his country. He worked so assiduously, so efficiently, that Germany prized his services more than those of the ambassador himself. If Bismarck had earned only his salary, he might have remained a perpetual clerk and Germany a tangle of petty states.

I have never known an employe to rise rapidly, or even to get beyond mediocrity, whose pay envelope was his goal, who could not see infinitely more in his work than what he found in the envelope on Saturday night. That is a mere incident, a necessity, but the larger part of the real pay of a man's work is outside of the pay envelope.

One part of this outside salary is the opportunity of the employe to absorb the secrets of his employer's success, and to learn from his mistakes, while he is being paid for learning his trade or profession. The other part, and the best of all, is the opportunity for' growth, for development, for mental expansion; the opportunity to become a larger, broader, more efficient man .- Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.

#### The Last Word.

She-And do you believe that a woman always turns to the last page first when she picks up a book? He-Wall, I have no reason to doubt it. I know it is the nature of the fair sex to want the last work .--- Pick-Me-Un.

The Plain Farmer, Speaking of farmers' institutes, one man says: "I would like to know what is in the mind of the working farmer in felt boots, who sits in the back seat." We adds: "A few people who are good talkers praise the work, but what about the silent ones who The Rural New Yorker, comment-

ing on these statements, says: "The institute speakers can not do any wiser thing than to learn how to enucts when the dry farming congress courage and keep just this class of holds its fourth session at Billings, farmers. The retired farmers and suc-Mont., October 26, 27 and 28 next. cessful men who make up a good share of the audience are well able to take care of themselves. It is pleasant to entertain them, and their praise gives a man a thrill of satisfaction. It is a truer service to the State, however, to gain the confidence

#### Live Stock and Prosperity.

Live stock is the chief element of agricultural prosperity. It is the foundation upon which both the present and future profits are established. We boast of our great wheat and corn crops, and we have a reason for so doing, but if we depend upon them alone we rob ourselves and our children by selling off the fertility of the soil with each year's crop. For many years the soil will continue to yield their crops, but they will get poorer and finally fail unless they are fed. How much better to make your farm richer instead of poorer; to get the benefits of the increased crops during your own lifetime and then leave a rich and valuable farm to your children after you have done with it. Live stock will do it as nothing else can .--- Kansas Farmer.

#### The Work Horse in Summer,

Working horses from grass has never been our way, although a great many do it and keep their teams in very good fix. When there is only light work for a few days, our horses have the run of good pasture when not in the harness, but most of the time they are in the barn, where they get grain and bright hay three times a day. It seems to us they are better able to stand hot weather when on a hay ration, with grain, than when they get grain and green grass for their roughness. It probably does no more harm to a horse to sweat than it does a person. It is usually certain that when a horse is sweating freely he is taking no hurt, but a "grass sweat" can be avoided by feeding hay instead .- Twentieth Century Farmer.

than butter made from sour cream.

Dry Farming Fruit. Dry farm fruit promises to yield an abundant crop this year in Colorado, according to E. R. Parsons, of Parker, Colo., one of the most successful dry farmers in that State. Mr. Parsons created much interest in the subject of fruit growing on non-irrigated land when he described his orchard in an address at the third dry farming congress at Cheyenne, and has promised to send an exhibit of his dry farm horticultural products to the international exposition of dry farm prod-

#### Profit in Sheep.

There is one thing the farmer can not afford to overlook in sheep raising, and that is thrift. Thrift means health, gain in quality, quantity and productiveness, the elements out of of the plain farmer and help him." which the profits are derived. It must be the first object of the owner to keep his sheep in thriving condition. The quality of the wool, as well as the quantity, and the general productiveness of the flock make this require-

ment imperative.

#### Have Sense of Direction.

Bees return to their hives in a direct line when they have been carried away and liberated, up to two miles. This has been supposed to be due either to the sense of sight or of smell, but the experiments of Gaston Bonnier have proven that neither sight nor smell can serve the purpose and that bees have a special "sense of direction." This sense is not in the antennae.

When to Cut Grass for Hay. Good hay can only be made by cutting the grass as soon as it heads out, and clover as soon as the heads are in full bloom. It is a mistake to wait until the heads turn brown. There is nothing in the theory that sunshine alone makes hay. Air is as much a factor as sunshine. Curing mainly in the winrows and hay cocks is now practiced by many of our best hay spe-

Spiced Currants, Spiced currants make an excellent relish to serve with meats. Allow to each pound of the fruit a pound of sugar. Make the syrup in the proportion of one pint of vinegar to each four pounds of sugar, two teaspoonfuls each of macs, cinnamon and alispice, a teaspoonful each of cloves and salt. When boiling add the currants, cook twenty minutes and put up in glasses the same as jelly.

cialists.

dent on the Norfolk and Wester Railroad.

1892-British warship Victoria sunk the Camperdown in collis Tripoll, with loss of 462 lives .. The South Carolina liquor dispe sary law went into affect.

1894-Opening of the Tower Bridg across the River Thames at Let don.

1895-Statue of Gen. James Buford u veiled at Gettysburg.

1897-Celebration of Queen Victoria diamond jubilee.

1898-Sparlards made an unsuccess Spanish in battle at El Caney .. American squadron destroyed t Spanish fleet off Santiaga

1900-Russian imperial ukase publish ed, abolishing in a large masu banishment to Siberia.

1904-Victor H. Metcalfe of Californ became secretary of commerce at labor.

1908-Million-dollar fire destroyed houses at Three Rivers. Qu ....William H. Taft resigned Secretary of War.

# BODY PERFECTLY PETRIFIED

Not a Feature Changed of Woma Buried Forty Years Ago.

A remarkable case of the petrifi tion of a human body has just come light in Buckingham County, When Camm Patteson, one of the be known men of Central Virginia, di about two months ago, his last requ was that the body of his wife show be exhumed and buried beside li Several days ago the body of Mrs. P teson, buried nearly forty years a was disinterred, and through the sla of the coffin it was discovered that h body had been petrified. Those w saw the body were astonished at . absolute lifelikeness of the face; a feature had been changed. As so years ago the body of a child dis terred from the same cemetery found to have been completely per fied, it is thought that peculiar m eral properties of the sell account the petrifactions.

## RAILROAD NOTES.

The proposed new ore carrying n road from the Cuyuna range Duluth is an assured enterprise. The St. Paul road has gained trance into Yellowstone Park by b chase of the Yellowstone Natio

Park Railway. The reorganization of the Chic Great Western railroad is being st uously pushed. By fall it is expethat this line will be out of the ha of the receivers.