

WICKLY'S WOODS

By H. W. TAYLOR

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Mr. Billy Biler, talking very earnestly, and mumbling his words a little by prying among his white, even teeth with a goose quill toothpick, and constantly turning his white looking eyes out of their corners so as to see what Mr. and Mrs. Wickly are doing, pauses a minute after having fairly stated his case, before he goes on to argue it.

"So now you're the heaviest taxpayer in this county, by a long ways, Miss Lizzy. Un if you haven't no vote you've got influence—plenty of it! You are the very person to bring Coon Redden round all right. And I hope you'll do that fur me."

What else he said in the innumerable repetitions of every statement which he happened to think, as a lawyer, needed repeating, she could not remember. He staid long after her own somewhat affecting meeting with her father. In fact, so far from having the delicacy to withdraw, he assumed an air of legal adviser and supervisor of the whole affair, making remarks upon the various phases of the unhappy portion of this episode that were intended to be humorous and light, but which were, in fact, coarse and brutal.

Again, the good-natured people of Sandtown who "neighbored" with the Wicklys, or the Weeklys, as they were indifferently called, dropped in to see the "Squar." It was plain that they still had apprehensions—serious apprehensions—of the mental condition and stability of the returned patriot.

"Hello, 'Squar!'" said Conrad Redden, when he came in some time after 11 o'clock at night. "Hits mighty late fur us farmers to be up, but I've got to shake han's. Howre yuh feelin'. Squar, any way? Tar'd, haint yuh? Rid all the way over h-yur without restun? Better lay down, purty soon, hadn't yuh? Wont do to set up all night, yuh know."

There was the deprecating solicitude in every word and look of Coonrod Redden's, that showed very plainly that he could not divest himself of the preconceived notion that the "Squar" still needed medical advice and supervision, and in his opinion, and that of the public of Sandtown, he might always need it.

"Well, I gut to go home now, Squar. Lizzy, you didn't come down to ar house this evenin'? They was lokun fur yuh! I think Huntley wawanted to see yuh bad, 'fore he left."

"Is he gone?" she asked, with an unavailing effort to keep back the hot rush of blood to her face.

"Yes," said Coonrod Redden, looking at her curiously and contemplatively, "he's gone. He had to light out on that train that went at 8:30. I thought he druv up h-yur before he went. I'm shore he did. Didn't you see 'im?" He was looking at her rather scrutinizingly.

"Yes, he drove up h-yur jist ahead of me," put in Mr. Biler, "but he couldn't stop a minute and he couldn't find where Lizzy was at. He said he'd write in reference to the payments on the land and the signing of deeds, and so on. Well, if you're ready, Coonrod, I'll go down with you a piece."

CHAPTER XXII.

Congressman Billy Biler having been John Wickly's attorney in the prosecution of his claim against the English crown for his thirteen hundred and twenty-fourth of the Wickly estate, naturally retained his employment in the management of the much greater estate that had suddenly and fortuitously fallen to John Wickly's pretty and accomplished daughter as she was termed by the very first issue of the Sandtown Gazette, after the fabulous purchase of the Wickly Woods by the munificent S. & S. W.

In this capacity of attorney and counselor, Mr. Billy Biler found it indispensable to the proper conduct of the business that he should put in an appearance at the Wickly house at least once a day, when he was not in company with John Wickly, journeying to and from the great city of the lakes that was faster and faster reaching out across the prairies and drawing unto itself all the ambition and all the enterprise of the Wabash country.

The question of the proper, safe and profitable investment of such large sums of money being one in which Miss Lizzy Wickly herself must actually be consulted in direct reference to her opinion achieved upon a personal inspection of the property or securities, it also became indispensable that she should be a member of the traveling party on many of these expeditions to that grasping and reaching, and hauling city that seemed to be seriously attempting the feat of spreading itself all over the great yellow and purple-flowered prairies outlying and contiguous to it.

She had been to the city once before her first trip in the character of heiress. That was on a rainy afternoon when the great flat prairie looked like a mighty pool, white and boundless, and bleak and chill. Then she had seen the little, new, somber-hued cottages, dripping with rain, and the great smoke-blackened parallelograms of brick, looking so illimitable in their interlacing reduplications as the cars flew along them—that it had been days before she recovered from the sense of loneliness and depression that the inevitable contrasting of her own little familiar Sandtown with this mighty black-browed, puffing, roaring, steaming, ringing, reaching and grabbing city had caused her.

Not at all the less had she remembered the very different sense of quiet Sabbath loneliness that had displaced the other, on her return to Sandtown. How still

and oppressively slow and quiet, and deliberate this little old Sandtown was, to be sure!

Now, however, it was as a well-known rich and unmarried young woman that she went. And how differently everything appeared to her. Surely wealth does something!

It was the president's own car that took her. And how many gallant and accomplished gentlemen were introduced to her by Congressman Billy Biler, and by the president himself!

She had never dreamt that here could be in all the world one-half so many presidents as she met on every trip. There were presidents of banks, and presidents of railroads, and presidents of insurance companies, and presidents of mining, stock, real estate and newspaper companies, and—these were only a foretaste.

What agreeable and accomplished gentlemen they were, too! How they were perpetually putting this and that, and the other, at her disposal. What bales of invitations she received to every imaginable kind of an entertainment, public and private. And how was she astonished to find that her very first visit designed originally to occupy but three days, drew itself irresistibly and inexorably into four weeks, in which time she had gone with each and every president in the known world, she believed, to some fascinating entertainment of some sort or other—always chaperoned by her happy and buoyant father and Congressman Billy Biler of course.

The newspapers had annoyed her a little by publishing apparently well authenticated statements, always from reliable sources, and conveying the detailed information of her approaching marriage with a certain brilliant young Congressman and four or five young and fascinating presidents of banks and railroads. But her natural buoyant organization soon enabled her to so far overcome her annoyance as to permit her to laugh as heartily as could her jubilant father.

And how quickly she learned some of the ways of the city! For instance, she had not completed the second week of her first stay, until she had acquired the remarkable art, utterly unknown to Hoosierdom—of having a headache just at the time when, had it not been for the timely interposition of the said headache, she would have been compelled to entertain Congressman Billy Biler, or one of the five young and fascinating presidents above mentioned.

About that time, too, that is to say about the beginning of the era of the headaches, she fell into the habit of taking her father's left arm and slipping out of the side entrance of the hotel, and then walking him all up and down State street and Wabash avenue, and goodness only knows where she didn't walk him, according to his own assertions!

On one of these walks she had acted in such an unaccountably strange and reckless way as to seriously disconnect her father, and even begin to make him think that the city was entirely too exciting for her; although nobody could deny that it was just the thing for him.

They had been talking about Mr. Mason Huntley. Or, to speak more accurately, he had been talking about that mysterious and elusive gentleman who had not shown himself or signified in any way whether he yet held residence on any part of this planet, when all at once Lizzy stopped, dropped his arm, ran a little way down the sidewalk, and just as he was starting to run after, she turned and ran back in great and eager agitation.

"Call that cab, father! Quick, or he won't hear you! There! Cab! Cab! Cab!" She had screamed out in such a shrill, resonant, penetrating Hoosier, Reelfoot Prairie voice, that two or three cabs came dashing up that way. Then she had literally broken into one of them before the driver could open the door, and pulling her father in by the collar had stood up where she could see and tell the driver where to go.

And my! but she did tell him. She nearly drove the fellow wild telling him to go first this way and then that, and now to gallop his horses faster and faster! And now to pull short up and turn round and dodge down a cross street somewhere! What a lot of wagon drivers stopped and shook their whips at that cabman! But he was a conscientious fellow, and obeyed orders with a singleness of purpose and an energy that would have insured success if success had been one of the attainable things.

But it wasn't. The young lady showed after awhile a wavering and a hesitancy in her directions that discovered an irresolution not incompatible with the stern and peremptory decision of her earlier manner. At the end of the half-hour she gave it up, and told the cabman to drive back to the hotel.

As Mr. John Wickly handed her out at the side entrance and hunted the cabman's fare out of his vest pocket, he said:

"Lizzy, if you take me such another chase I'll start right back to Sandtown with you on the spot."

"Sandtown!" cried the cabman in smiling surprise and evident gratification. "Sandtown, Indyanny?"

"Yes."

"Well, by gum! I used to live right down there at the lower end uv Reelfoot Pon myself. Know everybody from there up to the Overcoat road. Anything else I kin do fur yuh?" There was so much of that remarkable Hoosier trait of "being acquainted with you" as Soonor Redden would have put it, in the words and manner of the cabman, that Lizzy instantly beckoned him to her and held

a low-toned conversation with him, in which her father only heard this:

"Whut? The yaller'n? The yaller-wheeled buggy? Why, I'd a kotch that yaller-wheeled buggy way up h-yonder at Madison street if I'd knowed hit was the one."

Then there was more of this conversation in an undertone, ending with this, that Mr. Wickly heard:

"I'll be right h-yur to the minute. H-yur's my number. You knowed old Cappen Joe Ellet up awn Big Rattlesnake Creek? Well, I'm little Joe Ellet's son! Bud Ellet! You've h-yearn um talk about Bud Ellet? Clabber-eyed Bud, they use to call me! My eyes is all right now. Un I'll do anything I kin fur you folks! Jist lemmy know." And the cabman was up and off.

On the next day there were more presidents to take them to new places of interest, and Bud was sent away empty as to his cab, but with his fare in his pocket, against his earnest protest. In fact, it was not during that visit that Lizzy Wickly found an opportunity to ride as far as she wished in Bud Ellet's cab.

But on the second or third, perhaps, they had slipped away again between periods of possible new presidents, and had bowled along those delightful, long, broad streets on the north side almost a whole afternoon. Again had John Wickly made Mr. W. Mason Huntley the subject of their conversation. He had been to the city office of the S. & S. W. to make inquiries as to his whereabouts. There he had found that Mr. Huntley was only a special agent of the company, and nobody could tell him anything about where he was at present.

They did not know whether he was in the employ of the company, even. And as to knowing where he lived, and such like minutiae, that was too much for the red-headed young man who was writing at a desk all the time he was making short and pointed answers to these questions. The president might know, but he was out of the city. Ah! where was he? Mr. Wickly had ventured to ask. Where? And there was astonishment for you, on that clerk's face! He had said out of the city! And there were only two geographical points to him—one of which was in the city, and that was of vast import, while the other was out of the city, and that was of no import at all!

Mr. Wickly, with his great exhilaration, and his fair average sense of humor, was making this conversation in the repetition, as ludicrous as possible for the purpose of amusing his daughter a little. For when they were alone she was utterly unlike her old self—being dull, absent-minded and brooding, or surprisingly excited and anxious.

For this purpose, too, he had told her how every man and boy along the Big Rattlesnake Creek had procured long iron rods for drilling in the ground, and were spending their Sundays and rainy days, when they couldn't "plow for wheat," in rambling over the hills north of the Overcoat road, drilling down into and below the yellow clay, arter coal. And many of them had found good veins, too! And the whole country was wild about it! And companies were being formed to work these mines. And the Sandtown Farmers' Bank had resumed business, with Columbus Redden as cashier and president. And money was plenty again. And—

Lizzy, springing straight up off her seat, and fairly screaming to Bud Ellet, through the little aperture in the roof of the cab, back of his seat!

"I seed ut!" Bud answers, swinging his whip. "Blame fi don't run the theng to uts hole this time."

And away they go at a terrific pace up the street with a yellow-wheeled, top buggy, with the top laid back, leading them about a square, and fairly humming along "after a mighty good stepper," as Bud turned to inform Lizzy.

Nor was it a very difficult task this time, for Bud Ellet to "run the theng to uts hole." The "theng" made a comparatively short run of six or eight squares up the thoroughfare, and then turned upon a little, short, quiet street to the left, and stopped before a small, plain two-story cottage.

Directing Bud to wait and watch the horse that had been tied to a hatching ring—Lizzy, preceding her father, ran up the front steps, and finding no door bell, turned the knob, pushed the door open and walked into a little hallway. Through an open doorway on her left she saw a man standing beside a little table, and removing his gloves slowly and abstractedly, as he looked down at some plans and diagrams, drawn in broad red and black lines upon a wide sheet of paper.

"At last I've chased you to your lair," Lizzy said, as she threw the door wide open and almost ran into the room, with her right hand outstretched in good, hearty Hoosier fashion, and her pretty face beaming. "How do you do, Mr. Huntley? And haven't you treated me wretchedly! Positively wretchedly!"

(To be continued.)

A Threat.

"Well," said Mr. Roxley, "if my daughter is determined to marry you I can merely say 'take her.'"

"But," suggested Lord Brokeleigh, "you must know, me dear sir, I—aw—shall expect to have something thrown in."

"Indeed? I shall expect to have something thrown out if it doesn't go of its own accord."—Philadelphia Press.

Fully Explained.

Bacon—I just heard of a man who doesn't claim that he has been awarded a world's fair prize.

Egbert—Indeed! Who is he?
"Oh, he's a man who didn't have anything on exhibition there."—Yonkers Statesman.

With the withdrawal of the training ships Northampton and Cleopatra from the active list, the last shred of canvas disappeared from the British navy.



Insects Fatal to Corn.

As millions of dollars are lost annually through insects injurious to corn, a better knowledge of the subject seems almost imperative. It would pay to devote careful study to the habits of corn insects, and to those who wish to do so it is suggested that they write to the State Agricultural College of Illinois at Urbana for a free copy of Bulletin No. 95, which contains a full description of all the insects in question and many valuable suggestions.

In discussing the effects of insects and the general remedies that may be applied, the bulletin says:

"With few exceptions, the effects of injury to corn by insects where they do not amount to a total destruction of the plant may be compared to the effects of simple starvation. Anything which lessens the store of food laid up in the corn kernel for use in germination and early growth, or damages seriously the roots or the leaves, or draws away the sap before it has served its purpose in the plant, practically amounts to the diminution of the available food supply. An impoverished soil, very dry weather, the capping of cells and vessels of the plant by sucking insects, or destruction of any considerable part of its roots have consequences which may be classed as starvation effects.

"In view of these facts, it follows that any management which helps to maintain and strengthen the plant by furnishing it better or more abundant food will lessen or perhaps wholly prevent losses from insect injury, which must otherwise be serious or complete. A strong, rich soil, well cultivated, watered and drained, may grow a good crop notwithstanding an amount of infestation by chinch bugs, root lice, root worms and white grubs which would be fatal on poor land.

"The good corn farmer may thus escape with a profitable yield under insect attacks which will leave his less intelligent or less careful brother in debt after his crop is harvested. This is not merely because the vigorous plant will easily support an amount of injury under which the unthrifty



THE CORN WORM.

Light and dark individuals, pupa, moth and egg, with injured ear of corn.

one will suffer or succumb. It is an established fact that many insects themselves will not thrive as well or multiply as rapidly on a vigorous, quickly growing plant as on one in feeble condition.

"More special measures are a proper rotation of crops, such that corn will not be exposed to insects which have bred on the same ground the preceding year, either in other crops or in the corn itself; timely plowing to forestall the breeding of insects by destroying them or their food; timely planting with reference to the period of the greatest abundance or greatest activity of certain species; and the use of barriers against the movement of certain destructive species into the corn from fields adjacent, combined with insecticide measures against hordes of destructive insects, which if left to themselves will work great and immediate harm."

Poultry Pickings.

Never give sulphur to poultry on a rainy day.

Put chicks on a cracked wheat diet when three weeks old.

Old ducks never get lice. The oily nature of their feathering prevents this.

For scaly legs in fowls an ointment made of sulphur and coal oil is good.

Each breed possesses some characteristic dominant trait in which it excels.

Cut clover is an indispensable article of diet. All kinds of vegetables fill a place in the hen's dieting, but they can hardly be said to be a substitute for cut clover.

Disinfect the poultry house and runs with a 5 per cent solution of carbolic acid, and repeat this disinfection at least once a week in case of roup.

Keep the poultry houses clean, have ample ventilation, but freedom from drafts of air, and arrange the house so that the sun will shine into it a portion of the day.

If some birds have been to a show, or if new birds have been purchased for the flock, quarantine them at a distance from the home flock for thirty days before they are allowed to go together.

A New Variety of Potato.

The claims made for the Early Northern potato are beauty and uniformity in form, size and great productiveness, and in the tests made during the last two years in all sections of the country the claims seem to have been borne out. The quality is unusually good for an early sort, the tubers thus far have been free



EARLY NORTHERN POTATO.

from scab and have matured nearer of a size than any other sort we have tested. In the matter of productiveness the new sort is first-class. The writer had ten pounds of seed for testing purposes, and on an average potato ground had a yield of 325 pounds, and all salable in size. From our tests we consider the variety one that has come to stay and one which will especially appeal to market gardeners. The illustration, much reduced, shows the form of the tubers.—Indianapolis News.

Commercial Fertilizers.

There is probably more quibbling over fertilizer prices than anything else that a farmer buys. Unquestionably the cheapest way of buying fertilizers is to buy the several materials and do the mixing on the barn floor, but assuming this is not done, then one should make it a point to see that they buy the fertilizer which will give them the greatest amount of the plant food they want in the smallest bulk, which means, of course, at the lowest price. For example, if a ton of the fertilizer, according to the analysis, contains 6 per cent of potash (or any other plant food may be figured on the same basis), this means 120 pounds of potash to the ton.

If another fertilizer contains 12 per cent, or 240 pounds to the ton, the latter is cheaper than the first by exactly the number of cents it costs less than double the first. Reducing it to pounds, if one costs 5 cents a pound and the other 9, the last is the cheapest, if you get it at the rate a pound for the bulk. If you want potash, and pay \$20 for a ton of fertilizer containing 120 pounds of potash, it is cheaper to pay \$38 for a ton of fertilizer containing 240 pounds of potash.

The same plan of figuring works through all the fertilizer bought, so that it is easy to see that a fertilizer cheap in price is not always cheap when results are figured out. The mere matter of bulk has nothing to do with the case. It might as well be sawdust if it does not contain the elements you want and at fair prices.

Whitewash the Stable.

Stables are now whitewashed quicker and much more effectively with spray pumps than with a brush, and whitewash is, of course, the cheapest disinfectant known, says Hoard's Dairyman. A bushel of unslacked lime will make thirty gallons of whitewash. The lime should be used before it is air slacked. It should be thoroughly slacked with water, used while fresh, and if a spray is used, strained through a fine wire screen or cloth.

Keep Young Animals Growing.

All young animals to be profitable should be kept growing from their birth until matured, as it takes a certain amount of food to sustain life, and when an animal is kept in a condition in which it is making no gain all of that feed it consumes in that condition is lost. It is the amount of food consumed over and above what it takes to sustain life that is to the owner a clear profit.

Stock Relish Bromo Grass.

It has been found at the Kansas Experiment Station that stock relish bromo grass. It starts early in the spring, coming on nearly a month earlier than the ordinary pasture grasses. It is also a good pasture in the late fall. It can withstand a good deal of dry weather, and when cut for hay is greatly relished by both horses and cattle.

Remember that work well done is the highest testimonial of character you can receive.