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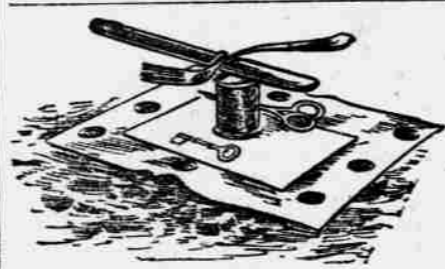
The Duchess

CHAPTER XXII. Night has quite closed in, a night exceptionally wild and violent, when once more the sound of wheels upon the gravel without catches Vera's ear. Perhaps she had been listening for it even in a measure prepared for it but even so, this does not prevent the sudden agitated change that overspreads her face as she hears it. Her pulses quicken unpleasantly and she half rises to her feet. An hour, two hours, pass, and she is in her room dressing for dinner, when a servant brings her a note. "I have to thank you for the kind invitation which Griselda gave me. Business matters have compelled me to come here again for the last time to-night; to trespass, for the last time, upon your hospitality. I beg you will not let my presence disturb you; my stay will be so short that I dare to hope you will not mark the coming or going." A quick wave of color dyes Vera's face; she lays the letter with studied slowness upon the table near. "My compliments to Mr. Dysart, and I hope he will dine with me to-night," she says, calmly, but with an unconscious touch of hauteur. How does he dare to treat her like this, to persist in believing—or rather, to pretend to believe—that his presence is so distasteful to her? What is he to her, one way or the other, that she should care whether he was in her house or out of it? At dinner, however, she will have an opportunity of widening his knowledge somewhat. It will be the simplest thing to let him see how utterly unimportant an item he is in the scheme of her existence. There is a brilliant light in her eyes as she turns to receive the woman who has now come back with an answer to her message to Dysart, the usual reception rooms, and now looking delicately cozy beneath the touches of lamps and firelight, and with the perfume of many flowers hanging around it. The wind, the thunder, the lightning, still rage, but the rain has ceased, and in the murky heavens above, a pale, sickly moon is striving feebly to break a way through the dense clouds. Suddenly the door is thrown open by an agitated maid, and the woman who had attended her upstairs comes hurriedly, without ceremony, into the room. "Oh, madame, I thought you would like to know—that you should be told—" she stops, frightened by the expression on Vera's face. "Well?" says Vera, going a step nearer to her. "There is a ship in great distress, madame—somewhere out there," pointing vaguely in the direction of the ocean, "upon the rocks, they say! There is scarcely any hope." "But the life-boat?" cried Vera, sharply, forgetting everything now but the awful thought of death—and death so near—out there upon those cruel rocks, with the boiling, murderous waves leaping to receive their prey. "Yes, madame, but that accident yesterday—you will remember it?—they say it has disabled six of the men, and it is almost certain death to go at all, and the hands being short, there must be volunteers, and who will risk their lives—" the townbred girl stops short with a quiver, and covers her face with her hands. "Volunteers! Where is Mr. Dysart?" cries Vera, suddenly, with prophetic instinct. "Speak, girl!" turning fiercely on her maid. "Gone down to the beach, madame, to see what can be done." "Gone?" says Vera, slowly, as if dazed, and then again, "gone!" A little convulsive shiver runs through her—it is the final breaking up of any lingering delusions, any last illusions, that she may still have clung to. "Order the carriage," she says, after a minute or two, during which mistress and maid have remained silent. This sudden waking-up has been so far a shock that she feels chilled, calmed, strengthened. The moon has in a measure conquered the clouds, and now shines out with a pale, waxy luster, that rather adds to than takes from the weird wilderness of the night. The thunder still rattles overhead, and vivid flashes light the blackness. Here and there, as the carriage passes by the outskirts of the wood, these intermittent bursts of light show where a tree has been felled, or the road ripped up, or a small bridge carried bodily away by the force of the swollen current underneath. Arrived at the entrance to the village, a drive of about a mile from Greycourt, she stops the carriage, and opening the door springs to the ground. A sudden gust of wind passing by almost dashes her to the earth, but by a superhuman effort she defies it, and half blinded by the flashing lightning, and bewildered by the racing storm, she turns aside, and runs panting, struggling, down a side pathway that she knows leads to the beach below.



Children's Corner

New Paper Tricks. Nothing is more interesting than the way in which our preconceived notions about the physical world are overturned by experiment. It used to be assumed that a heavy body would fall faster than a light one, until some wise soul tried it and discovered that all bodies fall at the same rate. And I fancy that if questioned some people would say that a piece of paper would not float for any length of time on water, and certainly would not bear any weight. Indeed, the number of things that can be done with floating paper will not only surprise old people, but will furnish amusement for children. A sheet of ordinary writing paper, if properly adjusted, will float for an apparently indefinite period. Four half sheets which floated by way of a test



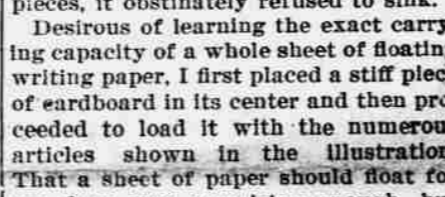
WHAT A SHEET OF PAPER WILL CARRY.

were as dry on the upper surface after having been on the water for ten days as when I first placed them on the liquid.

But what surprised me most of all was to learn the weight these floating papers can carry. One day while I was experimenting with them I rather carelessly placed a large wooden spoon on one of the half sheets, expecting, of course, to see the paper go to the bottom immediately. This did not happen, however, and my aroused curiosity prompted me to add greater weight. Recklessly I laid a table knife and fork on top of the spoon; to my astonishment the paper still remained floating; and even when I placed on more weight, in the shape of four 1-cent pieces, it obstinately refused to sink.

Desirous of learning the exact carrying capacity of a whole sheet of floating writing paper, I first placed a stiff piece of cardboard in its center and then proceeded to load it with the numerous articles shown in the illustration.

That a sheet of paper should float for ten days was surprising enough, but that it should float under such a weight that it showed no signs of being fatigued, and that it was able to support a weight of nearly a pound, is a most marvelous thing. Continuing my experiments along this line, I placed a piece of wrapping paper thirty by forty inches on the surface of the



A SHEET OF PAPER BEARING A CAT.

water. On this paper I first laid two slender sticks lengthwise; on these sticks I placed a large tin bowl, and on top of this bowl I seated my pet cat, which weighs just five and one-half pounds. The result was that her picture



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One day she sat by a courtly old general; and, after eating some fruit, the little girl turned and gazed up at him. Presently she exclaimed: "I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me." Everybody in the room turned at the sound of her childish treble.

"On the contrary, I am but too pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen," replied the general. "But why should I be afraid?"

Assuming a woe-begone expression, the little girl replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles—they're all of them down with it."

The "Bad" Boys. The "bad" boys are often the best boys in the neighborhood. All they want is a chance to do something. Don't expect healthy, active boys to be tied up in books and so-called improving occupations continually. If boys are not given good ideas to work upon, such as they always get in kindergartens, manual training and other up-to-date schools, they are sure to be in harmful mischief, because boys with vim and "get there" in them are bound to be busy. Give them tools and materials to work with; encourage them to make sleds, carts, boats and various kinds of playthings. Don't ever give a "bad" boy up; give him something to do.

"Three Cents' Worth, Please." Little Flossie had been sent to the drug store to get some dyestuff and forgetting the name of it she asked: "What is it folks dye with?"

"Oh, various things," replied the druggist. "Florat, for instance."

"Well," said Flossie, "I suppose that will do. Give me 3 cents' worth, please."

An Undressed Umbrella. Little Sarah was playing with a visitor's cane—a plain stick bent at one end.

"Sarah, what are you doing with Mr. Long's cane?" asked her father.

"This isn't a cane, papa," replied Sarah. "It's an umbrella with its dress off."

Wanted to Be a Widow. "Are you going to marry when you grow up?" asked a visitor of 5-year-old Bessie.

"No," was the reply, "I'm going to be a widow, because they always have such pretty black clothes and look so happy."

What Barber Shops Are For. Little Elsie—Papa, where have you been?

Papa—To the barber shop, my dear.

Little Elsie—Oh, I know! You went to get the hair pulled out of your face, didn't you, papa?

Liked the Moses Story. Little Maggie was very fond of listening to Bible stories and one day she said: "Mamma, please read that story again about Mr. Moses and the bulls rushing after him."

MACHINE ALMOST TALKS. Automatic Screw Tool that Does Wonderful Work.

The most highly developed of machine tools is the automatic screw machine, and like many another contrivance for saving labor, its home is New England. It is a development of the ordinary steel-working lathe, the intermediate step being the monitor lathe, in which the various cutting tools protrude from the side of a steel turret like thirteen-inch guns from a battleship turret.

In the nonautomatic screw machine the turret is revolved by the operator, as in the past, and the work is done by hand. In the monitor lathe the turret is revolved by a motor, and the work is done automatically.

In making screws, nuts, bolts, studs and other small pieces that must be turned, drilled or threaded for watches, clocks, typewriters, electrical instruments and other mechanisms, all the operator has to do is to feed the "stock"—a long, thin rod of steel or brass—to the machine. The feeding tool into play, just as the turret on the monitor was revolved to bring one gun after another into action. But in the automatic machines the work is done without human guidance.

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FARM AND GARDEN

Riding Attachment for Plows. The illustrated device is a riding attachment for a plow, which a correspondent of the Iowa Homestead says he devised a number of years ago.

Fig. 1 shows the attachment attached to a walking plow and shows how it is attached. Fig. 2 shows the attachment detached from the plow, and if it is to be used for a harrow or other implement where there is no furrow a larger wheel is substituted for the small wheel, which would make it run in a leaning position. This wheel is attached by a set screw and can be re-

moved easily, and the shaft is long enough so the large wheel may be put on the extreme end and thus make it less liable to tip over.

The Corn Breeder. Corn-breeding has become a specialized industry. The field for this branch of farming is very great, as is shown by the fact that the corn growers of Illinois alone use over 1,000,000 bushels of seed every year. Of course it is not necessary that this seed be secured from the breeder fresh every year, but seed will not as a rule remain pure more than four or five years. It then becomes necessary to again secure well-bred seed. As yet the demand has been but little developed. Farmers are just beginning to realize the importance and benefit of improved seed, but even now corn breeders are not able to supply the demand. That this demand will increase far beyond the capacity of corn breeders to supply there is no doubt.—A. D. Shamel, in Orange Judd Farmer.

The Asparagus Bed. We believe in mowing the asparagus bed in the fall and burning it over to destroy the beetles, eggs and rust that may be there. Others who have grown much more of it than we have prefer to have the old stalks remain until spring, as helping to hold the snow on the bed. But in either case we would cut out and carry away all the seed-bearing plants before the seed begun to fall. The little seedlings in the old bed are no better than as many weeds. If seedlings are wanted to set a new bed, cut the stalks when the seed is nearly ripe, and hang them up to ripen, and sow the seed in a new bed from which it may be transplanted at a year old. We like good yearling plants better than two-year-olds.—New England Farmer.

Early Puritan Potato. As a rule the early potato crop is the profitable one, although the past season good money was made from late potatoes, and especially if the best varieties were grown. The Early Puritan, one of the new varieties, has been tested in different potato sections sufficiently to prove its merit. The skin is nearly white, most early sorts of value having a pink skin. In flavor

the variety is first-class and the tuber cooks well, being dry and mealy, another point hard to find among early sorts. It is a good keeper also.

Teaching Lambs to Feed. When a lamb is two weeks old it is ready for feeding something in addition to the ewe's milk. It is true that by feeding the ewe her milk will be increased, but the first thing to do is to feed the ewe, for the sake of the lambs, which may be fed indirectly in this way from the first day of their lives. The lambs are easily taught to feed by themselves if they are provided with suitable feeding pens into which they may go through narrow openings too small for the ewe. This is the simplest matter possible. To catch a lamb and take it into the pen and put a little of the feed provided for it into it is all that is needed; the lambs will do the rest; for where one goes all will want to go. Instantly.—Farmers' Voice.

Setting Strawberry Plants. Any one who believes in fall setting of strawberry plants has opportunity this year. The weather since fruiting has been such that the runners have made a good growth, and there has been moisture enough for newly set plants. We think we seldom saw plants set in the spring, and well cared for during the summer, produce as many or as handsome berries as we have seen on those set the same year in Au-

gust. Excepting some of the new varieties, one can get as many plants as he wants, well known and standard kinds, for a trifling sum if not for nothing, at this season of the year in almost any neighborhood.—American Cultivator.

Avoiding Peach Yellows. It may not be generally known that peach yellows is found in every State in the Union, with six exceptions. Of course, it is worse in some States than in others, but it exists in all States where the peach is grown, except in California, Mississippi, Texas, and parts of Alabama, Florida and Georgia, and there is no cure for it. In orchards, located in Georgia and in New Jersey, there is apparently no difference in the severity of the disease when at its worst, and the trouble apparently attacks trees budded on stocks grown from pits obtained from different sections of the country. It is safe to say that with the possible exception of California pits, it is as safe to select the fruit on the most healthy trees in one's own orchard as from any other source.

Working for Fertile Eggs. Poultrymen should keep before their mind's eye at all times the fact that the percentage of eggs hatched on the farm in May and June is much greater than from those hatched anywhere, under the usual conditions, in March and April. It is almost because the hen on the range has access to all that is necessary to produce a fertile egg. This being the case the cue should be taken and every effort made to supply the same conditions during the late winter, as are found in the early summer. Food in variety, with considerable green food and animal food, is of the first importance; next comes a comfortable house and plenty of room in which to exercise.

Winter Treatment of San Jose Scale. Winter spraying to destroy the San Jose scale is most effective. Summer spraying is usually necessary in addition, but the insecticide cannot be made as strong as in the winter season when there are no buds to injure. There are several remedies for the scale, but crude petroleum is the best for use in winter, and it may be used only slightly diluted. The work may be done with the petroleum, and several applications made if necessary. If done thoroughly in winter it is probable that only one or two light sprayings would be necessary in the summer.

Safety Milk Pail. Many a pail of milk has been lost by a kid from the cow just as the task of milking her was about finished and many a stray bit of dirt falls into the open pail if the farmer is not extremely careful in his labors. John Henstis King, of Garrity, Ala., believes that the pail can be made safe by signing will save the milk in case of an upset pail and also prevent the gathering of impurities.

In the picture the details of construction of this improved pail are shown. The top of the pail has a screw-threaded flange, to which a receiving bowl is secured by a similar flange. In the center of this bowl is a strainer, and below the strainer is an open frame in which is placed a lead cone corresponding in shape to the under side of the strainer. As soon as the pail is tipped over the flow of the milk toward the strainer seals the cone and effectually closes the outlet until the pail is righted again.

Millions of Eggs. New York City, according to the statistical expert of the New York Herald, consumes 2,283 eggs every minute of the day, which means 100,000,000 dozen a year. The city may feel independent of the hen so far as the hatching process is concerned, but is entirely dependent for its supply of eggs on the moody creature who regulates her output according as the weather happens to suit her whims. These hens get food and lodging for their part of the work, and their owners receive \$20,000,000 a year for the 342 eggs that they supply annually to each inhabitant of the city.

Bavarian Hops. Although hops have been grown in this country for a great many years, they have always been inferior as compared with the best European hops, and, as they bring a lower price in the market and are not so desirable as the Bavarian hops, cuttings of the best of the latter were imported last year. These cuttings have been placed in the hop-growing districts of the United States and, according to the report of the Secretary of Agriculture, promise to be far superior to the ordinary varieties grown, in addition to maturing earlier and extending the picking season.

Keep Sheep in Good Condition. A sheep should never be allowed to fall off in condition. Its constitution is weakened permanently. The clip of wool is seriously injured. No animal is so difficult to restore to good condition as the sheep, and there is none where a loss of flesh tells so quickly upon its outward covering.—J. F. Hancock.

Tuberculin in Herefords. Dr. Geddes, representative of the United States Department of Agriculture, resident in England, tested during the past year 249 Herefords with tuberculin prior to export. Of this large number only seven reacted, and it is stated that of these seven he considered three only "suspicious cases."

Irish Tobacco on Sale. Tobacco has been grown in no fewer than twenty-five centers in Ireland, and the leaves have been cut and dried, and are now offered for sale. Its excellence for smoking is vouched for, and there seems no adequate reason why the weed should not boom contemporaneously with the new Irish literature. Quite possibly here and there the growing may bring wealth to the cultivators, and eventually—who knows?—become the envy of American trusts.

Still Useful. Loaned it—Borrowed it, didn't you get my lawn mower last summer? Borrowed it—Yes, I'm the man. Loaned it—Are you thinking of bringing it home this winter? Borrowed it—Hadn't thought of it. I'm going to lower the knives in that machine and use it to shave the ice off my sidewalk.—Indianapolis News.

When a girl hangs around a store to see a young man her parents should pull on the lines and yell whoa. Many a disastrous marriage has begun in this way.

NOW THEY MERELY SPEAK. For She Knew All the Time Who It Was. Half a dozen persons in a big downtown office building enjoyed themselves hugely the other day at the expense of a young lady with whom all of them are well acquainted, and who is located in a room adjoining the one which is the scene of their daily labors.

The leader of the six jokers went to the telephone instrument and called the 'phone in the next room. As was anticipated, the young lady answered. "This is central office," announced the joker. "We are testing the wires. Will you kindly assist us?" Of course all this was said in an altered tone of voice.

"Certainly," was the sweet response. "What shall I do?" "Kindly place your mouth about two inches to the right of the instrument," directed the joker, "and say 'hello' three times at short intervals."

The obliging creature at the other end promptly complied with the request. The joker waved his disengaged hand at his five associates and went double in the effort to repress laughter.

"Now place your mouth one inch to the left and repeat 'hello' four times," the joker instructed.

The response proved execrably funny to the man at the 'phone, and, although they could not hear what the young lady said, his five companions were not devoid of imagination. By this time they were holding their sides.

It required such a long time for the joker to regain control of his voice that the victim had twice inquired, "Is that all?" before he could say "with your mouth just above the instrument pronounce the same word again." This was done.

The joker could keep in no longer. Though beginning to laugh, he managed to splutter:

"Now stand on your head and say 'hello'—"

With a shout he slapped the earpiece on the hook and literally fell into a chair. The other merry men, still giggling, seized the point where the victim had twice inquired, "Is that all?" before he could say "with your mouth just above the instrument pronounce the same word again." This was done.

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With a shout he slapped the earpiece on the hook and literally fell into a chair. The other merry men, still giggling, seized the point where the victim had twice inquired, "Is that all?" before he could say "with your mouth just above the instrument pronounce the same word again." This was done.

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