

# Zelda Dameron

By  
MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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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 sat 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.

Esra Dameron was waiting for him this morning, for it was the first of October; and on the first of every month Esra 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 Esra Dameron was a young merchant whom people respected, and whose prospects in life were bright.

While Esra 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.

Esra 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, Esra," 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, Esra. 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 bound 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 Esra's face. His in-

visible 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, Esra. 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 Esra 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 Esra against overwork," said Merriam, composedly. "At Esra'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 Esra 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 herself, rejoiced at this 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.

Esra 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 runaway 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 Esra 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 fallen her. She concluded her errand 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 sparing 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 rapprand as she dismissed the lad with a wave of her hand that implied an authority not to be gainsaid.

(To be continued.)

His Treasurer Knew.

He who goes into politics must remember what he is recorded to have said, for it is the habit of the sharp nosed public to search out past utterances and hold the candidate responsible for them. John Burns, says Mr. Grubb in his life of that labor leader, once made the slip of remarking that no man was worth more than \$500 a year. Accordingly, when he became a cabinet member with a salary of \$2,000, he was obviously open to attack.

When he first met his constituents at Battersea after he was made president of the local government board a candid friend recalled the statement about a man's worth by calling out in the middle of his speech:

"Wot aboot that 'ere salary of £2,000?"

Mr. Burns was equal to the occasion.

"That is the recognized trade union rate for the job," was his apt reply. "If I took less I would be a black-leg."

"Wot yer goin' ter do with the £1,500 over?" pursued the inquisitive questioner.

"For details," answered Mr. Burns, "apply to my treasurer, Mrs. Burns."

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.

His Identity Disclosed.

Judge—What do you do during the week?

Witness—Nothing.

Judge—And on Sunday.

Witness—I take a day off.

Judge—Oh, I see. What salary does the city pay you?—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.

Ever know a "jokey" man who amounted to much?

## PROGRESS AND INDUSTRY.

Old age insurance is compulsory in Germany.

Musk importations in 1908 amounted to over \$50,000.

The silk of the spider is lighter and stronger than that secured from the silkworm.

Lavender and rose perfumes are credited with the virtue of being anti-crobre-killers.

Four and a half million gross boxes of matches are used in London in a year.

Traveling cranes are now equipped with scales, so the load may be weighed in transit.

There are about 3,000 weddings every twenty-four hours, taking the entire world into consideration.

The natives of Korea carry visiting cards which measure about twelve inches square, and when their use is required they are merely shown.

The Farthing Gazette, probably the cheapest daily newspaper in existence has been started in Moscow, and has already a considerable circulation.

While two police were set aside to guard the Bank of England, and two the stock exchange, nine were employed to look after the Beekton gas works.

During 1908 the automobile export business of France, United States, United Kingdom, Italy and Germany, the five leading countries engaged in their manufacture and sale, aggregated more than \$45,000,000, against \$3,000,000 in 1902, a growth of 400 per cent. Automobile exports from the four foreign countries named, taken as a whole, increased from \$8,000,000 to \$39,000,000, a gain of 385 per cent, while those from the United States increased from \$1,000,000 to \$5,500,000, a gain of 450 per cent.

## FASHION HINTS



A very attractive dress for a young girl is made of tulle, dark blue Rajah, with Persian Bands as trimming. The undersleeves are of deep ecru net, finely tucked.

## WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT.

When It Came to Taking the Sultan's Medicine, Harem Rebelled.

Abdul Hamid, ex-Sultan of Turkey, is certainly a miserable old man. To cap the climax of all his woes it is stated that he has been deserted by his beloved and, up to recently, devoted harem. Wouldn't that make any Turk just a little bit disgusted with life in general, especially a man who has always been famed for the beauty of the ladies who reigned over his heart and home? According to La Turquie, the ex-Sultan was in such fear of being poisoned that all food or drink which he took had previously to be tasted by some member of his entourage. Recently he decided to make similar regulations with regard to the medicine prescribed for him by his medical attendants.

The result was that the women of the harem were called upon to swallow nauseous drugs and potions, a regimen which soon told upon their health. In order to save themselves further experiences of the kind they decided to desert the ex-Commander of the Faithful, which they did at the dead of night, so as to "avoid painful parting scenes with the prisoner."

From an incident at Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany, it would appear that after the dispersal of the ex-Sultan's harem some of the women were fascinated by the footlights of the vaudeville stage. The chief attraction at a Frankfurt music hall has been eight "genuine odalisques" from Abdul Hamid's harem," who appeared under the charge of two eunuchs.

A member of the audience discovered that one of the women spoke German with a pure Berlin accent. He complained to the police, who proceeded to the hotel where the party stayed to investigate the supposed fraud. The Turkish consul, being called, declared that the passports proved that seven of the members of the troupe were actually women of the harem. The eighth alleged odalisque, who hailed from Berlin, fell on her knees and implored the consul's protection, declaring that she had been kidnaped by the two Turks in charge of the troupe.

## Kept It Several Weeks.

Cynicus—It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret.

Henpecke—I don't know about that. My wife and I were engaged for several weeks before she said anything to me about it.

## A BOSS NEGRO.

Editor—I am obliged to decline your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but—Poet—But what? Editor—The management insists upon my declining all poems that way.

## CROPS FOR DRY FARMING.

Fall-Sown Grains Generally Best for This Purpose.

Wheat is the great money-making crop of a large part of the semi-arid West. It is not particularly a drought-resistant crop, although certain varieties appear to succeed better than others in the dry districts. The hard Red Turkey or Russian wheat is the type or variety which has proven hardest and most productive throughout the Western part of the winter wheat belt. In the spring wheat states the standard sorts grown are Fife and Bluestem, which are also hard wheats. The Durum, or Macaroni wheat, is rapidly coming into use in the Northwestern states, and it appears to be hardier and more productive than the ordinary spring wheats. This wheat was introduced from Russia, where it has long been grown in a climate and under conditions similar to those of the western part of the Northwest states. It is decidedly a "dry land farming" crop, and it is the hope of those interested in introducing this wheat that it may prove successful in districts where the rainfall is not sufficient or is too uncertain to grow the common wheat, and thus extend profitable wheat growing still farther west and into the semi-arid lands of the Mountain states.

At present, with the varieties grown, the success of the wheat crop in the West is more largely due to the fact that the crop grows during a part of the year when drouth is least apt to prevail than to the drought-resistant character of the crop. But wheat is a deep feeder and a rapid grower. The plant draws its food and moisture from a large volume of soil and is able to withstand considerable unfavorable weather conditions; yet the crop is often materially injured and the yield decreased by drouth during almost any period of its growth. By hot winds and unfavorable weather conditions a promising crop may be destroyed in a few days.

Wheat cannot stop growing and remain dormant during an unfavorable period of growth, as does kafir corn or sorghum. The grain must finish its growth and mature in about a certain period, whatever the conditions for growth may be.

Spring wheat is not well adapted for growing in Kansas, but with sufficient moisture to start it in the fall, and with the usual spring rains, winter wheat is a profitable crop, even in the western counties of the state, where the annual rain fall does not exceed fifteen to twenty inches.

However, the methods of growing the crop are crude. Often the Western farmer plants so many acres that he is unable to farm the land well, and the result is a poor crop, if the season is at all unfavorable.

Some farmers, however, are adopting better methods. Enough good farming has been done to prove that it pays to cultivate and till the land well. Mr. H. W. Campbell reported remarkable results from practice of his system of culture on the Pomeroy model farm, in Graham county, Kansas. For several years this farm was made to produce twice as much wheat per acre as the average crop in the surrounding country, with other treatment of the soil except thorough tillage and cultivation.

At the Fort Hays Branch experiment station, in Ellis county, enough has been accomplished, in the ten seasons since that station was established, to demonstrate that in the semi-arid West good farming pays as well or even better than it does in the rich farming states of the Mississippi valley.

## Emmer.

Emmer has proved to be especially hardy and drouth-resistant, and in the Northwestern states this grain has given greater yields per acre than barley or oats. However, at the Fort Hays station, in Western Kansas, emmer has not proved as hardy and productive as barley and oats. As a feed emmer will hardly take the place of barley and oats, but it may be ground and fed in combination with these grains or with corn. Wherever barley or oats produce well emmer is not an especially profitable crop to grow, but in those sections of the West in which the grains mentioned cannot be successfully grown, emmer may prove to be a profitable crop.

## Barley.

Barley is successfully grown in Kansas farther west than any other spring grain. In fact, barley is produced in larger quantities in the western counties of Kansas than in the central and eastern counties. The counties producing the largest number of bushels in 1900 were as follows: Pawnee, Barton, Ness, Rush, Thomas, Pratt and Hodgman. Each of these counties produced over 150,000 bushels of barley in the year mentioned.

## Winter Rye.

Another crop that grows successfully in western Kansas is winter rye. This crop, however, is not grown as extensively as barley, and is apparently a less profitable crop to grow than wheat.—Dry Farming Bulletin.

## Train Robbers Confess.

Fairfield, Cal.—Carl Dunbar Bishop, of Kansas City, Mo., who, under the name of Charles Dunbar, was arrested here as a suspect in connection with the robbery of the China and Japan fast mail near Benicia last April 17, has not only confessed his complicity in that crime, but has also admitted that he and his partner, Joseph C. Brown, robbed the postoffice at Armda, Cal., last June 15. Brown had previously confessed the train robbery.

## PASSION TO SPEND

BANKER CRITICISES CONDUCT OF AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Uses the Almost Universal Desire for Automobiles as a Text From Which to Preach a Sermon on Economy.

Extravagance has become not only a national vice but is in fact becoming a national menace in the opinion of Joseph T. Talbert, vice-president of the National City bank of New York. Mr. Talbert, who spoke before the Texas Bankers' association, said that there does not appear anywhere to exist in the conduct of national, municipal or individual affairs, that appreciation of the economical and prudent use of resources and that adjustment of expenditures to means and incomes which always have been found necessary to the support of prosperity and to the maintenance of a condition of solvency.

The speaker cited the automobile craze as a case in point. "We are squandering on pleasure vehicles annually sums of money running into hundreds of millions of dollars," he continued. "The initial cost of automobiles to American users amounts to not less than \$250,000,000 a year. The up-keep and other necessary expenditures, as well as incidentals, which would not otherwise be incurred, amount to at least as much more. This vast sum is equivalent in actual economic waste each year to more than the value of property destroyed in the San Francisco fire—perhaps to twice as much. This sum, as large as it is, does not include the whole economic loss growing out of this single item of indulgence. The thousands of young and able-bodied men employed in manufacturing machines and in running and caring for cars, are all withdrawn from productive usefulness; they become consumers of our diminishing surplus products and constitute an added burden to the producers. The economic influence of this withdrawal from the producing and addition to the consuming class, is bound to be manifested in a tendency to higher prices. Its effect already must be considerable, and is comparable only to the maintenance of an enormous standing army.

"Thousands upon thousands of our people, frenzied by desire for pleasure and crazed by passion to spend, have mortgaged their homes, pledged their life insurance policies, withdrawn their hard-earned savings from banks to buy automobiles; and have thereby converted their modest assets into expanding and devouring liabilities. The spectacle is astounding.

"In the matter of individual expenditures it is the fashion now to be extravagant to the point of wastefulness, and the fashion is running riot. Individual thrift is considered not merely miserly hoarding, but it is looked upon as a vice and a thing to be despised. It is said that this is not a day of small things, and that wealth, as wealth goes now, may no longer be accumulated by the slow process of savings and economies. This may be true if we shall measure wealth only by billions or hundreds of millions, but, just as surely as there ever existed virtue in economy, of contentment and independence in frugality, they are there today, and just as surely as individual and national extravagance ever led to a day of reckoning they are doing so today. Among nations, and among individuals, permanent wealth and material progress are the results not so much of natural resources as they are the products of economy and thrift; not alone economy in the arts of production, but economy of use.

"The maintenance of the present high level of prices is dependent upon the sustained purchasing power of the individual which in turn depends very largely, if not wholly, upon the expansion of credit. Herein lies one of the chief elements of weakness and danger in the situation.

"If the banks may by increasing loans create credits, which in turn create purchasing power and a sustained demand for high-priced goods thereby still further advancing prices in the benefits of which all classes share except those who possess fixed incomes, it may be asked why this is not good; why not continue to promote the general ability to spend; why not continue giving to each individual an amount of enjoyment, luxury and pleasure unknown before, particularly when all this may be accomplished by merely increasing loans? The simple answer is that it cannot be done because in the long run every act of wastefulness and every item of extravagance must be paid for to the last farthing; every item consumed must be earned."

Mr. Talbert also discussed the danger of the country losing its great trade balance and of adding an adverse trade balance to the other debit items which run against this country to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars a year. Mr. Talbert estimated these items at a total of \$900,000,000, including \$200,000,000 spent abroad by American travelers.

## 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.