

2 man

CHAPTER II .- (Continued.) "Who's afraid ?" she said, and laughed again

"Til be back in a moment," he said and he went up stairs, returning prescarrying a small basket filled with keys.

"These are yours, my daughter," he said, and waved his hand with a little touch of manner.

"Oh, so many!" She poured the keys upon the table. There were half a hundred of them, of many kinds and sizes; and they were all tagged with bits of ivory, on which their sevscal uses were written clearly in ink.

"Your mother was very methodicalvery painstaking-

He shook his head and turned to the fire, as though to hide anw shor of feeling.

Zelda was turning the keys over in her hand, and she did not look at him. A mist had come into her eves. She remembered the dark woman who had been so gentle and patient with her childhood. They used to walk together in the old pasture; and they carried their books to a seat that had been built under a great beech where her mother read the quaint tales and old ballads that were her delight. These were the only happy memories she had kept of her mother-the times under the beech, with which her father was not associated.

"I'm sure it's your time to go to bed. father. You mustn't let me break in on your ways." Zelda walked over to him and put her hands on his shoulders. "I want to be very good to you, father; and I know we'll live here very You won't mind me muchhappily. when you get used to me! She touched his forehead with her lips.

"Thank you, thank you"-and there was a helpless note in his voice.

She turned away from him quickly, restored the keys to the basket and ran with it to her room.

The next morning she was down to his 7 o'clock breakfast in the cold, forbidding dining-room. She was very gay and made him talk a great deal to her. He had been up for an hour at work in the barn, where he cared for his own horse. He carried the morning newspaper to the table, as he had done for years.

"This will never do, father! You must talk to me and help me to learn the American breakfast habit. I'll be lonesome if you read at the table."

His thoughts seemed far away; he had long been out of practice in the amenities and graces, and the morning had brought him once more face to face with this change in his life. The place across the table had been empty for so many years that he resented the appearance there of this slender dark girl, pouring his coffee with an ease that puzzled and even touched him. There had been another girl like her, In the long ago, and this was her child. The resemblance between mother and daughter was so marked that he grew uneasy as he pondered it; he made a pretense of holding up his made a pretense of holding up his newspaper to shut out the girl, and There was the heart ache of years in when he dropped it Zelda was waiting elbows on the table, her mands clasped under her chin. "Oh, pardon me!" he exclaimed, rising hastily. As she helped him into his overcoat her hand touched a hammer he carried in his pocket with a miscellaneous assortment of nails, for use in repairing the small properties he owned in many parts of town, and she drew the implement forth and inspected it at

and brought several old candlesticks from the parlor. The attic was a great room extending over the whole of the house. It was unplastered. Boxes and barrels abounded. Bunches of erbs, long dried, and garden tools ung here and there; in a corner an old saddle was suspended by one stic-Pieces of furniture covered with up. loths were distributed under the

aves, their draperies heavy with dust and the light of the candles gave them spectral appearance. There were several trunks of her

other's clothing and Zelda peered ino these bravely. Her mother had arranged them thus shortly before her The girl was touched by their death. nice order; they were folded many times in tissue paper and were sweet with lavender. One flat packet had been crowded into the top, and the lid had crushed it, so that the paper wrapping had fallen aside. It held a small address book, bound in red leather; and Zelda ran the leaves through her fingers, noting the names of persons who were her mother's friends. "Margaret Dameron" was written on one of the fly leaves. The book had een intended as a register of visits. begun at the threshold of her married life; but, from appearances, it had been abandoned soon as an address book. At the back, where the ink was resher and of a different kind, some of the pages were filled. The girl carried the book close to the shrouded table where her candles stood and opened it.

"This is to you, Julia or Rodney They have told me to-day that I am going to die; but I have known it for long time. The end is nearer than they think it is; and I am going to set down here an appeal that I can not ring myself to make to either of you directly. It is about Zelda. I think she will be like us. God grant it may be so. I know what I hope her future may be; but I dare not plan it. MV own-you know that I planned my own. • • Save her, as you tried to save me from myself, if it should be necessary. She is very dear and gentle; but she has our pride. I can They say see it growing day by day. that we Merriams are hard and proud: but she will never be hard. Do for her what you would have done for me. Do not let him kill the sweetness and gentleness in her. Keep her away from him if you can; but do not let her know what I have suffered from him. I have arranged for him to care for the property I have to leave her, so that she may never feel that I did not trust him. He will surely guard what belongs to her safely. Perhaps I was unjust to him; it may

have been my fault; but if she can re spect or love him I wish it to be so." Zelda read on. There were only a even.' few pages of this appeal, but the words sank into her consciousness with the weight of lead. She was to be saved from her father, if need be, by her aunt and uncle; but she must not know what this dead woman, her softly the lines; they had not been written to her, but fate had brought them under She closed the book, claspthe girl. her eyes. ing it in her hands, and stared into the dark area beyond the candlelight. Her nind was busily reconstructing the life of her mother, of whom she knew so factory; I shall have to let him go. little. The book that she held, with And please say to the cook that there its pitiful plea for her own security and happiness, opened a new world t her; her mother's words brought the past before her vividiy and sent her Majesty on the lawn at 5 as usual, and thoughts into the future with a fierce largess will be distributed. Will you haste of transition. This was her home-coming and this Polly? Stand not on the order of your was home! She forgot for the moment going-" She laughed down at the that she had friends anywhere; she felt herself a stranger in her native swiftly up stairs. city, in the house where she was born Her heart went out to her mother. across a distance that was vaster than any gulf of time, for there was added against her mother's little book, and so dry that corn will be a total failure the greater void that sympathy and sobbed as though her heart would milo will usually yield fifteen bushels love would have filled if mother and break.

## 'You'd better buy what you need

new. I never had any patience with this idea of gathering up old rubbish just because it's old. And then there's the microbe theory; it sounds reasonable and there's probably a good deal in it.'

"Horrors! The garret's probably full. Perhaps there are some in those ove-letters." Zelda laughed; her mirth was seemingly spontaneous, and bubbled up irrelevantly.

"If there's anything of mine up here. for heaven's sake burn it right away. And now clean yourself up and come out with me. You must show yourself or people won't know you're in town. And come home to luncheon with me afterward."

"I'd like to, Aunt Julia, but I really austn't. Father comes home to lunch-

"Oh, he does, does he? Well, he has had a good many meals alone and the shock wouldn't kill him."

"Ro's perfectly splendid! He's just as kind and thoughtful as can be didn't know that anybody's father ould be so nice."

Mrs. Forrest rose and swept the garret disapprovingly with her lorgnette; and there may have been an excess of lisapproval that was meant for something else. Julia Forrest was a woman without sentiment, for there are uch in the world. The lumber-room did not interest her, and she was anxous to get out into the sunlight. She was too indolent by nature to have much curiosity: she was not a woman who spent all her rainy days poring over lavender-scented trifles and weeping over old letters. She was born in this old house, and she had played as a girl in the wooded pasture that once lay east of it. Her father's fields were now forty-foot lots, through which streets had been cut, and the houses that had been built up thickly all bout were of a formal urban type. The Merriam homestead was to Julia "orrest merely an old, shabby and unomfortable house, whose plumbing was doubtless highly unsanitary. She had been married there; her father and mother had died there; but the lace meant nothing to her beyond the act that it was now her niece's home occurred to her that she ought to see Zelda's room, to be sure the girl was comfortable; but Zelda did not invite her in when they reached the sec-

ond floor "The letters were beautiful; they rote lovely letters in those days," Zelda persisted ironically; "I wish I ould have some half as nice."

"Do get your things, Zee; it's fine utdoors and the outing will do you "I'm very sorry, but I can't go this

orning. I have a lot to do. I'll be reach. Two irons are bent V-shaped, reer after a little. 'You're foolish, very foolish. When

shall I see you, then? "Til be along late in the afternoon

ome time." "And then stop to dinner-"

"Very sorry; but father will expect It doesn't seem quite kind to for-him-when he's so nice to me." ne. sake "I suppose not, but bring him along. We're all an unsociable lot. They say the Marriams and their connections are queer-I don't like the word. Your uncle and I want you to raise the falen reputation of the family. Do be conventional, whatever you do." "Oh, I shall be that-commonplace

"Don't come down in those clothes!" Mrs. Forrest was descending the stairs. "All right, Aunt Julia. Good-by

When the front door had closed, Zelin sai down on the stairs and laughed

to herself. "Oh, Polly," she called.

The black woman shuffled slowly in-



#### Handy Pea-Sheller.

A little machine that will be highly appreciated in the kitchen is the peasheller invented by a Utah man. This handy little device will shell a peck of peas in the time it would take the cook to shell a dozen by hand. It consists of a hopper-like arrangement clamped to the table by an

19.30

St. K. upright SAVER OF TIME. fron Above the hopper a pair of roller bearings studded with blunt, pyramidial teeth are in close relation. A handle turns these rollers, while the mouth of the hopper opens over the table, where a dish can be placed beneath it The pods are inserted between the rollers end foremost. As the rollers are turned the teeth engage the different shells of the pods and rip them open, allowing the peas to roll down into the bowl. The shells are then tossed out the other side of the "wringer." Of course, the two rollers are not close enough together to crush the peas, but just close enough to engage the pods.

## Adjustable Step for Ladder.

House painting is very easily done by painters having their own scaffolds. but a person desiring to do his own work will have only a ladder to take place of a scaffold. To paint and stand on the rungs of a ladder all day will tire one's feet. As the writer had to to some painting and a ladder was the only thing obtainable to climb upon, a flat detachable step was made to put upon the rungs of the ladder to stand on the same as a scaffold. The step can be adjusted to any part of the ladder for the painter to stand upon and paint a surface within easy



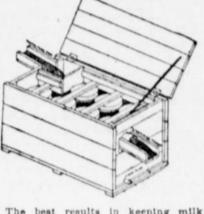
# A Question of Economy.

ft is natural for every man to want to get the best possible when he goes in to bring out some new farm machine. This often brings a fellow to grief, however, since the desire to spend as little money as possible sometimes causes the purchaser to take the cheap machine. If confronted with a proposition to take a sulky or third. plow, for instance, that will last five years for \$25, or another that will last ten years for \$35, which one would you take? Which one would it

pay you to take? This is about the sum and substance of buying a cheap farm implement. It may not seem that way in the warehouse - when each tool looks gaudy with paint, the cheaper one looking even the more gaudy-but in actual work, in the rough and tumble of the ranch, this

is about the way it always turns out. -Denver Field and Farm.

## Deep Setting of Milk.



sweet and maintaining the highest quality of cream are obtained by setting the cans in cold water. The box as shown should be near to the pump and ice house.

#### The Average Farmer.

Farms in the United States pro duced \$5,760,000,000 in 1909. But did the farmer get his share of it? We read a whole lot about the American farmer being king and we are told of the farmers sporting automobiles and sending their children to college or to Europe if they have been given the college course, but it is the one best bet that the average farmer is no plutocrat. The farmer is considered lucky if he can keep the interest paid up on the mortgage, and if finally, after years of hard labor, he owns his place clear of all indebtedness he is considered well off. The American farmer is a long way from being the real ruler of the country .- Field and Farm.

## What Becomes of the Corn.

People often wonder, particularly those who have traveled for hundreds of miles through the corn belt, what becomes of corn which is grown every year. In the year 1908, when the total crop was 2,666,000,000 bushels, 241,000,000 bushels were consumed in flour and grist mill products, 8,000,000 bushels in the manufacture of starch, 9,000.000 bushels for malt liquors, 17,-000,000 bushels in the production of distilled liquors, 40,000,000 bushels for glucose, 190,000,000 bushels for export and 13,000,000 bushels for seed, making a total of 518,000,000 bushels, or 19.3 per cent of the entire crop. The

## ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

You can account for very few marcinges.

Every time any big bill is presented to you, it looks like robbery.

If a woman can get her first man, she needn't worry about her second,

"My duty," said an unhappy married woman to-day, "is anything Hill objects to."

There is plenty of cooking as good as "mother's," but very few appetites like a boy's.

We have observed that there is ittle complaint about the high prices of beer and cigars.

The women pick at men and at goods offered at special sale, in the same industrious way.

You are always at a disadvantage in arguing with a man who doesn't know what he is talking about.

Have you ever noticed how suddenly a useful man can die, and how long a worthless man holds out?

A book agent speaks as highly of the book he sells as a reformer speaks of the reform he represents.

Scrapping in families is objectionable, but it is not so bad as when kin praise each other too much.

When you hear a smart saying by a child, it is a sign the child has a smart mother, and that she made it up

A man and woman going on a wedding trip try hard not to look happy, and on their return try just as hard to look happy.

# FASHION HINTS



arm's length. "Why, father! What on earth is this?"

The nails jingled, and she made a dive into the pocket and drew forth a handful

"Why, you've forgotten to empty your pockets! You mustn't go about with this hardware in your clothes."

He reached for the things, -a. little shamefacedly.

"You don't understand. I need them to make trifling repairs, you know. He smiled, and she put the things back into his pockets, still laughing at him.

"I must go about with you. I can carry the hammer. Maybe you will let me drive a nail once in a while, if I an good."

He drew out a faded silk handkerchief and began twisting it about his throat, but Zelda took it from him and adjusted it carefully under his coat collar; and she brushed his old brown derby hat with a whisk broom that lay on the hall table.

He suffered her ministrations with his patient smile, into which he tried to throw something of a look of pride and when she had set the hat squarely on his head, she drew back and regarded him critically and then kissed him on the cheek.

Now be sure to come home to luncheon always. You didn't come yesterday and it was lonely. I must her skirts and beginning the ascent. get Polly to show me the way to the grocery. I don't intend to let her be the boss. I'm sure she's been abusing you all these years."

"Oh, in time you will come to it. Polly will do very well, and you oughtn't to be bothered with such things. I-I usually buy the groceries myself. One of my tenants is a grocer and-and-he does a little better for me!"

"Oh, to be sure. You must do it in your own way, father." There was a past, too!" note of disappointment in her voice, and he would have liked to concede something to her, but he did not know how.

She roamed Idly about the house, going finally to the kitchen, where the colored woman told her that orders for the remaining meals of the day had been given by her father. Polly viewed Zelda with admiration, but she did not ask advice, and Zenda continmed her wanderings, going finally to the attic with the key-basket.

The place was pitch dark when she getting on, Zee." threw open the door, and as there was no way of lighting it, she went down this old furniture.

child might have touched hands today. Her fingers came upon the broken

vrapper that had fallen from the little book. She lifted it to the light and read: "Private. For brother Rodney or

sister Julia."

#### CHAPTER III.

The front door-bell rang-it was an old-fashioned contrivance, on a and pealed censoriously-and Zelda thrust the book back into the trunk and ran to the second-floor landing to listen. Polly, the colored maid-of-all vork, admitted Mrs. Forrest warily.

"Good morning, Aunt Julia! Wel-come to your ancestral home! Come on up!" Zelda called from the top of the stairs.

"What on earth are you doing, Zee?" demanded Mrs. Forrest, gathering up "I'm cleaning house a little."

"My dear Zee, this will never do!" And Mrs. Forrest, having reached the second floor, surveyed her niece with disapproval.

Zelda, putting her hand to her turban. "I flattered myself that I looked rather well. I'm exploring the garret. I'm not really doing anything but poke about; and it's great fun, raking in the dust of the past-a very remote

"This is a horrible hole, Zee. You must go right down." Mrs. Forrest was staring about frowningly.

A trunk stood within the arc of the candle's flame. It was filled with old papers and letters, and Zelda flung up the lid to pique her aunt's curiosity "You must burn all these old things.

Your grandfather never destroyed any. thing, and your mother kept all he left Old letters ought never to be kept; they're dangerous. I'm about settled myself. I came in to see how you're

"I'm going to see what I can do with

to the hall and looked up gravely at

"Poliy, I wish to see the footman the moment he returns to the house, And the butler's work is very unsatiswill be ple for dinner until further nolice-apple-ple with cheese. And the peasants-they will be received by My on the step as if he were on a stagexecute these commissions at once, ng .- Popular Mechanics.

amazed colored womah and then ran

She did not pause until she reached the candle-lighted table in the garret average of twice as much grain an and knelt before it, with her face acre as corn in dry regions. In seasons

# (To be continued.)

## Loomis' Face Again.

Hank Johnson had long enjoyed the distinction of being the homeliest man in Canyonville, so it was some-Billings came into the Tourist's Re- will digest. treat and announced: "Boys, there's depot. Feller by the name of Charles Battel Loomis that gives lectures." Without a word Hank started across

the road and was gone some time. "Waal," Steve said when Hank re-

turned, "d'ye give up?"

disgust. "He's a professional."-Success Magazine.

## Enough as Good as a Feast.

What real good does an addition to gested. a fortune already sufficient procure? Not any. Could the great man by having his fortune increased increase also his appetite, then precedence "Do you mean the clothes?" asked might be attended with real amuse ment .--- Goldsmith.

#### An Honest Horse Trade.

"I'll have you arrested for making false representations. I bought that horse of you only because you told me he had a record."

"Very true, but the record is a bad one. You didn't ask me what kind of a record he had."

George Reucker, who worked his way to America as a coal shifter and failures in peach growing are due to accumulated a large fortune in the hotel business in Brooklyn, died at his one cause. The most diverse views beautiful villa, in his native place, Bronkensen, Germany,

Every failure teaches a man something, if he will learn .- Charles Dick-OD.

U THE ADJUSTABLE STEP.

as illustrated, each end having a half circle to fit over the rungs of the ladder. Two holes are drilled in the top angle in which to put bolts for astening the step. The step can be quickly changed from one position to another. A person will feel as safe

#### Milo Good for Dairy.

Milo can take the place of corn in feeding dairy cows, and will yield an of grain or more an acre.

The heads of milo may be snapped from the stalks and fed to cows giving milk. This is an economical way

to feed this grain, as a cow has to chew a head a considerable time before she is satisfied to swallow it, and what of a shock to him when Steve the more she chews it the better it

The whole heads may be ground a homeller man than Hank over at the without threshing, and the small stems that hold the seeds form, when ground, a good material for diluting the meal and making it more easily digested.

The threshed grain may be ground before feeding. It does not pay to "Heck!" Hank replied with supreme feed unground threshed grain, as the cow chews the whole grain but little before swallowing it, and a large proportion passes into the mauure undi-

#### Green Food for Chicks.

Growing chicks demand green food, and by all means give them plenty of grass range if you have it; if not, supply them with an equivalent, such as lettuce, cabbage, weeds, clover, alfalfa; they relish it and will thrive on it. Provide chicks with shade and where a cool breeze can fan them in warm weather. This should be supplied, even if a temporary board roof is the only thing that can be fur-, nished.

#### Tillage of the Peach.

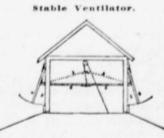
No tree is more sensitive to tillage than is the peach. Probably more neglect in tillage than to any other are held by different growers. One good grower will declare that the orchard should be tilled early in the season, and his neighbor will maintain that early tillage will andanger the erop,

remaining 80.7 per cent, or 2,118,-000,000 bushels, seems to have been used almost entirely for feeding.

## Death Among Chicks,

The trouble which causes the death of many young chicks is commonly known as white diarrhea. Different breeders have different theories as to the cause of this trouble, among them being a lack of vitality of breeding stock, improper feeding and poor ventilation. Lack of sunlight and imperfect sanitation cause the death of many chicks. The diet should contain a sufficient quantity of animal food and the chicks fed often and not allowed to get so hungry that they will then fast for long intervals .- South Dakota Farmer.





#### REGULATES ITSELF.

This ventilator is always in workng order as the hinged doors are kept losed on the windward side and at the same time the connecting board presses open the door on the opposite side. The cord and pulley enable the connecting board to be lifted to the dotted line when both doors will remain closed.

#### Number of Pigs Per Sow.

The number of pigs a sow raises is something worth taking into account if she is to be kept over for another breeding season; it is equally important to know something about her motherly instincts when young sows are to be selected from her litter for the breeding herd. For this reason every man should keep some record of the size of the litters his sows raise .- Farmers' Tribune.

## New Harvesting Machine.

A new harvesting machine has been introduced in Nebraska, The harvester is propelled by its own power and is followed by a truck-carrying gasoline engine, which operates the harvesting mechanism of the machine. This is used mainly in wet fields, where the power of the harvester is not sufficient to make headway

Ecru linen combined with a dark tilue dotted linen, were very effectively u ed in this summery little dress. The finen was of the handkerchief sort, a fine n terial being necessary for the gathered skirt

## A RESTRAINING HAND.

#### Its Action Followed by a Voice That Warned.

"Patrick H. McCarren once told me of a funny incident that happened in Rome," said a Brooklyn lawyer. "Mc-Carren said that on his first visit to Rome, after he had seen the Collseum and the Forum, he visited the Ara Coell Church, on the left of the Capidevour large quantities at times and toline Hill. He climbed the grand stairway leading to the church, the finest open air stairway in the world. He pushed back the heavy leather curtain, and, entering, he found a service in progress. So he put his hat on the marble floor at his side and took a seat

> "After ten minutes or so he decided he would go and reached down for his hat. But a restraining hand was laid on his, and he desisted. He knew, of course, that some churches don't like people to leave in the midst of a serv-Ice.

> "Ten or fifteen minutes more passed. The service still continued. Senator McCarren got impatient and again reached for his hat. But again the unseen hand restrained him from the rear.

> "A little later, however, the senator quite lost patience. This was, he told himself an important service, of course. Nevertheless, he did not propose to miss his luncheon, and it would harm no one if he slipped out quietly. "So a third time he reached for his hat, and the invisible hand a third

time detained him. He persevered, however. The silent hand pushed and his silent hand pushed against it. But just as he was conquering in the struggle a voice said in good American: "Cheese it, boss; that's my hat

you're taking."

#### Ample Proof.

Lottle-Is your young minister, so very, very fascinating?

Hattle-Fascinating! Why, lots of girls in our church have married men they hated, just to get one kiss from he rector after the ceremony .-- Puck

### Postponed.

Dolly-Why aren't you at the cooking school?

Polly-Teacher's laid up with dys pepsia.-Cleveland Leader.