

The Reason

By Y. BLAIR EATON

"You needn't read any longer, Margaret," said Benson. "Somehow I'm not in the mood for it."

The girl closed the book very softly and turned slowly to look at the white face on the couch.

"You are tired, Ned?" she asked. "No," said he, with a wry smile, "not tired, but querulous and rather peevish, I'm afraid. I used to think, at the first of it that I had some pluck; but I'm rapidly being disillusioned. I haven't the nerve of a chicken."

"Oh, haven't you, you splendid boy?" she said. "I would like to know who but you would have lain here as bravely and uncomplainingly and faced the things you have the past year?"

"There are thousands of people who would have done it much better than I," said he gloomily. "The thing is getting on my nerve. Good Lord, I can't stand it! I can't! I can't!"

She moved her chair closer to the couch. Her face suddenly paled with tenderness and pity. "Ted, hush!" she said soothingly. "You mustn't talk like that. Think of your splendid courage all these long, long months since the accident. And every month puts you so much nearer recovery."

His eyes were turned away. She saw his fingers working nervously. "That's the rub," he confessed. "What is?" she asked quickly.

"The chance of getting better—the chance of ever being of any use in the world again," said he. "Gordon told me this morning very frankly that it was a question whether or not I would ever walk again. I wish he had told me that in the first place, instead of carrying me along like this with ill-conceived kindness of false hopes."

The girl's face grew paler. "He told you that?" she asked.

"Yes. He said I had the right to know. He was perfectly correct there, too. Only, as I say, he should have told me in the first place, if he had any doubts about it."

"Why?" said she.

He moved uneasily. "Oh, for many reasons," said he. "Things would have been utterly different. I could have stood it better, I believe, if I had known it then."

"But it isn't at all certain you are going to be helpless permanently," she declared. "Gordon is simply telling you that to warn you in case the worst happens—and the worst is not going to happen," she ended cheerfully.

"As to that we can only make surmises," said he. "Time alone will settle the question, and from what Gordon said and the way he said it, I am rather inclined to the opinion that it won't do to have too many hopes."

The girl said nothing. She was looking out the window at the first green leaves on the trees and her eyes were dim with tears. Benson, too, was looking at the leaves. His face was stern and set and about his mouth were hard lines of stubborn determination.

"And so," said he, quite as if their talk had not been broken by the little period of silence, "I want to be very frank with you, Margaret. Let's not have any foolishness or any quixotic business about this affair. I was thrown from the horse and very apparently I am in this fix for the rest of my life. Well and good! I was very very childish just now to cry out so against it. What is done is done and cannot be helped now. But that needn't necessarily upset the whole universe."

She looked at him questioningly. She had never heard him talk like this before. His had always been a cheerful, hopeful nature, even after the bitter accident had left him to spend his tedious, endless day on the couch.

"First," said he, "give me the ring, please."

The girl merely looked at him in unbelief.

"Give me the ring, Margaret," he repeated sternly.

Slowly she drew the diamond from her finger and laid it in his outstretched hand. He put it in the pocket of his smoking coat and the lines about his mouth grew more tense.

"Now," said he, "you are free. This

matter of a woman tying herself to a crippled man has been tried before! It is all nonsense. It doesn't work—except in theories and sentimental fiction. You are not to come here again—not while things are as uncertain as they are at present, at any rate. You are to forget me—forget me, do you understand?"

The girl pressed her hand to her white cheeks. "Ted," she said incredulously, "what are you saying? What does all this mean? Are you trying to test me? If you are, it is most ill-timed."

"You—you know very well I would never break it off, no matter what had happened. You are slandering me—insulting me."

His face twisted for a moment then he smiled grimly.

"I am doing nothing of the sort," he declared. "I am simply talking good, common, every-day horse sense. It is better so. Can't you understand me?"

"No, I can't," she said brokenly.

"Then let me make it plainer," said he. "I wish it. I suppose I am not very noble about it—but a man in my condition isn't supposed to be noble, or if he is expected to be he falls far short of the mark. I wish it. Do you realize all that means?"

She shook her head. Her eyes were brimming. She dared not trust herself to speak.

"It means," he went on, "that we are not suited to each other—not now in the old days it was different, but we have to face new conditions now. I am an exacting, peevish, broken. I shall probably be so for the rest of my life. I have got to face the future coldly, calmly. In that future you won't fit. You are too sympathetic, too solicitous, too sensitive. You make me aware every hour of the day that I am a crippled wreck, and if I am never better it will be like that through all the future—a future, frankly, I don't dare face—with you. Have I made it all plain now?"

The girl's face was buried in her hands. She was shaken with sobs. She could not see the worn, pitiful expression on Benson's own face.

"Of course, all this is very hard for you to listen to, and very hard for me to say. Still, I think it is far better to say it now than to go on making some horrible mistake and finding it out when it is too late to remedy it."

There was a long silence, broken only by the girl's sobs. Benson's face was turned toward the wall. He did not dare to look at her.

"You will forget me in time," said he. "You will marry some other and better man, and I shall, maybe, marry some woman who is fitted to my peculiar position in life. There are such women I thoroughly believe."

Again the silence. At last the girl slowly arose. Her eyes were red and her shoulders shook convulsively.

"If you wish it, of course," she said and turned away.

Benson bit his lips. His face was gray and drawn. "Goodbye," he said shortly.

The girl was looking at him closely. Suddenly she dropped on her knees beside the couch and burying her face on his shoulder wept without restraint.

"Ted," she cried in a choking voice, "you were lying, lying. Tell me it is so. Tell me that you were lying—for my sake. I can't bear it!"

She felt his hand on her shoulder. Then she heard his voice, strangely shaken.

"Yes, it was a lie, Margaret, a ghastly lie. I thought I was strong enough to carry it through for your sake. But I'm not. Here is the ring. Put it on again, dearie."

A Lummi Potlatch.

In commemoration of a great victory achieved over the northern Indians ninety years ago the Lummi Indians on the Lummi reservation, five miles from Bellingham, gave a potlatch to about one thousand persons from this city, according to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. About a ton of clams was baked in the open under a huge bonfire, and an equal amount of spring salmon, cooked Indian style, on sticks stuck over the blaze, was distributed. During the afternoon a dozen of the Lummi dressed in historic costume dashed out of the woods on their ponies, and after a mock attack upon the settlement quieted down to a game of "sis-bol." This is the ancient gambling game of the Pacific coast Indians, and is played with marked and unmarked pieces of decorated bone, which are passed from hand to hand, the object of the game being to guess in which hand the marked bone is held. Before the potlatch was concluded, Washington, son of old Chief Washington, mounted a stump and recited the epic narrative of the prowess of the warriors of his tribe. Each guest was presented upon his arrival with a silk ribbon upon which was printed, "Eyas Summa" ("Have a good time").

How Some Sermons Are Made.

A few days ago, under the shelter of the trees of a manse garden, half a score of ministers told each other "How they made their sermons." It was an illuminating time. The "father" who led the conversation had many good things to say. At the end of thirty-six years of ministry, on account of his eyesight, he said he had not written fifty sermons. Every sermon was thought out, repeated to "the mistress of the manse" on Saturday afternoon and evening, and after that wise critic had made her observations and suggestions, preached without notes. Most of the preachers said they preached without a MS. Some had brief, others more extensive notes. Every man had a high ideal. None felt that he had already attained the excellence he desired.—British Congregationalist.

FARM AND ORCHARD

Notes and Instructions from Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations of Oregon and Washington, Specially Suitable to Pacific Coast Conditions

FEEDING GRAIN TO DAIRY COWS ON PASTURE.

By M. R. Koon, Oregon Agricultural College.

Whether cows should or should not be fed grain when grazing is yet an undecided question. Some few dairymen believe grain feeding should be practiced while cows are on pasture. However, it is a common practice to feed no grain while grazing conditions are good. Most dairymen are inclined to think it does not pay to feed grain under such conditions. It is possible, however, that where this belief is held there has been considered only the direct returns from the grain fed in milk yield alone, without reference to other beneficial effects which will be mentioned later.

Some of the results of experimental work at different state experiment stations regarding the matter may be summarized as follows:

At the Cornell, New York, experiment station, in a season during which the pasture was very luxuriant throughout the whole summer, except for a short time in the middle of the season, with three cows in each lot, the total amount of butter fat produced was almost the same in both lots. In this experiment the grain fed lot continued to receive the same ration on pasture that they had received during the winter on dry feed.

Another experiment conducted the same year on soiling with grass alone, and with grass and grain showed that just about enough more butter fat was produced by the grain fed lot to pay for the increased cost of the grain ration. A net profit was made on the grain fed lot of \$3.70, 8 cows for five months.

The next season a similar experiment was conducted. At no time during the season was the pasture luxuriant. A herd of sixteen cows, pure bred and registered Jerseys, was divided into two lots of eight cows each. Lot 1 received grain as follows: Corn meal, 2,600 pounds; Cotton seed meal, 1,300 pounds; Bran, 1,300 pounds. Total, 5,200 pounds. Lot 2 received no grain.

The milk produced by the two lots was as follows: Lot 1, 22,628 pounds; Lot 2, 17,697 pounds. Difference, 4,931 pounds.

It will be observed that the grain fed lot produced nearly five thousand pounds more milk than the lot getting no grain, an average daily difference of about three and one-half pounds per cow. This was enough more milk and butter fat to pay for the increased cost of the grain ration. The grain fed lot gained 166 pounds live weight per cow, while the cows in the lot receiving no grain gained an average of 113 pounds per cow, a difference of 53 pounds per animal in favor of the grain fed lot.

The question now arises whether the increase in milk flow and the gain in live weight of Lot 1 over Lot 2 would have any influence on the milk flow of the following year. The data compiled the year following, when all the animals were on pasture alone showed that the cows in the former grain-fed lot produced 16.2 per cent more milk than the cows in the former check lot not fed grain. It seems reasonable to assume that this increased production was due to the grain fed during the preceding year, especially in the case of the younger animals. Indeed it was plainly evident that the grain fed two-year-olds and three-year-olds developed into better animals than their stable mates fed no grain.

Bulletin No. 16 of the North Dakota station reports as follows: Two lots of two cows each were fed grain with pasture, and pasture only, in alternating periods of two weeks. The pasture was composed of mixed tame grasses and clover and was of good quality.

The grain used was bran and shorts. There was an increase in the yield of butter fat and a small gain in flesh when the grain was fed. The gain in the butter fat yielded came from an increased milk flow, as no increase in the percentage of fat was shown. The financial statement showed a net profit of \$7.69 from feeding the grain.

The considerations that arise in the effort to determine whether grain should be fed or not are of so elusive a nature that it is scarcely possible to arrive at conclusions that may be regarded as final when sitting in judgment upon them. If it were only a question of increased milk production in relation to the cost of the grain fed the problem would be easy, but in addition are the influences exerted by the previous feeding of the cow, and by the residual effects from feeding grain on further production. The saving effected in pasture, the feeding value of the increased yield of skim milk, and the added fertility of the land must also be considered. That a cow turned into pasture in a lean condition of flesh would profit more from grain fed than one in a good condition of flesh, would seem reasonable, even in the absence of determining proof. That the grain fed tends to increase future production has been determined by experimental evidence, with at

No Time Wasted.

Olaf Larson, working in a millinery warehouse, backed into an elevator shaft and fell down five stories with a load of boxes. Horror-stricken, the other employes rushed down the stairs, only to find him picking himself unharmed out of the rubbish.

"Ees de boss mad?" he whispered cautiously. "Tat 'em Ay had to core down for nails snyway."—Success Magazine.

east reasonable certainty. That some saving of pasture will be effected, and that some fertility will be added to the pasture from grain feeding is self-evident. It is equally apparent, however, that the exact measure of the influence exercised in each of these several instances can not be definitely determined. For instance, the fertilizing constituents contained in one ton of some of the most common grain feeds used are given a commercial value as follows:

Wheat bran, \$12.51; shorts, \$9.47; oil meal, \$19.32; oats, \$7.62; barley, \$5.80.

That is to say, if we were to go into the market and purchase in the form of commercial fertilizers, the amount of plant food contained in one ton of each of the food stuffs enumerated above, the cost would be as above stated. But in the handling of the manure from the animals there would be more or less loss of the fertilizing ingredients of the grain fed, and on some soils it is certain that the effect would not be so marked as on other soils.

The following conclusions regarding the questions would seem safe:

1. When cows are fed grain on pasture that is succulent and abundant, the tendency of such feeding is to increase the yield of milk.

2. The tendency of such feeding is also to promote some increase of flesh production.

3. The quality of the milk, that is, its per cent of fat, is not materially influenced by such feeding.

4. The residual effects from such feeding are considerable, as are shown in two ways: First, in building up the system, as it were, through increase in flesh; and second, by increased subsequent production in the period of lactation that immediately follows. It has also been demonstrated that grain fed to heifers in milk, of yet uncompleted growth, on pasture, resulted in securing a more perfect growth than when not so fed.

5. Some saving will be effected in the pasture. While the amount of such saving is not easily determined, it is generally true that it will not be quite equal to the value of the grain fed, for pasture is ordinarily relatively cheaper than grain.

6. The resultant fertilizer from feeding grain should have a tangible value. This value will be proportionate to the quantity of grain fed, and to the fertilizing ingredients in the same. The increase in direct milk production therefore, from feeding grain tells but a part of the benefit from such feeding, and perhaps not the most important part.

In the present status of the question the following would seem to be a judicious course to pursue: When the pastures are succulent and abundant, and where the probable supply of the pasture is ample, omit feeding grain from the time that the change from stable to pasture has been completed until the pasture begins to fail, either through shortage or lack of succulence. But should the prospective supply of grazing be short of the needs of the cows, continue to feed grain, but in small amounts, say two to four pounds daily. Bran and shorts will usually be the grain food for most economical feeding. At times, however, ground barley or oats could more profitably be fed. Should the cows freshen during the season of late pasture as in a common practice, care should be taken that the feeding of grain be begun in ample time to prevent checking the milk flow for the winter milking season.

FASHION HINTS

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Danger. Elopement is becoming highly popular in certain circles in America, young couples rushing off to distant states to get married without the knowledge of their parents. "In many instances, we gather," says a writer in the London Evening News, "the greatest secrecy has to be observed for fear that the parents might hear of the projected match and give their consent."

Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, swollen, callus, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Scientific Phenomenon. While a plumb-line may be straight, it is, curiously enough, not always vertical. Irregularities of density in the crust of the globe may produce this phenomenon. A remarkable instance in point was found in the island of Porto Rico, where the deviation from the vertical is so great that in mapping the island the northern and southern coast lines, as shown in the older maps, had each to be moved inward half a mile.

Seize Present Happiness. With most people happiness is something that is always just a day off. But I have made it a rule never to put off being happy till tomorrow. Don't accept notes for happiness, because you'll find that when they're due they're never paid, but just renewed for another thirty days.—Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.

Varied Instruction. Wise men are instructed by reason, men of less understanding by experience, the most ignorant by necessity.—Unknown.

Down to the Rind. A grocery salesman entering a store found the place in charge of the delivery boy. Upon being asked where the proprietor was, the boy replied: "I am the whole cheese here."

The traveling man departed, leaving a note for the proprietor, which the boy promptly opened. "Permit me to suggest," it read, "that you are nearly cut of cheese."—Success Magazine.

BUDGET OF USEFUL HINTS

Valuable Bits of Advice for Housekeepers and Others, Given by English Magazine.

Some new hints for the housekeeper, or for any woman for that matter, are given in an English magazine called the *Matron*. For example, one needn't be a housekeeper, or even a woman, to be glad to know what to do when a flabbone is stuck in one's throat.

According to this authority the proper thing is to hand the sufferer a lemon. If it is sucked for a little while the bone will move on. In one case it succeeded after the bone had been in the throat two days.

Another use for lemon juice is to remove warts. This is done by dropping it on twice a day.

To retain the color and gloss of a white silk blouse after washing put a teaspoonful of alcohol into the rinsing water. This keeps it from turning yellow and gives it when ironed the gloss of new silk.

To clean the lace yoke and sleeves of waists sprinkle the lace freely with powdered borax, then roll it up and fasten with pins. Let it remain for at least twelve hours, then shake out and brush with a clean soft brush.

To remove ink stains from carpets take a saucer of fresh milk and a clean soft rag. Renew the milk if necessary and wash finally with clean water.

To take coffee stains from any material rub a little glycerine into the stain and then wash with hot soap and water.

To prevent milk from scorching when it is being boiled sprinkle a little sugar into the saucepan after the milk is poured into it. Do not stir the milk even though the pan is a very thin one. The milk will not burn, but will leave the saucepan as clean as if only water had been in it.

BLUE! BLUE! BLUE!

Blue that's all blue. RED CROSS BALL BLUE delights the laundress. A wash day necessity. Once tried, always used. A standard bluing for 20 years.

More satisfactory than liquid blue, and more economical because it is not 4 1/2 water. Easily handled and cannot spill. Price, 10 cents. ASK THE GROCER.

Not an Old Man's Game!

"I may have lost my golf ball," thought the old man, as he crept on all fours round the bush into which it had rolled, "but I will not lose my temper."

So he continued to grovel and grope, and to wear a persuasive, patient smile. His knees begged, his back ached horribly, and the bush bestowed upon his hands a generous quantity of thorns. But he refused to discard his smile, and kept on repeating:

"No, I will not lose my temper. I will not!"

Suddenly the elusive ball caught his eye. Flopping flat, he stretched his hand towards it, grasped it among its nest of thorns, and gingerly withdrew it.

"Hotty-toity!" exclaimed an old woman behind him. "You ought to be ashamed, birdnesting at your time of life!"

And then he did lose his temper.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

Businesslike.

A man at Munich who lost \$10,000 in bank notes in the street a few days ago, and advertised \$300 reward to the finder, received a check for \$9,700 from the finder, a man of a businesslike turn of mind, who wrote that, to avoid delay, he had kept off his reward.

Mother's Will End Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

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REMARKABLE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA

Munyon's Stomach Treatment Performing Miracles.

Munyon Tells You How to Get Well Free of Charge.

A few days ago I received a letter from a young man, who states he is 28 years of age, and has occupied several important positions, but owing to indigestion and inability to sleep he has been unable to concentrate his mind upon his work and has consequently been discharged on the ground of neglect of duty. He goes on to say that he is a young man of steady habits, but for years he has suffered from dyspepsia, which has so affected his nerves that he is unable to sleep, and that it is not neglect upon his part, nor lack of interest, but simply physical weakness. He asks my advice in this matter.

For the benefit of a large number of those similarly situated I propose to answer this letter publicly, hoping that it may be the means of helping many who may be affected in this way.

In the first place the stomach must be well before the nerves can be made strong. The nerves must be made strong before one can sleep well. No one is capable of doing his best who is in any way troubled with insomnia or any form of nervousness. The greatest generals have been men of iron nerve and indomitable will. They have had perfect digestion, being able to eat well and digest all they ate.

It is said Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo because of a fit of indigestion. Grant's enormous reserve power was due to a well stomach. Abraham Lincoln said that "he did not know that he had a stomach." Grover Cleveland, it is said, could work 18 hours a day, eat a hearty meal at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, go to bed and sleep soundly until 9 o'clock and get up refreshed, ready for a new day's work.

Pres. Taft is another type of a healthy manhood. Who thinks for one moment that he would be the President of the United States today had he been a dyspeptic or affected with some nervous ailment? I claim that two-thirds of all the failures in professional and business life are due to weak and deranged stomachs.

No business house would care to employ a dyspeptic representative to sell goods for them on the road. One-half the men who stand behind counters today, earning from \$12 to \$15 a week, will never get beyond these figures, for the reason that they are physically weak. They lack the nerve power and commanding strength that come from a good sound stomach.

No one cares to hear a dyspeptic preacher. No matter how pious he may be, he is bound to reflect his bilious and deranged condition. He will unconsciously inculcate his hearers with his melancholy feelings.

No one would think of entrusting an important legal case in the hands of a dyspeptic lawyer, any more than he would care to entrust his own life, or that of a dear one in the hands of a physician who is nervous, irritable or a dyspeptic. Men must have good digestion, strong nerves and vital manhood in order to render a clean, clear-cut decision either in medicine, law or business.

I believe more than half of the divorces can be traced to ill health. I want every dyspeptic to try my stomach treatment. It makes old stomachs almost as good as new. Its marvelous power for digesting food and getting the best out of it makes for good rich red blood. This in turn strengthens the nerves, builds up the general system, and will surely prolong life and make it a pleasure to live and do the things allotted to us.

Professor Munyon makes no charge for consultation, or medical advice; not a penny to pay. Address Professor J. M. Munyon's Laboratories, Fifty-third and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Truth's Revelation.

I looked at my Brother with the Microscope of Criticism and I said, "How coarse my Brother is!" I looked at him with the Telescope of Scorn and I said, "How small my Brother is!" Then I looked in the Mirror of Truth and I said, "How like me my Brother is!"—Bolton Hall.

Or It Would Wait Long.

This work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men.—George Eliot.

Has Stood a 58 Year Test

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Its merit is, therefore, proven in cases of

SICK HEADACHE
SOUR STOMACH
INDIGESTION
CONSTIPATION
BILIOUSNESS
CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA
AND MALARIA

A trial today will convince you that it is the medicine you need. All Druggists.