Changing Homes and Hearts

By HAROLD CARTER

"And so—I am going away, Juanita."

The girl looked at him in a dim, uncomprehending way. During the six months that he had spent in New Mexico, at the hotel where she assisted her father, Ralph Brunton had come to mean everything to her.

Her indolent father, having amassed a comfortable fortune as the landlord of the most prosperous hotel along the coach route, had had the means to educate his daughter at the convent at Santa Fe. Juanita had all the Spanish charm and grace; now, with the education and refinement got from the good sisters, she could have picked her choice of the wealthy suitors for her hand.

But Ralph Brunton seemed utterly different from the rough ranchers and prospectors who stayed at the hotel, tried to flirt with her and went away. He had never attempted any liberties with her. In his presence, under his respect, her high spirits were subdued to a timid, wistful endeavor to win his regard.

And she, too, had come to mean everything to him, though he dared not admit it to himself. Because—

"I know why you are going," said Juanita. "There is some girl in the East, isn't there, Ralph?"

He admitted it. He had not told her, but she had always guessed the

Juanita Saw Him Riding Away in a Cloud of Dust.

reason why he had never made love to her until three nights before. Then the realization of the impending separation had unstrung him. Perhaps it was also the influence of the peaceful night scene, the crisp air, the sparkling stars, the wind among the cactus. He had turned to her and suddenly she was in his arms and their lips together.

And the two days that followed were heaven for both of them. But it was different from heaven, because—it ended.

"I am going away, dear," said Ralph.

She was too proud to try to detain him. "But, remember," she said, half crying, half jestingly, "'The Miner's Rest' is always open to wayfarers."

A pressure of the hand, and he was gone toward the coach stables. Afterward Juanita saw him riding away in a cloud of dust. She put her head down on her arms and cried.

A year before Ralph had been sent west with lung trouble. He had been engaged to Mary Leeson; his father and hers were partners in a number of mining claims. Both men were millionaires. It was a natural thing that Ralph, fresh from college, should fall in love with Mary.

He had gone the pace, too, in his last year. A cold, neglected, had spread to his lungs; the upshot was that he was given the alternative between death and New Mexico. He had made the sensible choice. He went with regret, because he was in love with Mary, and he dreaded the rivals who flocked about the wealthy heiress.

"Marry me and come with me," he had urged.

Mary declined. Cold-hearted, she was not going to bury herself in New Mexico with a man who might not live out the year. But she promised to be true to him.

And her letters, gay and full of stories of the home life, had made him incredibly homesick—until he met Juanita.

Now, riding homeward, he knew that Mary was only the pale shadow of his love; that Juanita had his heart and always would have it. He was going home because as a man of honor there was no other course. And he was going home cured.

He had not heard from his fiancee for several weeks. And Ralph had dared to hope what he had once feared—that she, too, had learned that her heart lay in another's keeping.

A week later he stepped off the platform of the Grand Central station in New York. As he rode in a taxicab toward the home of his fiancee the solution of his problem came to him at last. Why should he make two lives unhappy if—if Mary did not care for him He would be as frank with her as she had always been with him.

He descended at the door. When he rang, the butler stared at him in amazement; the man remembered him, and had thought that he would never return.

"I'll tell Mrs. Leeson, sir," he stammered.

"Not Mrs. Leeson, but Miss Mary," explained Ralph.

The butler did not seem to hear him. Ralph walked into the parlor and sat down. His heart was beating fast, and there was an undefinable sense of change. Ralph thought the butler had seemed less courteous than formerly. The furniture was covered, the room had not been dusted for some time. Ralph wondered—he was conscious of something which added to the pain of the approaching interview. When it was all over he must hurry home to his folks in Albany, stay awhile, tell them of Juanita . . .

Mary stood before him. She had come in so quietly that Ralph had not heard her. There was a strange look in her eyes. She shrank away from him, staring hard.

"I happened to be home," Ralph heard her saying.

"But, Mary—Mary—"

"You have not heard?"

"Heard what?"

"Sit down," she answered calmly. "I see you do not know. I am a poor woman, Ralph. My father was involved in the crash of the banks last month. I couldn't write—I didn't know what you would think—"

The young man's heart sank, his hopes ebbed, vanished. He seemed plunged into an abyss from which there was no escape. He understood the coldness of her greeting now. She was prepared to release him. She thought he would not want to marry her when her father was a bankrupt.

And that was what made his plans impossible. How could he ask her to release him now? The face of Juanita shone upon the background of his spiritual vision.

"Mary, it doesn't make any difference," he heard himself saying.

She was staring at him. "Any difference?" she echoed.

"I mean—did you suppose that I would not want to marry you because you are poor?"

She was still staring at him. She rose and put her hands upon his shoulders.

"Ralp, you—you have met another girl you care for, haven't you?" she asked frankly.

Why, the light of understanding in her eyes was amazingly sweet. Shamefacedly he nodded.

"Ralph, I was married last week," she whispered. "I know it was wicked, Ralph. But I—I loved him and I felt that you didn't love me and were too honorable to tell me so. You see, your letters had grown different. And I knew that we were not suited together. And as soon as—as father recovers from the blow we are going somewhere upon our honeymoon.

Ralph caught her by the hands. "Mary!" he cried. "You are the wisest woman in the world, and the second dearest. And do you know where your honeymoon will be spent? In New Mexico, at 'The Miner's Rest.' It is always open to wayfarers."

Difficult to Please.

They had been engaged only a few weeks, but a little coolness had arisen between them.

"There is nothing that makes me so thoroughly angry," she cried, tears of rage in her blue eyes, "as to have anyone contradict me. I just simply hate to be contradicted."

"Well," he said, in a conciliatory tone, "then I won't contradict you any more, Isabel."

"I don't believe you love me," she asserted.

"I don't," he admitted.

"You are a perfectly hateful thing!"

"I know it," he replied.

"You're trying to tease me, aren't you, Sam?" she queried.

"Yes," he conceded.

She was silent for a moment. Then she said: "Well, I certainly do despise a man who is weak enough to let a woman dictate to him. A man ought to have a mind of his own."—Harper's Magazine.

Not Altogether Unconscious.

In one of the industrial towns in South Wales a workman met with a serious accident. The doctor was sent for, and came and examined him, had him bandaged and carried home on a stretcher, seemingly unconscious.

After he was put to bed the doctor told his wife to give him sixpennyworth of brandy when he came to himself. After the doctor had left the wife told the daughter to run and fetch threepennyworth of brandy for her father.

The old chap opened his eyes and said, in a loud voice, "Sixpenn'orth, the doctor said."—London Tit-Bits.

Precocious Job.

"Father," inquired the little brain-twister of the family, "when will our little baby brother be able to talk?" "Oh, when he's about three, Ethel." "Why can't he talk now, father?" "He is only a baby yet, Ethel. Babies can't talk." "Oh, yes, they can, father," insisted Ethel, "for Job could talk when he was a baby." "Job! What do you mean?" "Yes," said Ethel. "Nurse was telling us today that it says in the Bible: 'Job cursed the day he was born.'"—Stray Stories.

WAR TIME TRAVEL IN SERBIA

Military Road Built by Caesar

EVEN the beginning of the voyage had a spice of excitement about it. With the exception of the leader of the expedition, not one of us had ever been in Serbia before; nor, indeed, had we more than the vaguest notions regarding the country and its people. Some of us, moreover, like myself, had no experience whatever of hospital work; so that the whole adventure seemed as undefined and shadowy as any lover of romance could desire, writes John W. N. Sullivan in the Illustrated London News.

We started at midnight, but none of us were in bed. The rumor that we were presently to pass through an area of floating mines laid by the Germans, combined with the natural excitement of leaving England for an indefinite period, effectually banished sleep for the time being. And we were to have a convoy! As a matter of fact, the convoy was a very tame affair. We occasionally saw a smudge on the horizon which we were informed was one of the escorting cruisers, and sometimes two or three vicious-looking destroyers would come near enough to be seen; but apart from these transient appearances the convoy, from the spectacular point of view, might just as well not have existed. It left us at Gibraltar, and from there till Malta it was no longer necessary to have lights out at night.

From Malta to Saloniki the weather was bad, and, except for two days' respite at Athens, the time was spent in enduring violent internal upheavals succeeded by spells of sad meditation. But from Saloniki it is merely a day's train journey to Skoplje—or Uskub, as the Turks called it when it belonged to them—and at Skoplje our hospital is situated.

A Serbian train is never in a hurry. It proceeds with leisurely dignity along its single-track railway, taking 13 hours to travel 150 miles, and thus affording one plenty of time to study Serbian scenery. The Vardar, a river which resembles a tumultuous stream of pea-soup, accompanies the railway throughout its entire length. At intervals we crawl cautiously and almost imperceptibly over high wood bridges, the Vardar boiling beneath and the bleak, bare mountains enclosing one on either side. Stationed at regular distances along the line we see a little thatched mud hut, and standing beside it a motionless Serbian sentry, apparently quite alone in the surrounding desolation. It has a sobering effect, this Serbian scenery—we gradually lose the holiday feeling; we become serious and a little depressed.

Arrival at Uskub.

With the fall of dusk we light our candles, sticking them on projecting parts of the carriage (I have not got the grease off my uniform yet), and open our bags of provisions. Fortunately it is a warm day, for there is no heating or lighting apparatus on the train. We finish our meal, talk a little, and sleep a little, until presently the train clanks slowly to a standstill. We have arrived.

Skoplje or Uskub has, as we discovered later, more points of interest than most Serbian towns. It is bisected by the Vardar, one side being Turkish in population and buildings, and the other side Serbian. The contrast is really very interesting, and in some ways instructive. But at first one had no opportunity of seeing the town; the hospital claimed all one's attention. After working twelve to fifteen hours every day, one has little leisure or inclination for sight-seeing. The walk (in high rubber boots) through the semiliquid streets of Uskub from the orderlies' sleeping quarters to the hospital, and the view of the distant mountains from the hospital windows, was for some time our sole acquaintance with this part of Serbia. On the other hand, one gained quite a good insight into the character of the Serbian people from the patients in the wards.

They are a curious race. That they are brave and efficient fighters is shown by their records in this and other wars; but it is more interesting to note what one might call their peace qualities. The first thing which strikes one about the Serbian patients in a ward is their extraordinary volubility and cheerfulness. They turn everything into a joke, including death and disfigurement. Their sense of humor, like their sense of honor, occasionally differs markedly from that of an Englishman. With respect to the latter point, it may be mentioned that their two national card games are so extremely simple as to be entirely uninteresting when played properly. So the Serbs cheat continually. The whole art of these games, as played by the Serbs, consists in their more or less dexterous methods of cheating.

Intelligent Folk, But Ignorant.

They are a quick, intelligent people, yet remarkably ignorant. They soon master the workings of any piece of apparatus if they see it a few times. It was often quite amusing to hear their perfectly just comments on their own temperature charts. On the other hand, a man who had been fitted with a glass eye complained most bitterly because he could not see out of it.

Their high spirits and ready intelligence, combined with a certain careless improvidence, have caused one writer to refer to them as "the Irish of the Balkans." In appearance they are dark and usually handsome, the men being, on the whole, distinctly more good-looking than the women. It is not difficult to acquire an elementary knowledge of the Serbian language, which is probably the simplest of the Slavonic tongues; and the Serbs display their usual quickness in recognizing one's linguistic limitations, and in confining their conversation to the few words one has acquired. They love argument and repartee, although some of their jokes make a modest orderly devoutly thankful that the ward sister has not troubled to extend her knowledge of Serbian beyond about six words.

My first Sunday in the wards was marked by a rather curious experience. I was engaged in dressing a wounded leg when an extraordinary figure appeared before me, carrying in his outstretched arms a little tray from whence a heavy smoke was rising. This smoke he very solemnly and deliberately puffed into my face, and then turned to honor the patients with his attentions. The sight of the men crossing themselves suddenly brought home to my bewildered mind the fact that the man was a Russian priest in full dress, and that, in obedience to some rite, he was puffing incense on each in turn. It was too late for me to cross myself, so I nodded and smiled agreeably at the priest, who seemed perfectly satisfied with my behavior, to my great relief.

When at last the pressure of the work grew less, and we had an hour to spare, we made straight for the Turkish quarter of the town. Innumerable people, streets of incredible narrowness and filth, at all inclinations to the horizontal; hovels, crazy-looking little shops, and mosques—it was fascinating and bewildering; but we went there seldom and never stayed for long, because, even more than the other quarters of that disease-stricken town, the Turkish quarter was the home of the dreaded typhus.

A Reminder.

A senator was talking about the war.

"Each side," he said, "is declaring hotly now that it will never receive the foe within its hospitable borders again, and that after the war there will be no more trading with the enemy forevermore.

"When we hear talk like that let us smile skeptically, remembering the vain campaign of Wilberforce.

"When Wilberforce was fighting against slavery in London, a shopkeeper put up a sign, 'No goods made with slave-grown cotton sold here.' But the man's rival then put up another sign, 'All our goods are made from cheap, slave-grown cotton.'

"This latter sign got all the trade, of course. If the first one hadn't been taken down at once it would have driven its author into bankruptcy."

Mind Elsewhere.

"Doppel has been across the Atlantic six or seven times, and it is his favorite boast that he has never been seasick.'

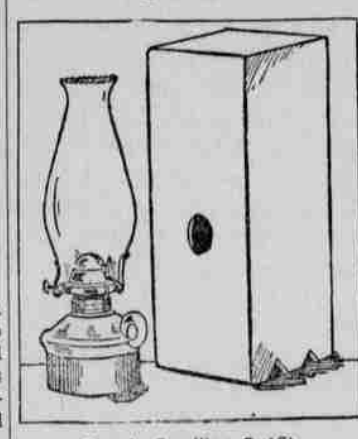
"I suppose it's tiresome to hear him tell about it."

"Well, no. It seems that he got into poker games so stiff he forgot he had a stomach."

GOOD EGG CANDLING OUTFIT

Simple and Practical Device May Be Made Out of an Ordinary Pasteboard Box and a Lamp.

In spite of the greatest care, it will sometimes happen under ordinary farm conditions that an occasional bad egg will appear among those sent to market It would be wise to candle every egg shipped. Candling is "the process of testing eggs by passing light through them so as to reveal the condition of the contents." A simple candling outfit may be made of an ordinary pasteboard box, sufficiently large to be placed over a small hand-lamp after the ends have been removed. The box should have a hole cut in it on a level with the flame of the lamp. Several notches should be cut in the edges on which the box



Simple Candling Outfit.

rests, to supply air to the lamp. The box ought to be sufficiently large to prevent danger from catching fire. The box should be made of corrugated pasteboard, but ordinary pasteboard will serve the purpose. Candling is done in the dark, or at least away from strong light, and the egg is held against the hole in the side of the box when its condition may be seen. An egg that shows any defect should not be marketed.

GIVE SHEEP SOME ATTENTION

Animals Should Not Be Allowed to Stand on Wet or Muddy Dirt Floors—Avoid Rangy Breeds.

No man who understands his business will ever allow his sheep to stand on wet or muddy dirt floors.

When selecting sheep for breeding beware of the long-legged, rangy breeds. Get those that are close to the ground. There is no money in raising sheep legs.

If the pastures are short this fall the sheep must have some grain or they will fall back to a point where all profit will be lost in bringing them up again.

When pastures get short the sheep will eat the roots of the grass right out of the ground if too many are kept in one lot. Better feed some grain and save the grass.

Ever notice that the pastures where sheep are kept grow better grass than those used for horses or cows?

A South Dakota man has kept coyotes and even dogs away from his flock by setting up scarecrows in the shape of a man. These he changes from one part of the pasture to another every day or two.

IMPROVE THE RURAL HOMES

Kentucky Club Formed to Stimulate Farmer's Interest in Crops and Beautify Their Premises.

(By L. P. BROWNING.)

A commercial club in Kentucky has appropriated a sum of money to be given as prizes among the residents of a certain section of the country for the best-kept lawns and the best displays of farm and garden products. The idea of the club is to induce the people living in that section to improve their surroundings and beautify their premises. It believes in the value of keeping up appearances and that there is a profit in beautification which rural communities are not apt to appreciate. This organization thinks there are many rural homes that could be greatly improved in appearance by neatly kept lawns, attractive shrubs and well-cultivated gardens, and has come to the conclusion that timely attention given to details of this character by the farmer would not only vastly improve the appearance of his place, but stimulate his interest in the success of all his crops.

REASONS FOR "POOR FEEDER"

Foreign Bodies Often Found Embedded in Tongue of Animal—Wire and Nails Lodge in Stomach.

(By H. S. EAKINS.)

Every year it has been noticed among cattle in feed lots, that a few individuals would not make the gains expected. Various causes have been attributed to this condition as "poor" teeth, indigestion, infectious diseases, etc.

Upon post-mortem inspection of several thousand beef cattle in some of the packing houses of the West, the author has frequently found foreign bodies, as barley beards, or fox tail, embedded in the tongue, in some instances resulting in abscess formation, or even actinomycosis (wooden-tongue); or penetrating through the wall of the second stomach (honeycomb) a short piece of baling wire or a nail. Sometimes this piece of wire or other foreign body has penetrated a lung, pneumonia ensuing; or into the heart or its coverings, resulting ofttimes in gangrenous inflammation.

BAD HABITS OF COLTS

Trick Once Learned Becomes Harder to Break Each Day.

Example Cited of City Man Who Attempted to Approach Head of Young Animal of Extremely Nervous Disposition.

(By J. M. BELL.)

The secret of breaking a colt properly is to keep him from learning bad habits, not curing him of them after they have been acquired, although the latter must be done if he has acquired them, providing you want a well-broken horse.

A bad trick once learned soon becomes a set habit, becoming harder to cure each day if not stopped in the earliest stages.

Let me cite an example: A neighbor of mine has a very fine colt that he put in the hands of a trainer to break to light harness, double and single, and also the saddle.

The trainer knew his business and in a month's time the colt was fairly steady in harness and under the saddle, but, being of a nervous disposition and rather suspicious of human beings, had to be handled very carefully.

He was especially nervous when anyone approached his head, whether he was tied in his stall or to a hitching post, and inclined to run back against the halter or bridle if approached too hurriedly.

The trainer—a real horseman—who noticed all peculiarities of the many different horses he handled from time to time, was extremely careful not to excite this particular colt and certainly not when he was tied.

Consequently, the colt, although showing signs of nervousness at times, never attempted to really pull back and break away.

The trainer left, after his work was done, and soon afterward a city cousin, a good fellow, but no horseman, paid my neighbor a visit and he was given the colt to ride.

Now, although the city man was no horseman in the strict acceptance of the word, yet he was devoted to horse-

A Well-Trained Colt.

back riding and in his riding togs cut quite a respectable figure.

He called on the writer one afternoon, tying his mount, the above-mentioned colt, to a tree.

Later, as he was about to leave, he walked straight to the colt's head; the latter edged away, backing the full length of the reins; the rider then extended a gloved hand straight in the colt's face with the idea of patting him on the nose, but the now trembling young animal mistook the abrupt motion, and, swinging back, broke the bridle at the headstall and galloped off.

The city man was somewhat surprised when I suggested that he should have quietly untied the colt and then patted him, holding on to the reins the while.

He enticed the colt into my stable, fixed the bridle, and my friend mounted and rode off.

Since then this horse has broken loose several times, and it will require something stronger than an ordinary halter and bridle to prove to him that he must "stand hitched," as the saying is.

A heavy rope halter tied around his neck and then passed through a ring of the bit so as to draw equally on the neck and head will probably stop the bad habit.

MORE LIVE STOCK IS NEEDED

Unless More Attention Is Given to Farm Animals Fertility of Soil Will Be Depleted.

(By WALTER B. LEUTZ.)

Unless American farmers grow more live stock in the future the fertility of the soil will be wasted at such a rate that farming will prove generally unprofitable. Such is the conclusion which has been reached by students of the problem, as well as practical farmers in every community of the United States.

The farm animal is absolutely necessary. There are many reasons for this. Live stock enables much of the waste about the farm to be converted into meat, milk and work. Much of the crops on the farm can be marketed in smaller packages, when converted into butter, milk and meat. The boys and girls on the farm are far more liable to become interested in farming if an interest in live stock can be awakened.

Poultry Diseases.

The most common causes of poultry diseases are constitutional weaknesses due to wrong breeding.