

# CARLETON'S MISTAKE

## Demon of Jealousy Drove a Train Dispatcher to Risk Two Hundred Lives.

By ARTHUR OTT.

Carleton awoke with a start. It seemed that he must have overslept. Leaping from his bed he crossed to the dresser on which his watch lay, and, seeing that it was five o'clock, he heaved a sigh of relief. He was not due in the dispatcher's room until seven.

He was so wide awake, however, that he decided to dress and proceeded to do so, calling lustily for his wife meanwhile. There was no answer to the call and he shouted again. Still no answer. He sat and listened for a moment. No one was moving about the house.

Then suddenly he remembered. That morning, when he had returned from work, there had been a quarrel. As usual he had been to blame. It was his overmastering jealousy that had caused it. One of the train hands had spoken carelessly of having seen his wife and Bob Munro talking while he was on duty.

He had come home in a towering rage and had accused his wife bitterly of many things—things of which he was now sure that she was guiltless, but in his temper he was blind. Naturally she had resented his attitude and had declared that she would leave him. In his madness he had told her that he wished that she would.

And now he awoke in a deserted house. Had she really gone, he wondered. The thought set him in a panic. In a rush of memory all her little ways, her many thoughtful tendernesses, all that she had been to him, flooded his mind.

With the utmost haste he dressed and walked through the house. It was empty. Everything was in order, everything in its place, but there was no sign of her. He sank down weakly in a chair in the kitchen.

After all, it was his own fault. He had not tried to control himself. He had acted so like a beast to her, and now—well, he would have to reap the harvest of bitterness which he had sown, and, what hurt more, she, too, would have to reap; she who was innocent.

It sent a pang through him to think that today she might even wish that she had chosen Bob Munro instead of him. Two years ago they had been rivals for her hand. Carleton, jealous of all men, was especially jealous of Munro.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him. If she had left him for good she would surely have left him some word, a note, or something. He arose, and, crossing the hallway, made his way to the parlor where she had her desk. At first he could not open it, his fingers trembled so, but at last he succeeded.

Lying on the top of her papers was a note without an envelope. He seized and eagerly unfolded it. Then he stepped back with a cry. The writing was not that of Helen; it was Bob Munro's.

Carleton read:  
Dearest Helen:  
Why put up with your life any longer? Why suffer as you are suffering when happiness awaits you? Come away from it all with me. We can catch the five fifty westbound, and tomorrow begin a new life in a new world. I will wait for you at the old place. Come in time.  
BOB.

That was all. For a moment Carleton scarcely realized the meaning of the note. He stared at it helplessly, carefully studying the words. Like a flash their full import came to him.

Then once again his wild, passionate rage possessed him. He resolved to intercept and kill them both. The five fifty westbound! That was train No. 73. It was usually late.

He pulled his watch from his pocket. It was five fifty-five. He was too late. The train had gone. No, it might be late. There might still be a chance. Seizing his hat, he crushed it on his head, and, rushing out, ran swiftly toward the depot.

In ten minutes he had reached the station. As he darted into the waiting-room he met the division superintendent, John Gardner, who greeted him with a yelp of joy.

"By George, Carleton!" he exclaimed, "you are the very man I most need. I was going to send for you."

"Seventy-three," gasped Carleton. "Has she arrived?"

"She's come and gone," answered Gardner, "right on time tonight and I want her to stay so."

Carleton leaned against the wall, weak and faint. So, after all, he was robbed of his vengeance. A sickening revulsion swept over him.

Now, what Gardner wished, he explained, was that Carleton should stand the rest of Brunt's trick as well as his own, and get seventy-three off the division on time.

The click of the telegraph instrument, a sound so familiar and home-like to his ears, restored him considerably as he entered the office. Briefly he explained to Brunt that he had come to relieve him.

Then he listened intelligently while the other explained the situation of the various trains. He took the book and ran over it with practiced eye.

"I guess I have everything straight now," he said at length. "You can go all right."

Suddenly the ticking of an instrument roused him. He opened the key and listened. It was the tower man at the Y crossing. He reported that seventy-three had passed on time.

Again came the call of the telegraph instrument. Seventy-three again. She was at Sweetwater, at the foot of the grade, and her last stop before the summit. She was still on time and the conductor wanted his release. Mechanically Carleton gave it.

He was giving the orders which were permitting his wife to escape. God! how horrible it was.

Again the click, click, click of the telegraph. It was Summit calling. The fast freight waited for orders. Carleton repeated it once to himself.

"The fast freight waited for orders." Then he sprang to his feet with a great cry. God had heard his prayer and had answered it. Their lives lay in his hands. The line between Sweetwater, the station that seventy-three had just left, and Summit was a single track.

The grade was terrific. The fast freight would come down it booming. It would meet seventy-three at about Pine Tree crossing and utterly destroy it, and in the destruction the two guilty ones would perish.

With a steady hand he answered Summit, and ordered the freight to make Sweetwater at once and wait there on the siding for seventy-three.

As he gave the order Gardner entered the office. He heard the signal and understood it.

"Hell," he exclaimed impatiently, "what makes seventy-three so late?"

Before Carleton could prevent him he had seized the order-book and was looking over it to discover for himself what was wrong.

"Good God!" he cried excitedly, "countermand that last order. Seventy-three has left Sweetwater. They will meet on the grade."

"No," answered Carleton, rising slowly and facing him.

Gardner sprang forward toward the telegraph table to send the message himself, but the other caught him by the throat. Then at last he understood the truth; he was dealing with a madman. With a great cry he tried to release himself, but he was held in a grip like a vise. Vainly he struggled to free himself. The thought of two hundred innocent souls rushing to destruction gave him an almost superhuman strength, but even that could not force the other to relax his hold.

Seeing that his efforts were useless he cried aloud for help. As he did so, Carleton drew back and struck him with all his force. Like a log he sank to the floor. Carleton stood over the prostrate form smiling happily. His revenge would be complete; and in his heart was an awful joy.

Presently he heard the door open and turned to see who was entering. Then his heart stood still and his breath left him. Helen, his wife, was crossing the threshold. He stared at her in dumb terror.

It was over then, the accident, and she had come to reproach him. He wanted to hide from her and yet he dared not turn away his head. He could only stand and gaze fascinatedly upon her. His knees trembled beneath him.

At last she spoke.

"John," she said, "what is it? Why do you look at me so?"

As he heard her voice he gave a great heaving sob. She was not dead. "I've been looking all over for you," she went on. "This afternoon I left you asleep and went to make a call. When I returned you were gone."

His heart was beating with terrible violence and still he could not breathe. With difficulty he drew Munro's letter from his pocket, and handed it to her.

"That letter," he murmured thickly. She glanced at it and laughed.

"That," she cried, "that was one of the letters that Bob Munro wrote me before we were married. I saved them all, but last night after you made such a fuss I resolved to burn them. I got them all out and was waiting to let you see me do it."

A great light, the light of a wonderful joy, swept over his face. He held out his arms and started toward her. Suddenly he stopped. Gardner's voice echoed through the room.

"The train, the train, for God's sake save the train!"

Carleton flung his arms above his head with a dreadful writhing gesture and sank limply into a chair.

"What have I done?" he whispered. "Oh, what have I done?"

"You have killed them," said Gardner weakly, as he staggered to his feet. "Two hundred people. You have killed them." He fell weakly on a table, his head in his arms, and sobbed like a little child.

The woman rushed to her husband's side.

"John," she said, "what is it?"

"I thought you and he were on seventy-three," he answered her dully, "and I have wrecked it."

She did not speak, but her face went very white.

Then followed silence while they waited. Presently Gardner began to pray. He stopped and there was silence again. In a little while must come the news of the disaster.

But none of them could ever forget the agony of the waiting there in that silent room, sitting in strained quiet for the tidings of disaster wrought by a jealous man's mad whim.

At last it came. Summit called on the telegraph. Gardner groped his way to the instrument and answered.

"Fast freight got hot-box in station," came the message; "have backed her on siding waiting for orders."

That was all—yet it meant that seventy-three was safe. With a white face Gardner turned.

"Thank God," he cried to Carleton. But the latter did not hear. He was lying on the floor in a dead faint.

# IN DARK LIBERIA

THE very name of Africa has been a subject of much discussion. It is believed that the name is derived from the Latin word "aprica" (meaning sunny), or from the Greek word "aphrika" (without cold).

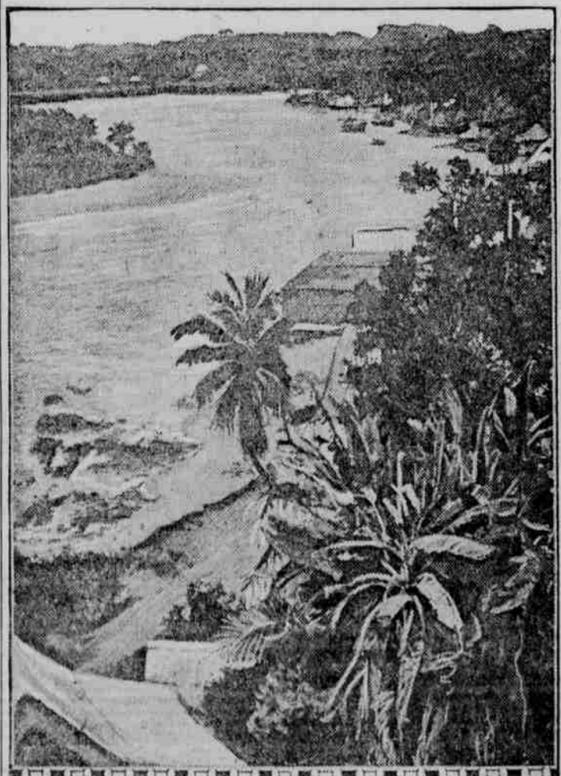
The nickname "Dark Continent" has lost much of its significance. The Bible long ago called Africa "the Land Shadowed with Wings." Mr. Henry M. Stanley stamped it as the Dark Continent. Another man called it the Land of Blinding Sunshine. As I have traversed its jungles and pathways, many times I have called it the Land of Winding Ways, writes James R. Morris in the Christian Herald. When the perspiration has flowed down over my face and body until every thread upon me has been drenched in the warm, moist climate, I have named the country "the Land of Natural Baths."

Africa is a remarkably beautiful country. Its coast lines are picturesque, graceful, fascinating, alluring. Its seaport towns and cities are usually clean, pretty and reasonably healthful. Equatorial Africa has, until the last two decades, been called the White Man's Graveyard, but clean living, guanine, mosquito netting, sobriety and sanitary improvements have made Africa a place where one cannot only exist, but live in as much comfort, take it all in all during the year, as in the city of New York, and

The rivers of Liberia abound with fish, and were it not for the series of fine falls or rapids, from fifteen to twenty miles back from the sea, the rivers might be navigable for hundreds of miles. The woods abound with game of many varieties—the vicious bush-cow, deer, leopards, elephants, civet cats, golden cats, monkeys in almost endless varieties, and other game. In the far interior lions and other big game abound.

About twenty tribes make their home in Liberia. Tribal wars, which depopulated certain districts, are becoming things of the past. Strange secret societies, which were at one time a menace to all, are now losing their power and hold upon the people as education and commerce are going forward. This also means a lessening of one of Africa's greatest curses—household slavery, or buying, selling, loaning or giving wives—and will diminish the numbers held by one man. I am acquainted with one man who has more than one hundred.

On a recent trip to the hinterland, where I had been invited by King Momo, son of the powerful King Pongorah, as we sailed up the river in the little boat, with our serious friend, Solomon Hill, the owner and captain, a clerical and solemn-looking little man in a frock coat so long that it reached to the tops of his shoes, and whose collar and garb stamp him as a preacher, came to me and intro-



AT CAPE PALMAS, LIBERIA.

duced himself as a presiding elder, having a large number of churches under him.

He asks very cordially: "What might your name be?"

"My name is Morris."

"Where you be from?"

"The United States," I answered.

"I live at Louisiana."

"Where is that?" I ask.

"On the St. Paul river." Just then everybody jumped up at the report of a gun and a heavy splash was heard as a large alligator, badly wounded, flopped into the water.

Rev. Presiding Elder borrows my fountain pen and begins to write vigorously. But only for a few moments, when he gets into a theological boxing match with several men, who I learn are "Revs." also. This title has a peculiar fascination for many in Africa. Everybody loves a title, and if one who has "Rev." to his name can raise eight dollars and send to Texas or some other place and get a "D. D.," he adds six inches to his coat-tails, and his importance and egotism grow to the proportion of a foot to the inch.

In a Revival Meeting.

Friends meet me at the headquarters of the river, and an invitation is extended to attend a revival meeting in a little church near by at night. A serious young man was preaching from the text, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," etc. We were late, and missed part of his eloquent sermon, but we heard him say: "What fo' you dun cum beach? Why yo' gwine cum to dis meetin'? Is yo' po' wanderin' feets in de way dat leads to distraction? Is yo' feets on de Rock ob Ages? What is yo' gwine to lib fo'ebber? In de place whar de Good Book say de saints am gwine? Or is yo' gwine to be shut up in de fire an' de flames?"

"Yo' must git all combusted together and seek de Lawd wif all yo' bearts, an' bring yo' piccan (children) an' yo' frens to de Lawd. Do it one time (at once) befo' it am ebberlastin' too late."

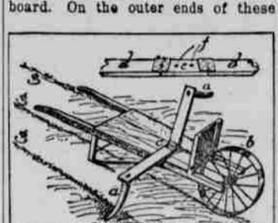
I thought he was sound in the faith. What do you think?

## HANDY AS POTATO MARKER

Wheelbarrow Arranged With Pine Strips Hinged to Bottom Center Board Proves Satisfactory.

Last spring we had occasion to fit a very stumpy piece of sandy new ground for early potatoes. The one and two horse corn markers would not work because of so many stumps. The wheelbarrow being near with seed upon it a happy thought struck me—this would roll over the rough ground, roots, etc., and leave a distinct mark in the soil, besides running easily, writes G. A. Randall in Farm and Home.

A half-inch hole was bored through the bottom center board and two pieces, c, of inch pine strips 36 inches long were hinged, as shown, to a center section, e, fastened with a wire through the holes, f, to the bottom board. On the outer ends of these



Handy Marker for Potatoes.

strips a light runner, a, extends to the ground and slants back. These runners with the wheel in the center make three distinct marks when pushed across the field. In coming to a stump either or both sections are easily folded back until the obstruction is passed, then dropped to position again to mark.

Being light and mounted on a center wheel it pushed as easily as a wheelbarrow seeder and was extremely easy to guide; marks clear across the field being straight as those made with a line and very distinct. When not in use for a marker the sections are quickly removed.

## BURN CHOLERA CARCASSES

Burial of Dead Animals Not Approved by Nebraska Station—Excellent Plan is Described.

The burial of hogs dying of cholera is not advised by the department of animal pathology at the Nebraska experiment station. The germs of the disease will last a long time in the earth under favorable conditions and are liable to cause a new outbreak. The safest way to dispose of a carcass is to burn it.

Burning may be easily accomplished in the following manner: Dig two trenches a few inches deep intersecting each other at right angles. At the intersection of these, cornstalks, cobs, or other fuel may be laid. Over the trenches may next be laid strips of metal to support the carcass. Before being placed over the supports, the abdominal and thoracic cavities should be opened and be liberally sprinkled with kerosene. Then the hog should be placed belly downward over the fuel. As soon as the material in the trenches is ignited, it will rapidly spread to the kerosene and fat and the body will be quickly consumed.

If a large iron wheel is handy, it may be substituted with good results for the trench and iron bars.

## IMPROVE YOUR POTATO SEED

Wisconsin Experiment Station Gives Six Excellent Rules for Farmers to Follow.

The Wisconsin experiment station tells the farmers of that state to improve their potato seed.

1. By co-operating with their neighbors in securing pure seed.

2. By planting this foundation stock by itself where it will not be mixed with other varieties.

3. By learning the vine and tuber characteristics of the variety one plants.

4. By discarding as seed all hills which do not have these characteristics.

5. By selecting seed for next year on the field at digging time.

6. By organizing the growers, dealers and others in your community who are interested in the development and improvement of its potato industry.

## TREATMENT OF COVER CROPS

Thoroughly Cut Up Clover or Other Crops With Disk Harrow Before Turning Over.

Never turn the clover or other crop under without first thoroughly cutting up with a disk harrow, as the material plowed under in a layer seriously interferes with the capillary action of the moisture in the soil. The effects of turning under in a layer are what is sometimes called scouring the soil with green maturing crops.

Double disk the cover crop two or three times with a sharp disk harrow before plowing; plow well by taking a narrow furrow and edging rather than inverting the furrow; then double disk the land again rather deeply, and no injurious effect will result however large the growth may be.

Bulls in Same Enclosure.

If deborned, bulls of the same or different ages may be safely kept in the same enclosure. When two bulls are kept in adjoining enclosures they should be separated by a strong, high board fence, so they are unable to see each other.

## KEEP SWINE HEALTHY

Scours in Pigs Often Caused by Improper Feeding.

To Correct Trouble Give Sow Dose of Sulphate of Iron in Her Slop—Keep Young Animals in Dry, Sunny Quarters.

(By A. S. ALEXANDER.)

When young nursing pigs begin to scour it is evident that the milk of the sow is disagreeing with them and immediate attention, therefore, should be directed toward improving her rations. Most often the trouble comes from overfeeding on corn, or other rich food, just after farrowing, and pigs of fat, flabby, cross, nervous, constipated sows are most apt to suffer. Sudden changes of food, or feeding sour swill, or food from dirty troughs also tend to cause diarrhea either in nursing pigs or those that have been weaned, and all such cases should be prevented or removed.

To correct scouring in nursing pigs, give the sow 15 to 20 grains of sulphate of iron (coppers) in her slop night and morning and, if necessary, slightly increase the doses until effective. Lime water may, with advantage, be freely mixed with the slop as a preventive when there is a tendency to derangement, or after the trouble has been checked, and also is an excellent corrective for weaned pigs showing a tendency to scour on slop or skimmed milk. When little pigs are scouring severely, each may be given a raw egg and five to ten grains of subnitrate of bismuth twice daily in addition to changing the food of the sow and mixing coppers in her slop. In cases which do not respond promptly to treatment, success may follow the administration of a dose of castor oil shaken up in milk.

In all cases it is important to set right all errors in diet and sanitation and to provide the pigs with dry, sunny, well-ventilated quarters. The derangement is most apt to occur

among pigs kept in insanitary conditions.

Inactivity of the bowels most often gives trouble in pregnant sows and other adult hogs when given too little exercise and too much rich food. In such animals the liver is torpid, the system feverish and the muscles and other organs overloaded with fat. Constipation seldom troubles where hogs are fed laxative foods, such as bran, flaxseed meal, roots or alfalfa during the winter season, and in addition are made to take abundant outdoor exercise.

In the common disease of young pigs known as rickets, there is enlargement, bending and distortion of the bones of the joints and limbs, and fractures of leg bones are not uncommon. The bones of the body in affected pigs lack their normal proportion of mineral material and have an excess of vegetable matter. The tendency to the disease is hereditary and most likely to be seen in closely inbred hogs or those of herds kept under insanitary conditions and long imperfectly nourished upon unbalanced rations. The excessive feeding of corn to generation after generation doubtless induces a weakness of constitution conducive to rickets and the disease may appear as a result of any aggravating circumstance productive of malnutrition.

BREEDING ONLY BEST CATTLE

Counterfeit Dairy Cow Has No Place on Pasture or in Feed Yard—Discard Poor Producers.

(By ROUD MCANN, Colorado Experiment Station.)

The development of the increasing demand for well-bred dairy cattle is based upon the recognition of the fact that under present production conditions, the counterfeit dairy cow has no place on the pasture or in the feed-yard.

During the past few years difficulty of replenishing and starting herds with good animals has confronted the dairy farmer at every turn. High feed bills have demonstrated the futility of expecting satisfactory returns when keeping poor producers, and the wideawake, progressive, businesslike dairymen are centering their demands on merit, of which there must be a greater supply to meet this demand. Foreign competition has created a well grounded impression that the most effective way of evading it is by greater production per animal and better products.

Silo Pays Well.

No building on the farm will pay better returns than a good silo, if properly built and filled on time, and in the right way.

Reduce Farm Drudgery.

The modern equipment in the way of litter carriers and feed carts reduces the drudgery of the barns to a minimum.

Prize-Winning Mule-Footed Hog.

Among pigs kept in insanitary conditions.

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