

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Next day, about lunch time, the countess, her children and attendants, arrived, with much chatter and importance. Sheila—by accident, of course—was just coming down the stairs as Lady Dalewater was ascending them.

There was a mutual start, and then a cordial greeting. Sheila was looking wonderfully pretty in her long sea-green mantle of bright color beneath her neat hat to match. Lady Dalewater was pleased to approve of her probable future sister-in-law.

"You here, Miss Fraser?" she exclaimed. "This is quite a delightful surprise. I pictured you in Mountberry, enjoying yourself."

"I was compelled to come to London on business matters, and," Sheila added, with a tiny sigh that did not escape Lady Dalewater's keen ears, "Mountberry is not particularly lively just now."

"Can you give me any news of my brother—is he really so dangerously hurt? Mamma is such an alarmist, you know."

Sheila assumed a sad, anxious look, although in reality she was not aware exactly how Jack was at that particular moment, and had never been very much frightened even at the verdict of the London doctors.

"I am afraid he is very ill," she said in a low voice.

Lady Dalewater did not seem much impressed.

"I hope you are not returning home immediately? No! Oh, that is delightful, and still more delightful that you should be staying here. You must come in and dine with me to-night. Mrs. Fraser is with you?"

Sheila explained that her chaperone was her cousin, Mrs. Watson.

"We shall remain in London for a little while," she said, "and I hope to see a great deal of you. Perhaps I may be able to prevail on you to come down to Dalewater House when I go back there. It will be very dull, my dear Sheila; but—"

"But my dear Sheila," would have gladly welcomed mouths of dullness to get such an invitation as this. Her spirits rose brilliantly, and she laid herself out to please Lady Dalewater.

Three days later the Earl of Dalewater arrived in London, and immediately, at his wife's instigation, went down to Mountberry to see how matters were, and the very same afternoon, as Sheila sat yawning over a novel by the fire, the door opened and Beverly Rochester was announced. She started up eagerly to greet him.

"Where have you been? I thought you were never coming back," she declared.

"I have been busy," he said. "I have not been wasting time, I assure you. You wonder what took me out of London? Well, I will tell you. I went down to see the last moments of poor Jack Anstruther. Yes, it sounds curious, doesn't it? But fate for some strange reason brought this man to our rescue just when we needed him."

"How can he help us?" asked Sheila, incredulously, although her face was flushing with excitement. "More especially if, as I understand you to infer, he is now dead?"

"You shall see, Miss Fraser. Anstruther met me out in Africa; he then went under another name. I always liked the man, there was something grim yet wonderful about him. When he found I was coming to England he gave me a packet of papers to bring to his lawyers; before delivering them I took the precaution of sounding these lawyers first, and as easily as possible I soon discovered my companion's real name. Needless to say, I did not deliver the papers, more especially when I found that Anstruther was in England, and supposed to be dying—he had evidently found his end coming, and rushed over to see Mrs. Fraser before he died. I at once traveled off to see him, and, of course, had to tell a few dozen lies or so to explain why I had done so. Fortunately, the man was too ill to protest or question much; all he asked all he wanted, was to see Constance Fraser, and confess the truth of his treachery toward her and his brother."

"And you call this helping us, Mr. Rochester?"

"As Roderick is dead, and did not confess to Mrs. Fraser, I certainly do. To please him I drew up a sort of written statement, which he managed to scrawl his name just at the very last. Here is the document. Shall I tell you what it contains, Miss Fraser?"

Sheila nodded her head.

"This is the last dying confession of Roderick Anstruther, in which he owns to having separated his brother from his wife for sheer malice, in which he also confesses that his brother's child did really die, and that the girl now living is the offspring of a secret marriage between himself and some country woman."

"And she is that really?" Sheila asked.

"No, certainly not. Audrey, according to her uncle's dying confession, is the child of Frank and Constance Anstruther. You forget, I am reading what I wrote, not what Roderick Anstruther told me to write."

"Well!" the girl said after this, as her brow cleared.

"This document then goes on to will the whole of the dead man's fortune and possessions to this aforesaid child on one condition, viz., that she become my wife before six months elapse; if she refuses, she is to be placed once more in the Female Orphan Asylum till some definite and equally disagreeable abode is found for her. You will see that I have been very careful and very explicit, Miss Fraser. I have left nothing undone that can possibly help us."

"You forget, she may always refuse," Sheila said, gloomily. "This is not what I had expected."

"I am not so nervous of failure," Beverly returned. "Audrey will be a rich woman if she becomes my wife, and her lot will not be an enviable one if she refuses."

"There is Mrs. Fraser to be faced," Sheila said. "Mrs. Fraser will cease to have any guardianship over the girl when this document is read."

"Who will be her guardian?" asked Sheila.

"I am left the sole and entire guardian of Miss Audrey Anstruther. To describe him was easy, to explain to the lawyers a trifle more difficult; but it was soon done. When you peruse this paper carefully you will see that the reason Roderick Anstruther reposes such trust in me is because a few years ago I saved his life at the risk of my own, and because we were firm and never parted friends out in Africa together. I give myself great credit for those two lies."

"It will be his salvation," declared Dr. Sentance to the duchess and Constance Fraser, as they sat together in poor Lord Ivorne's room. "Nothing could be better."

"Oh, Dr. Sentance! Then there is really some hope?" cried the poor mother, her haggard face lighting up into something like its former self.

Two days later the Earl of Dalewater came down to Mountberry unexpectedly. He was a plain, well-dignified, well-to-do man, who was ruled entirely by his wife, and he held forth on the impropriety of this terrible marriage in a manner worthy of his wife herself.

"Now that you are quite finished, George," said the duchess coldly, "I think the best thing you can do is to return to London and Gladys as soon as possible."

"Am I to understand that you turn me out?" he asked furiously. "Do you forget who I am?"

"I think it is I who should ask that question, Lord Dalewater," the duchess replied, rearing her head with dignity. "You have addressed me in a manner which I would never tolerate from my nearest and dearest. You have been pleased to pass censure on my actions, and vilify a young and lovely young girl who is my son's wife, and against whom neither you nor any one else can launch a single objection save that she has had an unhappy childhood, and that she is poor. My daughter Gladys should congratulate herself on the result of her schooling; you are an apt pupil, my lord."

"Your grace will please to understand that from to-day all intercourse between myself and my wife is at an end," the little man went on, getting quite insolent in his anger.

The duchess made no sign while her son-in-law ran on in his infuriated and insolent manner, but as the door opened and he came to an abrupt end, she turned on him.

"The carriage is ready, Lord Dalewater; you have really no time to lose."

Lord Dalewater's brows turned purple with suppressed fury; rage, insults rushed to his lips; but somehow the sight of the tall, commanding woman, regal in bearing and dignity, and the quick sense that she had conquered him, quelled the moment without a word or sign; he turned and strode out of the room.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XIII.

If she lived to be a hundred years, Audrey would never forget that scene. Her mother had come back from Craiglands deeply moved and agitated; and the girl's great, sorrowful eyes had asked the question her frozen lips could not frame.

Constance Fraser had drawn the slender form to her arms without a word at first. Words, indeed, were not easy. It was a strange thing that had happened; her brain reeled every now and then as it all came back to her. Constance Fraser kissed the sweet, quivering lips.

"Jack wants you; he wants you to stay with him always. Do you understand me, my darling?"

"He wants me to nurse him?" Audrey said simply, her every limb quivering with eagerness to be gone.

"To nurse, comfort and love him!" The mother's hand stroked back the soft locks. "Audrey, he has asked me to give you to him, as his wife."

A flood of color burned on each pale cheek, and then the girl paled again white as gain.

"As his wife?" she repeated, slowly; and then, more quickly, "Does he want me now?"

"As soon as every arrangement can be made, my own dearest. Does this frighten you, Audrey? A great shock at first, I am sure, but it is what you must do. If he wishes it, that is right. I am glad!" Then, catching suddenly at the two slender hands held out to her, "Mother, can I see him soon?"

"You shall go to him to-morrow, my darling. It will not do to excite him too much. The marriage ceremony will take place to-morrow, we hope. You must rest and take care of yourself, my little flower, my darling."

Audrey sat down as in a stupor. She did not half realize what was going to happen; she only knew that in a few short hours she would see him again, her hero, her beloved; that was joy enough to daze her; she could not grasp the fullness of it all at once.

It was his hand that clasped hers, and yet how changed. Audrey could not see the pale, weak, clear face for you to side and holds a big bunch of flowers for you to bury your face in by way of sampling, while another executes a flank movement on your unprotected side and drops some bruised petals into your coffee. When your face comes out of the flowers and you begin to sip your coffee, they both laugh and clap their hands and tell you not to be angry, as it is only a "costumbre del pueblo"—a custom of the village. Of course, you are not angry; and if you are not angry, you are sure to buy blue flowers from then on till train time at prices as lofty as their habitat. This blue flower craze doesn't hold you long, but while it lasts it would be cheaper to be an orchid farmer.

It is much cheaper, in fact, far more satisfactory in the long run, to buy deer than blue flowers; the deer you can ship in the baggage car, while the blue flowers require personal attention. And even if you enter Valparaiso with the deer in your arms your friends will not ask you if you were drugged into buying it. That's the trouble with the blue flowers—every one knows where you got them, and from whom you got them. They don't know how much it cost you to get them, except that it was a lot more than they are worth.—Los Angeles Times.

Sheila explained that her chaperone was her cousin, Mrs. Watson.

"We shall remain in London for a little while," she said, "and I hope to see a great deal of you. Perhaps I may be able to prevail on you to come down to Dalewater House when I go back there. It will be very dull, my dear Sheila; but—"

"But my dear Sheila," would have gladly welcomed mouths of dullness to get such an invitation as this. Her spirits rose brilliantly, and she laid herself out to please Lady Dalewater.

Three days later the Earl of Dalewater arrived in London, and immediately, at his wife's instigation, went down to Mountberry to see how matters were, and the very same afternoon, as Sheila sat yawning over a novel by the fire, the door opened and Beverly Rochester was announced. She started up eagerly to greet him.

"Where have you been? I thought you were never coming back," she declared.

"I have been busy," he said. "I have not been wasting time, I assure you. You wonder what took me out of London? Well, I will tell you. I went down to see the last moments of poor Jack Anstruther. Yes, it sounds curious, doesn't it? But fate for some strange reason brought this man to our rescue just when we needed him."

"How can he help us?" asked Sheila, incredulously, although her face was flushing with excitement. "More especially if, as I understand you to infer, he is now dead?"

"You shall see, Miss Fraser. Anstruther met me out in Africa; he then went under another name. I always liked the man, there was something grim yet wonderful about him. When he found I was coming to England he gave me a packet of papers to bring to his lawyers; before delivering them I took the precaution of sounding these lawyers first, and as easily as possible I soon discovered my companion's real name. Needless to say, I did not deliver the papers, more especially when I found that Anstruther was in England, and supposed to be dying—he had evidently found his end coming, and rushed over to see Mrs. Fraser before he died. I at once traveled off to see him, and, of course, had to tell a few dozen lies or so to explain why I had done so. Fortunately, the man was too ill to protest or question much; all he asked all he wanted, was to see Constance Fraser, and confess the truth of his treachery toward her and his brother."

"And you call this helping us, Mr. Rochester?"

"As Roderick is dead, and did not confess to Mrs. Fraser, I certainly do. To please him I drew up a sort of written statement, which he managed to scrawl his name just at the very last. Here is the document. Shall I tell you what it contains, Miss Fraser?"

Sheila nodded her head.

"This is the last dying confession of Roderick Anstruther, in which he owns to having separated his brother from his wife for sheer malice, in which he also confesses that his brother's child did really die, and that the girl now living is the offspring of a secret marriage between himself and some country woman."

"And she is that really?" Sheila asked.

"No, certainly not. Audrey, according to her uncle's dying confession, is the child of Frank and Constance Anstruther. You forget, I am reading what I wrote, not what Roderick Anstruther told me to write."

"Well!" the girl said after this, as her brow cleared.

"This document then goes on to will the whole of the dead man's fortune and possessions to this aforesaid child on one condition, viz., that she become my wife before six months elapse; if she refuses, she is to be placed once more in the Female Orphan Asylum till some definite and equally disagreeable abode is found for her. You will see that I have been very careful and very explicit, Miss Fraser. I have left nothing undone that can possibly help us."

"You forget, she may always refuse," Sheila said, gloomily. "This is not what I had expected."

"I am not so nervous of failure," Beverly returned. "Audrey will be a rich woman if she becomes my wife, and her lot will not be an enviable one if she refuses."

"There is Mrs. Fraser to be faced," Sheila said. "Mrs. Fraser will cease to have any guardianship over the girl when this document is read."

"Who will be her guardian?" asked Sheila.

"I am left the sole and entire guardian of Miss Audrey Anstruther. To describe him was easy, to explain to the lawyers a trifle more difficult; but it was soon done. When you peruse this paper carefully you will see that the reason Roderick Anstruther reposes such trust in me is because a few years ago I saved his life at the risk of my own, and because we were firm and never parted friends out in Africa together. I give myself great credit for those two lies."

"It will be his salvation," declared Dr. Sentance to the duchess and Constance Fraser, as they sat together in poor Lord Ivorne's room. "Nothing could be better."

"Oh, Dr. Sentance! Then there is really some hope?" cried the poor mother, her haggard face lighting up into something like its former self.

Two days later the Earl of Dalewater came down to Mountberry unexpectedly. He was a plain, well-dignified, well-to-do man, who was ruled entirely by his wife, and he held forth on the impropriety of this terrible marriage in a manner worthy of his wife herself.

"Now that you are quite finished, George," said the duchess coldly, "I think the best thing you can do is to return to London and Gladys as soon as possible."

"Am I to understand that you turn me out?" he asked furiously. "Do you forget who I am?"

"I think it is I who should ask that question, Lord Dalewater," the duchess replied, rearing her head with dignity. "You have addressed me in a manner which I would never tolerate from my nearest and dearest. You have been pleased to pass censure on my actions, and vilify a young and lovely young girl who is my son's wife, and against whom neither you nor any one else can launch a single objection save that she has had an unhappy childhood, and that she is poor. My daughter Gladys should congratulate herself on the result of her schooling; you are an apt pupil, my lord."

"Your grace will please to understand that from to-day all intercourse between myself and my wife is at an end," the little man went on, getting quite insolent in his anger.

The duchess made no sign while her son-in-law ran on in his infuriated and insolent manner, but as the door opened and he came to an abrupt end, she turned on him.

"The carriage is ready, Lord Dalewater; you have really no time to lose."

Lord Dalewater's brows turned purple with suppressed fury; rage, insults rushed to his lips; but somehow the sight of the tall, commanding woman, regal in bearing and dignity, and the quick sense that she had conquered him, quelled the moment without a word or sign; he turned and strode out of the room.

(To be continued.)

He was a plain, well-dignified, well-to-do man, who was ruled entirely by his wife, and he held forth on the impropriety of this terrible marriage in a manner worthy of his wife herself.

"Now that you are quite finished, George," said the duchess coldly, "I think the best thing you can do is to return to London and Gladys as soon as possible."

"Am I to understand that you turn me out?" he asked furiously. "Do you forget who I am?"

"I think it is I who should ask that question, Lord Dalewater," the duchess replied, rearing her head with dignity. "You have addressed me in a manner which I would never tolerate from my nearest and dearest. You have been pleased to pass censure on my actions, and vilify a young and lovely young girl who is my son's wife, and against whom neither you nor any one else can launch a single objection save that she has had an unhappy childhood, and that she is poor. My daughter Gladys should congratulate herself on the result of her schooling; you are an apt pupil, my lord."

"Your grace will please to understand that from to-day all intercourse between myself and my wife is at an end," the little man went on, getting quite insolent in his anger.

The duchess made no sign while her son-in-law ran on in his infuriated and insolent manner, but as the door opened and he came to an abrupt end, she turned on him.

"The carriage is ready, Lord Dalewater; you have really no time to lose."

Lord Dalewater's brows turned purple with suppressed fury; rage, insults rushed to his lips; but somehow the sight of the tall, commanding woman, regal in bearing and dignity, and the quick sense that she had conquered him, quelled the moment without a word or sign; he turned and strode out of the room.

(To be continued.)

He was a plain, well-dignified, well-to-do man, who was ruled entirely by his wife, and he held forth on the impropriety of this terrible marriage in a manner worthy of his wife herself.

"Now that you are quite finished, George," said the duchess coldly, "I think the best thing you can do is to return to London and Gladys as soon as possible."

"Am I to understand that you turn me out?" he asked furiously. "Do you forget who I am?"

"I think it is I who should ask that question, Lord Dalewater," the duchess replied, rearing her head with dignity. "You have addressed me in a manner which I would never tolerate from my nearest and dearest. You have been pleased to pass censure on my actions, and vilify a young and lovely young girl who is my son's wife, and against whom neither you nor any one else can launch a single objection save that she has had an unhappy childhood, and that she is poor. My daughter Gladys should congratulate herself on the result of her schooling; you are an apt pupil, my lord."

"Your grace will please to understand that from to-day all intercourse between myself and my wife is at an end," the little man went on, getting quite insolent in his anger.

The duchess made no sign while her son-in-law ran on in his infuriated and insolent manner, but as the door opened and he came to an abrupt end, she turned on him.

"The carriage is ready, Lord Dalewater; you have really no time to lose."

Lord Dalewater's brows turned purple with suppressed fury; rage, insults rushed to his lips; but somehow the sight of the tall, commanding woman, regal in bearing and dignity, and the quick sense that she had conquered him, quelled the moment without a word or sign; he turned and strode out of the room.

(To be continued.)

He was a plain, well-dignified, well-to-do man, who was ruled entirely by his wife, and he held forth on the impropriety of this terrible marriage in a manner worthy of his wife herself.

"Now that you are quite finished, George," said the duchess coldly, "I think the best thing you can do is to return to London and Gladys as soon as possible."

"Am I to understand that you turn me out?" he asked furiously. "Do you forget who I am?"

"I think it is I who should ask that question, Lord Dalewater," the duchess replied, rearing her head with dignity. "You have addressed me in a manner which I would never tolerate from my nearest and dearest. You have been pleased to pass censure on my actions, and vilify a young and lovely young girl who is my son's wife, and against whom neither you nor any one else can launch a single objection save that she has had an unhappy childhood, and that she is poor. My daughter Gladys should congratulate herself on the result of her schooling; you are an apt pupil, my lord."

"Your grace will please to understand that from to-day all intercourse between myself and my wife is at an end," the little man went on, getting quite insolent in his anger.

The duchess made no sign while her son-in-law ran on in his infuriated and insolent manner, but as the door opened and he came to an abrupt end, she turned on him.

"The carriage is ready, Lord Dalewater; you have really no time to lose."

Lord Dalewater's brows turned purple with suppressed fury; rage, insults rushed to his lips; but somehow the sight of the tall, commanding woman, regal in bearing and dignity, and the quick sense that she had conquered him, quelled the moment without a word or sign; he turned and strode out of the room.

(To be continued.)

FARMS AND FARMERS

Growing Fruit.

Larger areas are annually being devoted to fruit. As the demand for fruit increases it is apparent that new fields are opening in those sections not adapted for special farming or stock raising. Steady hillside that are now unprofitable can be made to blossom with each returning spring. The grape will grow on soils that refuse nourishment to cereal crops, and the blackberry is successfully grown on the lightest sands. With all the boast of favored sections, there is not a state that averages the net profit per acre that is possible with small fruits. Lands that will not grow a blade of grass pay the grower in pears, blackberries and raspberries, and the better qualities of soil produce the best of strawberries. If there is a failure in growing fruit, it is sometimes due to carelessness of the grower. Trees and vines, like anything else, must receive the care and attention of the grower, must be properly cultivated and pruned and the fruit judiciously prepared for market. The curculio must be fought, the borer killed and the miller and caterpillar destroyed. If the work is well done, and the grower is patient, his excellent opportunity for enterprising fruit growers to increase their profits by producing fruit of the best quality. Low prices occur at times because the market is oversupplied with inferior fruit, but there is always a good demand for that which is choice, and at good prices.

Fresh Air for Poultry.

The poultry manager of the Canada experiment station, A. G. Gilbert, has recently published a summary of extended experiments in poultry feeding and breeding from which the following notes are taken. Hens kept in cold quarters and fed heavily produced eggs with strong germs which hatched well. On the other hand, poultry kept in artificially warmed houses laid eggs with weak germs which hatched weak chickens. The results were considered in favor of fresh air and plenty of it even if it was cold. In a study of the duration of fertilization after the removal of the male bird, records were kept of the number of eggs which hatched or which were shown to be fertile. The last trace of fertility was noticed seven days after separation. The unfertilized eggs had superior keeping qualities, so the author recommends that as a rule male birds should not be kept with hens dependent upon for market eggs. Experience showed that where there is a variety in rations and care in them, and sufficient floor space, there is little likelihood of egg eating or feather picking. Steamed lawn clippings were fed to the station poultry three or four times a week and eaten with evident relish. Clover leaves treated in the same way were also much liked.

Horse Doomed Again.

Edison says he has solved the electric motor problem at last—solved it some time ago, in fact; but the material he found suitable for cheap and effective storage batteries—cobalt—was too scarce to be used commercially for the purpose. But by diligent search ample deposits have been found, and now a motor will be made so cheap that no other agency for moving vehicles of any kind will be used.

Nut Yonkers to Kill Hawks.

Mrs. Emma Vaught writes Farm and Ranch that for fourteen years she has been feeding nut yonkers to young chickens to kill hawks, and finds that the remedy is a good one. She says: "It will not hurt the chicks at all, for I never have lost a chick from its use, if everybody would use it the hawk could be all exterminated in one season and we would not have any further trouble with them. I give directions for feeding the nut yonkers for every twenty spoonful of nut yonkers for every twenty spoonful of chick feed. It will not hurt the chicks at all. It will all out of the chicks' system in nine days, so there is no danger in using the chickens for table food."

Study the Cow's Needs.

Each individual in the herd should be studied and given the care that she requires for best production, says Farm Journal.

Two sisters stood side by side in a herd. One required bulky, light food to cause her to do her best. The other required more concentrated food with less bulk.

No herd of cows can ever be really profitable unless they receive just this careful attention.

Controlling Growth of Cabbages.

Some gardeners practice a method of stopping the bursting of too rapidly growing cabbage heads. The idea is to check the root growth, which is sending too much sap into the head. Either some of the roots are cut away or else the roots are somewhat loosened by pulling the cabbage partly out of the ground. Either plan will check growth sufficiently to save the cabbage.

Subsoiling.

It is urged in favor of subsoiling that the land improves every year, although it may have been subsoiled once. In viewing the effects it should be in the light of injurious effects are recovery, as no injurious effects are noticed at any time. It is also claimed that if a narrow roller should follow the subsoil plow, so as to compact the soil, after the subsoil plow has passed, the capacity to hold water would be greatly increased and the benefits of subsoiling be more immediate.

Blue Flowers of the Andes.

How Pretty Girls Sell the Blossoms to Mountain Travelers.

Some of the smaller of the railroad towns of Chile are well worth braving a trip by the slow train to see. There is one I remember in particular, situated near the summit of the divide between the valleys of the Maipo and Llal Llal, where the great mountain blue flowers and the little Andean deer are brought down.

The strangely beautiful blue flower of the Cordillera blossoms only for a few weeks in the spring, at which time it is gathered high up at the snow line by the lithesome village maidens and brought down to the train to sell. The petals, blue as the sky, are as delicate, soft and pliable as the palm of a fine kid glove, and resist tearing almost as strongly. If a petal is twisted and wrung between the fingers it exudes a drop of liquid possessing a most powerful and penetrating, but thoroughly pleasing odor. This juice is as strong as a flavoring extract, and a drop of it will give a perceptible taste to a gallon of water, from which arises a practice in witchery by the wily mountain maids.

They wait until you are finishing your breakfast, when one slips up to your side and holds a big bunch of flowers for you to bury your face in by way of sampling, while another executes a flank movement on your unprotected side and drops some bruised petals into your coffee. When your face comes out of the flowers and you begin to sip your coffee, they both laugh and clap their hands and tell you not to be angry, as it is only a "costumbre del pueblo"—a custom of the village. Of course, you are not angry; and if you are not angry, you are sure to buy blue flowers from then on till train time at prices as lofty as their habitat. This blue flower craze doesn't hold you long, but while it lasts it would be cheaper to be an orchid farmer.

It is much cheaper, in fact, far more satisfactory in the long run, to buy deer than blue flowers; the deer you can ship in the baggage car, while the blue flowers require personal attention. And even if you enter Valparaiso with the deer in your arms your friends will not ask you if you were drugged into buying it. That's the trouble with the blue flowers—every one knows where you got them, and from whom you got them. They don't know how much it cost you to get them, except that it was a lot more than they are worth.—Los Angeles Times.

Patience Pleas Not Lost.

Governor Folk once told of a lawyer in Arkansas who was defending a young man of notorious record. Ignoring the record, however, the counsel proceeded to draw a harrowing picture of the white-haired, aged father in St. Louis, awaiting anxiously the return of the prodigal son to spend the Christmas holidays with him. "Have you the hearts," declaimed the lawyer to the jury, "to deprive the poor old man of this happiness?"

The jury, however, found the prisoner guilty. Before passing sentence the judge called for the prisoner's jail record and after a careful examination of the same he blandly observed: "I find that this prisoner has some five previous convictions against him. Nevertheless, I am happy to state that the learned counsel's appeal will not remain unanswered, for I shall commit the prisoner to the Little Rock Jail, where, at the present moment, his aged parent is serving a term of ten years, so that father and son will be enabled to pass the ensuing Christmas under one roof."

Willing Victim.

Mayme—I made an election bet with Jack, and I won.

Edyth—Did he pay up?

Mayme—Yes, indeed. He paid double.

Edyth—Foolish boy!

Mayme—Oh, I don't know. We bet kisses.

Machine Made.

"What do political machines manufacture, pa?"

"Bolts, Bobby."—Kansas City Times.

Luxuries of the Farm.

The annual products of dairy, of fruit and vegetable raising and of poultry keeping aggregated nearly \$2,000,000,000 in farmers' hands in 1905, or three-tenths of the gross value of all farm products, and these particular products belong to the class of those for which there is a tendency of demand to be greater than supply. In the case of none of these products is there a desired quantity satisfactory in quality obtainable by consumers at moderate prices.

ENGLAND'S NEW \$20,000,000 HOSPITAL FOR DAMAGED WARSHIPS.



ENTRANCE LOCK TO NEW NAVAL DOCKS AT DEVONPORT.

England's new naval works here shown have made Devonport the best equipped and largest war port in the world. They include a fine tidal basin, with an entrance direct from the Humber, and a closed basin, which has been provided with an entrance from the Humber, which can be used for dry docking men of war. Devonport has now three new docks, which can take even the biggest men of war, apart from the entrance lock. It need hardly be pointed out that the final issue of naval warfare depends to a considerable extent on the rapidity with which the opposing nations can refit and replace on the active list battle ships and other war vessels damaged by the enemy. Thus the north extension of the dockyard at Devonport, which was opened by the Prince of Wales recently, must be reckoned among England's most valuable naval assets. The closed basin has an area of thirty-five acres; the extension covers nearly 120 acres. The total cost of the new work was about \$4,500,000.

PAPER RUINED BY GERMS.

Microbes Spot the Surface and as Last Wreck the Fabric.

Germany has been looking into the question why paper does not last forever and has come to the conclusion that its decay is largely due to bacteria. They not only injure the texture but destroy the color.

Conquest of the Great American Desert

The great Roosevelt dam in Arizona is nearing completion. Within a few months this colossal bar of masonry will choke the gap between the mountain, and the city bearing the President's name. 284 feet below its crest, will gradually be engulfed by the inrush of waters which will, when the huge reservoir is filled, form the largest artificial lake in the world. More than 200,000 acres of fertile farm land will spread out below the lake to replace what is now a desolate desert; thousands of families will prosper in the midst of plenty, on soil which hitherto supported no living thing but sagebrush and lizards, and generations of happy Americans will bless the reclamation act which enabled the engineers to work such wonders in the "land that God forgot."

While the government is doing the work the homesteader will, in time, pay back to the government every cent that has been expended for him, but the payments will be extended over a period of years and he will be charged no interest. As soon as the irrigation works are completed and the precious water is available for the use of the farmers the land benefited must be paid to make returns, and it is expected that ten annual installments from each water user will settle the bill.

The irrigation funds given into the hands of the reclamation service by Congress came first from the sale of public lands in the arid States, but after the various projects become operative the annual repayment installments will continue the maintenance and the construction of new water plants.

There are twenty-five great irrigation projects now under construction, and when these are developed to their full extent it is estimated that no less than 3,108,000 acres of desert will be reclaimed. Add to these thirteen other projects which are now being held in abeyance pending the completion of some of the first twenty-five, which will reclaim 3,270,000 acres more, and we have a grand total of 6,488,000 acres of waste changed as if by magic to a garden for gods and men.

The twenty-five engineering projects now under construction will cost \$90,000,000 when completed, and will reclaim an area of land equal to the crop acreage of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Florida, but in New Hampshire and Florida, but in those comparatively more fertile than the States. All told, it is estimated, the newly created farm area will add \$232,000,000 to the taxable value of the States, and will furnish homes for 80,000 families on farms and in villages and towns. The work of the reclamation service has been in progress only five years, and early in 1908 the greatest project of the list, the Roosevelt dam, will be completed.

About all that is known of the Roosevelt dam in the east is that it is a barrier thrown across the Salt River Canyon in Arizona. Some have heard that the town of Roosevelt, in the valley that is to become the bed of the great artificial lake, was built there only to be destroyed when its usefulness ended, and that where now are schools and stores and homes in a few months will be found nothing but the element in which fishes dwell and the desert needs so much. This is literally true. As soon as the dam is moved their belongings, even to the houses in which they live, to other parts and the powerful gates of steel will let the waters in. Within a few weeks there will be more than 200 feet depth of water above the dam and the newest form of blue upon the map of the United States, the latest lake, will stretch its length of twenty-five miles upstream and its breadth of two miles between the giant notch that separates the hills.

Never Thought of Love.

Visitor (at studio)—I do not see how an artist could paint such a beautiful woman without falling in love with her.

Great Artist—I assure you, madam, that while painting that picture I never thought of love.

Yes, you see, the model was my wife.

"Is it possible?"—Tit-Bits.

All Statements Calculated to Hurt Foreign Nations Are Cut Out.

In the bureau of trade relations the consular reports are carefully read and, when necessary, so revised as to eliminate everything unsuitable for publication from the standpoint of the interests of the government, says the Atlantic. Not infrequently a report is of such character as to make it inexpedient to publish any portion. In which case it is filed in toto in the archives of the department of state for future reference. All statements in the reports calculated to cause adverse criticism in a foreign country, or to bring about diplomatic representations on the part of another government, or to embarrass the administration of any executive branch of our government are omitted from the material transmitted to the department of commerce and labor for publication.

Under the head of matter that is objectionable because of its probable effect in a foreign country come slighting allusions to any nationality or race; adverse criticism, even implied, of the political, social, or religious institutions; disparaging statements in regard to the enforcement of the laws; charges of dishonesty and inefficiency of the officials, etc. In short, anything that reflects on the integrity and efficiency of the foreign administration, or that might offend the sensitivities of the people of the country, is eliminated in the state department, which is, of course, the best judge of the diplomatic propriety.

Handicapped.

"Alas," moaned the leopard, "I can't sneak out of reiterations any more. I'm always spotted."—Harvard Lampoon.