

# WICKLY'S WOODS

By H. W. TAYLOR

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Dropping his gloves upon the outspread map, and with an exclamation of unmistakable astonishment and delight, Mason Huntley sprang forward and seized the outstretched hand in his own. And then, while both were speaking so that neither could understand the other, he threw his arm about her, and seeing something in her eyes that at least did not repel him, he bent his head impulsively and pressed his lips against hers, and to hers, that were very perceptibly turned toward him and pouted in the prettiest concession imaginable. John Wickly looked on in the greatest astonishment, set off and illuminated with a half sarcastic smile of enjoyment.

"I don't care," said Liszy, still holding Mr. Huntley's hand in her own, and plainly intending to prevent him from dropping the encircling arm from her shoulder, as she half turned her head with a rosy flush upon her face and some pretty drops of shining tears in her eyes, and along the under lashes, while a smile of enchanting mingled shame and self-vindication lighted up her face like a halo about an angel's head. "I don't care! He's treated me dreadfully—I mean horribly, since I've been here in the city. And I'm going to know why, before I let go of your hand sir!" she continued, turning away from her father, and shaking her brown curls that hung so charmingly out from under her hat and down a little way upon the sides of her face.

"If that's it," said Mr. Wickly, with a sort of quivering shuddering of his shoulders, "I think I'll step out and see if those horses are standing all right. They might run away and leave us, you know. And then I can't be of any use whatever in this sort of an investigation," and he turned and went out, his daughter calling after him:

"You needn't, sir! I don't care if you are here. I shall say just what I've got to say, anyhow. Now, tell me what you meant by it, Mr. Huntley. Why did you tell me you would see me soon, if it were in your power, and then have me right here in the city for weeks and weeks, passing me on the streets every day without a word or a look, or anything to indicate that you had ever had even a passing acquaintance with me? Wasn't it your place to come to me at once? Or, if you had any doubts about my treatment of you, couldn't you write to me? Do you think it was my place to chase you all over the city and hunt you down, without even a trace of you? Couldn't you even do so much to facilitate the search as to leave a hint of your whereabouts, upon which I could begin? Suppose I hadn't found you at all; would you have persisted in staying away forever?"

There was enough light from the afternoon sun coming in at the west and southwest windows of the room to throw a very effective gleam upon the lovely form of Liszy Wickly, clad in a pale brown silk that shed its soft sheen along every line and curve. It had never been so richly dressed. She had never been so richly dressed. And there was, in the heightened effect of her charming dress upon her always pleasing face and figure, that best of all excuses for the very richest dresses that any woman can afford to wear. He stood a moment without a word, but with his eyes telling volumes eloquent with admiration, as they flew rapidly from the brown plumes in her darker brown silk hat, that framed her fresh, ruddy face so charmingly, with its broad, brown satin strings, tied in an elegant bow under her dimpled chin; down the sloping shoulders, with the line of faintly glittering light reflected from the silk threads, changing its direction as the bosom rose and fell in quick, sharp undulations of excitement and delight. Ah! W. Mason Huntley! If ever there were a pretty, straightforward, frank and fearless daughter of the Wahash, well worthy of the admiration, the respect and the love of a good man, for those qualities that enabled her to throw aside the conventionalities and go thus boldly into the city, to chase you down and take you to task for your neglect and misfeasance, then this is one!

"And have you actually been hunting me all the time?" he murmured, delightedly. "Have you actually felt that I have mistreated you in not going at once to see you? Have you had time in all the rush and hurry of the last two months, to think about me long enough to make real search for me?"

He stopped to kiss her again and again, just as she was opening her pretty curled lips to reply—and so frustrating the reply for a full twenty seconds.

"You know I have," she says, putting up her gloved hand to prevent another frustration of her reply. "I'm sure now, that you knew of it on the very first day that I chased you, and lost you behind a barricade of wagons. If I had known just what your scheme was, sir, I shouldn't have hunted you a step." And she slaps his face and then pulls it down to cure the blow with a kiss that heals like magic. "But you haven't told me one reason for your abstinence—and a good one, too. No more shallow excuses will do. What was it?" She looked very eagerly and brightly expectant into his eyes.

"You know already. You know as well as I had said it in every possible form of phraseology," he retorted, laughingly.

"But I want you to tell it, even if I do know it. And can you pretend to read a young woman's thoughts in such an off-hand manner? Or to presume upon my ability to read the purposes of such an arch impersonator and dissembler as you? Why in the world did you ever put on that ugly brown wig, Mr. Huntley? Now, there wasn't a particle of reason in that, you must confess. But go on and tell me first, why you didn't come to me at the hotel. Or before I came away from Sandtown, even." He stopped a little and kissed her again before he replied.

"I wanted you to see and mingle with the best people of the city. I wanted you to feel free to form any opinion of them, or of any one of them, without hindrance from me in any way. I knew that you felt sure of my love and devo-

tion. I wanted you also to feel sure of your own. You remember that you said to me on that night in the woods that it might be my just punishment that you should not be able to tell whether you loved an ideal or a real man? You remember? I thought of that almost every hour, and wondered if I were to be punished by such a misadventure of all my plans."

"Ah, you cunning fellow, you! I suppose you didn't know that to surround yourself with all this mystery and difficulty was the best of all methods to make me think of nobody else? Why, it was equal to parental dissent, I verily believe! Of course, none of the attractive young gentlemen whom I have met here had the slightest chance against all your mystery. But I'm really a little doubtful of you yet. Father's coming in now, and you must get into the cab with us, and go down to the hotel. I have hours of business conversation to be held with you, in relation to my numerous and important financial transactions. And I know of no one whom I could so complacently put in charge of my wealth as the man who put me in charge of it."

What a ride it was, to be sure! Bud Elliot, knowing by intuition, or perhaps by experience, just what was required of him, saw his party of three safely in the cab, and then concerning himself about nothing beyond making this the longest possible trip to the hotel, drove slowly down one street and across and up another, taking the party past all the prettiest and loveliest and grandest residences, and by every object of interest that he could think of, well knowing that nobody save John Wickly himself would be, by any probability within his comprehension, likely to see these sights.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

In fact, the two lovers were in that state of ecstatic somnambulism in which, with eyes and ears wide open, they are able to see absolutely nothing, besides each other, and to hear no sounds save the murmured words that passed between themselves, to the perfect and utter exclusion of everybody else. Listening, as anybody in the world will listen, to the cooing of real lovers, and looking at them alight through the wicket, as anybody in the world will look at real lovers, Bud Elliot could see and hear almost all that could have been seen and heard by John Wickly, leaning back on the front seat, in the shadow so deep as to be in effect absent, and therefore not at all in the way.

"There appeared to be some real excuse for my designs and my impersonation of a fictitious individual," Mr. Huntley was saying, as his left arm fitted itself snugly into a comfortable support for her head, where his hand could lie protectively, carelessly upon her left shoulder without the slightest inconvenience to anybody. "You see the other debt held the mortgages as collateral for a part of the Farmers' Bank. And by some means they had gotten a hint of the existence of coal veins under your land. I was employed by our company to go and make a thorough investigation of the whole matter as secretly and quickly as possible. Fortunately for us and for you, the other company was not impressed with the value of the deposit to the extent of inducing them to act very promptly. And consequently my work was almost completed when they began their survey that revealed to them the great value of the deposit. Then came stratagem and strife. Both companies had obtained right of way, save some formalities on the part of our opponents that enabled us to claim exclusive right up to that time; and not only to put down our track, but to prevent them from putting down theirs. By means of my character of geologist, and my brown wig, I could come and go between the field of my explorations and the central office of the company without arousing suspicion. On the evening of the hurricane, you remember?"

"I have never forgotten it for a moment. I shall never forget it. I shall always love a storm of wind and rain so long as I live," she interrupts, leaning her brown silk hat down against his cheek in a way that everybody openly derides, and secretly applauds and envies. The protecting and caressing left hand upon her left shoulder beats a little tattoo of grateful applause.

"That evening I discovered that our adversary had become aware of what was going forward, and had prepared to outbid me for the land. It was necessary to go back and present all the facts that went to show the actual great value of the deposit, and get authority, and perhaps means, for a large advance upon the original sum I had been authorized to offer. I found some difficulty, and experienced a vexatious delay in this branch of the work. And when I was finally ready, I found a force of armed men to oppose our rightful entry upon the land, and so was compelled to meet force with force. A bloody conflict was probably avoided by the timely and determined interposition of old Coonrod Redden, who, when he discovered that some one else had been at the bottom of the troubles of the Sandtown Farmers' Bank, and that I was not at all to blame, took part with us very heartily and saved us from a very formidable peril in the shape of the militia of Big Rattlesnake Creek and Reeffoot Pond. And now you know all the mysteries of the geological survey of Wickly's Woods."

Not many days after there was a great stir at Sandtown; this time not at all a military nor financial excitement. Quite the reverse. The Sandtown Brass Band was out in full uniform, and the Mount Zion Double Quartet Club were out, too, in an open wagon, and there was the whole available population of Sandtown and its immediate vicinity, gathered about the little new railroad station.

As the train from the city pulled in upon the sidetrack, the band, followed by a little signal blown by the leader, the young Doc Dikes, upon his cornet, struck up a very popular air of those days, and very appropriate to the occasion, in which every instrument save the base

dram had a turn at a bit of solo based upon "Haste to the Wedding."

Then the bridal party got off the car, and was instantly surrounded by the whole crowd, in the center of which the tall, angular form of Coonrod Redden could be seen, a head above the tallest.

"Howdy, Mason! Howdy, Liszy! Orto call you Miss Huntley, now, I 'low. Wash yuh much joy, both av yuh! By gum! I nudder no more thought uh sich a theng thun I thought uh gittun maidr muhself. By gum! I didn't. But Mason, you needn't to ciper on go-un away from San-town to live, un uh tekku the purtiest un smartest g-yurl they is about h-yur away from usse. We've got us fur you h-yur, I kin tell yuh, my good feller! Un we han't uh go-un to let yuh off, nuther. Drive thattalk calgre roun' h-yur, fellers! Chasteer! That's hit! Now, clam on thar, Liszy! Mason! H-yur's yur father un mother, right on thar. Lots a room! Now, soon's tham fellers git ready to let the elub seng, we'll pull out for ar house. We's a go-un to have the bustumest infair yuh ever see, Liszy! By gum; uvverbody an Redden townshp's thar, by this time. There goes the sengers. 'At's Clumburse sengan tenor thataway! You kin h-yur 'im a mile av a clur evenun, when the wind han't uh blowun. Listen at thum Reeffoot Pon' fellers uh yelun. Yuh can't h-yur yurselfes fur 'um."

What a triumphal march down the Overcoat road, from the station to Coonrod Redden's house! What waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and what yells and screeches! There was just that element of the ludicrous, that tint of absurdity, in this noisy demonstration that made it doubly acceptable to the fun-loving Sandtowners. It was an unexpected demonstration, and so had the features of a huge and successful practical joke which the Hoosier loves so well; while it served as an ample opportunity for all to join in a public exhibition of respect and admiration, which the true Hoosier delights to make in honor of any citizen who, in any walk of life, attains distinction and so reflects luster upon his native State, or his adopted town and country.

"There's the Woods," Liszy whispers to Mr. Huntley's ear. He turns, and glances off from the Overcoat road that branches off from the Overcoat road and winds away into the recesses of the forest, now beginning to exchange its gay green coat for a mantle of brown, trimmed with knots and fringes of yellow, and cardinal and purple.

"My darling wife," he whispers, "I want to keep that little, leuc brier-fringed road just as it is, so long as you shall love me."

(The end.)

## WHEN A REINDEER IS ANGRY

He Will Try to Paw a Man to Death Without Mercy or Reason.

We were forced to wait three days after it had stopped snowing for a crust to form so that we could travel again. It was with many misgivings that we began the last half of the journey, since the snow was now very deep and the danger of our sinking into drifts was great. To add to our general feeling of fear, the reindeer behaved very badly and were exceedingly unruly. The wind had moderated somewhat, but it was still intensely cold.

We had traveled half the day without any serious mishap and were beginning to forget our fears at starting out, when we sped merrily down a mountain side, singing and halloing at the top of our voices, and ran into a gulch and stuck there. The songs stopped in our throats, and we sprang to our feet to sink waist deep in the drifts that had entrapped us.

Every movement of our bodies sank us deeper in the snow drifts, and the infuriated reindeer, finding themselves caught in the banked-up snow, almost to their haunches, turned upon us and would have pawed us to death but for the forethought of Ooslik, who, seeing our danger, sprang forward and, hoisting the overturned pulks in his strong arms, brought them down over our heads and shoulders and pinned us out of sight in the snow.

We heard the hoofs of Uncle Ben beating on the pulk's side as he pawed up the snow in his efforts to get at us, and if we had not held to the straps and had not kept the pulk over us he would have tossed it into the air with one sweep of his horns and would still have had his bout with us, in which case we should have been helpless and completely at his mercy.

For the first time we had occasion to see how fierce an angry reindeer can be. When he was convinced that he could not reach us Uncle Ben turned upon Ooslik, and we heard the Eskimo shouting and clucking the deer as he ran in and out of the pulks in a swift circuit, pursued by the bellowing reindeer.

We spent an exciting half hour under the pulks, with the hoofs of the deer rattling like hail on the frozen boards, and then the unusual commotion ceased all at once, for the reindeer had found a lichen bed. In a jiffy they were pawing up the snow in their hurry to get at the succulent moss, and we were forgotten.

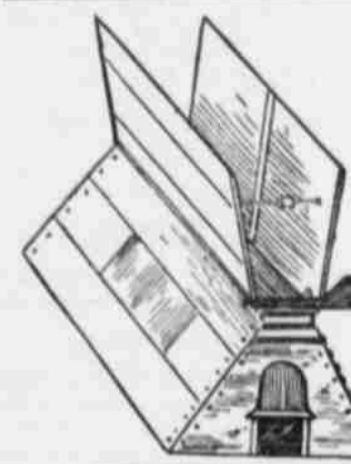
Amalik and Ooslik lifted the pulks from our heads and dug us up out of the snow and set us on our feet. By the time the reindeer had eaten themselves into a passable humor Amalik and Ooslik led them back to the pulks.

We had four hours of traveling before we came in sight of the corral that had sent us the reindeer from Eaton Station. As soon as the deer scented the well-known corral they quickened their strides so that we reached the station before it was quite dark, and crawled from the sleds with a deep feeling of relief, glad beyond measure to be at home after the perils of our protracted journey.—St. Nicholas.

In India the power given off by a motor is sometimes expressed in elephant equivalents, a twenty-two horse motor being described as a three elephant power vehicle.



**Good Chicken Coop.**  
This is especially valuable for raising early chicks. One and two are two common window glasses, which are fastened in grooves in the boards. The opposite side of the coop is simply plastering lath. The roof is composed of two doors which can be raised when sunlight or more air is wanted than can be had at the ends, which have a short piece of lath at the top. The small door slides up and down, and can be kept at any desired height by a nail being put through the hole in the door into the hole in the board



GOOD CHICKEN COOP.

above; if the coop is set on a board platform it will be vermin proof. This coop is cheap, durable and can be made of any size.

**Best Horse to Raise.**  
There is no doubt that the best horse for the farmer to raise is the draft horse. The draft horse needs sometimes to raise roadsters and driving horses, but in the main the draft leads all others. The demand is not so much for an improved kind of horse as for a first-class animal of the kinds we now have. The draft horse can be raised with little expense to the farmer, and he begins to pay his way before the time comes to market him. The draft colt works in easily with the general work of the farm. The farmer may find it difficult to sell a light harness horse for carriage purposes, but he never has trouble in selling a first-class draft horse. In any event it should be remembered that it requires no more labor to care for a good draft horse than for a poor one. The horse of quality will consume no more feed than the other, but the margin between cost and selling price is very much greater in the case of the good horse than between the cost and selling price of the inferior horse.

**The Silo.**  
King gives the following statements in regard to building stone silos, says Hoard's Dairyman:

"The portion of the silo wall which is below ground better be about two feet thick and laid in cement rather than lime, the cement being desirable because lime mortar becomes hard so very slowly in heavy walls, especially below ground. After the wall is two feet above ground good lime mortar may be used, but in this case there ought to be at least two months for the wall to season and set before filling. The upper portion of the silo wall need not be heavier than eighteen inches, and if the size of stone permits of it the outer surface of the wall may be drawn gradually to a thickness of twelve inches at the top."

**Sorting Potatoes.**  
Make a box 12 feet long and 4 feet wide, like the illustration, with three partitions, the back piece should be about 4 feet high, the next 3 feet and



BOX FOR SORTING POTATOES.

the next 1 1/2 feet high. Nail pickets on the first incline, and further apart on the second. This sorts them in three grades. Shovel them on the top or first incline and poke them down, and you have them sorted in three grades.

**Delivering Cream to Creameries.**  
In the summer time, at least, cream must be delivered to the creamery every day, if a good article of butter is to be made. In the winter a system of delivering cream every other day may do well enough, but it should not be made to suit the situation in summer. When whole milk was hauled to the factory the farmer realized that it was necessary to haul it every day. With the hauling of the cream the work is greatly reduced, because a lighter rig may be used. The patron should therefore be contented with this saving in cost and not try to double the saving by establishing a system of every other day delivery.

**Abolish the Mongrel.**  
The mongrel fowl should be given no place either on the farm or the city lot. It costs just as much to feed and care



Maple-sugar-making is getting to be a restricted industry, and may, indeed, become a lost art. The Bureau of Forestry, which has recently made a study of the business, has brought some interesting facts to light. Since 1850 the area of maple-sugar-farming has greatly changed and shrunk. In early days maple-sugar was made even in the South, because cane-sugar was scarce and expensive. In New England, New York and a few other States the industry has held its own or been extended. The bureau finds that seven-eighths of what is sold as maple-sugar or maple-syrup is spurious; but in most cases the adulteration is the work of middlemen, not of the producers. The net income of a maple-sugar acre is conservatively estimated at \$3 an acre; and since the work can be done at a time when there is little other farm employment, and the grove will also furnish the family firewood without deterioration, a sugar-orchard is a fairly profitable investment.

Greater secrecy than ever before will be exercised this year concerning the scores made at target practice by the various vessels of the Atlantic fleet. While some of the details of the results may be made public, it is not the intention of the Navy Department to give out the scores. This government has never been able to gather information concerning the target practices of other navies and there seems to be no reason why the scores of our navy should be made public. Great Britain carefully guards all of the scores made by her warships. Some years ago an officer of a British vessel on the Asiatic station told of the results of the target practice then just finished. The information reached this country and was published. A thorough investigation was made and the officer would have been court-martialed if it had been possible to produce positive proof against him.

The expenditures of the government exceeded its current income by more than \$9,000,000 in April, and the treasury deficit for the first ten months of the fiscal year is upward of \$14,000,000. While the months of May and June nearly always show a balance on the right side of the government's account books, many fear that the deficit at the end of the fiscal year, June 30, will reach \$20,000,000. The problem of the deficit is a serious one in the opinion of the treasury officials. The cash balance in the treasury has declined to \$123,181,777, including the amounts held by the national bank depositors, and Secretary Shaw has found it necessary to withdraw from the banks \$20,000,000. The cash balance actually on hand in the treasury is said by some to have fallen below the point of absolute safety.

"Beware of the high rate of interest," is the lesson of most of the swindles against which the Post Office Department has recently issued fraud orders. An offer of exceptionally large returns for either labor or capital should at once awaken suspicion. If the enterprise is so promising, why does not the person who controls it keep it for himself? The fact that there are a few, a very few, cases where large risks have been taken and large profits have been realized is the argument most used by those who have patent rights, gold mines and other such properties to sell at a thousand times their value. The person of moderate means cannot afford to take such risks.

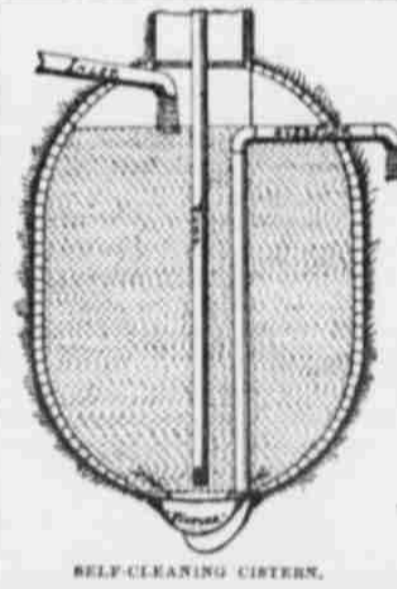
In 1904 the number of arrivals at Ellis Island was 600,000, the number in the entire country being 800,000. Of these 203,510 settled down in New York City, and the great majority of the remainder went to other cities as laborers, etc., where they are not needed. It is now estimated that one million immigrants will come to this country during the year 1905. The task of absorbing this great mass into the political system is one of the penalties which the United States pays for its unrivaled economic opportunities, its relief from great standing armies, and its atmosphere of freedom.

During the last year more than five thousand rural mail routes have been established, and during the coming summer a thousand more will be opened. Every route over which the carrier takes his little packet is a thread which binds this great, spreading country into more solid unity.

Expansion seems still to be the national watchword. The general staff of the army has decided to lengthen the United States bayonet by four inches. Still, it was a dictum of Oliver Wendell Holmes that as nations lengthen their weapons they narrow their boundaries.

**Labor Notes.**  
The teaching of typewriting will be begun in the normal school at Zacatecas, Mexico. The government of the State has bought a number of machines of the most modern and best types for the school.

Chicago and Alton employes have been instructed not only to give up drinking intoxicating liquors, but to stay away from gambling places and dance halls. The company says it means to keep its men up to as high a physical and mental standard as possible.



SELF-CLEANING CISTERN.

relieve such conditions is the object of this invention. In ordinary construction, overflow action is intended to merely prevent running over, consequently the top water only is drawn off, while all sedimentary elements gravitating to the bottom, remain. W. J. Sinek of Fort Wayne, Ind., conceived the idea that overflow action brought through and from the bottom of the cistern would prevent this trouble. "Cut" shows how automatic overflow action is brought about.

**Alfalfa for Hog Pasture.**  
An experiment station has stated that on good alfalfa more than 2,000 pounds of pork should be produced each season from an acre, and that half of this at least should be credited to the pasture. This being the case it is about as valuable a crop as can be grown on the land for feeding purposes.—Farmer's Advocate.

**Change of Feeds Desirable.**  
Milk producing foods should be fed to the dairy cow, not fattening foods. A variety should be provided when possible. A change in the feed every few days will be quite acceptable to the dairy cow.

**Chicken Notes.**  
Green bones should be fed three times a week to the laying hens and daily to the male birds.

Remember that a lousy hen cannot give you the results that she could if free from lice.

A few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water make an excellent spring tonic for the fowls.

All deformed chicks should be killed as soon as hatched. It is a waste of time to try to raise them.

If the eggs from a certain pen are found to be largely infertile, lose no time in getting a new male to head the pen.

Never set a deformed or ill shaped egg. It is a waste of time. Select the best shaped eggs and be sure that they are from strong, vigorous stock.—Commercial Poultry.