

ENLIGHTENING WENTWORTH

By Keith Gordon

Copyright, 1904, by Frances Wilson

It was with some misgivings that Wentworth took the third floor of Mrs. Manice's house. Had she not told him that she was almost an invalid? And when the mistress of a house is an invalid! He had half a mind to go back and tell her that he had reconsidered; that he feared, after all, that the rooms wouldn't do. He slackened his pace, turned, then went on. Perhaps things would be all right, but a fellow did so hate household discomfort.

On the second morning after his arrival, when he sat like a bewildered monarch among a piled up, shapeless mass of books, pictures, tables and chairs—wondering why under heaven he had ever acquired them—there came a knock at his door. At the moment he was perched upon a step ladder, smoking a short pipe and taking a rest before he fatigued himself by beginning to arrange things.

"Come in!" he roared, without moving, expecting to see a servant. Then, at a slight hesitation on the part of the person—a hesitation that he felt rather than saw—he turned toward the door.

"Oh! Ah! I beg your pardon!" he apologized with alacrity, laying down his pipe and jumping from his perch. "You see I'm a bit flustered. I'm—"

He paused rather helplessly, waiting for his caller to explain herself, though he felt vaguely that she was welcome, thought she had dropped from the clouds, so frank was her gaze, so fascinating the way the thick hair rippled away from the low, broad forehead, so utterly womanly her face.

"Mamma sent me," she explained. "I'm Miss Manice, and she thought perhaps the maid and I might be able to help you out."

She looked about the room inquiringly; then, as her eyes came back to the new lodger's blank, helpless face, she caught her lower lip between her teeth, this holding back the smile that struggled to escape.

"Have you ever moved?" he asked ruefully, surveying his better shelter possessions with fresh aversion, and at the question she laughed out a laugh so girlish and infectious that Wentworth laughed, too, catching for a moment the point of view from which his dilemma was funny.

"What the world needs," he went on plaintively, "is automatic self-arranging furniture—furniture that, placed in the room, will adjust itself and save its owner all trouble."

"That's what we will have when the millennium comes," answered Miss Manice gayly, "but meanwhile, if you really loathe the task of arranging your things and will leave it to me—"

She paused questioningly, while Wentworth gazed at her very much as if she were the straw and he the drowning man. Again her face dimpled.

"You wouldn't—not really?" doubted he, with the shamefaced air of a person who has taken a palpable jest in earnest.

"I'd just love it—that is, if you think I can arrange the room to suit you. You might give me a general idea of how you like things, and—"

Wentworth cut her short. "If you can give me something of the look of that little drawing room of yours," he said warmly, "I shall be more than satisfied. The fact is, you have saved my life," he finished candidly.

"Wait until you see the rooms," she cautioned as they parted, he to go to his office with a burden on his shoulders and she to confide to her mother as she got into a great apron that covered her from neck to ankles.

"He seems a nice, grateful lodger man, mother mine. Perhaps it won't be so hideous to have a stranger in the house after all. And think of the money!"

When Wentworth opened the door of his sitting room that evening quick approval flashed into his eyes. All the inanimate objects that had huddled together so inconspicuously in the morning, as if there wasn't an ounce of self respect among them, now faced him with serene dignity, once more clothed in the beauty for which he had bought them.

"Awestruck at such insight, he passed into his bedroom, half fearing that here the charm would be broken, that convenience would have been sacrificed to "looks" and that he would have to dive into a pocket nailed to the closet door for one slipper and then dive again for the other. At the sight of them standing openly and demurely beside the fireplace Wentworth voiced the highest praise to be spoken of woman.

"Hess her heart!" he said softly. "She ought to be a bachelor's wife!"

During the three months that followed this conviction grew more and more fervent. His admiration for the skill with which Ethel Manice (at other times a merry, companionable girl) ran the household, reducing friction to the minimum, making life a continual joy, grew into a sort of religion to him.

And it was something of this sort that he said to her one night, scarce knowing that he was saying it and adding to it a humble request that she marry him.

She looked at him oddly for a moment. Then she laid her hand upon his arm and said half kindly, half mockingly.

"What you want is a housekeeper, Mr. Wentworth, not a wife." Then, a little more earnestly, "Please let us not remember." And Wentworth, feel-

ing more discomfited than he cared to admit to himself, did his best to obey her.

After this life flowed smoothly on for another six months, the ripples closing over the night when Wentworth was rejected and leaving no sign.

It seemed sometimes as if his latchkey admitted him to another world where all was order, simple beauty and good will, where every hour made him stronger and better. Little by little he had become a part of the small family, often making a third in their cozy drawing room—sometimes talking, sometimes reading and again scolding or advising Ethel with the freedom of a big brother.

His appreciation of the delightful homeliness and ease led him into his second blunder. It was a blustering night in November. On her couch Mrs. Manice, who had been less well than usual, lay sleeping, while Ethel, who had been playing Schubert with dreamy unconsciousness, wandered off into some improvisations of her own.

Presently Wentworth laid down the book that he was reading with an almost suffocating sense of the deafness of it all. Then suddenly Ethel stopped playing and rose from the piano. The action seemed significant. Wentworth was jarred by the thought that just as abruptly might the slender thread by which he held this utterly delightful home be snapped. Mrs. Manice might grow worse; Ethel might—

He gave a sharp sigh. He would not suffer the thought, and again from the fullness of his heart he spoke.

"Ethel," he pleaded, "is it so impossible? I can't tell you what all this is to me. How could I ever get along without you?"

But again he was stopped by that odd, impenetrable glance. Again with a smile, half kind, half mocking, she looked up at him and answered, "You want a companion, not a wife." Again they gravely agreed not to remember.

And soon after the illness of a married sister called her away. The weeks came and went, and her stay prolonged itself dimly. It seemed to Wentworth, though under Mrs. Manice's direction things went on as smoothly as usual. Apparently everything was the same, and yet he smarted under an intangible sense of difference. All the creature comforts were there and pleasant companionship, yet the soul of things had fled. And then suddenly he understood, and the knowledge made him strong and humble.

It was on the evening of Ethel's return that he found himself alone with her for a few moments.

"Dear little girl," he said brokenly. "I'm not asking you to marry me. I'm not mad enough to do that again. But I want to tell you this—that I love you with my whole heart; that I shall always love you; that I would rather have loved you in vain than—"

"Two slender arms were about his neck, and a soft voice was saying:

"At last, you darling, I really believe that you want a wife."

A Willful Genius. Mallbran, the singer, was an artist who deserved her success, for her greatest triumphs came from the hardest work. Her voice was not a miracle of nature. It was gold, says one of her biographers, but it was gold that had to be dug from the earth, smelted and made pliable under the hammer. One day she was overheard at her practicing in gusts of angry apostrophe.

"I'll see whether I cannot make you obey me," she was saying to her voice. "I'll see whether you will obey me."

For her the word "impossible" did not exist. If her voice was out of order or her throat refused to obey she accomplished amazing effects by sheer force of will. Perhaps it was fortunate that her career was not a long one. No human powers could have endured the strain she placed habitually upon this gift of hers.

One day she executed a shake upon the highest notes of her register. She laughed then at the amazement of her listeners.

"That brute of a note has given me no end of trouble," said she. "I have been trying to get it for the last month. I tried it while dressing and while I was doing my hair. I tried it when I was taking my walks and while I was riding. At last I got hold of it this morning while I was tying my shoe-strings."

"And where did you find it, madame?"

"There!" she answered, laughing and putting her finger to her forehead.

An Exclusive Affair. "It was settled some time ago that he was to marry my daughter," said the father of a girl of the period, "but it yet remained for the young man to get my consent. It was merely a formality, however, as my girl had arranged matters to suit herself without consulting me or my wishes."

"Now, I remembered with what trepidation I had approached my wife's father when I asked him for his hand, and I made up my mind that when that young man showed up to ask me for my daughter's hand I would have revenge not only for what I had to pass through when I urged my suit, but also for being relegated to the background during the present proceedings."

"Well, he called at my office the other day, and I told my office boy to admit him and leave us alone and see that we were not disturbed."

"Just dropped in," said he easily, declining to take a seat, "to tell you that I am going to marry your daughter on the 15th of next month. It will be an informal affair, so you may consider yourself invited without further notice. Good day."

"Before I could catch my breath he was gone, and when I complained to my daughter about his treatment of me all the comfort I got was that I could consider myself fortunate in getting an invitation, as it was to be a very exclusive affair."



SILO INSIDE THE BARN.

Convenience of Feeding One of the Advantages of This Plan.

There are some advantages in having a silo inside the barn. It is convenient for feeding, protected from the frost and, if properly arranged, is more convenient to fill, says L. W. Lighty in National Stockman. Then the cost is considerably reduced, as the barn roof is also the silo roof and often a part of the barn frame will help to form the silo walls. In planning a new barn it is advisable to include the silo in the same structure and locate the silo doors as near the feeding alley as possible, as that will save considerable labor in feeding, and in these times labor on the farm means dollars.

The cheapest, best and most convenient barn is the round or circular barn, with the silo in the center. The silo extends from the ground up to the peak, thirty to forty or more feet high. Such a barn is compact, roomy, light in all the stalls, convenient to fill and also to "do the chores." After studying the merits of both circular and rectangular barns I am fully convinced that the circular form is preferable in every way, and personally I should build no other were I to build again.

If we wish to feed forty pounds of silage to each cow per day, and that is a fair ration, we may for practical work call that amount a cubic foot, averaging from top to bottom of silo, and thus to feed fifteen animals would require fifteen cubic feet per day and for eight months 3,600 cubic feet. But the silage will settle quite considerably after filling the silo, depending, of course, on how fast it is filled, how fine cut, etc., but we must make some allowance, usually one-fourth. Then it is well to have some slage left over for the August drought, so we might add 1,000 cubic feet to the above, making it 4,600 cubic feet capacity.

A round silo to contain this might be fifteen feet in diameter and thirty feet high, or, if we could go higher, we might reduce the diameter accordingly, and that might be desirable, as we should remove from the surface for best results about 1 1/2 inches daily. To do this where but fifteen head of cattle are fed the inside diameter of the silo should not be above 12 1/2 feet. Then to contain 4,600 cubic feet that silo should be thirty-eight feet high.

Milk For Calf Feeding. Stale, cold skim milk is a fruitful cause of scours in calves, and removal of the froth is a secondary consideration where such milk is used, says Hoard's Dairyman. Milk for calf feeding should be warm, fresh and clean, fed from clean pails. If dirty pails are used and cold, stale milk fed, scours almost invariably follow, and when the scours are not fatal a stunted calf is the usual result. It is also not an uncommon error to feed too much skim milk, trying to make up in quantity for the abstracted fat.

Profit and Loss in Dairying. One of the remarkable things observed at Ohio farmers' institutes the past winter is the variations in the profits derived from the different kinds of stock as brought out at the discussions, says E. P. Snyder in National Stockman.

One man reported that his cows gave him \$47 each gross receipts, while another living in the same township reported that his gross receipts from each of a herd of eight cows were \$82. This dairyman had the largest and finest Jersey cows he could find, selected with especial reference to both high test and quantity of milk.

A comparison of the profits of these two dairymen shows the value of careful selection, good care and correct business methods. Every one of these eighty-two dollar cows had been carefully tested for a year, the milk weighed so there was definite knowledge as to her actual butter production. No cow was kept in the herd that would not make more than 300 pounds in a year. Such a careful and systematic method means the difference between a profit and a loss. In these days of sharp competition only careful, systematic methods in dairying, as in other farm industries, will win.

A Great Canadian Cow. Tidy Abbecker, the greatest cow ever bred in Canada and one of the best Holstein-Friesians in America, was bred, reared and is owned by H. Bolter of Cassel, Ont. She was born March 27, 1895, sired by Colanthus Ab-

becker, and for dam has Tidy of Downie, with a record of seventy-two pounds in a day. Tidy Abbecker's crowding record was made during the extreme cold weather of January, 1904, when in official test she gave 81 pounds 3 ounces of milk in one day, 551 pounds in seven days and 25.48 pounds butter, 85.7 per cent fat, or 27.28 pounds 80 per cent fat, the largest record ever made by any cow of any breed in Canada.—Holstein-Friesian Record.

Flavors in Butter. The different flavors we find in butter that may be traced back to the patron are about as follows: A metallic or rusty flavor due to milk or cream being held in old cans that are more or less rusty; an unclear flavor due to unwashed separators or milk cans that were not properly washed with a brush and washing powder; a musty flavor due to milk being kept in musty cellophane.—Creamery Journal.

Best Churning Temperatures. Where cream is raised by the old fashioned deep setting system practiced among many farmers it should be churned at a temperature of 60 to 62 degrees in winter and 58 to 60 in summer. If the separator is used this temperature can be reduced materially. Mr. Gurler, the Illinois dairy expert, finds 55 degrees or below satisfactory.—American Agriculturist.

THE VALUE OF OPALS.

It Mainly Depends on the Colors Shown in the Stones.

Veins of opals are usually met with in soft formations where nothing above ground indicates their presence. The search for them, therefore, often requires considerable time. But it is not extremely difficult, for opals are generally found near the surface. Indeed, it was thought for a long time that they were not to be found as deep as twelve feet below the surface. This opinion has, however, given way in the light of evidence, because opals of great value have been discovered at a depth of fifty feet.

The value of opals depends upon several considerations, of which the principal one is the color. It is important that they should be bright and not present streaks or spots alternating with uncolored substance. The most valuable are those which have red fires or mixtures of red and yellow, blue and green. Opals of a single tint are of little value unless the tint is particularly striking and the figure beautiful. Indeed one of the essential qualities of the opal is the arrangement of the figure, which sets off strikingly the hue of the stone.

When the figure is quite regular and distinct it is the more valuable, much less so when the grain is quite small and irregular. Sometimes the color appears as a single blaze or with figures regularly spaced. It may then be of a fine ruby red and is much sought after, but of course the uniform tint is only green or reddish and has but little brilliancy.

The cutting is very important for the opal. Thus a thick stone will be much less beautiful than a thin stone, which, on losing part of its volume, loses also the figure. The foundation that contributes much to the beauty. It ought to be transparent, slightly milky and harmonize fully with the different reflections of the opal, which, when it is really beautiful, presents a variety of hues infinitely pleasing to the eye.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

HE HATED MUSEUMS. Thoreau Catalogued Them as the Catacombs of Nature.

I hate museums. There is nothing so weighs upon my spirits. They are the catacombs of nature. One green bud of spring, one willow catkin, one faint thrill from a migrating sparrow, would set the world on its legs again. The life that is in a single green weed is of more worth than all its death. They are dead nature collected by dead men. I know not whether I muse most at the bodies stuffed with cotton and sawdust or those stuffed with bowels and flashy fiber outside the cases.

Where is the proper herbarium, the true cabinet of shells and museum of skeletons, but in the meadow where the flower bloomed, by the seaside where the tide cast up the fish, and on the hills and in the valleys where the beast laid down its life and the skeleton of the traveler reposes on the grass? What right have mortals to parade these things on their legs again, with their wires, and, when heaven has decreed that they shall return to dust again, to return them to sawdust? Would you have a dried specimen of a world or a pickled one?

Embalming is a sin against heaven and earth—against heaven, who has recalled the soul and set free the servile elements, and against the earth, which is thus robbed of her dust. I have had my right perceiving senses so disturbed in these haunts as to mistake a veritable living man for a stuffed specimen and surveyed him with dumb wonder as the strangest of the whole collection, for the strangest is that which, being in many particulars most like, is in some essential particular most unlike.—Thoreau's Journal in Atlantic.

Robert Burns' Muse. Robert Burns, though he had the choice of such works as the Spectator, "Locke on the Human Understanding" and Pope, together with old plays of Shakespeare, which formed the staple reading of his home, nevertheless owed most to an old collection of songs. "This," he says, "was my vade mecum! I pored over them during my rest or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender and sublime from affectation and rustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is"—All the Year Round.

Robert Louis Stevenson. Here is a pen portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, written by Dr. Alexander H. Japp: "Not so tall probably as he seems at first sight from his extreme thinness, but the pose and air could not be otherwise described than as distinguished. Head of fine type, carried well on the shoulders, and, in walking, with the impression of being a little thrown back; long brown hair, falling from under a broad-brimmed Spanish form of soft felt hat, Rembrandtesque; nose kind of Iverness cape when walking and invariable velvet jacket inside the house."

The Gain From Others. A man is strong in proportion to the quantity, the quality and the variety of forces which he absorbs from others. He is a power in proportion to the extent of his contact—socially, mentally and morally—with his kind and a weakling just in proportion as he cuts himself off from others.—Success.

After the Defalcation. Junior Partner—I never suspected him at all. Senior Partner—Neither did I, although it did seem a little singular to me that he should be able to pay \$2,000 a year rent out of a salary of \$1,500.—New York Press.

No man will be found who does not sometimes hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability.—Johnson.

FOODS FOR MILK MAKING

During his address before the late meeting of the Vermont Dairymen's association Professor Hills spoke of the fact that it is being found, as one of the results of scientific research, that less protein is required in the composition of feeding rations for milk cows than had hitherto been considered necessary. As protein is an expensive ingredient in feed formulas this conclusion will lead to a reduction in cost and hence be of more or less value to farmers.

Alfalfa as a Grain Substitute. A Tennessee experiment station has recently concluded a series of experiments showing that alfalfa hay can be substituted for grain in dairy rations to marked advantage. In the conclusion touching on this point the station says, "In substituting alfalfa hay for wheat bran it will be best to allow one and a half pounds of alfalfa to every pound of wheat bran, and the result will likewise prove more satisfactory if the alfalfa is fed in a finely chopped condition."

Corn and Alfalfa. The experiments conducted at the New Jersey station show that the average cost per ton of dry alfalfa hay for five years, even with heavy manuring, was but \$3.20 and that the feed value of this hay compares favorably with the protein feeds, which at present cost \$22 or more a ton. This crop more than any other fulfills that very important requirement, a cheap source of protein for balancing other home grown products. Its growth cannot be too strongly recommended. An ideal situation would be where the farm is growing corn and alfalfa to supply the entire needs of the herd.—Holstein-Friesian Register.

A Maine Ration. The kind of feed that has given me the best results for the last eight or ten years has been ripe yellow corn cut and put into the silo. I can get good results from dairy cows with two feeds daily of that, one of hay and a ration of cottonseed meal and no other grain.—Maine Cor. American Cultivator.

Beet Pulp and Brewers' Grains. The manager of the creamery at Holland, Mich., reports a serious loss in make of butter the past year on account of being situated too near a beet sugar factory and the farmers feeding too much beet pulp and omitting the grain ration, says Hoard's Dairyman.

It is much with the wet beet pulp as it is with the wet brewers' grains—they very soon ferment and become sour, and the feeding mangers are a reeking mass of half rotten material. All this plays the mischief with the milk.

H. T. BOTTS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Complete set of Abstract Books

in office. Taxes paid for non-Residents.

Office opposite Post Office. Both phones.

W. H. COOPER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

CARL HABERLACH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Deutscher Advokat, Office across the street and north from the Post Office.

T. H. GOYNE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Office: Opposite Court House, Tillamook, Oregon.

C. H. UPTON, Ph. G., M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office one block west of the Allen House, Tillamook City. Calls answered promptly.

F. R. BEALS, REAL ESTATE,

FINANCIAL AGENT, Tillamook, Oregon.

THOS. COATES, Agent for Fireman's

Fund and London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Companies. Tillamook .. Oregon.

FOR ABSTRACTS OF TITLE, GO TO

TILLAMOOK ABSTRACT AND TRUST CO.

THOS. COATES, Pres.

A. W. SEVERANCE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TILLAMOOK .. OREGON.

J. S. STEPHENS, Real Estate and Fire, Life,

Health, Accident, Insurance. Agent for the Northwest School Furniture Co. and Organs and Pianos. Notary Public. Office: Southwest from the Court House, in the building occupied as a music store.

LATIMER, BROS., BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING SHAMPOOING, ETC

Electric Baths nicely fitted up. Good for persons suffering with rheumatism.

5000 TELEGRAPHERS NEEDED

Annually, to fill the new positions created by Railroad and Telegraph Companies. Want YOUNG MEN and LADIES of good habits, to

LEARN TELEGRAPHY AND R.R. ACCOUNTING.

We furnish 75 per cent. of the Operators and Station Agents in America. Our six schools are the largest exclusive Telegraph Schools in the world. Established 29 years and endorsed by all leading Railway Officials.

We execute a \$250 Bond to every student to furnish him or her a position paying from \$40 to \$700 a month in States east of the Rocky Mountains, or from \$75 to \$100 a month in States west of the Rockies, and immediately upon graduation.

Students can enter at any time. No vacations. For full particulars regarding any of our Schools write direct to our executive office at Cincinnati, O. Catalogue free.

The Morse School of Telegraphy Cincinnati, Ohio. Buffalo, N.Y. Atlanta, Ga. LaCrosse, Wis. Texarkana, Tex. San Francisco, Cal.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, I.S.S. LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh of the Bladder cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free of charge.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.