



Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER IV.

Law offices of Knight, Kittredge and Carr were tucked away in the rear of the building that stood at the corner of a triangle. The firm had been in the same rooms for many years. There was a battered tin sign over the entrance, but its inscription was read only by persons who recalled it from bygone days. Knight, Kittredge had been prominent in politics during and immediately after the Civil War. They were well known, but Carr, who had left politics, had been nothing in the office. The old days it had been the custom of the members of the firm of Kittredge & Carr to assemble in the morning at 8 o'clock in the library for a brief discussion of the news that day before them. The members who were fortunate enough to be in the office had all enjoyed these discussions. Imposed for Governor Kittredge and Knight had known men and women as well as the law; and Michael Carr knew Plato and the Greek poets as he knew the way of the new structure.

Hundreds of tollers were still aware of the conditions that pressed forward and forced rank out into the alley way, the torrents of flying water, a scene of excitement.

Virginia Easy
"Come to New York," he told him, "and I will get a job."
Soon a second man, a man of individual, who said he was a man, appeared and was drunk as suggested. The one in a saloon on Pennsylvania.

Davis said he would go to Richmond and draw his bank funds enough to see him on his trip to New York. As Smith, the man who had his money and returned to him. The red-haired man and the quartet were taken a room.

A game of matching indulged in and Davis lost change he had. It was for him to get out of his room. The first time Lawrence knew, as the two "colored" boys, had seen the roll of money and returned to him. The red-haired man and the quartet were taken a room.

ing Horses to
about \$0,000 in all. These were immediately the horses, stinging that both animals died. Dr. Munson has long been a enthusiastic apiarist. His cat in the yard at his house.

The coal wagon, driven Low, drew up in front about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A little dubious inside. He could plainly hear a casual buzzing that gathered music to his ears. A black swarm of bees immediately flew toward the Low. The latter went down the road with his face, brushing away more of the insects who were about him.

The frightened horse instantly covered with sweat. They started to turn but sank limply in the mowing wildly with pain. The entire neighborhood stantly aroused. A crowd gathered at a safe distance to watch the usual event. No one to go to the rescue of

ry Cause of
And then there followed a very. It was heated, worn but perfectly good in the end the policeman the buggy and took the gentleman around to No. 1, where it became the prisoner was being charged with personal and original. The southern gentleman to some extent being examined at No. 1 in time to let the was not the owner of the horse. About this time a less real estate agent, the District building. "Somebody's run off and buggy! Where do you shout. Meantime No. 1 had cooled the southern gentleman where he would stand lateral, the price of all this time no one that the southern gentleman the owner of the horse.

so Zelda assured him, had one; and it would undoubtedly be of service to her in many ways. Her real purpose was to place herself in communication with her aunt and uncle, whose help she outwardly refused but secretly leaned on.

Zelda did not disturb the black woman in the kitchen, though she employed a house-maid to supplement her services; but she labored patiently to correct some of the veteran Polly's distressing faults. Polly was a good cook in the haphazard fashion of her kind. She could not read, so that the cook books which Zelda bought were of no use to her. She shook her head over "book cookin'"; but Zelda, who dimly remembered that her mother had spent much time in the kitchen, bought a supply of aprons and gave herself persistently to culinary practice. Or, she sat and dictated to Polly from one of the recipe books while that amiable soul mixed the ingredients; and then, after the necessary interval of fear and hope, they opened the oven door and peered in anxiously upon triumph or disaster.

A horse was duly purchased at Lexington, on an excursion planned and managed by Mrs. Carr. They named the little Hambletonian Xanthippe, which Zelda carried to Zan, at her uncle's suggestion. It was better, he said, not to introduce any more of the remoter letters of the alphabet into the family nomenclature; and as they already had Z it would be unwise to add X. Moreover, it was fitting that Zee should own Z!

The possession of the pretty brown mare and a runaway greatly increased Zelda's range of activities. Her uncle kept a saddle horse and he taught her how to ride and drive. He also, under Ezra Dameron's very eyes, had the old barn reconstructed, to make a proper abiding place for a Kentucky horse of at least decent ancestry, and employed a stable-boy.

Zelda became daily more conscious of her father's demerous ways, that were always cropping out in the petty details of the housekeeping. One evening when he thought himself unobserved, she saw him walking down the front stairway, avoiding the carpet on the treads with difficult care. Zelda did not at first know what he was doing; but she soon found this to be only one of his many whimsical economies. He overhauled the pantry now and then, making an inventory of the amount of flour, sugar and coffee in stock, and he still did a part of the marketing. Zelda had given the black stable-boy orders that Zan was to be fed generously; and when she found that her father was giving contrary directions she said nothing, but convined with the boy in the purchase of hay and corn to make good the deficiency caused by her indulgence.

Late one afternoon she drove to a remote quarter of town in pursuit of a laundress that had failed her. She concluded her errand and turned Zan homeward, but lost her way in seeking to avoid a railway track on which a line of freight cars blocked her path. She came upon a public school building, which presented a stubborn front to a line of shops and saloons on the opposite side of a narrow street. Two boys were engaged in combat on the sidewalk at the school-house entrance, surrounded by a ring of noisy partisans. A young woman, a teacher, Zelda took her to be, hurried toward the scene of trouble from the school-house door, and at her approach the ring of spectators dispersed in disorder, leaving the combatants alone, vainly sparring for an advantage before they, too, yielded the field. Zelda unconsciously drew in her horse to watch the conclusion of matters. The young woman stepped between the antagonists without parley, catching the grimy fists of one of the boys in her hands, while the other took to his heels amid the jeers of the gallery. Zelda heard the teacher's voice raised in sharp raprimand as she dismissed the lad with a wave of her hand that implied an authority not to be gained.

(To be continued.)
His Treasurer Knew.
He who goes into politics must remember what he is recorded to have said, for it is the habit of the sharp nosed public to search out past utterances and hold the candidate responsible for them. John Burns, says Mr. Grubb in his life of that labor leader, once made the slip of remarking that no man was worth more than \$500 a year. Accordingly, when he became a cabinet member with a salary of \$2,000, he was obviously open to attack. When he first met his constituents at Battersea after he was made president of the local government board a candid friend recalled the statement about a man's worth by calling out in the middle of his speech: "Wot abah that 'ere salary of £2,000?"

Mr. Burns was equal to the occasion. "That is the recognized trade union rate for the job," was his apt reply. "If I took less I would be a black-leg."
"Wot yer goin' ter do with the £1,500 over?" pursued the inquisitive questioner.
"For details," answered Mr. Burns, "apply to my treasurer, Mrs. Burns."

The Retort Courtuous.
A young woman had fallen upon the ice-covered pavement, and a man stepped forward to offer his services.
"Allow me," he began, but his feet slipped and he fell flat upon his back.
"Certainly," responded the young woman, gravely.—Lippincott's.

His Identity Disclosed.
Judge—What do you do during the week?
Witness—Nothing.
Judge—And on Sunday?
Witness—I take a day off.
Judge—Oh, I see. What salary does the city pay you?
Lippincott's.
Elevating.
Wiggs—The man who loves a woman can't help being elevated. Wagg—And the man who loves more than one is apt to be sent up too.—Philadelphia Record.
Ever know a "jokey" man who amounted to much?

TURKS WITNESS SPANISH SPORT



FIRST BULL-FIGHT IN CONSTANTINOPLE
The great sport of the Spanish people, bull fighting, was introduced to the Turks in Constantinople the other day, but the subjects of the sultan did not take kindly to it, as is proved by the emptiness of the grand stand, shown by the accompanying photograph. There were many protests against the granting of a concession for the holding of bull-fights in the Turkish metropolis, but all were vain.

LESSON IN FARMING

Thirty Tons of French Garden to Be Transported.

Plants Undisturbed While Earth Surrounding Them Is Removed From Reading to Birmingham Farm Demonstration.

London.—Some thirty tons of French garden, heavy with plants as well as "golden soil," are being removed from Reading to Birmingham. The garden, which stood in a corner of Messrs. Sutton's trial ground at Reading, is the best educational model yet seen. In its new site in Warley park, close to the bandstand, it will cover a strip 160 feet in length, and a good three days' work will be spent in setting it up, and so to speak, naturalizing it. The garden will be opened by the lord mayor and lady mayoress of Birmingham, who were originally interested in the scheme by Mr. Chance—like his cousin, Sir Joseph Chance, one of Birmingham's notable benefactors.

The model is described as "educational," designed to "demonstrate the continental system of intensive cultivation," and as a demonstration it is not less charming than it is educational.

Everything is to be transferred just as it is, and not one plant of the many thousands will be disturbed. The frames and cloches and open patches of ground are to demonstrate the growth and progress of French gardening as well as the results; and for this reason all the spectators will follow one path in one direction, so that they may pass with the explanatory lecturer, as it were, from February to November.

First, they will see a bed in the making, one part pit, one part heaped manure, one part completed with soil and frame. Next comes a row of frames in which three crops are growing cheek by jowl—lettuces, carrots and radishes. This is succeeded by a row in which four crops are growing together, the fourth being cauliflower. From the frames you pass to the cloches under which the seed is first sown, making a close green mat. Next are the cloches where these seedlings are pricked out at even distances, showing how the cloches feed the frames. At this stage the first part of the year is completed. The succeeding beds and frames illustrate how the soil is used yet again for the later part of the year.

This is perhaps the most novel and interesting part of the demonstration. The variety is most striking. One of the late beds is filled with cabbages, between which again is a double crop of radish and endive. These cabbages,

Will Buy American Cattle

Slaughter Houses Be Erected at Smithfield and Importation of Meat Discontinued.

London.—To encourage the importation of American cattle into England, the city of London corporation has a big scheme on hand. It is proposed to construct a huge slaughter house and cold storage plant in connection with the Metropolitan meat market at Smithfield.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be spent on the scheme, and when they are completed the buildings will constitute one of the finest establishments of their kind in the world. They will be equipped with all the latest appliances and are expected to create a revolution in the importation of cattle into this country.

The scheme is viewed with consternation by the railroad companies here, who receive a large proportion of their income from the carriage of frozen meat from Liverpool and other ports to London. Under the new scheme cattle will be shipped direct to London.

Wet Weather Kills Horses.
Pottsville, Pa.—Over a dozen horses died in Pottsville and vicinity the other day of a strange, new disease which is said to be caused by the wet weather, and different parts of the country report scores as having died from the same disease. It begins like the mange and soon affects the eye.

though they have only been in the ground six weeks are already as big as cabbages which were planted last November. Five months have been saved.

Other frames and cloches contain peas which are already in pod, strawberries which are just ripe, tomatoes in flower, and melons just beginning to set.

SNAKES CHANGE MAN'S VIEWS
Pennsylvania Farmer Puts His Hand Into Nest of Copperheads and Stops His Grumbling.

York, Pa.—Farmer William Tracey changed his notions about the weather when he reached into a nest of six copperhead snakes in removing an old stone fence, in Dover township, and promptly resigned from the Knockers' club.

Before the adventure of his hand Farmer Tracey's remarks at the Eastmount village store were those of a weather pessimist. He opined that it was unseasonably cool and that crops would suffer if a hot wave did not soon come along.

However, if that particular hot wave for which Tracey hankered had been there when he put his hand into the copperheads' nest, it is probable they would have been active enough to have made Tracey the hero of a different sort of reception. As it was, the six snakes were too sluggish from the chill to move with their summer alacrity.

City Owns Pigs and Pianos

Inventory Being Prepared in Cleveland Lists Everything From Canary to Elephant.

Cleveland, O.—The task of preparing an inventory of every bit of property, movable and otherwise, owned by the city of Cleveland, is now drawing to a close. Twelve hundred typewritten pages in the office of Department Examiner Brown, at the city hall, show a complete list of everything that the city of Cleveland owns from office blotter to reservoirs, and from lead pencils to Minnie, the Brookside zoo elephant.

The work, so far as it has progressed, reveals the fact that Cleveland owns at least three pianos and two organs, six canary birds, 77 pigs, 239 chickens, 60 cows, several barber chairs and a number of razors, and only the general schedule for two departments out of a total of 200, has been completed. There are 139 rocking chairs at the City hospital and 118 at the infirmary.

Cleveland is the second city in the United States to adopt the plan of preparing an inventory of all goods and property owned. The first was Lynn, Mass.

"I believe that the municipal code should require every village in the state to adopt this plan," said City Examiner Brown. "An inventory should be made at least once every year. It is a valuable thing for a city to possess, and it is a businesslike procedure that should be generally followed by cities of the state."

HAWK SWOOPS DOWN ON HAT
Carries Off Chantequer Headgear of Jersey Miss and Drops It Into Passaic River.

Singac, N. J.—While on her way downtown Miss Margaret McPhail had an exciting experience with a huge chicken hawk, which made off with her chantequer hat.

When near the schoolhouse on Pompton turnpike, she first noticed the hawk hovering over her, but high up in the air. The bird, after circling about and swinging nearer and nearer to her, suddenly swooped down on her head and seized the hat.

LOVE MEASURED BY MACHINE

It Will Be Patented by Man Who Declares That It Records Psychological Attractiveness.

San Francisco.—A mechanical arrangement which he terms a "love machine," and which he declares will measure the strength of human affections between lovers, friends or relatives—which will correctly tabulate the amount of resistant will power of any individual, and which will also tell to an infinitesimal fraction the amount of psychological attractiveness exerted over a person by another—has been invented by Charles Trudow, a mechanic, who lives on Jones avenue, Elmhurst. Trudow has applied for letters patent upon his contrivance and is seeking capital with which to start a "love machine" factory.

The machine is termed a "psychograph" by Trudow. Its powers are such that the human emotion termed love is drawn into it when two persons grip a pair of handles, not unlike those of an ordinary electric battery. A dial which connects a contrivance of springs and wires registers the amount of affection the two persons who grip the handles have for each other. If there is no love between them the dial hand remains motionless. According to tests by Trudow its only fault is that it cannot tell the full amount of love between some extra affectionate couples. The machine will not measure the affections of two men—the dial hand remaining motionless, as is the case when there is no love between men and women.

GAS PIPE ITS OWN PLUMBER

When Fire Came From Leak a Lead Jacket Plugged the Hole—Explanation Is Simple.

Kansas City, Mo.—Chance sometimes works overtime to produce very insignificant results, and, as an example, here's the story of a fire in the joint basement below the Economy Furniture company, 813 Main street, and a pawnshop owned by G. A. Stevens at 813½ Main street. A lead jacketed pipe runs through the floor of pawnshop to a steam radiator above. A space near the pipe was left when the plumbing was done. Directly below the hole is a gas pipe.

Now, at exactly two minutes of 11 o'clock in the morning, George A. Stevens, Jr., who clerks in the pawnshop, dropped a lighted cigarette through this hole; at the same second the gas discovered a small leak in the pipe and ventured out. The cigarette set fire to the gas and in a few moments a little blue flame was scorching the floor of the pawnshop. By the time several fire companies arrived the fire was extinguished and the gas pipe leaked no more.

Now, here's the explanation: The flame had melted the lead packet about the steam pipe, the lead had dripped down on the gas pipe and the leak was plugged.