

(Continued from last week).

SYNOPSIS

I-APRIL-General factotum in the house of her sister Ina, wife of Herbert Deacon, in the small town of Warbleton Lulu Bett leads a dull, cramped existence with which she is constantly at enmity though apparently satisfied with her lot. She has natural thoughts and aspirations which neither her sister nor her brother in-law seemingly can comprehend. To Mr. Deacon comes Bobby Larkin, recently graduated high-school youth, secretly enamored of Deacon's elder daughter, Diana, an applicant for a "job" around the Deacon house. He is engaged, his occupation to be to keep the lawn in trim. The family is excited over the news of an waian, whom he had not seen for many years. Deacon jokes with Lulu, with subtle meaning, concerning the coming

II-MAY.-Chiefly because of the ripple in her placid, colorless existence which the arrival of Ninian will bring, Lulu is interested and speculative, meanwhile watching with something like envy the boy-and-girl love-making of Bobby and Diana. Unexpectedly, Ninian arrives, in the absence of Herbert, at his business, and of Ina, resting. Thus he becomes acquainted with Lulu first and in a measure understands her position in the house. To Lulu, Ninian is a much-traveled man of the world and even the slight interest which he takes in her is appreciated, be-cause it is something new in her life.

"Dwight, darling, are you sure there's no danger?"

"Why, none. None in the world. Whoever heard of drowning in a river?"

"But you're not so very used-" Oh, wasn't he? Who was it that had lived in a boat throughout youth. if not he?

Ninian refused out-of-hand, lighted a cigar, and sat on a log in a permanent fashion. Ina's plump figure was fitted in the stern, the child Monona affixed, and the boat put off, bow well out of water. On this pleasure ride the face of the wife was as the face of the damned. It was true that she revered her husband's opinions above those of all other men. In politics, in science, in religion, in dentistry, she looked up to his dicta as to revelation. And was he not a magistrate? But let him take oars in hand, or shake lines or a whip above the back of any horse. and this woman would trust any other woman's husband by preference. It

was a phenomenon. Lulu was making the work last, so that she should be out of everybody's way. When the boat put off without Ninian, she felt a kind of terror and wished that he had gone. He had sat down near her, and she pretended not to see. At last Lulu understood that Ninian was deliberately choosing to remain with her. The languor of his bulk after the evening meal made no explanation for Lulu. She asked for no explanation. He had stayed.

And they were alone. For Di. on a pretext of examining the flocks and herds, was leading Bobby away to the pastures, a little at a time.

The sun, now fallen, had left an even, waxen sky. Leaves and ferns appeared drenched with the light just withdrawn. The hush, the warmth. the color, were charged with some influence. The air of the time communicated itself to Lulu as intense and quiet happiness. She had not yet feit quiet with Ninian. For the first time her blind excitement in his presence ceased, and she felt curiously accustomed to him. To him the air of the time imparted itself in a deepening of his facile sympathy.

"Do you know something?" he began. "I think you have it pretty hard around here." "I?" Lulu was genuinely aston-

ished. "Yes, sir. Do you have to work

like this all the time? I guess you won't mind my asking." "Well, I ought to work. I have a

home with them. Mother, too." "Yes, but glory! You ought to have some kind of a life of your own. You want it, too. You told me you didthat first day."

She was silent. Again he was investing her with a longing which she had never really had, until he had planted that longing. She had wanted she knew not what. Now she accepted the dim, the romantic interest of

this role. "I guess you don't see how it seems," he said, "to me, coming along -a stranger so. I don't like it."

He frowned, regarded the river, flicked away ashes, his diamond obediently shining. Lulu's look, her head drooping, had the liquid air of the look of a young girl. For the first time in her life she was feeling her helplessness. It intoxicated her.

"They're very good to me," she said. He turned. "Do you know why you think that? Because you've never had anybody really good to you. That's

"But they treat me good." "They make a slave of you. Regu-

lar slave." He puffed, frowning. "D-d shame, I call it," he said. Her loyalty stirred Lulu. "We have

our whole living

"And you earn it. I been watching you since I been here. Don't you ever go anywheres?" She said: "This is the first place

in-in years." "Lord! Don't you want to? Of

course you do!" "Not so much places like this-" "I see. What you want is to get away-like you'd ought to." He regarded her. "You've been a blamed fine-looking woman," he said.

She did not flush, but the faint, unsuspected Lulu spoke for her: "You must have been a good-look-

ing man once yourself." His laugh went ringing across the water. "You're pretty good," he said. He regarded her approvingly. "I don't see how you do it," he mused. "blamed if I do."

"How I do what?" "Why come back, quick like that. with what you say."

Lulu's heart was beating painfully. The effort to hold her own in talk like this was terrifying. She had never talked in this fashion to anyone. It was as if some matter of life or death hung on her ability to speak an alien tongue. And yet, when she was most at loss, that other Lulu, whom she had never known anything about, seemed suddenly to speak for her. As

"It's my grand education," she said. She sat humped on the log, her beautiful hair shining in the light of the warm sky. She had thrown off her hat and the linen duster, and was in her blue gingham gown against the sky and leaves. But she sat stiffly, her feet carefully covered, her hands ill at ease, her eyes rather piteous in their hope somehow to hold her vague own. Yet from her came these safficient, insouciant replies.

"Education," he said laughing heart ly. "That's mine, too." He spoke a creed. "I ain't never had it and I ain't never missed it."

"Most folks are happy without an education," said Lulu. "You're not very happy, though."

"Oh. no." she said. "Well, sir," said Ninian, "I'll tell

you what we'll do. While I'm here I'm going to take you and Ina and

lwight up to the city." "To the city?" "To a show. Dinner and a show. I'll give you one good time."

"Oh!" Lulu leaned forward. "Ina and Dwight go sometimes. I never

"Well, just you come with me. I'll look up what's good. You tell me just what you like to eat, and we'll get

"I haven't had anything to eat in years that I haven't cooked myself:" He planned for that time to come, and Lulu listened as one intensely experiencing every word that he uttered. Yet it was not in that future merrymaking that she found her joy, but in the consciousness that he-some oneanyone-was planning like this for

Meanwhile Di and Bobby had rounded the corner by an old hop-house and kept on down the levee. Now that the presence of the others was withdrawn, the two looked about them differently and began themselves to give off an influence instead of being pressed upon by overpowering personalities. Frogs were chorusing in the near swamp, and Bobby wanted one. He was off after it. But Di eventually drew him back, reluctant, frogless. He entered upon an exhaustive account of the use of frogs for bait, and as he talked he constantly flung stones. Di grew restless. There was, she had found, a certain amount of this to be gone through before Bobby would focus on the personal. At length she was obliged to say, "Like me today?" And then he entered upon personal talk with the same

zest with which he had discussed bait. "Bobby," said Di, "sometimes I think we might be married, and not wait for any old money."

They had now come that far. was partly an authentic attraction, grown from out the old repulsion, and partly it was that they both-and especially Di-so much wanted the experiences of attraction that they assumed its ways. And then each cared enough to assume the pretty role required by the other, and by the occasion, and by the air of the time.

"Would you?" asked-Bobby-but in the subjunctive.

"She said: "Yes, I will." "It would mean running away, wouldn't it?" said Bobby, still sub-

junctive. "I suppose so. Mamma and papa are so unreasonable." "Di" said Bobby, "I don't believe

you could ever be happy with me." "The idea! I can, too. You're going to be a great man-you know you are.

Bobby was silent. Of course he knew it-but he passed it over. "Wouldn't it be fun to elope and



"Wouldn't It Be Fun to Elope and Surprise the Whole School?" Said Di, Sparkling.

surprise the whole school?" said Di sparkling.

Bobby grinned appreciatively. He was good to look at, with his big frame, his head of rough, dark hair the sky warm upon his clear skin and full mouth. Di suddenly announced that she would be willing to elope

"I've planned eloping lots of times," she said ambiguously.

It flashed across the mind of Bobby that in these plans of hers he may not always have been the principal and he could not be sure . . she talked in nothings, and he an swered her so.

Soft cries sounded in the center of the stream. The boat, well out of the strong current, was seen to have it: oars shipped; and there sat Dwigh Herbert gently rocking the boat Dwight Herbert would.

"Bertie, Bertie-please!" you heard his Ina say.

Monona began to cry, and her fa ther was irritated, felt that it would be ignominious to desist, and did no know that he felt this. But he knew that he was annoyed, and he tool refuge in this, and picked up the oars with: "Some folks never can enjoy anything without spoiling it."

"That's what I was thinking," said Ina, with a flash of anger.

They glided toward the shore in & huff. Monona found that she enjoyed erying across the water and kept i up. It was almost as good is at echo. Ina, stepping safe to the sands

echo. Ina, stepping safe to the sands cried ungratefully that this was the last time that she would ever, ever go with her husband anywhere. Ever

Dwight Herbert, recovering, gauged the moment to require of him humor, and observed that his wedded wife was as skittish as a colt. Ina kept silence, head poised so that her full little chin showed double. Monona, who had previously hidden a cooky in her frock, now remembered it and

crunched sidewise, the eyes ruminant. Moving toward them, with Di, Bobby was suddenly overtaken by the sense of disliking them all. He never had liked Dwight Herbert, his employer. Mrs. Deacon seemed to him so overwhelmingly mature that he had no idea how to treat her. And the child Monona he would like to roll in the river. Even Di . . . He fell silent, was silent on the walk home, which was the signal for Di to tease him steadily. The little being was afraid of silence. It was too vast for her.

She was like a butterfly in a dome. But against that background of ruined occasion, Lulu walked homeward beside Ninian. And all that night, beside her mother who groaned in her sleep, Lulu lay tense and awake. He had walked home with her. He had told Ina and Herbert about going to the city. What did it mean? Suppose . . . oh no; oh no!

"Either lay still or get up and set up," Mrs. Bett directed her at length.

IV

July. When, on a warm evening a fortnight later, Lulu descended the stairs dressed for her incredible trip to the city, she wore the white waist which she had often thought they would "use" for her if she died. And really, the waist looked as if it had been planned for the purpose, and its wide, upstanding plaited lace at throat and wrist made her neck look thinner, her forearm sharp and veined. Her hair she had "crimped" and parted in the middle, puffed high—it was so that hair had been worn in Lulu's girlhood. "Well!" said Ina, when she saw this coiffure, and frankly examined it, head well back, tongue meditatively teasing at her lower lip.

For travel Lulu was again wearing Ina's linen duster—the old one. Ninian appeared, in a sack coatand his diamond. His distinctly con-

vex face, its thick, rosy flesh, thick mouth and cleft chin gave Lulu once more that bold sense of looking-not at him, for then she was shy and averted her eyes-but at his photograph at which she could gaze as much as she would. She looked up at him openly, fell in step beside him. Was he not taking her to the city? Ina and Dwight themselves were going because she, Lulu, had brought

about this party. "Act as good as you look, Lulie," Mrs. Bett called after them. She gave no instructions to Ina, who was mar-

ried and able to shine in her conduct, it seemed.

Dwight was cross. On the way to the station he might have been heard to take it up again, whatever it was, and his Ina unmistakably said: "Well, now, don't keep it going all the way there"; and turned back to the others with some elaborate comment about the dust, thus cutting off her so-called lord from his legitimate retort. A mean advantage.

The city was two hours distant, and they were to spend the night. On the train, in the double seat, Ninian beside her among the bags, Lulu sat in the simple consciousness that the people all knew that she too had been chosen. A man and a woman were opposite, with their little boy between them. Lulu felt this woman's superiority of experience over her own. and smiled at her from a world of fellowship. But the woman lifted her eyebrows and stared and turned away, with slow and insolent winking.

Ninian had a boyish pride in his knowledge of places to eat in many cities—as if he were leading certain of the tribe to a deer-run in a strange wood. Ninian took his party to a downtown cafe, the a popular among business and newspaper men. The place was below the sidewalk, was reached by a dozen marble steps, and the odor of its griadle-cakes took the air of the street. Ninian made a great show of selecting a table, changed once, called the waiter "my man" and rubbed soft hands on "What do you say? Shan it be lobster?" He ordered the dinner, instructing the waiter with painstaking gruffness.

"Not that they can touch your cooking here, Miss Lulu," he said, settling himself to wait, and crumbling a

Dwight, expanding a bit in the aura of the food, observed that Lulu was a regular chef, that was what Lulu was. He still would not look at his wife, who now remarked:

"Sheff, Dwightie. Not cheff." This was a mean alvantage, which he pretended not to hear-another

mean advantage. "Ina." said Lulu, 'your hat's just a little mite-no, over the other way." "Was there anything to prevent your speaking of that before?" Ina Inquired acidly.

"I started to and then somebody always said something," said Lulu humbly.

Nothing could so much as cloud Lulu's hour. She was proof against any shadow.

"Say, but you look tremendous tonight." Dwight observed to her. Understanding perfectly that this was said to tease his wife, Lulu yet flushed with pleasure. She saw two

women watching, and she thought: "They're feeling sorry for Ina-no-She laughed body talking to her." at everything that the men said. She passionately wanted to talk herself.

At length, having noted the details of all the clothes in range. Ina's isolation palled upon her and she get

herself to take Ninian's attention. She therefore talked with him about himself. "Curious you've never married,

Nin," she said. "Don't say it like that," he begged.

"I might yet." Ina laughed enjoyably. "Yes, you might!" she met this.

"She wants everybody to get married, but she wishes I hadn't," Dwight threw in with exceeding ran-They developed this theme exhaus-

tively, Dwight usually speaking in the third person and always with his shoulder turned a bit from his wife. It was inconceivable, the gusto with which they proceeded. Ina had assumed for the purpose an air distrait, casual, attentive to the scene about them. But gradually her cheeks began to burn.

"She'll cry," Lulu thought in alarm, and said at random: "Ina, that hat is so pretty-ever so much prettier than the old one." But Ina said frostily that she never saw anything the mat-

ter with the old one. "Let us talk," said Ninian low, to Lulu. "Then they'll simmer down.

He went on, in an undertone, about nothing in particular. Lulu hardly heard what he said, it was so pleasant to have him talking to her in this confidential fashion; and she was pleasantly aware that his manner was open to misinterpretation.

In the nick of time the lobster was served.

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They discussed the play. Not one of them had understood the story. The dog-kennel part—wasn't that the queerest thing? Nothing to do with the rest of the play.

"I was for the pirates. The one with the hook—he was my style," said Dwight. "Well, there it is again," Ina cried. "They didn't belong to the real play,

oither.' "Oh, well," Ninian said, "they have to put in parts, I suppose, to catch everybody. Instead of a song and

dance, they do that." "And I didn't understand," said Ina, "why they all clapped when the prin-

cipal character ran down front and said something to the audience that

time. But they all did." Ninian thought this might have been out of compliment. Ina wished that Monona might have seen, confessed that the last part was so pretty that she herself would not look; and into Ina's eyes came their loveliest

light. Lulu sat there, hearing the talk about the play. "Why couldn't I have said that?" she thought as the others spoke. All that they said seemed to her apropos, but s'e could think of nothing to add. The evening had been to her a light from heaven-how could she find anything to say? She sat in a daze of happiness, her mind hardly operative, her look moving never keep well. from one to another. At last Ninian looked at her.

"Sure you liked it, Miss Lulu?" "Oh, yes! I think they all took

their parts real well." It was not enough. She looked at



"Why Not Say the Wedding Service?" Asked Ninian.

them appealingly, knowing that she had not said enough. "You could hear everything they

said," she added. "It was-" she dwindled to silence. Dwight Herbert savored his rarebit with a great show of long wrinkled

dimples. "Excellent sauces they make here-excellent," he said, with the frown of an epicure. "A tiny wee bit more tertainment and their talk was of

this sort, for an heur, "Well, now," said Dwight Herbert when it was finished, "somebody dance on the table."

"Dwightie!" "Got to amuse ourselves somehow. Come, liven up. They'll begin to read the funeral service over us."

"Why not say the wedding service?" asked Ninian. In the mention of wedlock there

was always something stimulating to Dwight, something of overwhelming humor. He shouted a derisive endorsement of this proposal. "I shouldn't object," said Ninian.

"Should you, Miss Lulu?" Lulu now burned the slow red of her torture. They were all looking at her. She made an anguished effort

to defend herself. "I don't know it," she said, "so I can't say it." Ninian leaned toward her.

"I, Ninian, take thee, Lulu, to be my wedded wife," he pronounced. "That's the way it goes!" "Lulu daren't say it!" cried Dwight. He laughed so loudly that those at the near tables turned. And, from the fastness of her wifehood and moth-

erhood Ina laughed. Really, it was

ridiculous to think of Lulu that Ninian laughed, too. "Course she don't dare say it," he challenged. From within Lulu, that strange Lulu, that other Lulu who sometimes fought her battles, suddenly spoke

"I, Lulu, take thee, Ninian, to be my wedded husband."

"You will?" Ninian cried. "I will," she said, laughing tremulously, to prove that she, too, could join in, could be as merry as the rest. "And I will. There, by Jove, now have we entertained you, or haven't we?" Ninian laughed and pounded his

soft fist on the table. "Oh, say, honestly!" Ina was shocked. "I don't think you ought to-holy things-what's the matter, Dwightie?"

Dwight Herbert Deacon's eyes were staring and his face was scarlet. "Say, by George," he said, "a civil

wedding is binding in this state." "A civil wedding? Oh, well-" Ninian dismissed it. "But I," said Dwight, "happen to

be a magistrate." They looked at one another foolishly. Dwight sprang up with the indeterminate idea of inquiring something of some one, circled about and returned. Ina had taken his chair

and sat clasping Lulu's hand. Ninian continued to laugh. "I never saw one done so offhand," said Dwight. "But what you've said is all you have to say according to law. And there don't have to be witnesses . . . say!" he said, and sat

down again.

(Continued next week).

FARM NOTES.

-It costs a farmer at least \$50 to grow out a calf in its first year. At the end of the year, some farmers have scrubs for their money; others raise pure breds and have something worth keeping on the home farm.

-When it rains or the farm work slacks a bit, look over the corn harvester and make any repairs that may be required before it is put to use. Also examine the silo to see if it is in the best of condition before filling.

-When the onions have matured and are partly dried off, pull them and spread them out in the shade or under shelter. After a few weeks pull off the tops and store under dry, cool conditions. Onions with fleshy necks

-There are two classes of dirty eggs, plain dirties, caused by dirty nests, dirty feet, etc.; and stained eggs, from wet nesting material, manure, and blood. Stains can be removed by wiping the eggs with a damp cloth, rubbing them as little as possible.

—This is a good time to cull the farm flock of sheep. The butcher should get the ewes that have bad udders or those that have failed to breed. Base the culling process on production rather than on appearance. Many a thin, rough looking ewe is thin because she has successfully reared twin lambs, while some of the fattest are non-producers or poor milkers.

—Lancaster county leads in the number of dairy cows but only by a small margin, having just 105 more dairy cows than Bradford county. Chester county is third. The report indicates that the northern section of the State excells in dairying. The number of dairy cows at the beginning of the present year was a decrease of just one-half of one per cent. over the number on the farms a year

—Six yearling Shopshire ewes and a Cheviot ram have lately been pur-chased by the animal husbandry department of The Pennsylvania State College, bringing the total number of pure breds in the college flock to approximately two hundred head, including the spring crop of lambs. The flock is made up of representative individuals of all the major breeds in fine wool, long wool, and mutton classes, used quite largely in winter class room work for instruction and judging purposes. A number of pure breds were also used in the college cross-breeding experiments several years ago, in which rams of the mutton breeds were crossed on Merino stock to determine the advisability of combining mutton and fine wool characters.

-Our soils are rapidly becoming depleted of sulphur. The sulphur content of our soils is of great importance. There is a heavy loss of sulphur where there is continuous cropping in connection with insufficient fertilization. Combined with the losses of sulphur through drainage and Athabasca," he added, and they all taughed and told him that Athabasca it appears that this loss cannot be was a lake, of course. Of course he meant tabasco, Ina said. Their en- from the atmosphere. It is necessary to apply fertilizers containing sulphur to maintain the crop yields of such soils.

-The use of acid phosphate is frequently attended by superior crops, due to the additional sulphate sup-

plied in this form of fertilizer. Gypsum, with its important content of sulphur, often adds fertility and increases crop yields of soils which otherwise would have been materially re-

duced in their productive capacity. Under systems of live stock farming, when the crops and purchased feeds are fed and the manure saved, the sulphur finds its way back to the land. In systems of grain farming it appears that some form of sulphate should be used systematically in the fertilizer treatment of the soil, for the purpose of maintaining therein a per-

manent supply of sulphur. For permanent and increased production of farm crops, such systems of fertilization must be practiced as will not only supply to the soil nitrogen, phosphorous and potash, but also will add a sufficient quantity of sulphur to meet the losses sustained by cropping and drainage. Excellent fertilizers for such purposes include farm manures, trade fertilizers, such as ammonium sulphate, super-phosphate and sulphate of potassium, and gypsum or calcium sulphate.

There will not be profitable production unless there is an ample supply of organic matter and nitrogen in the soil. By growing legume cover crops these requisites may be secured in a cheap way. A good cover crop plowed under should give as much, if not more, organic matter in the roots and tops, per acre, than will eight tons of manure. Besides, a good legume cover crop is able to secure from the air and place into the soil as much nitrogen, to the acre, as will eight tons of manure, or 500 pounds of nitrate of soda. While it will not be as quick in action as will nitrate, nearly all the nitrogen in a cover crop will eventually become available.

On soils that are light, cover crops, even non-legumes, will prevent the loss through leaching, blowing and washing of valuable soluble plant food. The greatest production can be obtained without manure and with fertilizers containing comparatively little nitrogen (and, therefore, less expensive), if legume cover crops are systematically grown.

The liquids contain the richest and most soluble parts of the manure, the only parts in fact, that are completely digested. The solid droppings do not cause any quick growth because they are not only low in nitrogen, but what they do contain of this element is not soluble, and thus cannot force growth at once. Nitrogen is found in our fertilizing materials in three forms-nitrate, ammonia and organic The first is the soluble form, in which plants use this element. The others are changed more or less slowly into the nitrate or soluble form.

In a ton of liquids from a cow there are 12 pounds of nitrogen. As nitrate of soda contains 16 per cent. of nitrogen, the liquid manure is as strong as solution of 75 pounds of nitrate in 1925 pounds of water.