there."

Lying awake sometime after mic-

night, Lulu heard the telephone ring.

She heard Dwight's concerned "Is

that so?" And his cheerful "Be right

Grandma Gates was sick, she heard

him tell Ina. In a few moments ha

ran down the stairs. Next day they

told how Dwight had sat for hours

that night, holding Grandma Gates so

that her back would rest easily and

she could fight for her faint breath.

The kind fellow had only about two

hours of sleep the whole night long.

Next day there came a message

from that woman who had brought up

Dwight-"made him what he was,"

he often complacently accused her. It

was a note on a postal card—she had

often written a few lines on a postal

card to say that she had sent the

maple sugar, or could Ina get her

some samples. Now she wrote a few

lines on a postal card to say that she

was going to die with cancer. Could

Dwight and Ina come to her while

she was still able to visit? If he was

Nobody saw the pity and the terror

of that postal card. They stuck it up

by the kitchen clock to read over from

time to time, and before they left,

Dwight lifted the griddle of the cook-

ing-stove and burned the postal card.

And before they left Lulu said:

"Dwight-you can't tell how long

"Of course not. How should I tell?"

"No. And that letter might come

"Conceivably. Letters do come while

"Dwight-I thought if you wouldn't

"Yes. You see, it'll be about me

"I should have said that it'll be

"But you know what I mean You

"But you say you know what'll be

"So I did know-till you-I've got to

"And so you shall. But not till I

show it to you. My dear Lulu, you

know how I hate having my mail in-

She might have said: "Small souls

always make a point of that." She

said nothing. She watched them set

"Don't let Di see much of Bobby

Larkin. And, Lulu-if it occurs to her

to have Mr. Cornish come up to sing,

of course you ask him. You might

ask him to supper. And don't let moth-

er overdo. And, Lulu, now do watch

never take a clean one if I'm not here

She breathed injunctions to the very

In the 'bus Dwight leaned forward:

"See that you play post office

squarely, Lulu!" he called, and threw

back his head and lifted his eyebrows.

In, the train he turned tragic eyes to

"Ina." he said. "It's ma. And she's

Ina said: "But you're going to help

her, Dwight, just being there with

It was true that the mere presence

of the man would bring a kind of fresh

life to that worn frame. Tact and

wisdom and love would speak through

Toward the end of their week's ab-

Lulu took it from the post office

when she went for the mail that eve-

ning, dressed in her dark red gown.

There was no other letter, and she car-

ried that one letter in her hand all

through the streets. She passed those

vho were surmising what her story

might be, who were telling one anoth-

er what they had heard. But she knew

hardly more than they. She passed

Cornish in the doorway of his little

music shop, and spoke with him; and

there was the letter. It was so that

Dwight's foster mother's postal card

might have looked on its way to be

Cornish stepped down and overtook

"Oh, Miss Lulu. I've got a new song

She said abstractedly: "Do. Any

night. Tomorrow night—could you—'

It was as if Lulu were too preoccupied

Cornish flushed with pleasure, said

Oh, could he? Wouldn't that be

... Well, say! Such was his accept-

He came for supper. And Di was

not at home. She had gone off in the

country with Jenny and Bobby, and

Mrs. Bett and Lulu and Cornish and

Monona supped alone. All were at

ease, now that they were alone. Es-

pecially Mrs. Bett was at ease. It be-

came one of her young nights, her

they merely did not return.

to remember to be ill at ease.

"Come for supper," Lulu said.

that he could indeed.

sence the letter from Ninian came.

going to die. It can't be. . . ."

off, and kept her mind on Ina's thou-

not too busy. . .

you'll be gone?"

a man's away!"

"Opened it?"

mostly-"

while you're away."

mind if I opened it-"

about my brother mostly."

see that letter, Dwight."

terfered with."

sand injunctions.

to tell her. . . .

step of the 'bus.

him and minister.

his wfie.

her.

or two-"

wouldn't mind if I did open it?"

(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. 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 approaching visit from Deacon's brother approaching visit from Deacon's brother raian, 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.

family takes, Ninian and Lulu become in a measure confidential. He expresses his disapproval of her treatment as a sort of dependent in the Deacon home. Luly has vaguely had the same thoughts, but her layalty to her sister and her own diffidence make Ninian's comments embarrassing. He declares his intention of giving the family a "good time" in the city before he leaves. Diana and Bobby, in the course of "soft nothings," discuss the possibility of eloping and "surprising the whole school." Lulu, despite herself, has awakened to pleasant possibilities concerning Ninian's intentions toward herself, the more so because hitherto she has been a practical nonentity in the household, having little to do with its simple social functions. The fact that Ninian had walked home with her causes all sorts of speculations to disturb her slumbers that night.

IV-JULY.-Ninian redeems his promise of a "good time," and dinner in the adjacent city, with the attentions shown her by her brother-in-law, is a delight to Lulu. At supper, after the theater, the conversation languishes, and Herbert banteringly suggests reading the funeral service as a rebuke for the dullness. Ninian apparently jokingly urges the substitution of the wedding service, himself and Lulu participating. As part of the joke Lulu repeats the words of the civil ceremony, with Ninian. The laughter subsiding, Herbert remembers that a civil wedding is binding in the state, and inasmuch as he is a magistrate, Ninian and Lulu are legally wedded. The rest of the party is shocked, but Ninian declares he is perfectly satisfied. Lulu is dumfounded but secretly happy. She and Ninian depart at once for their honeymoon, without re-turning to Warbleton. The Deacons lose no time spreading the news in the home town, though the services of Lulu are sadly missed in the household.

"That's it. So do I. Nothing like a nice sacred piece," Cornish declared. Bobby Larkin, at the end of the plano, looked directly into Di's face.

"Give me ragtime," he said now, with the effect of bursting out of somewhere. "Don't you like ragtime?" he put it to her directly.

Di's eyes danced into his, they sparkled for him, her smile was a smile for him alone, all their store of common memories was in their look. "Let's try 'My Rock, My Refuge," Cornish suggested. "That's got up

Di's profile again, and her pleased voice saying that this was the very one she had been hoping to hear bim

real attractive."

sing. They gathered for "My Rock, My

Refuge." "Oh," cried Ina, at the conclusion of this number, "I'm having such a

perfectly beautiful time. Isn't everybody?" everybody's hostess put it. "Lulu is," said Dwight, and added softly to Lulu: "She don't have to hear herself sing."

It was incredible. He was like a bad boy with a frog. About that photograph of Ninian he found a dozen ways to torture her, called attention to it, showed it to Cornish, set it on the piano facing them all. Everybody must have understoodcepting the Plows. These two gentle souls sang placidly through the Album of Old Favorites, and at the melodies smiled happily upon each other with an air from another world. Always it was as if the Plows walked some fair, inter-penetrating plane. from which they looked out as do other things not quite of earth, say, flowers and fire and music.

Strolling home that night, the Plows were overtaken by some one who ran badly, and as if she were unaccustomed to running.

"Mis' Plow, Mis' Plow!" this one called, and Lulu stood beside them. "Say!" she said. "Do you know of any job that I could get me? I mean that I'd know how to do? A job for money. . . . I mean a job. . . ."

She burst into passionate crying. They drew her home with them.

taken from the parlor. Also, Lulu had made ice cream. "I don't see what Di can be think-

ing of," Lulu said. "It seems like asking you under false-" She was afraid of "pretenses" and ended without it. Cornish savored his steaming beef pie, with sage. "Oh, well!" he said, contentedly.

She sat in Dwight's chair and Lulu

sat in Ina's chair. Lulu had picked

flowers for the table—a task coveted

by her but usually performed by Ina.

Lulu had now picked Sweet William

and had filled a vase of silver gf.

"Kind of a relief, I think, to have her gone," said Mrs. Bett, from the fullness of something or other.

"Mother!" Lulu said, twisting her

"Why, my land, I love her," Mrs. Bett explained, "but she wiggles and chitters.

Cornish never made the slightest effort, at any time, to keep a straight face. The honest fellow now laughed loudly

"Well!" Lulu thought. "He can't be so very much in love." And again she thought: "He doesn't know any. thing about the letter. He thinks Ninian got tired of me." Deep down in her heart there abode her certainty that this was not so.

By some etiquette of consent, Mrs. Bett cleared the table and Lulu and Cornish went into the parlor. There lay the letter on the drop-leaf sidetable, among the shells. Lulu had carried it there, where she need not see it at her work. The letter looked no more than the advertisement of dental office furniture beneath it. Monona stood indifferently fingering both.

"Monona," Lulu said sharply, "leave

Cornish was displaying his music. "Got up quite attractive," he said-it was his formula of praise for his

"But we can't try it over," Lulu said, "if Di doesn't come."

"Well, say," said Cornish shyly. "you know I left that Album of Old Favorites here. Some of them we know by heart."

Lulu looked. "I'll tell you something," she said; "there's some of these I can play with one hand-by ear. Maybe-'

"Why, sure!" said Cornish. Lulu sat at the piano. She had on the wool chally, long sacred to the nights when she must combine her servant's estate with the quality of being Ina's sister. She wore her coral beads and her cameo cross. In her absence she had caught the trick of dressing her hair so that it looked even more abundant-but she had not dared to try it so until tonight, when Dwight was gone. Her long wrist was curved high, her thin hand pressed and fingered awkwardly, and at her mistakes her head dipped and strove to make all right. Her foot continuously touched the loud pedal-the blurred sound seemed to accomplish Leave Thee," and they managed to sweetness.

Ago," and "Little Nell of Narragan-

"Long, Long



"Oh. No." Lulu Disclaimed It. She Looked Up, Flushed, Smiling.

Bett listened, sang, it may be, with them; for when the singers ceased, her voice might be heard still humming a loud closing bar.

"Well!" Cornish cried to Lulu: and then, in the formal village phrase: "You're quite a musician."

"Oh, no!" Lulu disclaimed it. She looked up, flushed, smiling. "I've never done this in front of anybody," she owned. "I don't know what Dwight and Ina'd say. . . ." She drooped. They rested and, miraculously, the air of the place had stirred and quickened, as if the crippled, halting melody

had some power of its own, and poured this forth, even thus trampled. 'I guess you could do 'most anything you set your hand to," said

Cornish. "Oh, no," Lulu said again.

"Sing and play and cook-" "But I can't earn anything. I'd like to earn something." But this she had not meant to say. She stopped, rather frightened.

You would! Why, you have it fine here, I thought." "Oh, fine, yes. Dwight gives me what I have. And I do their work."

"I see," said Cornish. "I never

thought of that," he added.

alive and lucid nights. She was there, | caught his speculative look-he had

heard a tale or two concerning her return, as who in Warbleton had not heard?

"You're wondering why I didn't stay with him!" Lulu said recklessly. This was no less than wrung from her, but its utterance occasioned in her an unspeakable relief.

"Oh, no," Cornish disclaimed, and colored and rocked.

"Yes, you are," she swept on. "The whole town's wondering. Well, I'd like 'em to know, but Dwight won't let me

Cornish frowned, trying to under-

"'Won't let you!'" he repeated. "I should say that was your own affair." "No. Not when Dwight gives me all

"Oh, that-" said Cornish. "That's not right."

I have."

"No. But there it is. It puts meyou see what it does to me. They think—they all think my—husband left me."

It was curious to hear her bring out that word-tentatively, deprecatingly, like some one daring a foreign phrase without warrant.

Cornish said feebly: "Oh, well.

Before she willed it, she was telling

"He didn't. He didn't leave me," she cried with passion. "He had another wife." Incredibly it was as if she were defending both him and her-

"Lord sakes!" said Cornish. She poured it out, in her passion to tell some one, to share her news of her state where there would be neither hardness nor censure.

"We were in Savannah, Georgia," she said. "We were going to leave for Oregon-going to go through California. We were in the hotel, and he was going out to get the tickets. He started to go. Then he came back. I was sitting the same as there. He opened the door again-the same as here. I saw he looked different-and he said quick: "There's something you'd ought to know before we go.' And, of course, I said, 'What?' And he said it right out-how he was married eighteen years ago and in two years she ran away and she must be dead, but he wasn't sure. He hadn't the proofs. So, of course, I came home. But it wasn't him left me."

"No, no. Of course he didn't," Cornish said earnestly. "But, Lord's sakes-" he said again. He rose to walk about, found it impracticable and sat down.

"That's what Dwight don't want me to tell-he thinks it isn't true. He thinks-he didn't have any other wife. He thinks he wanted-" Lulu looked up at him. "You see," she said, "Dwight thinks he didn't want me."

"But why don't you make your husband-I mean, why doesn't he write to Mr. Deacon here, and tell him the truth-" Cornish burst out.

Under this implied belief, she remore. So she played "How Can I laxed and into her face came its rare letter's there."

> He followed her look, scowled at the two letters "What'd he say?" "Dwight don't like me to touch his

> mail. I'll have to wait till he comes "Lord sakes!" said Cornish. This time he did rise and walk

> about. He wanted to say something, wanted it with passion. He paused beside Lulu and stammered:

> "You-you-you're too nice a girl to get a deal like this. Darned if you To her own complete surprise Lulu's eyes filled with tears, and she could

> not speak. She was by no means above self-sympathy. "And there ain't." said Cornish sorrowfully, "there ain't a thing I can

> And yet he was doing much. He was gentle, he was listening, and on

> his face a frown of concern. His face continually surprised her, it was so fine and alive and near, by comparison with Ninian's loose-lipped, ruddy, impersonal look and Dwight's thin, highboned hardness. All the time Cornish gave her something, instead of drawing upon her. Above all, he was there, and she could talk to him.

> "It's-it's funny," Lulu said. "I'd be awful glad if I just could know for sure that the other woman was alive -if I couldn't know she's dead." This surprising admission Cornish eemed to understand.

> "Sure you would," he said briefly. "Cora Waters," Lulu said. "Cora Waters, of San Diego, California. And she never heard of me."

> "No," Cornish admitted. They stared at each other as across some

In the doorway Mrs. Bett appeared. "I scraped up everything," she remarked, "and left the dishes set." "That's right, mamma," Lulu said.

"Come and sit down." Mrs. Bett entered with a leisurely air of doing the thing next expected of her.

"I don't hear any more playin' and singin'," she remarked. "It sounded real nice." "We-we sung all. I knew how to

play, I guess, mamma."

"I use' to play on the melodeon," Mrs. Bett volunteered, and spread and examined her right hand. "Well!" said Cornish.

She now told them about her loghouse in a New England clearing, when she was a bride. All her store of drama and life came from her. She rehearsed it with far eyes. She laughed at old delights, drooped at old fears. She told about her little daughter who had died at sixteen-a tragedy such as once would have been renewed in a vital ballad. At the end she yawned frankly as if, in some terrible sophistication, she had been telling the story of some one else.

"Give us one more piece," she said. "Can we?" Cornish asked.

"I can play 'I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old," Lulu said. "That's the ticket!" said Cornish. They sang it, to Lulu's right hand. "That's the one you picked out when you was a little girl, Lulie."

cried Mrs. Bett. Lulu had played it now as she muct

have played it then. Half after nine and Di had not returned. But nobody thought of Di. Cornish rose to go. "What's them?" Mrs. Bett de-

manded. "Dwight's letters, mamma. You mustn't touch them!" Lulu's voice was sharp.

"Say!" Cornish, at the door, dropped his voice. "If there was anything I could do at any time, you'd let me know, wouldn't you?"

That past tense, those subjunctives, unconsciously called upon her to feel "Oh, thank you," she said. "You

don't know how good it is to feel-" "Of course it is," said Cornish heartily.

They stood for a moment on the porch. The night was one of low



"Of Course," Said Lulu, "Of Course You Won't-You Wouldn't."

clamor from the grass, tiny voices, in-

"Of course," said Lulu, "of course you won't-you wouldn't-" "Say anything?" he divined. "Not

for dollars. Not." he repeated, "for "But I knew you wouldn't," she told

He took her hand, "Good-night," he said. "I've had an awful nice time singing and listening to you talk well, of course-I mean," he cried, "the supper was just fine. And so

was the music." "Oh, no," she said. Mrs. Bett came into the hall. "Lulie," she said, "I guess you

didn't notice-this one's from Ninian." "Mother-" "I opened it-why, of course I did.

It's from Ninian." Mrs. Bett held out the opened envelope, the unfolded letter, and a yel-

lowed newspaper clipping. "See," said the old woman, "says, 'Corie Waters, music hall singermarried last night to Ninian Dea-

con-' Say, Lulie, that must be Lulu threw out her hands. "There!" she cried triumphantly. "He was married to her, just like he said!"

with the state of (Continued next week).

Outdoor Body Will Raise Big Fund for Fish and Game.

For the purpose of financing a campaign to make Central Pennsylvania one of the best game centers in the United States, the Central Pennsylvania Fish and Game Conservation association will stage a drive in Harrisburg and vicinity early next month. Plans for the raising of at least \$6,000 a year for a period of three years have been outlined by the executive committee of the organization. The president of the association, Edson J. Hockenberry, has contributed the service of the Hockenberry System Inc., for the collection of this fund.

The committee in charge of the raising of the fund is enthusiastic over the prospects of success and over the work done by the association thus far with the small fund in the hands of the officers. The work has been confined mainly to the placing of fish in the streams the past summer, prevention of stream pollution in several instances where it was threatened and a survey of the district with regard to the elimination of so-called vermin out an eye will not grow. and the stocking with various types of game not now plentiful. The support of all the legislative candidates in the central section of the State was also obtained to keep intact the fishing and hunting license funds, which are in danger of being diverted to other uses.

Ancient Myth of the Forget-Me-Not.

How the forget-me-not was named goes back to an old, old myth. A He dashed into the lake, swam to the it favors misses of this kind. opposite bank, plucked the flowers and (8) Finally, poor seed grown or was returning to his love. Near the shore his strength gave out. He threw the flowers to his beloved, crying, "Forget-me-not," and then sank.

FARM NOTES.

-An outbreak of the lip and leg disease affecting sheep has been found in southern Pennsylvania by field agents of the Bureau of Animal Industry.

The disease, which should not be confused with the hoof and mouth disease affecting cattle, is more or less prevalent in western States but it has not been found to any extent in Pennsylvania for a considerable time.

The disease is not necessarily fatal

but it may be easily spread and for this reason steps have been taken to prevent it from becoming prevalent in the flocks in the section in which it has already been found. It is gen-erally believed that the disease was brought into Pennsylvania by sheep purchased in the west.

-So very little is generally known regarding the origin, composition and consumption of commercial fertilizers that the Division of Chemistry calls attention to the following facts:

The fertilizer business is the largest group of the heavy-chemical in-

More than 90 per cent. by weight of the ingredients which enter into the composition of the fertilizers consumed in South Carolina-the largest fertilizer-consuming State-are strictly

chemicals. It requires approximately 62 million tons of chemicals to supply the annual demand for fertilizer in the United States—the other 10 per cent, or 750,000 tons, consisting mostly of cottonseed meal, packing house tankage, fish scrap, blood meal and lesser tonnage of garbage tankage, processed leather and other waste products.

Organic ammoniates, such as garbage, scrap leather, feathers, hair and felt are processed either by digestion with acid or by long-pressure cooking in order to convert the complex nitro-gen compounds into forms readily available for plant use.

Phosphate rock, from a tonnage point of view, is the most important raw fertilizer material. About 2½ million tons of phosphate rock were consumed in producing the 7½ million tons of fertilizer consumed in the United States in 1914.

It takes approximately 1,100 pounds of phosphate rock and 1,100 pounds of sulphuric acid to produce a finished ton of acid phosphate. Ammonia nitrate is the original chemical produced at Muscle Shoals.
Cyanamid is made in this country

only at Niagara Falls. —For the first time in the history of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, a special report on the condition of the apple crop of the State, based on the varieties of apples, has been secured. The report

has been presented to Secretary of

Agriculture Fred Rasmussen by L. H. Wible, statistician for the department. The report shows the condition of the various varieties of apples on September 1. The figures indicate that the Stayman Winesap, one of the most popular varieties of apples, both with Pennsylvania growers and consumers, came through the frosts of last spring least well of any of the varieties, the condition of this variety on September 1 indicating a yield of 43 per cent. of

a normal crop. The following table shows the per centage of each variety as compared

with a normal crop: All varieties - -Fall varieties Winter varieties -Stayman Winesap -York Imperial Baldwin - -60% Northern Spy 55% Ben Davis -57% Jonathan -60% Grimes' Golden - -

Rome Beauty - -The report covers thirty-five counties of the State, in which Pennsylvania's commercial and farm apple crop is largely raised. The condition of the apple crop, according to the last re-port of the Bureau of Statistics of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture indicates a yield of 11,486,000 bushels as compared with 1,766,000 bushels last year. It is indicated that this year's crop will run considerably above the average crop for the past ten years, the average for that time being 7,911,000 bushels.

-The great interest that is being taken during recent years in the improvement of the potato crop has resulted in a closer observation of the growing crop everywhere. One of the questions that is constantly being asked of the Bureau of Plant Industry, is why so many of the hills "miss." As this was a very common occurrence in potato fields this season, mention of some of the causes for missing hills may be of interest to potato growers.

(1) Perhaps the most important cause of missing hills in Pennsylvania is the fungus Rhizoctonia which winters as black specks on the tubers and then attacks and destroys the young shoots before they can get above ground. A sprout may be killed and start again five or six times before it at last gets a weak, sickly shoot out of the soil, and often the sprout is altogether suppressed. Seed treatment will prevent this type of miss.

inefficiency of the planter. (3) A few others result from bac cutting of seed, for a seed piece with-

(2) A few misses are due to the

(4) Severe seed treatment may cause misses by killing the buds ir some eves. (5) A few cases of failure may be

due to the attacks on the sprouts of insects underground. (6) Storage conditions are not always given the importance that they should receive, and after a cold winter seed is apt to be so badly damaged

that some of the eyes will not grow. (7) Misses are caused by the rot ting of the seed-piece in the ground knight and his love were walking by arious organisms. It is suspect a lake when she saw at the other shore ed that many misses this season were some beautiful blue flowers and expressed her wish for some of them. due to late blight rot carried over the winter from last year's epidemic. I For her to wish was for him to obey. the ground is too wet after planting