

TO HAPPINESS.

It ain't so far to happiness—'tis lyin' all around; It twinkles in the dewdrops, brings blooms to barren ground.

The Trouble & on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

There are plenty of itching trigger-fingers hereabouts just now, and one of them is going to crook itself some dark night if Wykamp doesn't have a spasm of common sense.

I made the sign of unknowledge; and Maepheron drew his chair nearer and lowered his voice in deference to the Dionysian-ear qualities of the loosely built ear.

You know his attitude toward—toward Winnie—Miss Sanborn? Well, he changed it in a day; came here two or three times and tried to see her, and when she wouldn't be hegan on the girl—Selter's daughter.

There'll be a murder, I ventured. I'm afraid of it. And at this time it would be most confoundedly inopportune.

Maepheron grinned. I've already burned my fingers in that fire—burned them rather badly. You haven't forgotten about the pony and the riding-lessons, have you?

And, besides, I have a funeral of my own and I can't furnish mourners for Wykamp's. I'd much rather furnish the corpse.

Silence, for the space of a full minute, and then I say: You haven't found out anything more?

Not a syllable. I've been respecting her prohibition as much as I could, feeling as I do, and coming here every night. We meet and speak and pass, and that's all there is to it. But I've seen and heard enough to make me feel murderous; she fairly shudders at the mere mention of his name.

I wonder what he did to her? I don't know; but I'm beginning to suspect that Nan does. If—if it's anything—anything bad—the words came hard—it would be like the fiend to boast of it to another woman.

You mustn't jump at conclusions, else it will be your itching trigger-finger instead of Selter's. Why do you think Nan knows?

I can't tell; it's in the air. I've caught her looking at Winifred in a way—but don't make me talk about it—don't make me talk about anything. Turn over and go to sleep, or I shall go away.

I was too weak to withstand him, and, truly, sleep was again knocking at the door. But when the door was opened and closed again, a dream came between and I saw Wykamp directing the work on a dam in a precipitous canyon—saw him and wondered that I had not before remarked that his ears were pointed, and that a pair of satyr-horns curled gracefully over the visor of his out-
ing-cap.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

(Winifred to Priscilla Bradford.) Dear Prissie: Your last letter accuses me of a lack of confidence, and it's so. I have been "talking scenery," as you say, and it is because a thing so dreadful has happened that I haven't been able to bring myself to write about it, even to you. But I shall lose my mind if I do not confide in some one; and since you have asked for a share of the burden, you shall have it.

Inasmuch as you know all the pitiful foregoings, for you I can compress the dreadful thing into three words: He is here. How he found me out I don't know; or if it were design or a mere arrow of spiteful chance; but the miserable fact remains. He is the engineer in charge of an irrigation project which involves the welfare of the entire settlement; his camp is but a short half-mile from the schoolhouse; and I am forced to see him every day. Knowing what this must mean for me, you will wonder that I did not shriek and run away at the very first. That, indeed, was the first impulsive prompting, and under other

circumstances I should have obeyed it unquestioningly. But it is not so easy to disappear when one is far from the highways of travel; and there was a second thought potent enough to make me stay—and suffer. Put together all the little odds and ends I have written about Mr. Maepheron (but you have doubtless done this long ago) and draw your own conclusion. There is fuel enough, God knows, to keep the shame-fire burning all through my miserable life, but this is not of it. Having said so much, you will understand what follows, reading between the lines if you care to.

Our first meeting—the only one in which he has had the hardihood to speak to me—was one evening when I was walking home from the schoolhouse with Mr. Maepheron. He was riding past and he recognized me, wheeling his horse to fling himself from the saddle and to add another insult to all that has gone before. Mr. Maepheron resented it promptly, like a man and a gentleman, and he struck him! After that, I knew I had to stay; that otherwise there would be more misery and perhaps bloodshed; and however rich his deservings, God would require his life at my hands.

So I have stayed and suffered, not knowing what a day might bring forth, and drinking the cup of terror to the dregs. Thus far, Mr. Maepheron has amply justified all my beliefs of him. His quarrel with the land company is quite as bitter as that of the settlers—the plans of the company, if carried out, will practically dispossess him—but he will not make it a personal matter with the engineer—for my sake, if for no better reason. So long as he does not know the shameful facts, I tell myself there is reason to take courage; but if he should find out—oh, Prissie! living as you do in the peaceful quiet of the old New England home you can't understand. But the men of these wildernesses, men reared in homes just like yours, perhaps, become terribly swift to right their wrongs with the strong hand.

You will say that, so long as I keep my secret, exposure can come only through the man who will stand a self-confessed villain in the telling; and this is true. But the dastardly hardihood of this man is past belief, and I have begun to fear that the worst is yet to come. You will recall my frequent mention of Jacob Selter's daughter. From what I have seen, there is reason to fear that she is in danger of becoming his latest victim. They are together a great deal, and Nan's dislike for me is growing day by day. What he has told her, I can only surmise; but her attitude toward me has lately changed from frank aversion to something like contempt. Merciful heaven! If he should boast to her, and it should come to Mr. Maepheron's ears—but I must not anticipate.

Write me a good long letter, Prissie, dear, and try to comfort me if you can. Lovingly, WINIFRED.

(Richard Grantley to Eugene Halcott.) Dear Halcott:

I was foolishly glad to hear from you again; glad to learn that Colorado has given you a little longer lease of life, if no more. Your hand-



WHY DO YOU THINK NAN KNOWS?"

writing is so cheerfully undecipherable that I have not yet mastered your opening sentences, but I gather from a readable word here and there that you were conversing from an attack of "barn fever," whatever that may be, when you wrote. I don't know the malady; but if you are convalescent that is the principal fact.

You are right in supposing that I know something of Wykamp. He was a classmate of mine in the school of engineering, and was with me one year on the geodetic survey. He is bad medicine in a moral way; is rather unmoral than immoral; I should say; the quality seems to have been left out of his make-up. There are localities on the Carolina coast where he doesn't dare show his face—and he is no coward, either—and even here in Boston where his people are known and respected, there are doors which will never again open to him.

The episode you refer to occurred in New Hampshire, and the facts were swiftly and deeply buried—by the young woman's people, I suppose. I haven't been able, thus far, to get at the details in any sort of sequence, but there was a marriage, which was no marriage; and a woman scorned, and all that; you know the pitiful round of such things. Without knowing anything about the merits of this particular case, I should not hesitate to lay every ounce of the burden of blame on the shoulders of the man. He's bad, as I say; and in his peculiar speciality has few equals and no superiors.

Your plan to block his present game by putting the evidence of one of his former escapades into the hands of the young woman is ingenious, but it won't work. As against the lightest word of a professed lover, all the newspaper charges in the world would weigh as hydrogen—or coronium, if that be lighter. None the less, I'll send you the newspaper clippings, if I can unearth them in the files.

Sincerely, as always, DICK.

(President Baldwin, of the Glenlivet Land Company, to Chief Engineer Wykamp.) Dear Sir:

Yours of the 16th, stating that you have made excavations on the site last chosen for the dam in the upper canyon is at hand.

Without going into the technicalities, I must say that I think you are mistaken. I went over the ground last year with our consulting engineer, and he is quite sure that a dam at the point where you are working will be entirely safe. Make such changes in the plan of construction as the nature of the substrata demands, and push the work with the utmost speed. With all due regard for your opinion, I will say that I have always found the members of your profession inclined to err on the side of permanence at the cost of celebrity; and the work must be driven. Results are what we want.

Take another week for the excavating, and if you do not strike bedrock, put in concrete and build your dam. A change to the former location, as you suggest, is impossible. Maepheron will not sell, and he is a man of means and influence, abundantly strong enough to fight a battle which would delay us indefinitely. Moreover, the settlers are threatening, and you must keep the peace at all hazards. Your destruction of their flume and ditch was exceedingly ill-advised, and if it be not too late, I would suggest that these be replaced.

Yours truly, JOHN BALDWIN, President G. L. Co.

CHAPTER IX.

A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

It was well on in the month of August before I had progressed far enough on the road to convalescence to bear removal from the farmhouse at Valley Head to Maepheron's; and after the buckboard trip to the ranch at Six-Mile became a possibility, I still lingered on at Selter's, being by that time critically interested in the small tragic-comedy working itself out under my eyes as the long summer days waxed and waned. Interested, I say, but involved would be the better word. I could no longer call myself an onlooker.

If there were other reasons for my stay—if, in those short weeks which will always be marked with a red letter in any poor calendar of mine, there had come into my life a thing which common loyalty bade me triple-lock in that chamber of the heart which is at once the sanctuary and the tomb of hopes unrealized and unrealizable, I shall not unfold it here. This is Maepheron's story, and none of mine; but if I say that in those days of leaden-winged convalescence Winifred Sanborn gained an ally whose loyalty was not measured by the hope of reward, it is sufficient.

But though for me the days were as the days of the lotus eaters, the tragic-comedy went on, working out its details with relentless precision. The breach between Selter and the land company widened day by day; and Wykamp's reckless by-play with the Tennessean's daughter gave it the depth of personal hatred as between the vindictive descendant of the Redeemptions and the engineer. Maepheron was still on the side of peace, but it was evident that his influence over Selter was strained to the breaking point. In the family at the farm-house the daughter was at sword's points with the father and mother for Wykamp's sake; and though Wykamp had long since been forbidden the house, Nan met him and walked with him in open defiance of her father's interdiction.

It was in the hope that the girl might still be induced to listen to reason that I had written to Grantley; but when the forgotten newspaper story was finally in my hands I was as one who has been suddenly made responsible for the safety of a powder-magazine. For, hidden under the charitable hyperbole of the reporter who had written the newspaper account, there was a story too despicable for any recounting; the story of Wykamp's perfidy and Winifred Sanborn's dishonoring. Having the proof in my hands, I knew not what to do with it. It was incredible that it should not bring the girl to her senses; but without showing it to her I could hardly hope to make her believe it. And to put the clipping, and Grantley's letter of explanation which accompanied it, into the hands of Nancy Selter, was like setting the clockwork of an infernal machine in order and turning it over to a passion-mad girl with power to set it in motion. Bruited abroad, there was no limit to the trouble for which the story might be responsible. It would inevitably destroy what small peace of mind Winifred had been able to gather up out of the wreck of the past in the new environment. It would probably cost Wykamp his life, at the crack of the mountaineer's rifle in ambush, or at the hands of a vigilance committee upon which every man in the settlement would be eager to serve. Failing in this, it might easily make a murderer of Maepheron. I knew my friend's character and the strength of it; but there be provocations too mighty to

be shackled by any promise of forbearance.

Under the circumstances I could do nothing but watch and wait; and, as the time passed, I did not dare to leave the Selter household. Slowly, and by inches, as it were, it was driven in upon me that I should be compelled to set the infernal machine in motion as a last resort, if I would not be a party to another crime; but I refrained until it became clearly evident from Nan's contemptuous attitude toward Winifred that Wykamp had given the girl his own version of the shameful tale. After that, I waited only for what might promise to be a fitting opportunity.

The opportunity came one day when Selter was asleep, and her mother's absence at one of the neighbor's left Nan alone with me. They had slung a hammock for me under the shelter of the farm-house porch, and the girl was sitting on the doorstep, sewing. Not knowing any trajectory of indirection in such a matter, I sent my first shaft as straight as I could aim it.

[To Be Continued.]

A ROYAL SAUCEBOX.

Story of the Childhood of the Late Dowager Empress of Germany.

The late dowager empress of Germany was for so many years a prominent figure in the world's gallery of unhappy women that it is not easy to think of her as a little, laughing, golden-haired girl, with a merry tongue that often got her into trouble with her august mother, Queen Victoria; yet that is the picture of her which Vanity Fair presents. The late queen, who brought up her children as wisely as any mother in all England, insisted among other things that they should treat all members of the household with respect, and address each member by his or her correct title.

The little princess royal frequently broke this rule, her most serious offense being a determination, which no amount of punishment checked, to call the physician in ordinary by his last name only—"Brown."

The queen, finding all other penalties futile, had finally threatened to send the princess royal to bed at the next offense, no matter at what time in the day it should occur. Walking with her mother one morning along the corridor in the palace, the little Victoria met the physician. "Good morning, Brown!" she cried, saucily. Glancing up, she met the sorrowful and displeased eyes of her mother, and immediately added: "And good night, Brown, for I'm going to bed!"

Then, with a courtesy to the queen and the barest nod to the physician, the princess royal danced off to the nursery. As soon as she was inside the room she said, with a defiant toss of her golden, curly head: "Please, somebody, put me to bed. I've been dis' respectful to Brown again!"

Graham's Grit.

The little story below is Lord Wolsley's tribute to the bravery of Lieut. Gen. Sir Gerald Graham, V. C., G. C. B., G. C. M. G.:

At the storming of the Taku forts Graham, who was in China with Gordon, led the sappers, whose duty it was to lay the pontoon across the wet ditch surrounding the great northern fort.

While superintending this operation he was on horseback, and being almost the only mounted officer present, afforded an easy mark to the Chinese matchlockmen, who had already picked off 15 of his sappers.

During the height of the uproar caused by the firing of the great guns and small arms, Lieut. Col. Wolsley, who was standing by Maj. Graham, having some remark to make, placed his hand on that officer's thigh to draw his attention.

"Don't put your hand there!" exclaimed Graham, wincing under the pain. "There's a jingal-ball lodged in my leg."

It was the first notice he had taken of the wound.—Youth's Companion.

"Don't Get Icy With Me."

Trust a messenger boy to be up on expressive slang. The particular one who had a message to deliver the other morning at the office of the general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad was as tough a looking specimen as you could find in a day's journey. His cap was placed at a perilous angle on his frowny head, tobacco stains lurked about the corners of his mouth, and he was puffing a cigarette stump. The dignified clerk who took the message scowled darkly. "Sign dat," demanded the boy, holding out his slip and expectorating copiously on the floor. "I'll have to put you out of here if you don't know how to behave," said the clerk, severely. A look of scorn passed over the boy's grim features. "Aw, don't git icy wid me, or I'll slide all over youse!" he exclaimed. Then he sauntered out whistling "Go Away Back and Sit Down."—Philadelphia Record.

Mixed Mental Pickles.

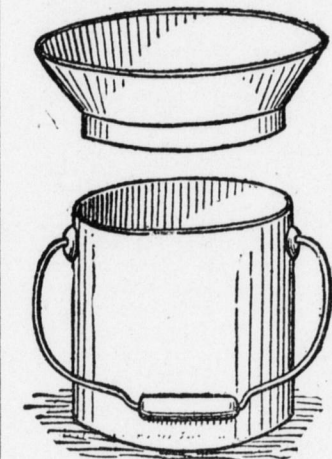
Monads are good stepping-stones to matrimony. It doesn't matter how much you know about the world if the world doesn't know you. Some of the counts when American heires buy are not bargains but merely remnants. The women at a literary club meeting enjoy it much better if each one has a new pattern of Battenburg lace to work on. Some men hate to see women standing in a crowded car, therefore they never look up from their papers.—Catherine Cain, in Judge.



KEEPING MILK PURE.

It Can Be Done If the Right Kind of Pail and Straining Apparatus Is Used.

Poor butter is very often the result of impurities that get into the milk at milking time. Cloth strainers will help matters materially, but first of all thoroughly rub the cow's udders with a piece of burlap before milking. The best pail for milking with cloth strainers can be made by the tinsmith after the pattern shown in the cut. Lay the cloth tightly over the top of the pail, then press the top piece down inside the rim of the pail. The milk cannot splutter out, and must pass through the cloth into the pail. Probably not one dairyman in a hundred is as particular as he should be in the matter of getting the milk from the cows in the cleanliest possible manner. After visiting many dairy farms and noting the filthy manner in which the cows are cared for and milked, I think my statement of not one in a hundred is not wide of the mark. In many barns



COVER FOR MILKING PAIL.

the conditions are simply disgusting, while one can rarely find a stable where a thoroughly painstaking effort is made to keep every particle of foreign matter and every foul odor out of the milk. Even under the very best conditions as regards cleanliness it is utterly impossible to keep all impurities out of the milk if the latter is drawn from the cow into an open pail, for hairs and some dust particles will be loosened from the cow by the action of the hands in milking. However, with a pail like that shown in the cut and two thicknesses of cotton cloth, or, better still, a layer of surgeons' absorbent cotton, laid between two sheets of cheesecloth and caught together here and there with thread and needle, almost absolute cleanliness can be secured. A large sheet of such a strainer can be made at once, and circles cut from it for each milking. The cotton mentioned is absolutely pure, and is of a nature to check the passage of any impurities. By the use of such a device the milk and cream will not only be practically pure, if all other precautions are taken to keep it so, but it will keep much longer than milk and cream secured under the ordinary conditions—a very decided advantage, if one ships his cream away or has a milk or cream route, for there is, perhaps, no more common complaint from customers on a milk route than that the milk or cream does not keep from one day to the next.—N. Y. Tribune.

SCIENCE IN MILKING.

Good Cows Are Frequently Ruined by Men Who Do Not Know How to Handle Them.

Milking is an operation which requires skill, as it has an important effect on the amount and quality of milk given. Dairymen know that there are as great differences between milkers as between cows and that cows will do much better with good milkers than with others. Indeed, good cows are often almost ruined by poor milkers.

The milker should avoid handling the cow more than is necessary, and he should make it a rule to do his work quickly and thoroughly. He should never go from a sick to a well cow without first cleansing his hands. The habit of wetting the hands with milk is filthy in the extreme and should never be practiced. Some people think it is necessary, but this is a mistake. The hands should be kept dry. If they are not, it is impossible to prevent drops of milk from constantly falling from them into the pail.

The pail should be held close to the udder, so as to expose the milk to the air as little as possible. The further the streams fall and the more they spray, the more dirt and bacteria they collect. Contamination from the foremilk must be avoided by discarding the first few streams drawn, or less than a gill in all. This entails little loss, as the first milk drawn is always poor in butter fat, and if it happens to be badly contaminated, as is frequently the case, much injury and trouble may be saved.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

Clean the entire body of the cow daily. If hair in the region of the udder is not easily kept clean it should be clipped.

Provide water in abundance, easy of access, and always pure; fresh, but not too cool.

ALFALFA OR LUCERNE.

Gerald McCarthy, M. S., Says It Gives a Yield Surpassing Any Other Hay Crop.

Alfalfa Medicago Sativa is one of the oldest cultivated crops. It has been cultivated for 25 centuries. Its native home is supposed to be that of the primitive Aryan stock from which all the European nations are descended. Mr. Gerald McCarthy, M. S., says that alfalfa is a very long-lived perennial plant of the pulse or leguminous family. It roots very deeply going from 6 to 20 feet deep, and as a consequence is practically drought proof when once well established. It requires a rather dry soil, rich in lime. The plant is tender and feeble when young and requires a mellow surface free from weeds with plenty of soluble plant food at hand. On worn lands this crop usually fails to catch unless the soil has been given a good dose of stable manure or bone meal just previous to sowing the seed. Once started a sowing lasts from 10 to 30 years. The dry valley and mountain lands of the Rocky mountains seem to be the home of this plant in America. It also succeeds well on the Pacific slope and in the Mississippi valley. It does well on the lighter soils of the Atlantic coast and gulf states, but requires great care to get it started. It is usually sown broadcast in early fall using about 20 pounds of seed per acre. No nurse crop is desirable. When well cared for the yield of this crop is enormous, exceeding any other hay crop.

In New Jersey four cuttings per year are obtained; in the gulf region eight cuttings are the rule. The yield is one and a half to two tons of air dry hay per cutting, giving a total yield for the year of 6 to 16 tons per acre.

One ton of this hay contains the following amounts of plant food:

Table with 2 columns: Nutrient, Amount. Nitrogen 43.8 lbs., Phosphoric acid 29.2 lbs., Potash 53.6 lbs.

As with all other legumes the nitrogen comes from the air. The potash and phosphoric acid come from the soil and to keep up the yield an annual dressing of these substances equivalent to that which has been carried off in the hay must be given. Taking the average yield at six tons per acre we obtain:

Table with 2 columns: Nutrient, Amount. Nitrogen 262.8 lbs. worth \$31.54, Phosphoric acid 175.2 lbs. worth 2.47, Potash 321.6 lbs. worth 8.06

Total fertilizing value.....\$42.07

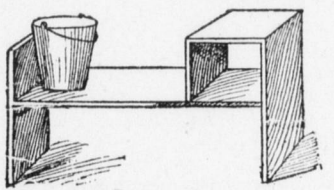
To replace the above amounts of potash will require 403 pounds of muriate of potash. To replace the phosphoric acid requires 425 pounds of superphosphate. But where the growing season is long and the temperature favorable the yield may be larger and the fertilizer must be increased proportionately. A good normal fertilizer for alfalfa is as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Nutrient, Amount. Muriate of potash 500 to 1,000 lbs., Superphosphate 500 to 1,000 lbs., Lime 500 to 1,000 lbs.

MILK STOOL AND PAIL.

The Combination Here Described Is Held in High Esteem by All Who Have Used It.

We have tried several kinds of stools and have seen all styles in operation in various parts of the country, but nothing suits us so well as the style shown here, says a Michigan farmer in Hoard's Dairyman. We made the first one when we commenced dairying. The cut shows how to make it. The board A should be about 22 inches long for a tall man and about eight inches wide. The two end pieces, B and C, can be cut and adjusted to suit each milker. We made the stool so as to have the seat D about ten inches high.



MILK STOOL AND PAIL.

All pieces are about eight inches wide. It is a pleasure to use this stool. One can sit comfortably without bracing. No need of hugging the pail; simply let it rest between the knees. The pail should be tilted slightly, and, thus arranged, a good, rapid milker will spatter very little milk. This stool keeps the pail off the floor and thus keeps it clean. We prefer a heavy tin pail, slightly flaring and of good depth. A flange at the bottom is a protection and strengthens the pail.

TIMELY DAIRY NOTES.

Do not change the feed suddenly. Salt should always be accessible. Read current dairy literature and keep posted on new ideas.

Have the herd examined at least twice a year by a skilled veterinarian. Do not move cows faster than a comfortable walk while on the way to place of milking or feeding.

Never allow the cows to be excited by hard driving, abuse, loud talking or unnecessary disturbance; do not expose them to cold or storms.

Feed liberally, and use only fresh, palatable feed stuffs; in no case should decomposed or moldy material be used.

Observe and enforce the utmost cleanliness about the cattle, their attendants, the stable, the dairy and all utensils.

Promptly remove from the herd any animal suspected of being in bad health, and reject her milk. Never add an animal to the herd until certain it is free from disease, especially tuberculosis.—Farmers' Review.