

THE PATH AND THE STREAM.

A gusty, dusty, frosty day. With copper sun in sky of gray; A pathway stretching far away Through fields of withered clover; And leafless boughs by soughing pines, And hedgekrows strung with naked vines, Where sparrow chirps and blue jay whines And noisy crows fly over.

My Strangest Case BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Nikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

PART II.—CONTINUED.

Leaving the jungle behind them, they found themselves face to face with a curious stone bridge, spanning the lake or moat which surrounded the city, and in which the lotus flower bloomed luxuriantly. When they had crossed the bridge, they stood in the precincts of the city itself. On either hand rose the ruins in all their solitary grandeur—palaces, temples, market places, and houses in endless confusion; while, at the end of the bridge, and running to right and left as far as the eye could reach, was a high wall, constructed of large stones, each one of which would have required the efforts of at least four men to lift it. These, with a few exceptions, were in an excellent state of preservation. Passing through the massive gateway the travelers found themselves in an open square, out of which streets branched off to the right and left, while the jungle thrust in its inquisitive nose on every possible occasion. The silence was so impressive that the men found themselves speaking in whispers. Not a sound was to be heard save the fluttering of birds' wings among the trees, and the obscene chattering of the monkeys among the leaves. From the first great square the street began gradually to ascend; then another moat was crossed, and the second portion of the city was reached. Here the buildings were larger, and the sculpture upon the walls more impressive even than before. In the narrower streets creepers trailed from side to side, almost shutting out the light, and adding a twilight effect to the already sufficiently mysterious rooms and courtyards to be seen within.

"This is by no means the most cheerful sort of place," said Hayle to Kitwater, as they passed down a paved street side by side. "Where do you expect to find the great temple and the courtyard of the Three Elephants' Heads?"

"Straight on," said little Codd, who was behind, and had been comparing the route they were following with the plan he held in his hand. As he spoke they entered another square, and saw before them a mighty flight of steps, worn into grooves in places by the thousands of feet that had ascended and descended them in days gone by. At the top was a sculptured gateway, finer than anything either of them had ever seen, and this they presently entered. Above them, clear of the trees, and towering up into the blue, were the multitudinous domes and spires of the king's palace, to which the gateway above the steps was the principal entrance. Some of the spires were broken, some were covered with creepers, others were mutilated by time and by stress of weather,

but the general effect was grand in the extreme. From courtyard to courtyard they wandered, but without finding the particular place of which they were in search. It was more difficult to discover than they had expected; indeed, they had walked many miles through deserted streets, and the afternoon was well advanced before a hall from Codd, who had gone on ahead of them, informed them that at last some sort of success had crowned their efforts. When they came up with him they found themselves in a courtyard somewhat larger than those they had previously explored, the four corners of which were decorated with three united elephants' heads.

last," cried Kitwater, in a voice that echoed and reechoed through the silent halls. "And about time, too," cried Hayle, upon whom the place was exercising a most curious effect. "If you've found it, show us your precious treasure chamber."

"All in good time, my friend, all in good time," said Kitwater. "Things have gone so smoothly with us hitherto that we must look for a little setback before we've done."

"We don't want any setbacks," said Hayle. "What we want are the rubies as big as pigeon's eggs, the sapphires and gold, and then to get back to civilization as quick as may be. That's what's the matter with me."

As I have already observed, the courtyard in which they were standing was considerably larger than any they had yet entered. Like the others, however, it had fallen sadly to decay. The jungle had crept in at all points, and gorgeous creepers had wreathed themselves round the necks of the statues above the gateway.

"I don't see any sign of steps," said Hayle, when they had examined the place in silence for some minutes. "I thought you said a flight of stone steps led up to where the king's throne was placed?"

"Codd certainly read it so," Kitwater answered, looking about him as if he did not quite realize the situation. "And how are we to know that there are not some steps here? They may be hidden. What do you think, little man?"

He turned to Codd, who was looking about him with eyes in which a curious light was shining. "Steps must be somewhere," the latter replied. "We've got to find them—but not to-night. Sun going down. Too late."

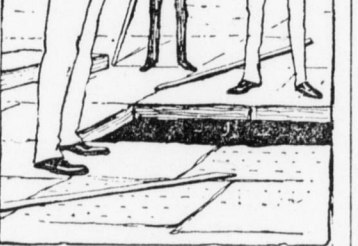
"You may resent it or not, as you darned well please," said Hayle doggedly, biting at the butt of his cigar as he spoke. "It don't matter a curse to me; you don't mean to tell me you think I'm fool enough to stand by and see myself—"

At that moment Codd, who had been away investigating on his own account, and had no idea of the others' quarrel, gave a shout of delight. He was at the further end of the courtyard, at a spot where a dense mass of creeper had fallen, and now lay trailing upon the stones. The effect upon his companions was instantaneous. They abandoned their quarrel without another word, and picking up their crows hastened to the spot where he was waiting for them.

"What have you found, little man?" inquired Kitwater, as he approached. Mr. Codd, however, said nothing in reply, but beat with his bar upon the stone beneath him. There could be little or no doubt about the hollow sound that rewarded his endeavors.

"Bring the pickax, Hayle, and we'll soon see what is underneath this precious stone. We may be at the heart of the mystery for all we know."

In less time than it takes to tell, Hayle had complied with the other's request, and was hard at work picking out the earth which held the enormous flagstone in its place. A state of mad excitement had taken hold of the men, and the veins stood out like whipcord upon Hayle's forehead. It was difficult to say how many feet separated them from the treasure that was to make them lords of all the earth. At last the stone showed signs of moving, and it was possible for Kitwater to insert his bar beneath one corner. He did so, pried it up, and leaned upon it with all his weight. It showed no sign of moving, however. The seal of Time



"NOW, THEN, GIDEON, MY WORTHY FRIEND, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT THE BUSINESS?"

was set upon it, and it was not to be lightly disturbed. "Push your bar in here alongside of mine, Caddy," said Kitwater at last. "I fancy we shall get it then."

The little man did as he was directed, Kitwater and Hayle seconded his efforts on the other side, and then, under the strain of their united exertions, the stone began to move slowly from its place. Little by little they raised it, putting all the strength they possessed into the operation, until at last, with one great effort they hurled it backwards, and it fell with a crash upon the pavement behind them, revealing a dark, narrow hole, the bottom of which it was impossible to see.

"Now, then, Gideon, my worthy friend, what have you got to say about the business?" asked Kitwater, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "You pretended to doubt my story. Was there anything in the old Frenchman's yarn after all? Were we wasting our time upon a fool's errand when we set off to explore Sengkor-Wat?"

Hayle looked at him somewhat sheepishly. "No, no," he said, "I am willing to admit that so far you have won the trick. Let me down easily if you can. I can neither pass nor follow suit. I am right out of my reckoning. Now what do you propose to do?"

light of the torch reflected the walls on either side. Hayle wondered for a moment as he followed his leader what would happen to them if the Chinese, of whom the old Frenchman had spoken to Kitwater, should discover their presence in the ruins, and should replace the stone upon the hole. In that case the treasure would prove of small value to them, for they would be buried alive. He did not allow his mind, however, to dwell very long upon this subject, for Kitwater, who was pushing on ahead with the torch, had left the passage and was standing in a large and apparently well vaulted chamber. Handsomely carved pillars supported the roof, the floor was well paved, while on either side there were receptacles, not unlike the niches in the Roman catacombs, though for what purpose they were intended was not at first glance so easy to determine. With hearts that beat tumultuously in their breasts, they hastened to one of them to see what it contained. The niche in question was filled with strange looking vessels, some like bowls, and others not unlike crucibles. The men almost clambered over each other in their excitement to see what they contained. It was as if their whole existence depended upon it; they could scarcely breathe for excitement. Every moment's delay was unspeakable agony. At last, however, the coverings were withdrawn and the contents of the receptacles stood revealed. Two were filled with uncut gems, rubies and sapphires, other contained bar gold, and yet more contained gems, to which it was scarcely possible in such a light to assign a name. One thing at least was certain. So vast was the treasure that the three men stood tongue-tied with amazement at their good fortune. In their wildest dreams they had never imagined such luck, and now that this vast treasure lay at their finger-ends, to be handled, to be made sure of, they were unable to realize the extent of their future happiness. Hayle dived his hands into a bowl of uncut rubies, and having collected as many as he could hold in each fist, turned to his companions.

"Look here," he cried, "it's the Bank of England in each hand." His voice ended in a choke. Then Kitwater took up the tale. "I must get out of this or I shall go mad," he muttered, hoarsely. "Come, let us go back to the light. If I don't I shall die."

[To Be Continued.] AN ENTHUSIASTIC READER. The Interest Richardson Excited in Lady Bradshaigh by His Story of "Clarissa Harlowe."

Happy would be the modern novelist who should awaken one tithe of the interest excited by Richardson's novels in Lady Bradshaigh, one of the author's friends. This lady entered so deeply into the story of "Clarissa Harlowe" that she regarded the actors in it as real persons, says the Youth's Companion. "Would you have me weep incessantly?" she asked, on receiving volume five.

Again, after she had learned what the catastrophe was to be, she wrote: "If it is possible, recall the dreadful sentence. My hand trembles, for I can scarcely hold my pen. I cannot help hating you if you alter not your scheme."

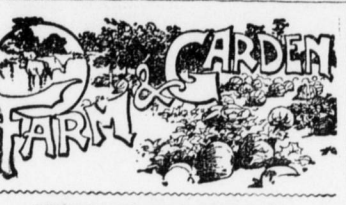
All her persuasions were in vain; but having suffered so much on Clarissa's account, it was certainly a little hard that, in his third novel, he must threaten her with the death of his heroine. Then criticism was changed to entreaty. "I was forced to lie down," she says, "and was relieved for a moment by a flood of tears. I was not without some hope of relief from your letter, but alas! I am more confirmed by it in what I dreaded."

She adds in a postscript: "This letter will weigh heavily with my tears. It has been thoroughly soaked; and I have but one poor consolation left, that if you kill me, it is the way you use all your heroines."

Richardson's reply was to send her the seventh volume, where the heroine was blessed with good fortune; and Lady Bradshaigh's relief found an expression equally exaggerated. "God Almighty bless you, my dear sir," she writes, "for setting my bursting heart at ease. I wish you had seen me open your letter, trembling, laying it down, taking it up again, unresolved whether to look at the beginning or the conclusion. At last I ventured to unfold it partly, and with a side glance read a few words which instantly produced the happiest tears I ever shed. Oh, sir, you would rejoice in the pain you occasioned me, could you but know how I feel. Forgive me? From my heart and soul I thank you."

Snubbing a Would-Be M. P. An English firm of solicitors, who recently wrote to the president of the University of Idaho offering to purchase an LL. D. degree for a young client who was thinking of entering parliament, received the following very caustic reply: "The principal whom you represent has disgraced his nationality, the bar and himself. I hope that when he attempts to enter parliament he will learn that a cad's ambitions, unless carefully limited, are unrealizable."—Literature.

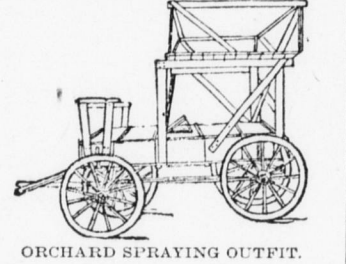
Shrewd Domestic. Mistress—Did you tell the lady I was out? Domestic—Yes, ma'am. "What did she say?" "She said she would call again tomorrow morning, ma'am." "What did you say?" "I told her it wouldn't be any use because you would be out for sure then."—Ohio State Journal. Old Saying Amended. Everything comes to the man who waits on himself.—Chicago Daily News



IDEAL SPRAY WAGON. It Has Been in Successful Operation for Several Years in a Large Apple Orchard.

Insects and fungus diseases have become so numerous their destruction or prevention is absolutely necessary if a high grade fruit of any kind is to be produced. This can be done largely by spraying, and this practice is now generally regarded as essential by the more successful fruit growers. There are many kinds of spraying machinery on the market, from large power machines down to small hand or force pumps. For the small power, the knapsack spraying machine is most satisfactory; the commercial grower needs a large wagon and other material for doing the work on an extensive scale. The numerous illustrated spraying machine catalogues can suit the wants of anyone as to machinery and equipments.

The spray wagon portrayed here-with is in use in one of the largest apple orchards of the country. The tank is of 1 1/2-inch pine, grooved and



ORCHARD SPRAYING OUTFIT.

put together with white lead to be water-tight. It is 12 feet by 19 by 39 inches and holds 300 gallons, being held together by six hard-wood bands, 2x2 1/2 inches on top and under bottom, which are bolted together by long bolts running up the outside of any tank. The manhole in top is large enough to admit a boy to clean the tank thoroughly. The so-called driver's seat is used as a support for the pump, the driver standing just in rear and doing all the pumping as well as driving the team.

The platform is 6x7 feet, supported by four standards 8 feet by 10 inches, of 1 1/2-inch hard pine. The cut shows how the platform is made. A broad-tired wagon should be used, as plowed orchard fields can be traversed more easily. Two leads of one-half-inch rubber hose, each 25 feet long and supported on bamboo fishing poles, are used. By using a Y on each lead, two nozzles on each pipe will hasten the work. An agitator may be kept at work in the tank by means of sprocket wheels and a chain attached to the spokes of the rear wheel. The forward end of the tank should set a little lower than the rear, that the pump may pump it more nearly dry. —Farm and Home.

COMBATING WEEDS. Rank Growth of Useless Plants Has Demonstrated the Value of Thorough Tillage.

There is no royal road to weedless farming. Following are some of the means of keeping weeds in check:

- 1. Practice rotation; keep ahead of the weeds. Certain weeds follow certain crops; when these weeds become serious, change the crop.
2. Change the method of tillage. If a weed persists, try deeper or shallower plowing, or a different kind of harrow or cultivator, or till at different times and seasons.
3. Harrow the land frequently when it is in fallow, or is waiting for a crop. Harrow it, if possible, after seeding, and before the plants are high enough to be broken by the implement. Potatoes, corn and other things can be harrowed after they are several inches high; and sometimes the land may be harrowed before the plants are up.
4. Practice frequent tillage with light surface working tools throughout the season. This is hard on weeds, and does the crop good.
5. Pull or hoe out stray weeds that escape the wheel tools.
6. Clean the land as soon as the crop is harvested, and if the land lies open in the fall, till it occasionally. Many persons keep their premises scrupulously clean in the early season, but let them run wild late in the fall, and thus is the land seeded for the following year.
Use clean seed, particularly of crops that are sown broadcast, and which, therefore, do not admit of tillage.
8. Do not let the weeds go to seed on the manure piles, in the fence corners, and along the highway.
9. Avoid coarse and raw stable manure, particularly if it is suspected of harboring bad company. Commercial fertilizers may be used for a time on fowl land.
10. Sheep and pigs sometimes can be employed to clean the weeds from fowl and fallow land. Land infested with Jerusalem artichokes is readily cleaned if hogs are turned in.
11. Induce your neighbor to keep his land as clean as you keep yours. Rank pigweeds and their ilk are a compliment to a man's soil. Land that will not grow weeds will not grow crops, for crops are only those particular kinds of weeds a man wants to raise. Weeds have taught us the lesson of good tillage. There is no indication that they intend to renit their efforts to our behalf.—L. H. Dailley, in Principles of Vegetable Gardening.

TO MOTHERS

Mrs. J. H. Haskins, of Chicago, Ill., President Chicago Arcade Club, Addresses Comforting Words to Women Regarding Childbirth.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Mothers need not dread childbearing after they know the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. While I loved children I dreaded the ordeal, for it left me weak and sick



for months after, and at the time I thought death was a welcome relief; but before my last child was born a good neighbor advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I used that, together with your Pills and Sanative Wash for four months before the child's birth;—it brought me wonderful relief. I hardly had an ache or pain, and when the child was ten days old I left my bed strong in health. Every spring and fall I now take a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and find it keeps me in continual excellent health."

MRS. J. H. HASKINS, 3248 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. —\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

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