

SECURING MR. BARKER.

By Henry Harris.

The jury men thought they had been of great assistance in restoring the plaintiff to his rights. The judge took no little credit to himself for having directed a verdict for the plaintiff and left the jury to determine only the amount of damages to be given. The spectators supposed that all the credit was due to the attorney for the masterly way in which he had presented his case for the plaintiff.

Those who really knew, however, were aware that the chief cause of the plaintiff's victory was the quick wit and persistence of a long-legged, awkward youth of eighteen, who at that moment was busily scraping spatterings of thick brown mud from the back and sleeves of a well-worn coat.

But I am beginning my story at the wrong end, and must go back to the events of five or six hours earlier and start anew.

The increased tinkling of telephone bells throughout the city indicated that the business of the day was fairly started. It was nearly 9.30. Mr. Hoff, the lawyer, was in his office looking over the memorandum and noting the items of the day's business. His finger dragged slowly down the page, pausing at each line.

He was mentally checking off the items that would demand his personal attention when the click and burr of the desk telephone announced that some one wanted to speak to him. He pulled the instrument nearer to him and called, "Hello."

A strong, rasping voice came to his ear: "Hello! Is that Mr. Hoff?"

"Yes."

"This is Johnson. Our case is likely to be reached to-day, isn't it?"

"Yes," responded the attorney. "I think they will get to it this afternoon. You had better have your witnesses at my office by 1.30 this afternoon."

"That's just why I telephoned you," said the man at the other end. "You remember that man Barker I spoke about?—Hello, there, Central! Don't cut me off—I say, you remember I told you Barker was our main witness. I thought he was friendly and would come without subpoena, but I have heard that he was interested with Long in some matters, and I am afraid he will give us the slip. He knows his testimony will probably beat Long."

"So that's his game, is it?" said Mr. Hoff, pulling a pencil from his pocket. "Give me his address. I'll have him subpoenaed."

While he was writing down the address a loud shout from the instrument made his ear ring and betrayed the fact that his client was very much excited. "I say! Hello, there!"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Oh, I was afraid you had left the telephone. I wanted to say that your man will have to look sharp. Barker will avoid service if he can."

"All right. Good-bye!"

Mr. Hoff hung up the receiver and pressed an electric button beneath his desk. In a moment a young man entered. His head was covered with a tousled mat of yellow hair. There was apparently an estrangement between his hands and the ends of his coat sleeves, and the bottom of his trousers found a convenient resting place on the tops of his shoes. His appearance was not very prepossessing, but Mr. Hoff, who kept a watchful eye over his clerks, had, in the short time this young man had been with him, learned to respect him, and to know that an indomitable spirit lay behind his uncomely exterior.

"Carl," said his employer, "you know Mr. Barker, of the firm of Longshore & Barker, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. He lives up where I came from."

"Well, I want you to make out a subpoena for him in the case of Johnson versus Long for this afternoon. Be sure and get service on him. He will avoid you if he can, but I rely on you. Here is some money for his fees, and some that you may need for expenses. It is very important that you get him this morning."

"Yes, sir," was the only response, as the young man took the money and left the room.

Upon inquiring at the office of Mr. Barker for that gentleman he was informed that he was not in, and would not be in that day; that he was out at his home.

With many a boy this would have been the end of the matter. He would have returned, saying the man he sought was not in town. Carl remembered that Mr. Barker was expecting to be subpoenaed, and was probably keeping out of the way; in fact, he felt sure of it, for he had seen the manly glance the manager had given the bookkeeper when the latter told the whereabouts of his employer.

Carl thought for a moment and then hurried up the street. It was ten minutes before 10, and a train would leave shortly for the suburban town where Mr. Barker lived.

He caught the train, and an hour later was approaching the Barker residence when he saw that gentleman descending the front steps, satchel in hand. The long-distance telephone had evidently been used to warn him that he was being sought, and that he had better absent himself if he could, and meanwhile keep a sharp lookout for an overgrown boy with tow-colored hair and ill-fitting clothes.

"Mr. Barker! Mr. Barker!" called Carl, seeing that he was likely to miss his man, after all.

Mr. Barker heard quite plainly, but pretended not to know whence the voice came. He stared blankly about for an instant, at the sky and the tops of the buildings, as if he imagined some one might be calling from there. Having succeeded in seeing no one he started rapidly down the street.

Presently he heard the patter of footsteps of some one running behind him. Would his dignity permit him to run? The idea made him blush, but he remembered that delay meant defeat for Long, and that defeat for Long meant dollars out of his own pocket.

A plan of escape presented itself. He hurriedly drew his watch from his pocket, glanced at his face, and made

Surely he had done everything that could be done. But even while rolling along the street Carl's determination did not waver.

As he rose to his feet he paused but a moment, then he dragged the bicycle to a curb, where he left and dashed into a narrow passageway between the buildings. He was familiar with the place, and knew that the cab, if it kept straight on to the station, would, after driving down the side of the block, turn into another street and pass the other end of the alley.

His guess as to its course was correct, for just before he reached the end of the passage he saw the cab trundle by at an easy pace. He crouched close to the wall until he was safely past, and neither Mr. Barker nor his cabman noticed him.

Then he dashed out, seized the rear spring of the conveyance, threw his legs over the axle, and hanging down out of sight of the occupant, rode safely along with Mr. Barker, and at his expense.

Undignified, uncomfortable! Yes, but effective, and Carl was thinking only of results.

On they went. Mr. Barker and his man, ignorant of the boy under the cab, were quite at ease, and Carl, although very much cramped and jolted, was quite as contented as the others.

"Ha!" thought Mr. Barker, bouncing comfortably on the cushions. "I guess they will have to be a little sharper than that. It will teach them better than to send a boy after me."

"Ouch!" ejaculated Carl, shifting his weight to the other leg as an extra jolt bumped the axle uncomfortably under his knee. "I don't believe I like this kind of long berth." Then, with a smile, "but I couldn't think of leaving Mr. Barker."

At length the driver pulled up his horses at the station. Mr. Barker, well satisfied with himself, stepped out of the cab. He closed the door, looked up at the driver and smiled a knowing smile. The driver smiled back at Mr. Barker. A muddy, bedraggled scroacher of a boy got down from the running gear, stepped round the side of the cab, and seeing the exchange of glances between the two men, and observing that smiling seemed to be in order, also smiled.

From these smiles it might be inferred that everybody was perfectly happy, and that everything had turned out to the intense satisfaction of every one concerned, but when the driver saw the apparition in mud standing behind his customer he nearly toppled from his seat. His eyes grew round and the lines nearly fell from his hands.

Mr. Barker turned to learn the cause of the man's dismay, and found himself confronted with a paper held in an extended, dirt-begrimed hand.

Before he realized the situation he had taken the paper, and as he felt the touch of silver in his hand he heard a voice say:

"That is your subpoena, and this is your fee, Mr. Barker. I would have given it to you sooner, but you seemed to be in a hurry."

"That is how Carl won the verdict for the plaintiff in Johnson versus Long, for Mr. Barker's unwilling evidence was sufficient to decide the case.—Youth's Companion.

Your Successful Old Playmate.

When you knew as a boy the man who has made a success—
You can remember that he never amounted to much in his youth.
You always have grave doubts whether his success is as great as reported.
You sometimes find it hard to be as pleased with his good fortune as an old friend should be.
When he appears to be glad to see you you cannot help being a little surprised.
When he does not appear to be overjoyed at meeting you it is recalled that he always was that way—and nothing to his credit.
It is difficult to avoid speaking of his "poor old father and mother" when his family is mentioned.
Altogether, it is a hard thing to regard his rise as an altogether creditable performance or to reflect upon its attendant circumstances without the thought that there are some things about them which you could have done better.—Indianaapolis News.

The Humming-Bird's Long Flight.

There it may have the entire field to itself and escape the keen competition of hosts of tropical relatives for the nectar and minute insects in the deep-tuber brilliant flowers that please him best, that jewel-like, sole representative of its family east of the Mississippi, travels from Central America or beyond to Labrador and back again every summer of its incessantly active little life. Think what the journey from Yucatan even to New England must mean for a creature so tiny that its outstretched wings measure barely two inches across! It is the smallest bird we have. Wherein lodges the force that propels it through the sky at a speed and a height which take it instantly beyond the range of human vision?—Nette Blanchard, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.

Saw Mills.

The old way of making boards was to split up the logs by means of wedges, and, crude as it may seem, it was a long time before the world could be persuaded that any other method could be employed.

Saw mills were first used in the fifteenth century, and an English Ambassador, seeing one in France, described it as a wonderful novelty. England resisted the new-fangled notion for a long time, and a Dutchman, who started one in 1693, was forced to flee the country, so great was the outcry against him. In 1768 a timber merchant, thinking that the opposition to saw mills had died out, attempted to construct one, but a mob collected, and, under the impression that they were doing a great thing for the public welfare, tore down the mill.

Comic Papers Excluded.

Humorous papers which are illustrated in the colored supplement brand of deep red are now excluded from the public library at Cleveland, Ohio, because their "jokes" have a habit of reflecting on certain nationalities and races in a manner which many patrons of the library do not enjoy.

AGRICULTURAL.

Fungus Growth on Trees.

There is nearly always considerable fungus growth on the limbs and trunks of trees. Scrape and wash thoroughly with a strong solution of concentrated lye. A few days after so doing apply whitewash, using it plentifully, repeating the work again a few months later. The trees will be improved both in vigor and appearance.

Don't Allow Geese on Lawns.

Ducks or geese should never be allowed on lawns. The geese will pull grass out by the roots. Being voracious feeders and not very dainty aquatic birds should be kept in orchards, as they destroy young weeds and consume many insects. The geese is very partial to prairie and will utilize it to good advantage. Ducks will also consume almost any kind of green food, and can be kept at but little expense if made for food.

Home Made Automatic Feeder.

Having a few hens and not finding it convenient to get some one to feed them during an occasional day off, I devised an automatic feeder which has proved to be not only very handy, but trustworthily as well.

As will be seen by the sketch, a small alarm clock is placed in the top of a box six inches wide and four inches deep and two feet long. A cord from board (A), which is attached to back of feeder by a hinge at Fig. 2, is looped at the end, and the loop is placed over the winding key of the alarm which is left pointed up.

The alarm is set at the time desired to feed the fowls, and when it goes off the key turns, releasing string, which allows board (A) to drop and the slide (B), which is attached to the front by a hinge at Fig. 1, opens and the grain falls on board (A), which is held in slanting position by striking against post (C). The grain is placed in the bin through opening (D).—L. E. Hudson, in New York Tribune Farmer.

Truck Farming.

The oversupply of staple crops causes some farmers to turn their attention to truck farming. With a good market at hand, this business should be profitable, although truck crops are perishable, and cannot be held back for more favorable prices, as can be done with staple crops. However, there is a large demand for vegetables and small fruits, and proper cultivation and careful marketing will bring paying results, taking one year with another. Such products need to be handled promptly, as, for instance, strawberries, which must be put upon the market at once. They are too often sent to the larger cities for better prices, and prove a disappointment, when a fair profit would have been realized if they had been sent to the smaller towns.

The truck farmer should have a knack for marketing his produce, if possible putting it into the hands of the consumer. A lack of ability in this direction is the chief cause of failure in this line of farming. The truck farmer usually sells his vegetables and small fruits to the grocer, or to commission men, when with a little more perseverance he could reap the entire profits. Prompt attention to the details of business, and courage to meet small profits are the conditions essential to truck farming. To grow fruits and vegetables successfully requires a considerable outlay of money and labor, as well as turning to account every available means. The unskilled would hardly believe how much attention, fertilizing and soil turning the business requires. What would be an excess of fertility for grain crops is seldom sufficient for garden vegetables.

Taking the country over there are comparatively few farmers who produce small fruits and vegetables in sufficient quantities to supply their own families. It seems strange, indeed, that such necessary articles of food, so easily produced on the farm, are not more abundantly supplied.—The Epitomist.

Neglected Peach Orchards.

Peach trees in fairly good condition will stand a great amount of neglect, but when they do begin to decay they show such rapid degeneration that it is hard to save them at all. A good many of such trees show their first actual signs of weakness in the spring after a winter such as we have had. There is a lack of thriftiness about them which makes one imagine that disease has attacked them. The leaves are slower in coming out, the bark is of a dull brown color, and the dark spots near the branches and trunk increase in size. Peach trees four or five years old should have few if any signs of decay, and if they show them the trouble must be looked for in the soil, if there are no diseases or insects to cause the weakness. The spring is an excellent time to inspect the orchards, and if any of the trees are weakened by the winter weather they should immediately be stimulated. They will need fertilizing more liberally than at any other time. Nothing can be used that will give better results than ground bones and potash, mixed in about equal parts. The potash can be

GOWNS FOR THE GRADUATES.

New York City.—Many a girl the land over is planning her graduation frock. In high schools, colleges, seminaries—in almost every kind of femininity.

A trifle more elaborate is the model having its finely tucked corsage crossed at the bust with a band in white embroidery bordered on either side with the narrowest of muslin frills. The band, frills and all, extends across either sleeve with graceful effect. From shoulder to elbow the sleeve likewise is tucked. Below the fullness escapes into the regulation bishop puff. Embroidery is at the wrist. The skirt's deep pouce is headed with embroidery, band and frills.

Another model has the lengthwise rucks all round the hips just below the waist. Tucking also appears upon the yoke—a circular affair, also, and edged all round with a dainty hemstitched ruffle. Ribbon rosettes grace the blouse bodice where it fastens at one side and there is ribbon sash knitting in front.—New York Evening Sun.

Black Bows and Roses.

For fair ones who find a black ornament more becoming there have just been made two gems. One is a black chignon rose, which is placed at the right front (if one would be more to date). This is in no sense a mere rosette, but rather a perfectly made blossom with petals curling exactly true to life. The other is a bow, in reality an Alsatian, but called the Griselda. In this case it is composed of two loops of black velvet ribbon and ends of a broad, wired, spangled net, or vice versa. It is charmingly effective.

New in Late Hat.

Light on the head, and, therefore, desirable in summer time, is the stylish hat made of batiste. Pongee color, ecru and grayish beige are the favorites. These make a delightfully cool head covering. A shady brim is easily found among the models. The stylish mode of trimming a batiste hat is to use nothing but leaves; violet foliage is the favorite device. However, a chiffon scarf or ribbon trimming is used when preferred.

Ornament for the Corsage.

A corsage ornament of much beauty



WITH SAILOR COLLAR. MORE ELABORATE MODEL. PERHAPS THE BEST.

in the back in order to maintain the girl's form so desirable. But this one, however, fastens at one side. Small rosettes in narrow white satin ribbon define the fastening. The sleeves consist of two long puffs separated by a row of shirring and with a shirred cuff at the wrist. A white muslin sash is at the waist.

A bodice with its lace confined to a shallow yoke, a pleat down the middle of the front and the cuffs, deserves attention. Fine tracings of the white muslin make up the rest of the trimming. There are long lines running from shoulder to waist, both back and front of the corsage, and there are similar lines upon the sleeve from shoulder to wrist. Short lines of tucking appear upon the shoulder, epaulet fashion, and cross the corsage diagonally, to end under the arms with something of a bolero effect. The sleeves are at their fullest just above the lace cuff at the wrist. The same scheme of trimming is carried out in the skirt.

A deep sailor collar appears upon a third frock. It differs from the regulation pattern, however, in its deep slashes at either side upon the shoulders, and its long ends that, crossing surplusage fashion, tuck underneath

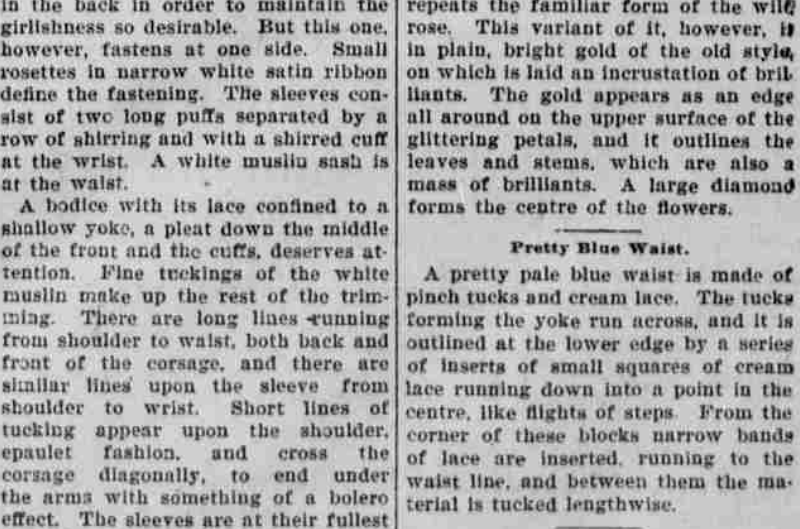
place with its smooth side against the stake. Fasten it there by a strong stape firmly driven in the ground, against the gate and near its back end. The stape should be about four feet high and be placed two inches more than its width nearer to the centre of the roadway than the nearest part of the gate post is.

"A particular part of the whole matter is to have a horizontal staypiece, four inches wide, firmly nailed to the front side of both the post and the stake, such staypiece to pass through the gate, below the second board from the top, and be so high up that the back end of the gate will ride on it, and so be kept just far enough above ground. The front end of the gate may rest on a stone, or any other solid support, keeping it just high enough. It can be kept in place by another stake or other simple means."

"To open this gate slightly raise its front end and slide the gate back, in line with the fence, as far as the middle cross bar will permit. Then, the gate being nearly on a balance, it can be turned out of the road very easily, and will stand at right angles with the fence. In closing the gate, first turn it into line with the fence, then draw it into its place at its post.

"This will be found a cheap and durable farm gate, one of the best for common use, home made, a practical success, all material to make it costing less than \$1. Every farmer should try it."—New York Tribune Farmer.

A hot cloth around the mouth will help jelly or lecs to come from it without sticking.



WITH RIBBON ROSETTES.

the belt. Fine tacked muslin forms this collar, with rows of lace insertion and a tiny border frill of lace for final finish. There is a chemisette in muslin

Trim flaps are the regulation wear for a modish stock collar. They are longer than last year's turn-overs, and come directly down, something like the quaint, Puritanic neck dressing of the time of Milton's boyhood. In white pique, Marcelline, linen, the trim flaps rule the hour. They are seen in characteristic cut in taffeta crepe de chine and heavier silks.

Fongues For Linings.

Use pongee for linings instead of taffeta if you desire a good-wearing and comfortable lining to your dress waist. Taffeta is an old friend, to be sure, and so one should only speak good of it, but the fact remains that pongee is the more durable of the two, is almost impossible to tear and does not slit in the folds where some silks begin to give way.

White Linen Collars.

Collars are made of white linen and creamy lace braid or of linen in the natural shade and lace braid to harmonize.

Ladies' Fobs.

Ladies' watch fobs are brought out in many alluring designs and look very chic with the new costumes.