

The Younger Set.

(Continued from page 6)

roll. His family, I believe, ends there, does it not?"

"Yes, Mrs. Fane."

"I see. Miss Erroll is naturally worried over him. But I wonder why she did not come to me herself instead of sending you as her errand ambassador."

"Miss Erroll did not send me," he said, flushing up. And, looking steadily into the smiling girl's face confronting him, he knew again that he had failed.

She smiled. "Come to me on your own errand, for Gerald's sake, for anybody's sake, for your own preferably, and I'll listen, but don't come to me on another woman's errands, for I won't listen even to you."

"I have come on my own errand," he repeated coldly. "Miss Erroll knew nothing about it and shall not hear of it from me. Can you not help me, Mrs. Fane?"

But Rosamund's rose china features had hardened into a polished smile, and Selwyn stood up wearily to make his adieu.

But as he entered his hansom before the door he knew the end was not yet, and once more he set his face toward the impossible, and once more the hansom rolled away over the asphalt, and once more it stopped, this time before the house of Ruthven.

Ruthven's greeting was a pallid stare, but as Selwyn made no motion to rise he lounged over to a couch and, half reclining among the cushions, shot an insolent glance at Selwyn, then yawned and examined the bangles on his wrist.

After a moment Selwyn said, "Mr. Ruthven, you are no doubt surprised that I am here."

"I'm not surprised if it's my wife you've come to see," drawled Ruthven. "If I'm the object of your visit, I confess to some surprise—as much as the visit is worth and no more."

The vulgarity of the insult under the man's own roof scarcely moved Selwyn to any deeper contempt and certainly not to anger.

"I did not come here to ask a favor of you," he said coolly, "for that is out of the question. Mr. Ruthven. But I came to tell you that Mr. Erroll's family has forbidden him to continue his gambling in this house and in your company anywhere or at any time."

"Most extraordinary," murmured Ruthven, passing his ringed fingers over his minutely shaven face—that strange face of a boy hardened by the depravity of ages.

"So I must request you," continued Selwyn, "to refuse him the opportunity of gambling here. Will you do it—voluntarily?"

"No."

"Then I shall use my judgment in the matter."

"And what may your judgment in the matter be?"

"I have not yet decided. For one thing I might enter a complaint with the police that a boy is being morally and materially ruined in your private gambling establishment."

"Is that a threat?"

"No, I will act, not threaten."

"Ah," drawled Ruthven, "I may do the same the next time my wife spends the evening in your apartment."

"You lie!" said Selwyn in a voice made low by surprise.

"Oh, no, I don't. Very chivalrous of you—quite proper for you to deny it

Ruthven stood quite still, and after a moment the livid terror died out in his face and a rushing flush spread over it—a strange, dreadful shade curiously opaque—and he half turned, dizzily, hands outstretched for self support.

Selwyn coolly watched him as he sank on to the couch and sat huddled together and leaning forward, his soft, ringed fingers covering his empurpled face.

Then Selwyn went away with a shrug of utter loathing, but after he had gone and Ruthven's servants had discovered him and summoned a physician their master lay heavily amid his painted draperies and cushions, his congested features set, his eyes partly open and possessing sight, but the whites of them had disappeared, and the eyes themselves, save for the pupils, were like two dark slits filled with blood.

There was no doubt about it. The doctors, one and all, knew their business when they had so often cautioned Mr. Ruthven to avoid sudden and excessive emotions.

That night Selwyn wrote briefly to Mrs. Ruthven:

I saw your husband this afternoon. He is at liberty to inform you of what passed. But in case he does not there is one detail which you ought to know—your husband believes that you once paid a visit to my apartments. It is unlikely that he will repeat the accusation, and I think there is no occasion for you to worry. However, it is only proper that you should know this, which is my only excuse for writing you a letter that requires no acknowledgment. Very truly yours,

PHILIP SELWYN.

To this letter she wrote an excited and somewhat incoherent reply, and, rereading it in troubled surprise, he began to recognize in it something of the strange, illogical, impulsive attitude which had confronted him in the first weeks of his wedded life.

Here was the same minor undertone of unrest sounding ominously through every line; the same illogical, unhappy attitude which implied so much and said so little, leaving him uneasy and disconcerted, conscious of the vague recklessness and veiled reproach, dragging him back from the present through the dead years to confront once more the old pain, the old bewilderment at the hopeless misunderstanding between them.

To be Continued.

The Useful One.

Should poets cease their tender lays
To warble—write, I mean—
They might be missed in many ways,
Yet cause no anguish keen.
The populace would not grieve then
Nor cry out in dismay,
As it does when the useful hen
Doth cease its lay.
—Kansas City Times.

The Financial Test.

"Monce must be an unusually rich man."
"Why?"
"He says he doesn't know whether to get married or an automobile."
—Browning's Magazine.

Back to Nature.

I love the rural life, b'gosh!
I love the corn, the festive squash.
And yet the town I cannot quit,
So steer me to the latest hit.
Give me a front row seat, I say,
And let me watch a barnyard play.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Better Chance.

Nodd—Have you seen Bilter's new house?
Todd—No, sir. I thought I would wait six months or so until he got tired of showing his friends all over it.
—New York Herald.

Has Made a Change.

The red man smoked the pipe of peace
Ere he had gained much knowledge,
But now the noble red, you bet,
Puffs his little cigarette—
If he's been to Carlisle college.
—Minneapolis Journal.

The Latest Fad.

"She teaches school, doesn't she?"
"Yes."
"What very plain clothes she wears."
"Yes; she has to avoid all frills."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Way Down in Dixie.

A small boy living in Macon
Was sent to a grocery for bacon.
He blew in the "dough!"
At a vaudeville show,
And his mother gave him a shakin'.
—Chicago News.

An Unhappy Combination.

Hewitt—It is pretty tough, living from hand to mouth.
Jewett—Especially if you have a small hand and a large mouth.—New

Soiree For the Obscure.

Though I pursue a lowly plan,
For me one comfort cannot fail—
I know no secret service man
Is grimly camping on my trail.
—Washington Star.

A Serious Matter.

Little Son—Papa, why don't you belong to a club like mamma does?
Father—If I did, what would become of you?—New York Herald.

Too Nearly Followed.

He took the bus, little bee,
To be his guide along
Life's pathway, but to cry at length,
When near life's ending, "Stung!"
—Puck.

Two Classes.

"I thought you said he was an expert golfer!"
"I didn't mean he played it. I meant he talked it."—Houston Post.

The Old Story.

Typewriter she at 'leven per.
Bookkeeper he and stuck on her.
He takes the burden, nothing loath,
Of earning grub enough for both.
—Baltimore Sun.

Economy.

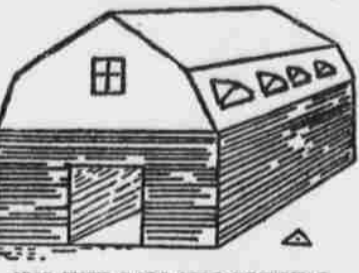
Stella—Why do you want to marry?
Belle—Because two can live more extensively than one.—New York Sun.

Farm and Garden

PRACTICAL DOUBLE CORNCRIB

Well Arranged For Granary and Other Storage Purposes.

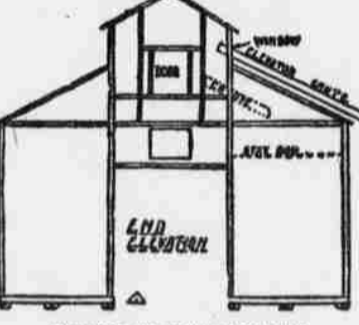
A convenient double corncrib may be fifty feet long, with eight foot wings and an eight foot driveway through the center. The space over the driveway may be used as a granary, access to the same being through large windows in each end of the building. Oats are particularly well suited to be stored in a place like this



CRIB WITH LOFT OVER DRIVEWAY.

on account of their lightness as compared with other grains. The roof should be of the hip design, and on the lower slant cupolas every ten feet should be made, through which the end of the conveyor or elevator may be inserted. In place of the four-cupola one may be substituted which will run the entire length of the roof, being closed by a blinged door.

The second illustration shows the end elevation of a double corncrib, which is described as follows: This plan is for a 24 by 36 building, with a dog house roof extension, which has four windows on each side, used as holes to run corn into, also for light. A chute at the end of the elevator conducts the corn into the bin. The chute is made portable, so that it fits in either space. The dog house has a door at either end, so that a conveyor can be used if desired. The dog house extension has three good features. First, it furnishes plenty of light and a good circulation of air; second, it affords an opportunity to fill the crib from bottom to roof and from end to end, and, third, it furnishes a fine place to hang and dry seed corn. The foundation is made of concrete, 6 by 6 at the top and 8 by 8 at the bottom.



DOUBLE CRIB WITH CHUTE.

started below frost line, and the inner walls and driveway are also to be made of solid concrete. The dimension stuff is a matter of choice. For outer sills select 6 by 6, and for the inner or the solid walls 2 by 8 answer the purpose very well, laid down flat, with a 2 by 6 set on edge and studding cut out so they come out flush with the outside of the wall. For siding take the bevel edge crib siding, leaving a space of one and one-half inches between the boards.

Apples in Boxes.

This subject would be threadbare with all the discussion it has had of late were it not for the urgency of the facts. The apple barrel is by no means a satisfactory package, especially to the shipper of good apples, and in spite of obstacles the apple box is making progress. A larger proportion of last year's apple crop was sold in boxes than ever before. These facts came most painfully to the attention of eastern apple growers when all through the winter months Oregon apples in boxes sold at good prices in all eastern cities, while New York and New England fruit was a drug in the market. It was a situation which could leave no doubt in the eastern grower's mind that something has to be done. Naturally the eastern grower, who sees his market thus cut out from under him, thinks first of boxing his own apples. He considers also the fancy packing, trademarking and other selling devices at which the western men are so clever. All these schemes he must adopt, imitate or improve. But there is one thing more, and a very important one, which must be taken into the account. The eastern grower must grow better fruit. Eastern apples are conceded to be of better quality than Pacific coast stock, but the eastern grower has relied quite too much on this single fact. The western apples are allowed to have the best color and finish, but again the eastern grower has taken this estimate too much for granted. The high quality of New York and New England apples must be preserved, augmented and then advertised. The fruit must be carefully hand thinned on the trees in order to get a uniform grade for box packing. The color and appearance must be improved by better care. Western methods of co-operative packing, shipping and selling must be adopted. These are large reforms here pointed out, and the eastern farmer is a hard subject for reform, but these improvements have all got to be made. Otherwise the Oregon apple grower will appropriate the entire eastern market, and the eastern apple growers will go into the milk business.

MARY'S EDUCATED HEN.

Mary had a little hen,
With feathers white as snow,
She flew across a garden fence,
Where hens ought not to go.

Now, Mary was a pretty maid—
Her age was twenty-five—
And Mary wasn't married yet,
Because he didn't arrive.

This hen had been a Vassar girl
Who tried in vain to wed,
Her soul had gone into a hen
As soon as she was dead.

And thus this hen had brains, you see,
And pilfered Mary so,
She flew across that garden fence
To help her catch a beau.

A bachelor heard her fondelay
And got the egg she laid,
He followed home sweet Mary's hen
Not thinking of fair maid.

He handed in the big white egg
And got a smile so sweet,
That Mary's hen stood on one leg
And trilled the band to beat.

So this cute hen laid every day
In the nest just 'er the way,
And the bachelor brought the egg right back
And got more smiles for pay.

One day she laid a double egg,
The hint the bachelor caught,
So this is what he had to say
When home that egg he brought:

"Here are two eggs within one shell,
Why can't we two be one?"
And Mary whispered: "Very well,
Here, take me, I am won."

Before the veil falls on this tale
Just get this truth down pat—
It pays a maid to keep a hen
And not to nurse a cat.
C. M. B.

CHOICE MISCELLANY ON WOOING BENT

Infant Widows of India.

The East Indian papers record a curious case arising out of the terrible custom of infant marriage in that country. The daughter of Justice Mookerjee, a learned Hindoo, was married when she was under ten years of age, and she became a widow two months after the ceremony. Though he could not resist the early marriage custom sanctioned by his creed, the judge stood out against that other custom which condemns the child widow to life long misery in her dead husband's family, and he determined to have her married again. The husband's relatives claimed and obtained a power of guardianship over her child, but before it could be exercised the second marriage had taken place, and there is to be a legal struggle to determine precisely how the claims of the dead husband's family can be reconciled with the living husband's rights. The judge's action will have the support of many Hindoos who are eager to break down a custom that condemns thousands of young girls to a life that is almost worse than slavery. But the power of the older schools of thought is great, and British lawmakers and administrators, though deploring the evils of infant marriages, must shrink from interference with customs which claim to have religious sanction.

John Hammersmith of New York is

a widower in whose care have been left some pledges of affection by his late spouse. These children are in immediate charge of his mother, and after returning from a visit to them he writes a friend that he must have the children with himself, that home without them is not home at all, that a housekeeper is not practical and that he must solve the problem by taking into himself another wife.

He wants a good, sensible woman to take care of the house and train the children in the way they should go. He has in mind a woman he met in Chicago, knew an hour or so and remembers chiefly because he saw her holding a baby as if she loved it. So confident is he that this woman will favor his suit that he warns his friend to prepare to act as best man. Then he writes the woman as follows:

My Dear Miss Maurice—I am, as no doubt you know, a widower with two children, a boy and a girl. My wife has been dead two years, and my children have been with my mother. My little girl misses me sadly, as I do her, and if you could make up your mind to marry me and make a home for us I would show my gratitude by being as good a husband as I know how. Hoping you will consider this favorably, I am, my dear Miss Maurice, sincerely yours,

JOHN HAMMERSMITH.

Those who know nothing about love will not be surprised that Miss Maurice responded in this wise:

Dear Mr. Hammersmith—Thanking you very much for the honor you have conferred upon me, I must respectfully decline your proposal. Very truly yours,
MARY MAURICE.

That would have settled most men, but it only served as a spur to John Hammersmith.

Meantime Miss Maurice takes occasion to "drop a line" to her chum, Helen Wells, in which she says things that, could he have read them, would have made the amorous Hammersmith fancy he had stepped on a red-hot stove lid. She said she was "burning to write him a scorching"—rather warm language for a practical bachelor maid—but exercised almost superhuman control. Still, she had an opinion that "if he reads between the lines his eyeballs will wither." And yet this young woman "held a baby as though she loved it!"

Well, Hammersmith evidently did read between the lines, but without the optical shriveling predicted, for he again addressed his inamorata in humility and with profuse apology and hinted that he was going on a journey to Japan and would like to take his children and a wife along.

This bait failed to secure even a nibble. Indeed, it aroused all Miss Maurice's sarcasm, and, being a school-teacher, she had plenty. She suggested that he was acting in this matter of selecting a wife with less care than he would in choosing a horse, and she said that her "present employer, the city," gave her a holiday of two months each year, which was more than she could hope to get from him.

Then John Hammersmith wrote his friend that he felt about a foot high and had a strong desire to kill Miss Maurice. But he took another tack instead—wrote a renewal of his proposal and was requested to cease his endeavors, that the decision not to marry him was final. And as if in afterthought Miss Maurice told him she was considering "another man." Hammersmith responded as follows:

My Dear Miss Maurice—Thank you for your nice, long letter. I couldn't quite make out the last of it. I am going to Chicago to kill the other man. Determinedly,
JOHN HAMMERSMITH.

There is a pause here in the narrative which fancy may fill.

Again Miss Maurice addresses her chum, Helen Wells, and her letter is so characteristic, so "eternally feminine," that it is worth reproducing:

My Dear Helen—Well, I am going to Europe sure enough, but not on a cattle boat. I am going as Mrs. John Hammersmith, and I am so pleased that I can hardly believe it. Mr. H. came to school one day looking disgustingly handsome. I looked tired to death and a fright. We went to the theater. Nothing was said. Came next night, and John Bartlett appeared also. We played cards. I felt amused. Instead of a splinter of thirty-two—I told him that I was near forty—I felt like a gay young thing of sixteen or thereabouts, with my two suitors. Comparisons are odious, but Mr. H. showed to so much better advantage than John, who was plainly jealous, that that queer organ called my heart took a leap in the New York man's favor. He came the next evening, and—well, he wooed me as a woman of any age likes to be wooed. He is willing to live in a flat and let me housekeep to my own heart's content, and I think I am going to be quite happy. Just think! I shall have a dear little boy and girl to take care of instead of my little dog. Come on for the "bachelor girl" dinner. Never thought I'd get my wish. We will July 30. With love,
MARY MAURICE.

So the wooing of a bachelor maid is not different from the wooing of any other sort of maid. When Hammersmith dropped his semicommercial propositions and wooed "as a woman of any age likes to be wooed" the citadel capitulated, the practical bachelor girl found she was vulnerable to the shafts of Cupid. And John Hammersmith learned this old time lesson: When a man would win a maid, don't write; go.—Modern Culture.

Half and Half.

"An elderly spinster sat near me at the table d'hôte one afternoon in Venice," said a returned traveler. "Turning to her niece, I heard her say: 'In Venice at last! Ah, my dear, half the dream of my youth is now fulfilled.' 'Why only half, auntie?' the young girl asked. 'I counted on going to Venice,' sighed the spinster, 'on my wedding journey.'"

In His Line.

"She married a photographer."
"Is he a good man?"
"He has some negative virtues."

Old time Maine hunters are not

if not resourceful. The Lewiston Journal tells of the novel way in which a deer was brought down. Being out of buckshot, the hunter took the ball bearings out of his bicycle and loaded a shotgun shell with them in place of shot. It was not long after that he got sight of a fair sized doe and fired, killing her instantly.

Frederick MacMonnies is to design the new \$70,000 fountain provided for in the will of Mrs. E. N. Cole for New York city. He hopes it will be placed in front of the city hall. "When they taunt us about our art in America," he said recently, "we have always that glorious city hall. We can point to that and say to our European critics, 'We, too, have architectural ancestors.'"

Q. How do some bantam breeders get the small stock they have at shows? Are they dwarfed with whiskey, as are some dogs, or are they starved down?
A. No. They select the smallest breeders, especially the hens, and hatch late.

Q. My neighbor tells me my hens are not laying because I keep no rooster. Is this so?
A. No. The rooster sometimes helps by aiding Biddy to hunt a nest and cackling when the egg's laid, but you can do that yourself and save the feed.

Q. I just bought some pigeons, and three of them have an eye with a white spot in the center. Is this natural, and will it pass away?
A. No. The dealer has sent you three pigeons blind in one eye from roop.

Q. What breed has largest representation at the big shows?
A. White Wyandottes, Rocks second. At the St. Louis exposition there were 872 White Wyandottes, and no variety of Rocks reached 500. At Chicago, New York and Boston they nearly always lead. At one Madison Square Garden show there were 483 more White Wyandottes than all the Rocks put together.

Q. Some of my Reeves pheasants have a sort of scaly leg that accumulates in large knots on their feet and legs, crippling them, and I have tried sulphur ointment, glycerin, lard and coal oil, and I fail to get a permanent cure. I read your article on pheasants, and maybe you have the cure for this trouble.
A. Melt paraffin. When sufficiently cool pour over legs and feet and cover completely. Three applications a week apart will cure, sure.

Just Run Down.

They gathered up the scattered man from out the auto's track
And pried his backbone into line and sewed his fingers back.
They glued his ear on once again and patched his broken nose
And made a plaster cast to hold his somewhat twisted toes.

And as they worked the victim sighed,
He rose up in his bed,
He groaned and felt his bandaged self,
"Where am I at?" he said.
The doctors cheerfully replied: "We picked you up downtown,
Don't worry. You're all right—you've just a little bit run down."
—Dallas News

The Financial Genius.

"Yes, madam; I will play one-two-three pieces on the piano for twelve dollars. An' so soon as I haf feenish I will go home."
"But I wanted you to stay and converse with my guests."
"Ah, so! Zat will be twenty dollar extra."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Believer All Right.

"Are you a believer in spiritualism?"
"Yes; the ghost walks every Saturday, and by Monday I have nothing left but a hallucination."
—Answers.

Coasting.

Swift as an arrow shot from the bow,
Safe on our coasters downward we go.
Over the bumpers, over the dike,
Who'd have an auto or even a bike?
Going like lightning, going like mad!
Where was there ever such sport to be had?
Trudging uphill, the rope in one's hand,
Happiest we of the boys in the land,
Snow may be icy, ice may be wet—
Little we care for such trifles, you bet!
Once at the top, we are off in a jiff—
Hi, there! Look out! Clear the track,
will you? Eh?
—Lurana W. Sheldon in Judge.

He Takes After Mother.

The star pupil arose at the school entertainment to declaim his piece.
"Lend me your ears!" he bawled.
"Ha," sneered the mother of the opposition but defeated pupil, "that's Sarah Jane Doran's boy. He wouldn't be his mother's son if he didn't want to borrow something."
—Tit-Bits.

To Fault Finders.

You have some right to talk about
Outraging fortune's stings
If working for or mapping out
Some plan for better things.
But if to help yourself you fall
And just complaining sit
No one will care to heed your wall
Or help you on a bit.
—Kansas City Times.

Woes of the Suburbanite.

Ostend—Pa., what is the "Suburban handicap?"
Pa.—The lawn mower in the summer and the snow shovel in the winter, my son.—Denver News-Times.

Twinkle, Twinkle.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Darthly diamonds you surpass,
Yet you may be only glass.
If by any chance you fell,
There's an uncle who could tell.
—New York Herald.

W. M. Brantley