

HOW THE PRINCE CAME

Jim Wade Feared He Would Lose His Daughter, and He Did.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Jim Wade studied his eyes with one broad-hand and looked over his rich fields ripe for the harvest. As far as the eye could see from his point of vantage on the ranch house steps the land was his own.

Because Molly Wade was his only child, Jim, watching her grow up from a motherless girlhood, was full of fears and apprehensions for her future. The best in the world was none too good for Molly, and so away to school Molly went, and when she came back, unchanged, unspoiled, he was thankful.

She came back as simple hearted and home loving as when she had taken her tearful farewell of him. The so called broader life for women had no attraction for Molly Wade. She was first and last a home lover—a homemaker.

Jim sighed even then as he watched her directing the affairs of the house they occupied. Almost any day now some handsome young man might come along and rob his nest of its one birdling. And each morning he looked searchingly into her clear blue eyes seeking some change that might tell him of the threatened invasion of her heart, for suitors there were in plenty at the Wade ranch.

This morning Molly dashed around from the corral on her little black mare Daisy.

"Where now, honey?" asked Jim. "A ride in the corn, father. Can't you come, dear?" Molly's hair was like ripened corn silk, and her eyes were as blue as the sky overhead. The black of her hat made a frame for her delicate skin, tinted with bloom and warmed by the sun. Slender and lithe, she swayed in the saddle with a grace that was only equaled by her dancing.

"Sorry, honey, but it's pay day, you know. The old man's got to stay home and work this morning. Don't go too far. And get your gun handy?" Molly patted the belt at her trim waist, where a small revolver gleamed in the holster. "Right here, dad. I'll be home in time for dinner. So long!"

"Don't let any fairy princes run away with you, daughter," admonished Jim. "You know I worry a lot about that prince that's coming after my little gal some day." There was more gravity than fun in Jim's voice, and Molly felt that this old, old jest between them was becoming a serious matter to her father.

She urged Daisy to the foot of the steps and flicked her father lightly on the shoulder with her whip. "Dad, dear, I really believe you are worried. I've never even seen the man—or prince—I'd leave you for. There, are you satisfied?" He leaned down and kissed her lovely, laughing face, and a warm smile lighted his grim features.

"God bless you, darling. I want you to be happy, but I hope it will be many a day before the prince does come. I'm a selfish old brute, eh?" "Not a bit, dad. And when he does come we'll set him to work in the fields and live right along with you."

With a laughing, backward glance Molly rode away toward the fields of tall corn that had not yet fallen prey to the snapping reapers.

A thousand acres of corn whispering in the wind! It was like a thick forest, thought Molly, as Daisy threaded her way daintily through the tall stalks.

Overhead the yellowed leaves rustled crisply. On either side they reached long, fluttering fingers to brush Molly's rose-leaf face or to touch a lock of her soft hair. Her eyes grew dreamy as she listened to the whispering, and a look came into her face—a look that her father had never seen.

Molly had had her day dreams—indeed, she had dreamed of a lover who came out of a fascinating world of which she had caught a mere glimpse in her school days. The prince who would come and claim her one day would come spinning down the state road in a motorcar. Handsome he would be and merry and rollicking as so many of those gay automobilists appeared to be.

direct me to Wade's place, or is it possible you are lost too?" Molly smiled and shook her head. "I can show you the way easily, I am Mr. Wade's daughter," she explained over her shoulder as the little mare walked on.

The stranger turned his horse into the aisle behind Molly and followed close in her wake.

"My name is Norton—Scott Norton," he said after a little pause. "I'm looking for work in the fields. I was told Mr. Wade needed help."

"He does," assented Molly eagerly. "They want to make crop before the 20th, and father was wishing this morning for half a dozen extra men."

"I am very glad," said Norton. "Something in the tone of his voice thrilled Molly's tender heart. She knew as plainly as if he had told her in so many words that he had been in hard luck and that he had traveled a long distance in search of this job. The miserable beast he rode was a senecrow, probably purchased with his last penny."

They came to the edge of the cornfield and emerged into a well beaten road bordered on either side by corn.

"I missed this road somehow," said Norton, riding abreast of Molly. "It must be well on to noon, isn't it?"

His lack of a watch deterred Molly from looking at her own little time piece. She glanced up at the sun with a delightful knitting of her pretty brows.

"Dear me, it is late! We must hurry!" she said.

Behind them came the shriek of a siren and the distant hum of a speeding motorcar. Molly had barely time to urge her mare to the edge of the corn when her eyes caught a horrified glimpse of the stranger's balking horse rigid in the path of the speeding vehicle.

There was a warning shout, a queer crashing thud and a cloud of dust. Then Molly found herself kneeling before the prostrate stranger, while an excited automobilist borrowed her revolver to still the agony of the injured horse.

The party of men carried the unconscious form of their victim to the uninjured car, and it was Molly Wade, white lipped and trembling, who took a place in the tonneau and supported the quiet head against her shoulder. To her it seemed as if she was his only friend in an inhospitable land. One of the men awkwardly rode the mare in the rear of the car, and slowly they trailed through the dust toward the wide gate of the ranch.

Jim Wade, sitting on the wide porch, reading a newspaper, saw them coming, a strange procession. The sight of a stranger riding Daisy was like a knife thrust in his heart, and when the machine stopped at the steps he could barely make his way to the ground and assure himself that Molly was safe and sound.

His daughter's voice cut into the noisy explanations of the men.

"This man was on his way to the ranch looking for work, father, when he was struck. He must need medical attention. I think he is recovering consciousness. If you will take him into the house I will telephone to Dr. Acklin."

It was the work of an instant for the five men to improvise a litter and carry the stranger into the house and deposit him on Jim Wade's own bed. Jim Wade himself applied restoratives and announced that the man had suffered no injury beyond a broken arm and severe shock. He detained the automobilists, however, until the arrival of the doctor.

Molly did not appear at dinner where the four strangers joined her father. She had sent Hannah, the servant, to the sick chamber to await the arrival of the doctor while she took the domestic's place in the kitchen.

Dr. Acklin confirmed Jim Wade's estimation of the injuries to Scott Norton—a badly fractured arm and a severe shaking up. Six weeks' confinement and rest for the first and quiet repose for the last. The motor party made up a purse for the victim, which Jim Wade promptly returned to them.

"He's our friend," he said, with dignity. "Any one that comes to my door in trouble and needs me is my friend. I look out for my friends. Take a lesson, gentlemen—go slow; go slow!"

They departed, sobered by the experience, while Hannah was installed as head nurse in the sick chamber and Molly assumed the woman's duties in the kitchen. Late that evening she related the incident to her father, and as he noted the new light in her eyes his heart grew troubled.

"I—the fellow can't be a prince in disguise, Molly. I won't have it so!" he blurted out.

"Why, dad!" blushed Molly. "We don't know Mr. Norton, and, anyway, princes come in coaches and in splendid motorcars, with gorgeous clothes. They don't lose themselves in cornfields and ride—oh, such a horrible horse, father. I'm glad the poor beast is dead."

And with the change of subject Jim had to be satisfied.

MULE RAISING IS PROFITABLE.

Mule raising is fast becoming a large and most important industry throughout the United States, and it may be said that it is one of the principal live stock industries in certain sections—namely, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois and Virginia.

While in the states where the largest number of mules are raised the conditions are well suited for the industry, there is nothing to make it a special business more than could be done in a number of other states, except that the farmers got into the business long ago, and it proved contagious and spread over a considerable territory, and dealers, finding it out, naturally went there to buy them.

On the other hand, horse colts are raised to a considerable extent in all the states where the conditions are favorable to live stock growing. If many of the mares used as brood mares in different states for producing horse colts were bred to jacks instead of stallions it would be found more profitable and in every way more satisfactory. This idea was suggested by a well known breeder for the benefit of any who are doing anything in the way of raising horse colts, for the reason that he believes mule colts will be found more profitable to any owner of good sized mares that will foal colts that have the qualities to make them salable.

Mule colts have decided advantages over horse colts in a general way. We all know that at the present time a horse colt or a young horse to be salable at a profit must possess some qualities of high character. Good drivers, good saddlers, good draft horses and some other classes, as army horses, will sell at a profit, but "plugs" are not wanted at figures that pay to raise them.

Of course there may be "plug" mules as well as "plug" horses, and no doubt they will average less profitable than "plug" horses. Small and crooked mules cannot be made to pay any profit in any region where it costs a reasonable amount to raise a colt. So in breeding mares for mules it is foolish to use small and defective mares or to use a small and inferior jack.

Any man who has enough land of the kind to make grass will in almost



HIGH HEADED VIRGINIA MULES. [From Breeder's Gazette, Chicago.]

any state now find mule raising very profitable if he will get the right sort of mares and keep the colts growing right along till they make the necessary size. The mares must be of good size. The mule will be sure to get his size from his dam, and if he is kept growing right along he will be good for a fair price as a two-year-old and for a better one at three. And yet the cost will not be more than that of a steer of the same age.

Feeding is another important factor in mule raising. Either corn or oats are good feed to use with alfalfa hay. They will give better results if used together than if either one is fed alone. If the mules do not seem to eat as much as they should, mix shelled corn and oats in equal parts by weight and grind them. Feed only a little ground feed at first and gradually increase it as they get accustomed to the change. Some of the mules may not eat any more of the ground feed than of the whole corn and oats, but what they do eat will do them more good. A little blackstrap molasses mixed with the grain would make it more palatable after they once become used to it, increasing the consumption of feed and consequently making faster gains. If the mules have any tendency to scour at work the main grain reliance should be oats, or a little of some other kind of hay might be fed with the alfalfa.

The Value of the Separator.

The value of the cream separator is based on the amount it saves out of the loss of the cream that is common under the old or primitive methods. Usually there is a loss of from 25 to 60 per cent of the cream. The cream separator saves this loss, and, computing that under the average price of butter fat the cream separator will save the farmer \$10 or more a cow per year, so we see that if a farmer milks five or six cows he saves enough in one year to buy a cream separator above the old methods. Many of the hardware dealers who are separator agents have said to me frequently that they are always pleased to sell a cream separator to the farmer because it brought them into closer relation or to a better friendship than any other commodity they could sell.

The Effects of a Grand Night.



The Gentleman Who Has Gone to Bed in the Grand Piano—Wish you wouldn't start practicing just when I'm in bed. Most inconsiderate!

Childhood's Simple Ways.



"I wonder why she accepted that homely little runt?"

"Well, you see, he's going to be a doctor when he grows up, and he's promised to let her lick all the sugar off all of his pills!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Somehow Bad!



The Conversationalist (to well known authoress)—I am so delighted to meet you. It was only the other day I saw something of yours about something or other in some paper!

Great Expectations.



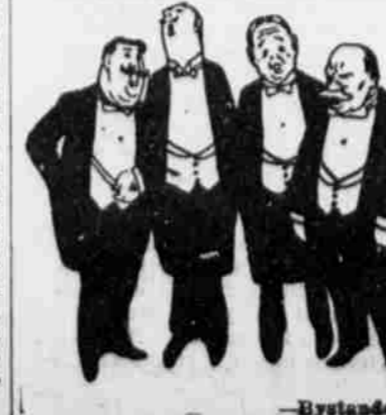
"Who are these new people that are moving into the house next door?" "I don't know, but I am sure we shall get along splendidly with them. They have unboxed a wheelbarrow and a lawn mower."

Good Friends.



"Yvonne, have you been each day to inquire after poor Mme. Trinquafort since her dreadful accident?" "Yes, madame." "That's good. Keep on going."

The Schiester Glee Club in Action.



Fulfilling His Agreement.
Having become tired of living in rented houses, Mr. Gwimple had bought a home of his own. Not having enough money to pay for it outright, he had made a cash payment of a thousand dollars, and given a trust deed on the property for the remainder. One night, not long after he had taken possession of his new home, Mrs. Gwimple roused him from a deep sleep.

"Gerald," she said, "somebody is trying to get into the house!"

Mr. Gwimple crawled out of bed and started down stairs.

"What are you going to do?" she asked him.

"I'm going to let him in," he answered, half-awake.

"To let him in! Who?"

"The man that holds the trust deed on this property," he mumbled. "The document I signed binds me to admit him to the premises at any hour of the day."

The History of Niagara.
Dr. J. W. Spencer, who has made a specialty of the study of the geological history of the Niagara gorge and falls, returned to this subject at the July meeting of the American Association. He believes that about 3,500 years ago the drainage of Lake Huron was turned into Lake Erie, thus vastly increasing the eroding power of Niagara. It had taken 35,500 years for the gorge to eat back from Lake Ontario to the point where the falls were situated when the Huron discharge was added. Five hundred years after that the falls reached the Whirlpool. Between 2,000 and 2,500 years ago they were passing the site of the Whirlpool Rapids. The rapids themselves were completed less than 30 years ago.

Hard-Working Person.
As a matter of fact, a member of a glee club works harder than a member of a notification committee and does not get nearly so much credit.

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