

THE LOCKED GATE

More Effective Than the Intended Ride From the Station.

By RUTH EDWARDS.

"Well, I never!" Gladys sat down on the bank of the little stream and gazed despairingly at the rustic bridge above her. "If that isn't just like him! 'No Thoroughfare' and the gate locked and too high to climb. Now, what on earth am I to do anyway?"

The whispering wind and the lapping waves gave her no reply, and, pulling a letter out of the front of her blouse, she read it for the third or fourth time that day. It seemed to restore her self confidence. She laughed to herself wickedly. "Hum! Mrs. Graham is a dear, but I fancy I've fooled that conceited Jack of hers. No, thank you; no four mile drive with him. I'm down here, to be sure, but I won't speak two words to him all the time I stay if I can help it. So! Oh, dear, I wish I had a boat!"

As if in answer to her desire a red canoe shot out from beyond the bend and came noiselessly down the river. A man sat in the stern wielding the paddle with a swift grace. Gladys arose among the long grass and the daisies. Her mind was made up.

"I beg pardon," she called as he came abreast of her. "Can you tell me if there is a way of getting to Mr. Graham's estate except by this bridge? It seems to be closed."

The man in the canoe rested his paddle across his knees and gazed at her admiringly.

"Why, I— he began, then stopped. "There is an approach by the road," he said, "but it is quite two miles to the other side."

"Oh," she said, "I know! But I've walked so far already." She glanced ruefully down at her dusty patent leather ties.

"Would you allow me?" he asked eagerly. "I could take you across in my canoe."

She blushed charmingly. "I hate to trouble you."

"I assure you it would give me the greatest pleasure," he said, with another admiring glance.

With a dexterous stroke or two he brought the graceful little craft up to the bank and landed. He was tall and brown and broad shouldered, and as he stood looking down at her he saw a little slender girl with the longest eyelashes that ever drooped over a pair of gray eyes, in a dark blue foulard, bare-headed in the golden sunlight, a big black hat held in one hand. On her forehead and around her ears danced little truant wisps of curly hair.

He helped her into the canoe and piled the gay cushions at her back, then stepped in after her.

"Where are you going?" she asked as he pointed the canoe upstream. "I understood you to say you would take me across," she added, with some stateliness.

"That's such a nasty place to land," he replied apologetically. "It's much better a little farther up."

His dark eyes sought hers, and they both laughed. It was obvious to the most casual observer that the sloping shore of the other side was most admirably adapted for beaching the canoe.

"You seem well acquainted with the river," she said demurely. "Do you know the Gramhams?"

He did not answer immediately. "Yes; charming woman, Mrs. Graham," he admitted at last.

"Oh, yes; lovely. It's a pity her son doesn't take after her," Gladys replied, with high scorn.

Her companion grinned. "It's evident you know him," he said.

"Well, I haven't seen him in years, but when I saw him last he was absolutely the most disagreeable, most conceited and altogether most hateful boy I ever came across." Gladys sat up quite straight among her cushions with a sudden energy.

"Poor Jack!" murmured her companion. "Still, if you haven't seen him for years it isn't impossible that he has improved."

"Improved? Well, I'm sure I hope so. There certainly was room for improvement. But I don't believe he has. The idea of shutting people out by locking up that bridge the way he has! It's just like him. So afraid any one would get into his domains. Just as though any one with sense would want to."

"Exactly. But possibly he wants to keep out that class of people supposed to be braver than angels, you know."

"Fools?" she questioned. Then they both laughed again.

"You're not very polite," she said. "How can you expect me to be sympathetic when the bridge being locked has given me this pleasure?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with incredulous eyes. "Anyway, I forgive you. But if I'd had my way I shouldn't have been here at all."

"Now it's you that are impolite," he said.

"Yes, and ungrateful," she admitted frankly. "It's simply lovely out here. It's the only pleasant thing about the whole trip. Goodness, if I only knew how I hated to come! I wept day and night for weeks. But mother was adamant."

He looked at her appreciatively, wondering how any human being could be proof against eyes like those filled with tears.

"Mothers are inconsistent at times," he said. "Mine, for instance, has been systematically indulging and spoiling me all my life and now has taken it into her head that I must marry a girl she has picked out for me, whether I want to or not."

"Why, that's just the question on

which mother and I differed." Gladys gasped. "She and his mother arranged it all years ago, it seems, and he's unmanly enough to keep her to her word, though he must know I hate him. You wouldn't find a girl doing a thing like that!"

"Wouldn't you, though? This particular young lady of whom I speak is of so clinging a disposition that, according to my mother, she will never know happiness unless I brace up and woo. Why in thunder she should be in love with a man she hasn't seen since she was a child is more than I can conceive!" He paddled angrily for a moment. Then once again his eyes met hers, and they laughed.

"We seem to be figuratively as well as literally in the same boat," she remarked. "The thought makes me quite fond of you."

"Ah, if I could but believe you in earnest!" she sighed, with an exaggerated gallantry.

She darted him another look from under her lashes.

"Weren't you smoking when I called to you?" she asked presently. "Why, there's your pipe. Do let me fill it for you. I love to fuss with pipes."

"It's all I need to complete my happiness," he assured her as he handed her his pipe. "My pouch is in the left hand pocket of my coat. Can you get it? It's right behind you there."

She leaned back and secured the thin serge coat, rummaged in his pocket and brought forth a chamois pouch elaborately embroidered with the initials "J. G." in crimson. She looked at the inscription for a moment, then at his owner.

He watched her as she pressed the tobacco into the bowl with a delicate thumb. "There," she said as she handed it to him. "Lean over and I'll light it for you."

She shaded the sputtering match with her hand and applied the flame to the tobacco. Her face was very near his, and it was a face to set a man longing.

She settled herself once more among the cushions. "Isn't this comfy?" she sighed, with satisfaction. "When I remember that walk from Digby in all the dust I can't realize it's me."

"Great Scott! Did you walk from Digby?"

"Yes. You see, they wrote that a certain person would meet me at Gramhamsford, so I got out at Digby and walked. Anything was better than a four mile ride with—the person who was coming to meet me. That's why I'm here."

"What a coincidence!" he exclaimed as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "At this moment I am supposed to be driving home from Gramhamsford with a young lady whom I didn't want to meet. That's why I'm here!"

She was busy watching the ripples that followed the canoe.

"It appears to me our mothers have been fibbing," she said musingly.

"Bless their hearts!" he exclaimed fervently. "I forgive them, don't you? Besides, I am just discovering that your mother at least spoke the truth and I mean to be obedient in all things from this time forth forevermore," he added boldly.

"Amen," she said, with mock solemnity. "But how self sacrificing!" Then, with a look that set his heart beating, "Well, I will not be outdone in filial devotion." Her lashes flickered against her reddening cheek. With one stroke he beached the canoe among the shadows of the trees.

An hour later Mrs. Graham came to meet them down the long avenue bordered with oaks.

"My dear children!" she cried joyfully. "I see it is all right. I knew that ride from the station would be just the thing."

Innuendo.

When founded on fact the malicious hint often does vastly more harm than the full disclosure. It has about it an air of mystery which brings on a train of imaginings and begets groundless suspicions which would quickly melt into thin air were the whole truth known. More especially is this the case when the evil hint is blended with words of commendation. "He's an honest and a temperate man, etc., but— Oh, that mean, vile, hypocritical little 'but' that has severed so many friendships and befouled so many a fair name! Where so much of good is spoken and the mean little 'but' uttered with a regretful sigh it often looks like real pity. In reality it is but decking out and garlanding the victim for the sacrifice. The encomium is used only as a means of attaining a dastardly purpose. "With colors fainter painting their foul ends." The slanderer is frequently but a clumsy blunderer; not so the skillful innuendo man. He is at least no bungler. He is a real tactician, a genuine strategist. His is verily the refinement of cruelty. —Baltimore Sun.

Building Superstitions.

In remote times a sacrifice of some kind was always offered at the completion of a building, either public or private. Sacrifices were not only offered at the completion of structures of all kinds. The foundations themselves were usually laid in blood, whether the structure was a castle, bridge, cottage or church. Originally—tracing the subject back to heathenish times—the sacrifice was offered to the god under whose protection the building was placed. In early Christian times the bloody rite was retained, but was given another significance. In those days it was generally believed that an edifice would stand unless the cornerstone was laid in mortar mixed with blood. Usually the blood was obtained by sacrificing a dog, a pig, a wolf, a black cock or a goat, and not infrequently some malefactor's blood was poured out to make the ceremony more impressive.

DAIRY AND CREAMERY

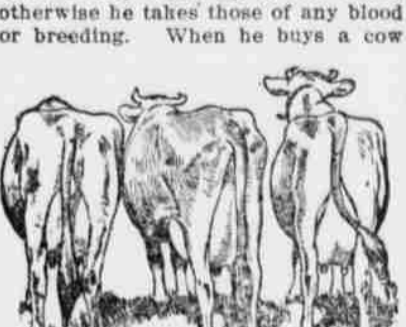
TO BUILD UP A DAIRY HERD.

Requires Time and a High Ideal Must Be Constantly Striven for.

To build up a dairy herd is not a short task. It requires in the first place a fixed ideal in the mind of the owner. He must set his stakes at a mark toward which he must endeavor to move constantly, advancing from year to year.

There is a well-known dairy herd in Illinois, the owner of which has set his mark higher and higher for years, every time reaching the highest limit by following a set method.

This man cares nothing for recorded pedigrees. He prefers pure-bred cows if they reach up to his mark, otherwise he takes those of any blood or breeding. When he buys a cow



he insists on the privilege of milking her several times and testing her milk with the Babcock tester.

When he began the dairy business, a poor man, he set his stakes at 200 pounds of butter a year from each cow. This was not to be the average of the herd, but the lowest limit for each individual cow. As rapidly as the cows failed to reach this mark they were sold and replaced with better ones.

Calves from the best cows were kept for members of the herd, and thoroughly tested after they came in milk, to be retained or rejected according to the test they showed.

In the course of time the 200-pound mark was reached and the limit was raised 50 pounds, and by following the same method he built up his herd to the new mark.

Then he set the limit at 300 pounds in a year, and toward this he is progressing as rapidly as possible, although as the limit is raised progress is slower.

He has now been in the business long enough to select helpers from his own herd which come up to his requirements. Although he ceased a few years ago to sell his milk to a butter factory, he still insists on the butterfat test as to the merits of his cows, and his well-earned reputation makes his milk in such demand that he cannot supply all that is called for.

The dairyman who does not set a high mark, and test his cows regularly and systematically, will always carry in the herd some cows who are kept at a loss, to reduce average of the herd.

It seems like a strong statement to make, but it is no doubt true, as was said by the dairy commissioner of a great State dairy, that if the poorer half of the cows of the State were sold off the dairy profits of the State would be doubled.

If but the better half of the cows were kept the feed consumed by the unprofitable ones would be saved, the work would be halved and the profits from those kept would be more than double those of the herds as now constituted.

The volume of butter-and-milk production would be decreased, no doubt, if this course were pursued, and the consumer would be called upon to pay higher prices; but the dairyman would double his profits, and that should be the object sought in any business.

Many dairymen are trying to find the method which will allow them to keep the largest number of cows on a given acreage. A much better object would be sought if they were to try to secure the largest possible number of cows which will produce a pound of butter every day for ten months of their activities.

Straw in the Manure.

Owing to its abundance, straw is added to barnyard manure, but it can be made more serviceable if made fine with the feed cutter before being used. While straw may soon rot after being mixed with manure, yet in a fine condition it is a much better absorbent and can be forked into the manure with advantage. When loading and spreading manure there is a saving of labor even handling that which is fine, and the manure will be more valuable because the loss of ammonia will be arrested by the use of suitable absorbent materials.

Essentials in Good Butter.

First, cleanliness; second, good feed; third, good breed of cows. The best way to market is to private customers, says a writer in Dakota Farmer. In this way I supply about 50 pounds a week, but do not use any commercial coloring, as cows properly fed and of good breed will color the butter well enough.

Dairy Notes.

It is much easier to prevent the growth of horns on the heifer calves than it is to dehorn a grown animal.

When the consumer can rest assured that his milk won't have dirt and filth settled in the bottom of the glass from which he drinks, he will pay high for his milk.

ROADS AND ROADMAKING

THE FARMER AND THE ROAD.

He is Withdrawing His Objection to Improvement of Highways.

The problem of highways has probably concerned the farmers of this country more than any other class of people, inasmuch as upon them alone, for many years, developed the building and maintaining of the roads. From the old tortuous woods roads following the streams very largely, or a blazed trail over the hills and mountains, the corduroys and slab ways through the swamps and lowlands to the present good and improved highways graded and straightened almost to the grade of a steam railroad, the farmers have largely been the factor bearing the burden of expense, and therefore the ones most to be reckoned with.

In the early history of the country the blazed trail and first wagon roads were winding and long, often making the distance double that which now is as the country has been cleared and the roads straightened and graded.

As the country was settled and new farms were opened up new highways were built without much thought as to grade and line, and to-day we have in many states, especially in the east, very crooked and irregular roads. Gradually the sentiment for better and improved roads has grown; the coming of the bicycle started the movement with greater acceleration than any other one thing for many years; then the arrival of the automobile has no doubt culminated in the climax of road improvement by creating a greater interest with the whole people until all are ready to lend a hand in the improvement of the highways.

The farmers at first, have been loath to favor the more expensive improvement of the roads believing the movement was largely in the interest of the manufacturers and users of automobiles, but that as it may, as soon as an improved road is properly constructed through a farming section, the farmer is brought at once to see the value of it in the great advantage to him in the movement of his produce to market, and since the whole people are assisting in the expense, we farmers are withdrawing our objections and are willing to assist.

The President on Good Roads.

That the movement for road improvement is approved by the President of the United States is shown by the following extract from a letter written concerning the project of building a highway from Washington to Richmond:

"I regard this as part of the general good roads movement in the country, and I have pleasure in saying that there is no movement that I know of that will have a more direct effect to alleviate the difficulties and burdens of the farmer's life, will stimulate the traffic, and add to the general happiness of the people more than the establishment of good roads throughout the country."

"I do not think that because this may have been stimulated by people using automobiles it is to be frowned upon, for while persons using automobiles are by no means the most important in the community, the fact that their sharp interest has focused the attention of the public on the movement entitles them to credit."

Object Lesson in Road Building.

A modern highway, 275 miles long, through the "short grass country" in Western Kansas would not only prove an illuminating object lesson for the entire state but for all the country as well. The people of western Kansas have started a movement to afford the world just that object lesson in road building. From Newton to the Colorado line it is proposed to construct a continuous boulevard along the Arkansas river and call it "The New Santa Fe Trail."—Kansas City Times.

Laboratory to Test Road Materials.

The University of Alabama has completed a laboratory for testing road materials, and already a number of tests have been made for towns and counties throughout the state. The purpose of this new feature of the engineering department is to be of material assistance to the different communities and at the same time give the students practical instruction in road building, a branch of the profession which is rapidly growing in importance.

Narrow Country Roads.

Persons who are making a study of good roads claim that the highways of the United States are much too wide. In Germany the roads average from 21 to 30 feet in width and carry an enormous amount of traffic while in our open country; in the western states where traffic is comparatively light we make the roads 50 to 60 feet wide out of land worth \$100 per acre, and allow three-fourths of the highway to grow up in weeds.

Good roads are also an encouragement to walking and the long distance leisurely tramps across country that are becoming more and more popular during the season of fair weather. These tramps exert a distinct and valuable influence in uplifting the average standard of sound health among dwellers in cities, where the convenient street car discourages travel afoot.

The Origin of Oxygen.

That eminent scientist Lord Kelvin maintained that all the oxygen in the atmosphere probably originated from the action of sunlight upon plants. When our earth was a globe of hot liquid it contained no vegetable fuel and probably no free oxygen. But as it cooled off plants appeared on its surface, and these began to evolve oxygen through the medium of the sunbeams. Upon the oxygen thus derived we depend for the maintenance of life by breathing. When we burn coal or other vegetable fuel we use up oxygen, and it is to plants again that we owe the restoration of the oxygen thus lost to the air. If they failed to keep up a sufficient supply the atmosphere would gradually part with its oxygen, and the inhabitants of the earth would disappear in consequence of asphyxiation.

In Westminster Abbey.

Fox's tomb is perhaps the most ridiculous in the abbey, but others run it hard—the naked figure of General Wolfe supported by one of his staff in full regimentals and receiving a crown from Victory; William Wilberforce apparently listening to Sheridan telling a comic tale and contorting his features in the endeavor not to laugh; the Sir Claudesley Shovel, in periwig and Roman toga, which excited the mirth even of contemporaries, and all the monuments erected by the East India company, with palm trees and other tropical exuberances, to the memory of great soldiers, like Sir Eyre Coote. From the point of view of good taste a dictator would be justified in dismissing these and many more to the stonemason's yard.—Cornhill Magazine.

How Pausanias Died.

Pausanias, the Greek general, died by self administered poison. When hotly pursued by those sent to apprehend him on a charge of treason and sacrilege he took refuge in the sanctuary of a temple. Unable to remove him by force and also unwilling to violate the sanctuary, the officers walked up the entrance and began to unroof the building. When he could be seen they noticed that he was chewing something which proved to be a quill filled with poison. By the time the work had sufficiently advanced to admit of their entrance he was in a dying condition.

Secret For Secret.

In the days of Louis XIV. even warriors banded epigrams with one another.

The Maréchal de Grammont had taken a fortress by siege.

"I will tell you a secret," said its military governor after surrendering. "The reason of my capitulation was that I had no more powder."

"And, secret for secret," returned the maréchal suavely, "the reason of my accepting it on such easy terms was that I had no more balls."

Iron Thin as Tissue.

Sheet iron is rolled so thin that the iron mills that 15,000 sheets are required to make a single inch in thickness. Light shines as readily through one of these sheets as through ordinary tissue paper.

Paris Taxes.

Everything which enters the city of Paris is taxed. All of the market women bringing in fruit and the truck gardeners bringing in their loads of vegetables have to pay the city tax.

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