

# THE LONG CORRIDOR.

By JOHN H. OSKISON.

When Edwin Dumble, son of old Richard Dumble, the millionaire brewer, fell in love with Henrietta Schouler he knew that his father would oppose their marriage. He was a sophomore at Harvard, and Henrietta was studying music with Madame Frisonne in Boeton. Mrs. Sears, the girl's chaperon and aunt, had warned the youth that the attachment must be broken. "Not that I or Mrs. Schouler object for you are a nice boy, Edwin; but your father would rather see you dead than allied to the Schoulers by marriage. Why? I can't tell you—go and ask your father."

So Edwin, hurriedly packing a bag, rushed to his parent's big New York office, blurted out the story of his love for the pretty music student and demanded the reason for the anticipated opposition. There was a quarter of an hour of storming—an incoherent darning by the old man of everything connected with the Schoulers, and a sweeping characterization of the family that brought the young man to his feet almost screaming with rage—before an explanation was offered.

"The old Dumble said, tersely: 'Old Schouler was my secretary once. He married a woman of no family, an adventuress, who has been trying to get a hold on me ever since. His daughter has been shipped from St. Louis to Boston to study this fiddle-rot French singing, and—mark my words, my boy—and to take you in! You've been taken in, too, easily enough.'"

"But," the old man's voice was raised in anger, "you must not see that creature again!"

"Creature!" cried young Dumble, starting up from his chair. "Sir, you must not say that again! Henrietta Schouler is the dearest, best girl on earth, and—"

Edwin controlled himself with an effort. "In the room at the end of this long passage is the foolish young girl you profess to love better than your own life. This door here, as you see, is open, and will be left unlocked. Yonder door is likewise freely passable. But between these doors is this strange passage, through the floor of which, when either of you tries to pass, you will fall upon the rocks 500 feet below. I have had marked upon this passage floor the point beyond which you may not go without breaking through. On the girl's side I have taken the same precaution."

"I shall keep you both up here until you are tired of this farce you call loving. I can trust my keepers. I have everything ready to keep you a year if necessary. Whenever you are ready come to me and swear that you have banished all thought of Miss Schouler from your mind. I will have you both released, send you back to Harvard, and make a man of you."

"But if, in reality, you love one another better than life, you have only to rush together through this passage to a romantic death. Rather than to see you mated with that girl, I would come up to this mountain when the snow is gone in the spring and gather your bleached bones off the rocks. You won't do anything so foolish, I know, and so good-bye, my boy, until you send me a note."

"Sir, my master bade me give you this paper, whenever you appeared here." Dazed, uncomprehending, Edwin Dumble glanced up from a tangle of broken beams to see a close-but-toned, deferential servant at his side, extending to him a square folded paper. His eyes sought wildly for Henrietta. She was lying near him in an inconspicuous heap, looking about in a panic of wonder.

The youth opened the paper and read: "If you are the one in ten thousand, and risk death for the girl, you deserve her. Go and be married, and come to me at once. I hope you will not be hurt by the splinters."

"RICHARD DUMBLE."

"Splinters?" What kind of an after-death dream was this? Then young Dumble looked up to see the gaping hole in the corridor hardly six feet above his head, and he saw the face framed beside his father's, in that other prison door. He stretched his arms toward the girl, and cried out to his father for pity. The man finished his talk to the girl and went out, paying no more heed to the boy's cries than to the wind that rattled the window frames.

Then, for the two young people, began the most curious imprisonment that a prosaic twentieth century chronicle has ever recorded. In an age that fostered intrigue and insinuation, old Dumble would have been a master plotter. Now he was a shrewd, rich old autocrat with a purpose in view which he was determined to accomplish as quickly as possible.

Thus reasoned the old man: "Once in a thousand cases, perhaps, a man and a woman will love one another better than life. In this practical age, though, the proportion may be cut down to one in ten thousand. What youth mistakes for the divine passion, lasting through and beyond the span of life, is the impatience of young years, the desire of a child for the moon, the changing whim of an eager age. Fan this quick flame to white heat and it will soon die to cold ashes. Now, if Edwin is of the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, he will soon wear out this love in daily sight of his desired one, and come back to me a wise boy; and no law will be broken—the girl will go unharmed, if she is the one in ten thousand, and the

girl is the one in five thousand (for that sex is certainly more impulsive), why then—but what? he isn't."

The brewer knew humanity passing well, and watched his experiment with confidence. Old Schouler was wild at the disappearance of his daughter; the little world in which the Schoulers and Mrs. Sears moved was in a turmoil; but—old Richard Dumble's world had a wider orbit! No suspicion attached to the old man, and the world or that part of it that fretted over the young people's affairs, had to fall back upon the theory of an elopement.

Deserted by the world, ministered to by grim, close-mouthed servants, supplied with the comforts and amusements of normal young people—Edwin, with books and gymnasium apparatus; Henrietta with music, the latest novel, embroidery—the two prisoners passed their days in maddening proximity. The corridor was far too long to permit the tender whisperings that lovers commonly use; indeed, there was always the howling wind as rival in any exchange of words. But there was the language of signs, and eternal trust that could be expressed in a clutching at vacancy.

Books mocked the young man—what did they say but that love was always rewarded in the end. Music, such as she knew, spoke to Henrietta of love that blossomed in a free young breast, and here the blasts that whirled up that precipice face turned her plaintive notes to a thin wailing. The grim faces of the servants, passing in and out, silently, except for the jangling of the big keys, oppressed the spirits of both. A sort of desperate restlessness possessed the lovers—they paced their rooms, in and out of those corridor doors, up to the line beyond which it were death to pass, and a great despair came upon them.

Winter gave way at last to spring, and even on the bare mountain top, where the world stretched away from their view a thousand feet below, the new balmy came to renew the lovers' passion. Not once had Edwin taken pen to write his defeat, not once had Henrietta failed to gain courage from a fresh sight of the man who loved her. Sometimes, in a lull of the everlasting mounting storm, they had called to one another to be brave and faithful.

The earth was released from the grip of the snow, and young leaves came out to clothe the trees on the beautiful New Hampshire hills. At last the little lakes that dotted a broad green valley shone up a warm, full bosom. Life, throbbing, new, eternal, woke the flames of love to white heat. The decrees of man seemed impotent, unreal. Heaven sent love, the cry of man to maid, and of the spring to young hearts, swept the lovers' reason and fear to the winds. A great cry rang out from the boy's lips:

"My love, do you rear death?" And the answer, keyed to an exultant pitch, rang back:

"Not with you, my sweetheart!"

"Ah—then come." With the words, Edwin sprang forward to meet the oncoming rush of the mad girl. One step over the white lead line, and the floor was creaking like thin ice. Two steps, and it was swaying like a showman's net. With the touch of hand to hand, the frail foundation splintered and fell with a crash, in which were mingled the terrified scream of the girl and the exultant cry of the infatuated lover.

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# AGRICULTURAL HINTS

Grape Culture.

For grape vines the best mulch and manure I have ever tried is old chip manure, chips and all. I pile them around my vines before the ground is thawed out, making the pile three or four inches deep, and letting it lie there until it gets thoroughly worked away by rain and other causes. It enriches the ground and also holds moisture, in addition to keeping the ground from thawing out early. I keep the vines well pruned and after the fruit is about half grown, I cut part of the leaves and some of the young shoots off to keep them from mildewing. I raise nothing but Concord and by this process I have obtained a good crop every season for the last 15 years.—A. J. Wright in the Epitomist.

Feeding the Sheep.

Sheep raisers will agree that the rations for sheep require to be more varied than rations for any other farm animals; more than this, sheep seem to require more frequent changes than other animals as well as a greater portion of succulent food. This may be a revelation to most farmers, but the fact remains that sheep fed largely on dry grains are quickly in trouble and when sheep get off their feet it means a decided reduction in the quality of wool.

If the ewes are with lamb they will especially need succulent food and the corn should be cut out of their rations entirely. If there are unmarketable potatoes on hand cut them up for the sheep feeding, say a quart daily with a little oil meal and bran mixed among them. Keep the ewes housed so that they will be dry and give them all the good clover hay you can afford. Other root crops will do nicely in place of the potatoes or ensilage may be fed in moderate quantities; the plan in feeding ewes is to give them rations which are not heating and which will keep their bowels in good condition.—Indianapolis News.

Farm Improvements.

I have a few thoughts in mind about farm improvements which I am going to write, as it may be of some benefit to others. In the first place too many farmers practice too close grazing of the pasture lands. The hot sun of summer bakes the surface of the ground, killing the grass roots; this followed by the wind and frosts of winter not only ruins the pasture, but impoverishes the soil. Grass land that is not too closely pastured will retain the moisture it receives, forcing a more abundant growth. The practice of pasturing meadows after haying, to a great extent, will be a loss in the next season's crop of hay. It should be the aim of every farmer to have the soil in better condition after a succession of crops than when the ground is first broken. This may be done by not selling off the hay and grain, but feeding it on the farm; thereby returning to the soil in the shape of manure the equivalent of that produced. Whenever fences are required, and of whatever kind, they should be well kept. Nothing gives a farm a "run-down" appearance quicker than bad fences. It is no sign of improvement to see the fence corners lined with briars and bushes and the rails scattered about—all taking the room of some valuable crop. Board fences egg over, with the posts a foot or more above the boards, which, if put that much deeper in the ground, might have made a good fence. The posts of a wire fence should not be too far apart, and they should be well braced with each wire drawn tight. Again, our houses should be built for convenience and comfort. In the location of the farm buildings there should be some system. In early times the dwelling house was built near a spring; then the out-buildings scattered promiscuously around, very often the stable and barnyard on higher grounds than the house and sometimes the hog pen was between the house and the public road. Quite often we see the farm house built in a splendidly located place, but the barn or wagon shed built nearer the road, or it may be an orchard is planted to spoil the view, and I have seen a nice house and beautiful lawn surrounded by a fence sufficiently high for a zoological garden. Nature, and former ownership, may have largely controlled the condition of our farms, yet the present owner of every place is responsible for the home surroundings now. Shady and well kept lawns, thrifty orchards of choice fruits, and plenty of small fruits for family use are marks of improvements. How often do we see pretty places disgraced by negligence? Old farm machinery, etc., too often decorate the barn yard, and also unsightly wood piles, which might give place to handsome grape arbors. A few hours' work once in a while will make a wonderful change about a place, as will the more liberal use of paint and white wash about the building and fences—not only greatly improving the looks, but helping by economy to make by saving.—Louis Campbell in the Epitomist.

Planting an Apple Orchard.

Most inexperienced planters want large trees, and hence it is the common practice to keep apple trees in the nursery for from three to four years. The first year from the graft the tree makes a mere switch, and at the end of the season the nursery man heads them back, and the trees branch in an irregular sort of way, and always too high from the ground for a permanent head in this climate. One

of the most important matters in the life of an apple tree, or, for that matter, of any fruit tree in the south, is that it should be headed low in order to protect the trunk from the sun and to make the tree less liable to be blown over. Then, too, a low-headed tree is an easier one to gather the fruit from. But when the trees start a head in the nursery, it is formed at various heights, and always too high, for the nurseryman knows that people want tall trees, and he therefore does not head them low. When one of these two or three year trees is planted, it is very hard to train the head properly where it should have been started, for if cut back heavily at that time the buds start irregularly from the older wood. All this means that fruit trees of any kind should be planted in the orchard at one year from the bud or graft. The stem is then a mere shoot full of young buds, and can be headed back to any desired height. Orchard writers in the north commonly advise the pruning of all the side branches at transplanting, but to let the central stem remain, and to take the branches from this. This may be best where the winter snows are heavy, but here an open and round-headed tree is far better. Planting one year, or what the nurserymen call "maiden" trees, the head can be made to start just where wanted, giving an orchard of uniform character.

In this climate it is well to start all fruit tree tops at twenty inches from the ground. With a long, bare stem exposed to the sun, there is almost certain to be damage to the bark on the southwest side, and if the stem is tall it is hard to prevent this till the top shades it. But with a stem of 20 inches a simple single stake on the southwest side will be ample protection, and in one season the top will make growth enough to shade the stem from the sun. There is another advantage in planting yearling trees, and this is that the nurseryman can afford to sell them for less than half the money he would have to have for three year trees, and the freight is much lighter and the labor of planting less. Of course, these little trees will need more careful cultivation, and may be run over by careless ploughmen. But any one who plants fruit trees should not only know how to treat them, but should look after them carefully, and not trust to ignorant hands. Some object to low-headed trees that they cannot get under them in cultivation. But this is not necessary. The feeding roots of a tree extend out far or further than the branches above. Hence, if the soil beyond the branches is well cultivated it will be sufficient in the case of any tree.—North Carolina Experiment Station Bulletin.

Poultry Notes.

The hen with the frozen comb is a non-producer. Select eggs from the best layers and hardest hens for hatching.

Hang blankets over the poultry house windows on extreme cold nights.

In making up an egg ration, do not forget a liberal allowance of sunshine.

The hen cannot manufacture eggs when she is feeding lice with her life blood.

A dull, sunken eye in a fowl denotes defective nutritive power and lack of constitution and vigor.

Change the litter in the scratching shed occasionally, and the fowls will work better and be healthier.

Prevent disease by keeping the poultry house clean, dry and properly ventilated, and supplying pure, nutritious food.

One of the great secrets of success in the poultry business is in doing the little things at just the time when they need to be done.

If farmers would keep strict accounts with their fowls they would be surprised at the profit derived in proportion to the capital invested.

In order to get a strain of blood established, it is not only necessary to breed in line, but to select and breed the choicest standard birds each year.

Soaking whole grain by pouring boiling water over it and allowing it to remain for 24 hours, will cause it to swell and prove an acceptable change for the fowls.

Birds that have been fed heavily during the early winter to get them in show condition will probably not be so quick to lay as those that have been fed sparingly.

The breeder who pursues his work in a systematic manner is the one who gains the greatest measure of success. Select the breeding birds with a definite aim. If you want heavy layers, ascertain which are your best layers and breed them only.

Senses of Reptiles.

An Austrian doctor has lately published the results of his observation upon the special senses of animals, especially upon the sense of reptiles. He concludes that these are capable of going directly towards water, which appears to attract them, even at long distances. Light acts upon them, independently of heat. Their sight is generally good, and it is probably their most acute sense, yet their vision is limited. Crocodiles cannot distinguish a man at distances above 10 times their length. Fish see for only short distances. The vision of serpents is poor, the boa constrictor, for example, can see no further than one-third of its own length. Some snakes see no further than one-eighth of their own length. Frogs are better endowed, and see 20 times their length.—St. James's Gazette.

The meat received into Smithfield market every year for the feeding of London exceeds 400,000 tons.

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# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

BCF FALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.  
Low Grade Division.

In Effect Nov. 29, 1903. Eastern Standard Time

STATIONS	EASTWARD.											
	No. 109	No. 113	No. 101	No. 11	No. 107	A. M.	A. M.	M. P.	M. P.	M. P.	M. P.	
Pittsburg	6:15	9:00	1:30	5:30	9:30	6:15	9:00	1:30	5:30	9:30	6:15	
Red Bank	6:30	9:15	1:45	6:00	10:00	6:30	9:15	1:45	6:00	10:00	6:30	
Lawsonham	6:45	9:30	2:00	6:15	10:15	6:45	9:30	2:00	6:15	10:15	6:45	
New Bethlehem	7:00	9:45	2:15	6:30	10:30	7:00	9:45	2:15	6:30	10:30	7:00	
Oak Ridge	7:15	10:00	2:30	6:45	10:45	7:15	10:00	2:30	6:45	10:45	7:15	
Maysville	7:30	10:15	2:45	7:00	11:00	7:30	10:15	2:45	7:00	11:00	7:30	
Summersville	7:45	10:30	3:00	7:15	11:15	7:45	10:30	3:00	7:15	11:15	7:45	
Brookville	8:00	10:45	3:15	7:30	11:30	8:00	10:45	3:15	7:30	11:30	8:00	
Lowa	8:15	11:00	3:30	7:45	11:45	8:15	11:00	3:30	7:45	11:45	8:15	
Fallers	8:30	11:15	3:45	8:00	12:00	8:30	11:15	3:45	8:00	12:00	8:30	
Reynoldsville	8:45	11:30	4:00	8:15	12:15	8:45	11:30	4:00	8:15	12:15	8:45	
Pancoat	9:00	11:45	4:15	8:30	12:30	9:00	11:45	4:15	8:30	12:30	9:00	
Falls Creek	9:15	12:00	4:30	8:45	12:45	9:15	12:00	4:30	8:45	12:45	9:15	
Brookville	9:30	12:15	4:45	9:00	1:00	9:30	12:15	4:45	9:00	1:00	9:30	
Sabula	9:45	12:30	5:00	9:15	1:15	9:45	12:30	5:00	9:15	1:15	9:45	
Winterburn	10:00	12:45	5:15	9:30	1:30	10:00	12:45	5:15	9:30	1:30	10:00	
Brookville	10:15	1:00	5:30	9:45	1:45	10:15	1:00	5:30	9:45	1:45	10:15	
Reynoldsville	10:30	1:15	5:45	10:00	2:00	10:30	1:15	5:45	10:00	2:00	10:30	
Fallers	10:45	1:30	6:00	10:15	2:15	10:45	1:30	6:00	10:15	2:15	10:45	
Pancoat	11:00	1:45	6:15	10:30	2:30	11:00	1:45	6:15	10:30	2:30	11:00	
Reynoldsville	11:15	2:00	6:30	10:45	2:45	11:15	2:00	6:30	10:45	2:45	11:15	
Brookville												