

MR. FOLINBEE'S CHOICE.

By MAUD SHIELDS.

Martin Folinbee lay dying. The light of a crimson and gold sunset flooded his room. At his bedside stood his faithful attendant, John, friend and servant for over thirty years, a shrewd, hard-headed man like his master.

"John," said the dying man, "I am what is called a self-made man; I've worked hard all my life to amass money—and to what end? That it may pass into the hands of a fool! I have striven to live honestly, to do right as far as lay in me, and my reward is to have bred an only son who is a fool."

Here he paused for want of breath and the servant did not contradict him.

"Promise me that you will never leave him, John, or he will fall among thieves."

"As long as I live I will bide with Master Lancelot," John said, solemnly.

Martin Folinbee groaned. "His mother couldn't even give him a man's name," he said, irritably. "Lancelot! A son of mine—Lancelot!"

The light faded in the west, and the old shipowner's spirit passed with it through the golden gates.

John pondered on these things as he counted the forks. The scene had changed to Lancelot Folinbee's flat in the Oriental, where John had taken up his residence as butler-valet to the young man who, rightly or wrongly, had been pronounced a fool by the person most capable of judging.

Mrs. Lomax, called familiarly "Daisy"—very familiarly, John thought—and her companion, Miss Winter, had been of the party. Now, Mrs. Lomax was a prepossessing widow of some thirty years, and widows—on the undoubted authority of the immortal Mr. Weller—are dangerous; one of them being, on the same authority, equal to five-and-twenty 'ord'nary women in p'l'n't o' comin' over you." John had never heard of Mr. Weller, but he regarded widows—or Mrs. Lomax in particular—from a similar standpoint. To Miss Winter he had no objection; she was a quiet-looking girl of some three or four and twenty years, who dressed becomingly—John had his own ideas on the propriety of décolleté gowns such as Mrs. Lomax affected—but there was a look sometimes in the girl's eyes that disconcerted him—so clear and blue and childlike one minute, and the next brimming over with the very spirit of mirth. Mrs. Lomax had adopted Mr. Folinbee—that is to say, she had pitchedforked him into her set—the set that is called "smart"—in return for which she allowed him to pay for luncheons, dinners, theatre seats innumerable, sat on the box seat of his drag, invited her friends to parties on his launch, called him Lance, and allowed him to call her Daisy—sometimes. A ring roused John from his meditations, and told him his master wished to rise. At breakfast Mr. Folinbee opened his letters, and John, passing from sideboard to table, had ample time to study the contents of one; it was a jeweler's bill for a diamond star.

"When are we going to Ashcroft, Mr. Lancelot?" he inquired. Ashcroft was the parental roof-tree—a gloomy mansion in a well-wooded park; and Mr. Folinbee knew that when John suggested an adjournment thither there was thunder in the air.

"I shall run down presently for a day or two," he replied, absently. "Yes—give me a poached egg. I—er—dare say things want seeing to."

"Dootless the folks'd be glad to see their master a bit more than they do," John said, severely.

"D'you think they'd like to see a mistress?" Mr. Folinbee asked, casually, with a very slight creak in his throat. John laid the knife and fork down with the air of a man who knows the worst and is armed.

"I don't think they'd take kindly to you woman," he said.

"Meaning—?"

"Ye ken who I mean right weel; the old master 'ud turn in his grave, I do believe, if you Mrs. Lomax was mistress of Ashcroft."

"I think you're becoming too free, don't you know?" Mr. Folinbee said.

"It's time some one spoke to ye; ye've neighter kith nor kin to advise nor blame, an' I promised the old master I'd look after ye."

"He didn't say I was to remain a bachelor all my life, did he?"

"The man was a fool; I hope me-self time'll see ye the father of as bonny a family of bairns as ever man had, but I'm not thinkin' you woman's the mother for them."

"You think I might marry, then?"

"I think 'tis your duty, when the right woman comes along, but not before."

Mr. Folinbee inspected his food carefully, with the assistance of his eyes, and the conversation lagged.

Mrs. Lomax rented a little house on the seashore, a charming cottage, covered with roses and a vine, with a picturesque garden radiant now in its summer beauty, a velvet, smooth lawn sloping to the river, with one great, spreading cedar tree in the middle, and two or three charmingly sheltered summer houses where one might indulge in a siesta or a confidential chat without fear of interruption. One such was close to the beach, a sort of miniature pagoda, with carved lattice windows. It was

a hot afternoon in mid-June. Mrs. Lomax, in a diaphanous tea gown, lay on the sofa in her dressing room, in the shade afforded by the sun blinds, fanning herself.

"You're not going out, surely, Isabel?" she asked, as that young woman looked in upon her.

"I'm going to look for a shady spot to read in."

"It's very irritating to people who have to gasp for every breath."

"You shouldn't gasp; lie still and breathe naturally. People lose half the things life has to give by striving after them; it is better to take things quietly."

"If you are going to talk like that I shall want to throw something at you," Mrs. Lomax said.

Isabel laughed, a quiet, low ripple of sheer amusement. Then she went into the garden and across the lawn to the pagoda. A boat was moored to the steps under the sheltering trees, and the odor of a cigarette mingled with the scent of the roses.

In no way disturbed by these phenomena, Isabel ran lightly up the steps, and beheld Mr. Folinbee stretched at full length in a wicker chair, his coat off and his shirt-sleeves turned up.

"By George! isn't it hot?" he said, springing to his feet with more agility than his friends would have placed to his credit.

"It was foolish to come; you might get a sunstroke."

"I always try to keep appointments."

"Appointments?"

"I asked if you would be in the pagoda this afternoon, and you said—"

"Possibly."

"Your lips did, I know; your eyes said 'Yes.'"

"Then they should have had more self-respect."

She sat down on the steps, the water lap-lapping at her feet, and the sun's piercing rays glancing through the leafy network overhead and making a gold and copper patchwork of her hair.

"You might say you've pleased to see me," he said.

"I can truthfully say that, for I want to talk to you."

"There is nothing I like better than hearing you—I came on purpose, and—and I want to talk, too."

"Then you must wait until I've had my say."

"May I sit beside you and finish my cigarette?"—taking the permission as granted.

"Mr. Folinbee—something of my history you know, that I am penniless—and—"

"That part doesn't matter a bit."

"But you don't know that when my mother died, five years ago, Mrs. Lomax offered me a home unconditionally."

"I wish I had had the chance."

He knew, none better, that Mrs. Lomax never repented of the bargain; Isabel was maid, dressmaker, secretary, companion, all combined, at a remuneration no other woman would have accepted.

"She and my mother were distant cousins—so that it was all the more creditable on her part, because no one likes to have poor relations about the place."

"Rats!" said Mr. Folinbee, calmly.

"Where?"

"Never mind, dear—go on."

"So I invited you here to-day—"

"You admit it?"

"Yes—to say that you must never come again."

"Oh! You could have said that on a postal card."

"You must know, Mr. Folinbee, that people think you are going to marry Mrs. Lomax?"

"There are more lunatics at large than locked up."

"You have given her presents."

"I admit the accusation."

"Then you are not going to marry her?"

"Not while the present law exists. My dear," with a quick change of tone, flinging the cigarette away, "I am going to marry you—you know it."

"Why have you not told Mrs. Lomax so all along?"

"Because she would have shown me the door, and we should have had to meet at the Art Gallery, or in the park. Think of it!"

"She must be told now."

"In a week or two; it's too hot today, and she might send me away without any tea. Besides, I want to be near you."

Then their eyes met, and he kissed her.

A sharp ring summoned John to the front door of the Folinbee flat. Mrs. Lomax stood outside.

"Is Mr. Folinbee at home?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. He went to Ashcroft this morning."

"Suddenly?"

"The business manager wrote for him."

A telegraph boy came whistling noisily up the stairs and thrust a telegram into John's hand.

"Any answer?" he demanded.

"Maybe," said John. "This is from him."

It was—and ran thus: "Ashcroft.—Send clothing; am going to Newport for a month. Was married to Miss Winter this morning. Will write further instructions. "FOLINBEE."

John gave Mrs. Lomax the telegram with a trembling hand.

"There is no answer," he said.



Triangular Alliance.

Pigs, orchard and clover make a triangular alliance with a benefit to all three, except that the clover is a sacrifice to the thrift of the pigs and the trees. The clover keeps the soil light and mellow. The hogs thrive on the green fodder, and upon the insects and wormy fruit.—American Cultivator.

Hens in Clover.

If the hens forage on a clover field it will be all they may need while the weather is warm, although a feeding at night will do no harm if they are laying. White clover is better than red because it is shorter and can be more easily eaten, but any kind of grass may be utilized.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Milk for Hogs.

If you want to raise hogs, dairy cows will furnish skim milk for rapid and cheap development. If you want to get good returns from poultry, skim milk will probably have a still greater value. If you want to raise a family of healthy children, clean milk from healthy cows will be a great aid. If you want to improve the soil, the manure from well-fed dairy cows will do it quickly and the improvement will be of long duration.—Progressive Farmer.

Beets for Cows.

What is the most profitable beet to raise for stock feeding? Do the larger sorts contain the required milk-producing quality? What I most desire is a large yielder, and also a profitable beet for milk. Have raised a few crops of the Tankard, but my crop this year appears to contain several varieties. D. Z. Bollinger. The mangels is the most profitable beet for stock raising, and the oval varieties are generally preferable to the long ones. Some dairymen who force their cows for large yields prefer a table beet, but it is much more expensive to raise.—Country Gentleman.

Breed and Age for Eggs.

As regards egg production of different breeds, it was found at the Ontario experiment station, that thirteen Plymouth Rock hens laid 693 eggs, the average cost per dozen being 6.02 cents, and during the same time an equal number of Audalusians laid 825 eggs, the cost per dozen being 5.34 cents.

In general hens over two years old, Director W. R. Graham points out, are seldom good layers. "Leghorns, Minorcas, etc., are sometimes good during their third and fourth years; but, generally speaking, the Rocks and such fowl are of little or no use as layers after the second year, being much inclined to become excessively fat."

"For summer egg production the lighter breeds or late-hatched pullets of the heavier breeds are best. Do not expect a hen that has laid well all winter to lay exceptionally well during the summer."—American Cultivator.

Ice Evaporator.

An inquirer asks if ice evaporator, and whether plants under thin sheets of ice can be protected by it temporarily. In answer, plants may be protected by ice if they happen to be in proper position, the most common form being in snow. Ice and snow evaporate slowly at all temperatures. They evaporate most rapidly when nearly up to the freezing point, and with the wind blowing strongly over them. The less the wind, the slower the evaporation; and as the temperature falls, the less is evaporated. The experiment may be easily tried during continuous cold weather, by pouring water on the face of a horizontal board where it will freeze, and then observing the time required for it to disappear under the various conditions of cold, wind and time. It often happens that crops are planted in windy places, and become covered with a coat of snow. The wind evaporates the snow before the owner is aware, and winter-killing is the result.—Country Gentleman.

Fill the Wallow.

The germ-laden hog wallow is growing in disfavor every year. Many people used to contend that it was natural for the hog to seek the filthy wallow and that such places should be provided for him to satisfy this inclination. It was claimed that the primitive hog was a lover of filth and that the present day animal cannot forget his first love. While the animal may have many of the desires of the primitive hog, he is a very different creature. The present day hog is the result of much careful breeding till he is very unlike the primitive hog. He has become accustomed to different conditions and if he is exposed to conditions like those to which the primitive hog was accustomed, he will become infected with disease. The disease indented wallow is one of the exposures he is unable to withstand. It is useless for the farmer to make an attempt to fight disease when the wallow in which the animal spends half his time is filled with the germs of every known disease. Fill up the wallow.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Light and Heavy Oats.

The weight of oats per bushel varies from thirty pounds to fifty, and even fifty-five pounds in some of the western irrigated states. The office of experiment stations notes an experiment

on three pairs of Percheron horses which were fed light and heavy oats. The practical results of this experiment seem to indicate that pound for pound, the light oats have nearly the same feeding value as the heavy oats. Although the heavy oats contain a higher percentage of protein and carbohydrates, and a less percentage of fibre than the oats, it seems probable that the relative proportions of these constituents are such that they are more easily and thoroughly digested. It should be remembered that although the two grades are practically equal, pound for pound, they are not equal, quart for quart, and that in feeding by measure, as is usual, allowance should be made for heavy oats and a less portion given. Since oats are bought and sold by weight instead of measure, there seems to be no gain made in buying heavy oats at an advanced price over light oats.—American Cultivator.

Buying a Horse.

If you want to buy a horse take no man's word for his soundness and value, but trust your own eyes and judgment. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take everything off but the halter and lead him around. If he has any falling you can see it. Let him go away by himself and if he walks right into anything you will know he is blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are he is wholly sightless. Take him by the head and make him move backward. Some horses show their weakness or other tricks in that way when they don't in any other. Notwithstanding the closest examination you can make of a strange horse you are liable to be deceived. Even experts are deceived sometimes after the most careful and thorough tests. A horse may look ever so nice and go to a great pace and yet have fits. No man can tell of the existence of this ailment until something happens to develop it. Or he may have a weak back. Give him the whip and off he goes for a mile or two, then suddenly he stops. After a rest he starts again but soon stops and for the time being is unable to move. Such a horse and there are many such fixed up for sale, is worth no more than the value of his hide.—Eptomist.

Farm Notes.

Breed the best ewes to the best rams.

Sheep are always improving or they are deteriorating.

The way to keep ideal sheep is by trying to improve them.

Stationary troughs and racks are not desirable in the sheep stable.

An uneven lot of good sheep are better than an uneven lot of poor ones.

In fattening sheep especially, punctuality in feeding should be strictly observed.

Ewes will produce larger and better lambs if in a thrifty condition at time of mating.

At weaning, if possible, the ewes should be placed in a field out of hearing of the lambs.

It is well to place the ewes on short pasture for a week or more after the lambs are weaned.

If a radical change in the rations is made too suddenly, growth of both body and fleece is liable to suffer a check.—From "Sheep Notes" in the Farmers' Home Journal.

CROKER'S JOKE ON ENGLISH.

Corroes \$25,000 as a Poor Irish Farmer Under the Land Act.

Richard Croker was recognized as a "poor Irish tenant farmer" by the Irish Land Commission, and thereby hangs a tale showing the old Tammany boss still possesses all his financial shrewdness and persuasive ability in argument. Where a lawyer failed Croker succeeded not once, but twice in having the commission change its mind, and because of his fine work he becomes a borrower from the British exchequer under exceptionally favorable terms.

Croker offered \$31,500 for a farm to Lord Carysfort, and after much negotiation the offer was accepted. Then Croker sent his lawyer before the Land Commission to argue that under the Irish Land act of 1903 it should advance the money to buy the farm. The commission would not be moved, and Croker himself appeared before it and answered the old question of New York days, "Where did you get it?" by saying, "I have not got it."

Croker looked grieved and exclaimed: "You gentlemen are treating me unfairly. You think I am the millionaire I am reported to be. I tell you I am not a millionaire. I am as much entitled to the benefits of this act as any other tenant in Ireland."

The commissioners pondered Croker's plea, and offered to advance \$15,000, but Croker returned again to the attack, and to such good effect that he received the full grant of \$25,000 under the law. Just what this means in a business way may be gathered from the fact the \$25,000 will be repaid, with 3 1/2 percent interest in diminishing installments extending over 63 years and not only that, but the annual repayment will be 30 percent less than the annual rent Croker was paying to Lord Carysfort for the farm.—Dublin correspondence of the New York Press.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



TEST FOR WATER.

There is no better or simpler way of testing suspected water than the following:

Fill a clean pint bottle nearly full of the water to be tested and dissolve in it half a teaspoonful of loaf or granulated sugar. Cork the bottle and keep in a warm place two days. If the water becomes cloudy or milky within that time it is unfit for domestic use.—New Haven Register.

TO TEST HEAT.

To judge of the heat of an oven try the oven every ten minutes with a piece of white paper. If too hot the paper will blaze up or blacken; when the paper becomes dark brown—rather darker than ordinary meat pie crust—the oven is fit for small pastry. When light brown—the color of nice pastry—it is ready for tarts. When the paper turns dark yellow you can bake bread, large meat pies or pound cake, while if it is just tinged the oven is fit for sponge cake and for meringues.—New Haven Register.

REBIBBON CAKE.

Four eggs, two cups sugar, one-half cup butter, three-fourths cup milk, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream tartar, three cups flour; reserve a third of this mixture and bake the remainder in two small sheets of the same size; add to the reserved mixture a cupful each of currants and raisins, two tablespoons of molasses, one teaspoon each of all kinds of spices; bake in the same size of tins as the other sheets; put the layers together with frosting or jelly, placing the fruit sheet between the others.—New Haven Register.

TO LIGHTEN A NORTH ROOM.

No one wants a gloomy room, but what to do with one facing north is often a difficult problem.

Some people do without curtains to allow all the light possible to come into the room, but it is not so much light that one needs as sunshine, and when this cannot be had, one must make it, or, rather, get the effect of it. Try having it papered with a soft yellow paper. A good plan is to have a light yellow on the walls as far as the picture molding, and a lighter shade, almost a cream, above this and on the ceiling. Then yellow silk sand curtains, pulled back, tend to make a room appear sunny, says Home Chat.

Brass can make a wonderful difference to a dreary room. A large jardiniere, with a plant in it, placed in a dark corner, will lighten up the corner marvellously. Brass fireirons, too, will give a cheery reflection, even candlesticks help, and little trays and bowls, be they ever so small. The importance of brass in a sunless room cannot be too strongly emphasized. Mirrors brighten it up, and so do some pictures, with well polished glasses and gilded frames.



Egg Salad—Cut hard boiled eggs in halves, mash the yolk, mix with mayonnaise, and heap the halves; cut the edges in points. Stand on a bed of lettuce or watercress, and surround with cheese balls.

Pêche Melba—Get large halved canned peaches; drain and wipe dry; make plain vanilla ice cream; fill each half in pyramid form, and top with a candied cherry.

Fifteen-Minute Biscuit—Sift three times two cups flour with four teaspoons baking powder and pinch of salt; work in with tips of fingers two and one-half tablespoons butter; add quickly one-half cup milk, barely mixing through with blade of knife. Drop spoonfuls on buttered pan, a little apart, and bake in hot oven twelve or fifteen minutes.

Blanc Mange—Three ounces of feinglass, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of almond flavoring, one and one-half cupfuls of cream, one-quarter pound of Jordan almonds, one-half cupful of sugar, two tablespoons of noyau. Cover the feinglass with the milk, stand it aside for fifteen minutes, then heat in a double boiler until thoroughly dissolved. Add the almonds, blanch and chopped very fine, and the sugar; take from the fire and add the cream. Strain; add the noyau, turn at once into a mold and stand aside to harden. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

Apple Cobbler—Take about ten apples, peel and slice in quarters, put on stove to stew a little with a piece of butter the size of a walnut and a little water to prevent burning; also add one-half cup of sugar; take off stove and put in a deep pudding pan and line top with a layer of pastry rolled out to the thickness of one-half inch; put in oven and cook till a nice brown, and serve with a hard sauce made thus: One cup pulverized sugar, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful vanilla extract; beat all together until nice and light; when serving cobbler place a tablespoonful on each piece.

POISON IN FOODS

Preservatives Used Are the Cause of Many Diseases.

Washington.—Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry, of the department of agriculture, reported to the house committee on agriculture, the results of exhaustive experiments conducted by the bureau to determine the poisonous effect on the human system of such drugs as borax, benzoic acid, benzoate of soda, sulphate of copper, sulphur, dioxide, formaldehyde and salicylic acid, which contained in food stuffs.

Dr. Wiley said that the expulsion of these and kindred drugs from the body is performed almost entirely by the kidneys, and that he is satisfied the term of American life would be lengthened if the use of such drugs in foods were wholly discontinued. He said he was convinced that kidney disease, so prevalent among Americans, is partly the result of constant introduction into the system of such preservative substances as benzoate of soda, carried in foods.

PURE FOOD

No Food Commissioner of any State has ever attacked the absolute purity of Grape-Nuts.

Every analysis undertaken shows this food to be made strictly of Wheat and Barley, treated by our processes to partially transform the starch parts into a form of Sugar, and therefore much easier to digest.

Our claim that it is a "Food for Brain and Nerve Centres" is based upon the fact that certain parts of Wheat and Barley (which we use) contain Nature's brain- and nerve-building ingredients, viz., Phosphate of Potash, and the way we prepare the food makes it easy to digest and assimilate.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey in his book on "The Biochemical System of Medicine" says:

"When the medical profession fully understands the nature and range of the phosphate of potassium, insane asylums will no longer be needed."

"The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, potassium phosphate."

"This salt unites with albumen, and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve-fluid, or the gray matter of the brain."

"Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve-fluid, but potassium phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life. Therefore, when nervous symptoms arise, due to the fact that the nerve-fluid has been exhausted from any cause, the phosphate of potassium is the only true remedy, because nothing else can possibly supply the deficiency."

"The ills arising from too rapidly consuming the gray matter of the brain cannot be overestimated."

"Phosphate of Potash, is to my mind, the most wonderful curative agent ever discovered by man, and the blessings it has already conferred on the race are many. But 'what shall the harvest be' when physicians everywhere fully understand the part this wonderful salt plays in the processes of life? It will do as much as can be done through physiology to make a heaven on earth."

"Let the overworked business man take it and go home good-tempered. Let the weary wife, nerves unstrung from attending to sick children or entertaining company, take it and note how quickly the equilibrium will be restored and calm and reason assert her throne. No 'proving' are required here. We find this potassium salt largely predominates in nerve-fluid, and that a deficiency produces well-defined symptoms. The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

Please observe that Phosphate of Potash is not properly of the drug-shop variety but is best prepared by "Old Mother Nature" and stored in the grains ready for use by mankind. Those who have been helped to better health by the use of Grape-Nuts are legion.

"There's a Reason."

BRAIN POWER

Increased by Proper Feeding.

A lady writer who not only has done good literary work, but reared a family, found in Grape-Nuts the ideal food for brain work and to develop healthy children. She writes: "I am an enthusiastic proclaimer of Grape-Nuts as a regular diet. I formerly had no appetite in the morning and for 3 years while nursing my four children, had insufficient nourishment for them."

"Unable to eat breakfast I felt faint later, and would go to the pantry and eat cold chops, sausage, cookies, doughnuts or anything I happened to find. Being a writer, at times my head felt heavy and my brain asleep."

"When I read of Grape-Nuts I began eating it every morning, also gave it to the children, including my 19 months old baby, who soon grew as fat as a little pig, good natured and contented."

"I wrote evenings and feeling the need of sustained brain power, began eating a small amount of Grape-Nuts with milk, instead of my usual indigestible hot pudding, pie, or cake for dessert at night."

"I grew plump, nerves strong, and when I wrote my brain was active and clear; indeed, the dull head pain never returned."

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.