

I says, "Wat's de chances?"

De thin kid wid de red hair."

The cashier nodded.

row," said the cashfer.

dey can fer him."

"And at what hospital is he?"

"He's at St. John's-in de big

"Is there anything I can do?" he

"No, dere ain't nuthin'," the boy

"Let me know about him to-mor-

interrupted. "Dey're doin' the best

kid, Jimmie is," he said, "an' he's

The next afternoon the boy ling-

red at the window. The cashier was

The keen eyes regarded him

"Didn't you say youse wanted to

hear how de kid was?" he demanded.

The cashier came to the window.

"He's goin' to get well," the boy

"I am glad to hear the good news,"

"Say, it was you dat sent de big

doctor to see him," exclaimed the boy.

"A big doctor," repeated the

The boy shook his head in a men-

"I goes up to de horspital dis morn-

An' dere are three of dem

young doctors an' de head nurse

crowdin' 'round him while he's pull-

in' on his gloves, an' I says to me-

self, who is dis? An' den de head

An' he smiles at me wid his deep

"Fine," said the smilling cashier.

Again the boy's tone grew threat-

"Who's goin' to pay him?" he de-

"Don't let that worry you," he

"The doctor is an old school-

The cashier laughed softly,

soon an' tell me how Jimmie is-

His tone was almost threatening.

cashier. "Tell me about it."

The keen glance did not waver.

busy, but he looked up and nodded.

got a mother dat needs him."

unkempt lad, smiled queerly,

"Why, yes; how is he?"

cashier, name?"

ward."

began.

sharply.

replied.

said the cashier.

acing manner.

In',"

ening.

manded.

The boy reached up to the cashier's window. He was a short legged boy better," he said. "Dere's somefin' with a freckled face and a shock of very black hair. He was older than an' de nurse she shook her head when his stature would indicate, but not as old as his sharp features and his shrewd look seemed to make him.

The cashier was busy. His eyes were on a memorandum slip and his lips were moving.

The boy rustled his paper. The eashier faintly smiled and nodded, but he did not turn away from the slip and its long rows of figures.

Presently he looked up. "Hello," he said and reached for

the paper. "Say," the boy remarked, "you're wonder, all right. Why didn't you get mad when I made de break an' you countin' dem tallies an' only half

way down?" The young man laughed. He was sood looking young man, tall and

well built. "That would be a waste of tem-

per," he said. "I can't afford to be wasteful of anything. Here, how much do I owe you?"

The youngster knitted his grimy brows and half closed his black eyes. "It's twelve cents," he announced.

"You don't owe it to me, but to de

kid that owns de customers. I'm only takin' his place. He's sick." The cashier pushed the money

across the glass shelf.

"Sick, eh? And you are keeping the route for him?" "Yep." The boy drew the money

into his grimy palm. "He's gettin" better. I won't be on de job much longer. An' dat suits me, too."

The phone bell rang. The cashler turned away. "Goodby," he called back.

The boy pushed the money into his pocket. Then he turned and went aut. "That's a fine guy," he said.

The next afternoon he was back again. This time the good-looking

eashier was at liberty. "Hello," was his greeting. "How's

your friend?" An' while I'm sittin' over in de cor-"He's on de rapid mend," replied ner in comes a thin guy wid a little the boy. "Mebby he'll be out again stoop in his shoulders, an' he's kind In a couple o' weeks. It's something o' pale aroun' de face, an' his eyes is

wrong in his insides an' he's at de deep. hospital. There was an attractive quality

about the cashier's smile. "What's your name?" he asked. "Dey calls me Solly,"

"Why?" The boy chuckled.

"I wuz up by one o' dese meetin's fer de kids dat dey has at de gymnasium, an' de feller what run it he got tired o' me askin' questions an' pretty soon he hands it out to me like Jimmie-an' he's goin' to get well." 'An' what has our wise little dis, Solomon to say to this?""

eyes an' goes out. An' I says to de The cashier laughed. The boy's head nurse, 'Who is it?' An' she imitation of the sarcastic drawl was says, 'Dat's Dr. Richard Gordon, an' inimitable. he's de best in de biz. He's de doc-

"I understand," the young man tor your friend sent here.' Dat's wot "The boys caught on to the sald. de head nurse says." name of Solomon, and then cut it down to Solly."

"Dat's it," chuckled the boy, "An' I ain't makin' any howl about it. Dey tell me he was de wise old guy, all right.'

The young man laughed.

"That's the reputation he bore," said. he said. "See here, don't I owe you

'Doe' dis morning' in his runabout It's a hummer. Me an' 'Doc' is get-tin' pretty thick." He looked around the office. Then he leaned " he forward, "Everythin' all right?" he whispered. "Yes," the young man answered.

"Everything's fine." The next morning Solly met the

doctor at the hospital and they "Dat kid I'm workin' fer ain't no brought Jimmie down and put him in the runabout and took him to the dey don't understan' about de case, railway station-with Solly perched behind in the rumble seat.

"I'll keep on takin' care of you "I'm sorry to hear this," said the papers, Jimmie," cried Solly, as the "What's your friend's train pulled out. "Don't you worry about it." "Jimmle Bryan. You know him.

And the pale face at the car window smiled understandingly. The doctor looked at his watch.

"I'm due at my office in fifteen minutes," he said. "I'll take you that far."

When the runabout was on its way the boy looked up at his companion. "Gee, but you're a good fellow, 'Doc'," he said. "Mebby you don't it, but Jimmie's old mother need

prays for you every night." The doctor nodded. "I need it, Solly," he gravely said,

"Yes," muttered the lad. He choked up a little. "He's a straight and I thank you for telling me." There was a little silence

"De cashier is a good fellow, too," And the cashier, looking after the said Solly.

"George is a fine fellow," replied the doctor quietly. "No doubt you'll be glad to hear that he is bettering his position. The man at the head of the business is going West to stay and George has a chance to buy an interest. It's a good chance for your friend, and he has finally raised the necessary money, although it has been a hard pull for him."

"I see dat he was lookin' poorly." said Solly. pulled off?" "W'en is de big stunt

"To-morrow morning."

The boy laughed. "Guess I'll drop aroun' an' offer

him my congratulations." The doctor smiled.

"A good idea," he said. "I know he's going to offer you a job." "I ain't sure dat I want a job," said Solly. "But I'll be dere just de same.'

he said, "an' I sits in de big Perhaps he had a premonition that room where de visitors waits. I know he would be wanted; perhaps it was dat the nurse will come in pretty natural tenacity that prompted him to cling to the idea. Anyway, he was 'cause she knows I'll be dere waltin'. in the office the next morning.

There was an open space of considerable dimensions in which callers waited, and on one side of this was a long settee. A door at the end of the open space led to the street. At the other end was the door that opened into the room behind the partition of heavy woodwork, with its plate glass and close drawn curtains.

nurse she looks aroun' an' ses me, an' she says 'dere's de boy.' An' de feller wid de deep set eyes comes He was sitting there when the door across an' sticks out his hand, 'Glad opened and the cashier came in. He to meet you, Solly,' he says. 'I want was carrying a canvas bag. to tell you that we have found out what's the matter with your friend,

"Why, hello, Solly," he said. "Hello."

"Anything wrong?"

"I'm busy this morning," said the cashier. "Come in a little later."

"Sure," said Solly.

"Come in this afternoon. I want to see you."

The cashier hurried through the door in the partition and Solly arose and glanced through the window. There were two men with the cash-

papers, too. He placed the canvas

Solly was quite sure he knew what

was in that canvas bag. It was

money. He had been about banks

and in broker's offices long enough to

cost the cashier so much anxiety.

Solly turned back to the settee.

This must be the money that had

Then the outer door opened and a

man came in. He was a tall man, de-

cently dressed, and of unobtrusive

appearance. Yet at sight of him Solly

The boy had a wonderful memory

*

for faces. He remembered that more

than a year back he had heard the

bag on the table.

gave a little start.

recognize the receptacle.

What was "Lanky Luke" doing in the cashier's office? The boy had the cunning of a fox. Then he leaned a little He closed his eyes and let his head sway forward a little., To all appearances he was a street waif who had drifted into the office and fallen asleep.

The newcomer stared at the boy and frowned. Then he approached the window.

As he did so the door again opened and a slender young fellow entered very quickly. He paused by the closed door and looked at the first

man The first man slightly nodded and turned his face toward the sleeping boy. The second man came forward soft

ly and stooping so that he was hidden from observation as he passed the window, moved up to the door in the partition. The first man, with another quick

dow.

there.

among Chevlots than most other look at the boy, stepped to the winbreeds .- Farmers' Home Journal. "Excuse me, gentlemen," he said,

Fertilizing Value of Straw. "but I want a word with Mr. Marvin In this great wheat belt it is often

The boy opened his eyes. the practice to burn straw; in other sections straw is largely wasted. Straw has both a considerable feeding He saw the cashier come forward, he saw the gray haired man with the and a fertilizing value. In order to can look up, he saw the other man. the one he called the lawyer, turn determine its fertilizing value experiments have been made by the Mary-

from the high desk. And he saw the second stranger land Station. Fresh wheat straw was broadcasted at the rate of two fons fumbling with the lock of the parper acre in the early fall and plowed tition door. down the following spring, and the

"Wnat is it you want?" the cashier asked.

The man at the window raised his voice. He pointed at the stout man. "It's Mr. Marvin, there," he said. 'It's a matter of importance. They told me at his office I'd find him here. Let me have a word with you, Mr. Marvin."

The stout man came closer.

The boy saw the man at the parti-

tion door push it open and disappear inside. "But my name isn't Marvin," said

the stout man, "It isn't?" cried the stranger.

"That's very strange. They described you to me. It's J. H. Marvin I want." The boy saw the little man reappear through the partition doorway and softly close the door behind him. There was someting bulging under

his coat. "That isn't my name," said the stout man.

Stooping low the little man was on his way to the outer door.

"Sorry to bother you," said the man at the window. "Good day."

There was a sudden crash and a wild shriek. The boy had risen and flung himself at the legs of the smaller man. "Robbers!" he screamed, "Help,

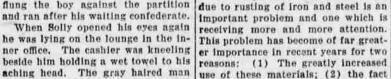
help!" The little man, surprised by the

sudden shock and hobbled by those wiry arms, had fallen heavily. The canvas bag slipped from his grasp. and slid ahead of the fallen man. The boy sprang up and flung himself on the treasure.

"Quick, Bob!" gasped the man at the outer door.

The little man sprang at the boy fiercely and drew him up and tried to wrest the bag from him. But the grimy hand held fast to it. The cellike body twisted and squirmed, the sturdy legs kicked savagely.

.With a wild oath the little man flung the boy against the partition and ran after his waiting confederate. When Solly opened his eyes again he was lying on the lounge in the in-



by weather.



Hardy Sheep.

following results were obtained:

The untreated land produced thir-

ty-four bushels of corn per acre and

sixteen bushels of wheat. The straw

land produced fifty-eight and nine

teen bushels, respectively, and the

same land manured produced eighty-

six bushels of corn and twenty-two

that while straw is not as valuable a

fertilizer as manure, it will produce a

should be used fresh where available

rather than allowed to go to waste .--

Skim-Milk Paint.

The following formula for making

skim-milk paint will be of interest to

all who desire a cheap paint that will

three pounds of Portland cement,

adding, at the same time, any paint

in dry form, that will give the color

you desire. The milk will hold the

paint in suspension, but the cement,

being heavy, will sink; therefore, it

will be necessary to keep the mix-

only enough at a time for one day's

use. If the mixture is not thoroughly

stirred, as you use it, it, will get

thicker and thicker, and it will be

necessary to thin it by adding more

milk. Six hours after applying this

paint it will be dry. It is not affected

Carbolic acid or any other disin-

very effective for use in poultry

houses and the stable. It makes an

excellent paint for fences when col-

ored drab, by the addition of a little

ochre and a small quantity of Prus-

The Rust Problem.

How to prevent or lessen the losses

sian blue.-Outing Magazine.

Stir into a gallon of skim-milk

Weekly Witness.

wear well.

Cheviot sheep are noted for their hardy constitutions and ability to to plan for your crops, and the feeding of your stock. Don't be afraid that sliage will cause the cows' teeth thrive under certain conditions which are detrimental to other breeds. 'Proto decay or give them hollow horn fessor C. S. Plumb says the hardiness or wolf in the tail. Fit a small piece of the Cheviot is unsurpassed among of ground for alfalfa, and stay with the medium wools. The rigor of winter, sparseness of fuel and intesit till you get a stand .--- C. I. Hunt, in tinal parasites, cause less suffering Farm and Home

The Farmer's Rorse.

That Eastern farmers are beginning to realize the folly of raising light-weight horses of trotting blood and are taking an interest in draught breeds, is shown by the many carloads of horses brought from the West and sold for good prices. There are, doubtless, cases where the pur-chase of these Western horses is the best policy, but what the Eastern farmer does not always realize is the fact that we can produce a much better quality of horse than the West sends us, and that it is possible to breed and realize a profit from good farm mares. Farmers who have good sound mares of draught type are fortunate, for they make the best farm teams, and may produce colts at the same time if given right care. For bushels of wheat. The result shows increasing interest being taken by Eastern farmers in draught breeds of horses thanks are due the manufacconsiderable increase in yield, and turers of heavy modern farm implements. On these tools the farmer finds the light trotting-bred horse simply out of place, and he sees the value of the horse that does a good share of its drawing by its weight in the collar. While good foundation stock of draught breeds is not plentiful in the East, it is increasing, and the farmer who has a good mare to breed (and he should not breed any other), should not begrudge the time taken to go a considerable distance for the use of a superior stallion.

New Jersey has set a good example for other Eastern States in expending \$20,000 for the purchase and maintenance of draught and coach stallions, which are to be distributed in ture well stirred with a paddle. Mix the State through farmers' organizations. Another good New Jersey law is the disqualifying of mongrel stalllons. Of course, speed is very attractive, and many farmers have followed the lure who would have been better off if they had left the breeding of trotters to the millionaire farmer, who could afford the time, patience and ability required for their fectant can be added, thus making it development. For every trotting-bred horse that sells for a big price there are nine others that will not sell for a good price, neither are they good farm horses. The farmer lampblack, or a dull green, by adding should raise the type of horse with which he will run the least risk-a horse of docile disposition, adapted to farm work and always in demand at a good price, with little time spent in handling. What horse fills these requirements so well as the draught?-Rural New Yorker.

Sweet Potato Plants."

Solly sat on the settee and looked about him.

The cashier paused.

"No," replied Solly. "Everythin's all right."

"Want to see me?"

"It ain't nothin' special."

something more?"

Solly shot a glance at him. "You paid me las' night, didn't

you?'

"I paid you something. there's that sick boy, you know." But

The freckled face flushed. "De sick boy's all right. He ain't needin' nuthin'. When you owe me you pay me, an' not afore. See?"

The cashier laughed at the boy's vehemence.

"All right," he said. "That's a fair understanding. It's a pity that all commercial transactions can't be conducted on the same honorable basis.'

The boy frowned.

"Get it out o' your system," he ad-"It ain't good stuff to carry vised. "round."

He grinned broadly as he passed out.

Two days later the cashler called to the boy as he was about to leave.

"Solly." The boy turned quickly.

'Wot is it?" he asked. "Come here."

The cashier leaned forward. "What's all this in the morning paper about a newsboy called Solly who pulled a girl out of the river at the foot of E. Fourth street?'

The boy's sharp face flushed and frowned.

"Gee, dey put everything in de paper," he growled.

That was fine," said the cashier softly.

"Come off," growled the boy. "It ain't nothin'. I kin swim like a fish." The cashier stretched his hand

across the glass shelf. "Wot's dat fer?" the boy de.-

manded. The cashier laughed gently.

"I'm a swimmer, myself," he said. Then the grimy paw was gripped fast in the big white one.

"Say come down some night an' go in wid de gang, will you?" stammered the boy. He was a little oversome by this testimonial of apprecia-

"Sure," replied the cashier. "You tell me when."

But the next afternoon the face of the boy wore a troubled look. He lingered at the window.

mate of mine, and one of my closest ier. One was a thin man with gray friends. He knows all about you and hair who had a thick cane leaning against his chair. This must be the Jimmie. He's glad to take Jimmle's man who is selling out and going case. He told me so when he called me up this morning. It's all right, West.' The other man was short and stout

Solly. 'There'll be nothin' to pay.' and quick in his actions, and from The boy hesitated. Then he slowly put out his hand. the keen way in which he looked at some papers which the gray haired "It's my shake dis time," he said. man handed him, Solly set him down The cashier laughed at this. "That's all right, Solly," he cried. as a lawyer. The cashier was bending over the

"I'll get even wid you some time fer dis," said the boy, and his tone was again threatening.

"Oh, let's call it quits," laughed the cashier as he turned back to his long rows of figures. But the boy frowned and shook his

uncombed head. A week later the boy caught the

cashier's eye. The cashier had been busy, too busy to be interrupted. There were strange men in the office looking at the books. There was much adding of figures and rustling of papers.

But the boy caught the cashier's eye and nodded to him and the cashier came to the window. 'How's Jimmie?'

×

depot detective call this man "Lanky "Sittin' up. What do you think? 'Doc's goin' to send him out in the Luke," and he had found out that country-to a place he knows-for a "Lanky Luke" was one of the cleverweek or two. I wuz out ridin' wid est of sneak thieves.

************ A Profession to Be Proud Of.

A salesman should be very proud of his profession, because his is the only profession whose principles are applied in the practice of all the other professions; because also the work itself is noble, if viewed in the proper light, and therefore very much worth a man's while to do. The art of salesmanship is sanctified by difficulties.

is difficulty that makes all art sacred. Any old body can do the easy things; it takes good men to accomplish the difficult.

Proficiency in the art of salesmanship is as admirable as proficiency in law, or medicine, or engineering. Some day, if it does not now, the world at large_will recognize this fact. Even now it tacitly admits it, because it pays its good salesmen just as well as it pays its good men in other professions

The world pays for services rendered, and its sense of values is not warped by any twaddle about the "learned professions."-New York Bulletin.

was there, and the stout man, and at the door stood a police officer.

And they were all looking at him. Then he saw the canvas bag on the floor beside him-they had just drawn it from his firm grasp-and a feeble smile played among the freckles. His gaze met the cashier's and he tried to nod, and the effort made him But he reached out a grimy gasp. hand, a bruised and bleeding hand,

Lady First, Then Sovereign,

"Guess it's time to shake again.

ain't it, George?" he faintly asked.

With regard to the ancient privilege accorded to the Masters of Trinity of wearing their hats in the presence of royalty, it is recorded of a former Master that he took this privilege on an occasion when Queen Victoria was visiting Cambridge. The Queen remonstrated.

"But, madam," expostulated the Master, "I am privileged to wear my hat in the presence of my sovereign." 'Yes, sir," rejoined Her Majesty, with crushing emphasis, "in the presence of your sovereign, but not in the presence of a lady."-London Chronicle.

Where China Gets Its Reading.

The school books in China are translations of manuals used in Japan, while military lore is taken from the German, and treatises on mathematics, physics, chemistry and mechanics are reproduced from English or American works.

Modern Proverb.

He that knoweth overmuch concerning the business of the Other Fellow full oft knoweth far too little concerning his own affairs, and thus falleth into grlevous woes.-Jeremiah of Joppa.

Uncle Eben.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "de man dat insists on bein' de whole show ain't got much respeck foh de teelin's of de audience."

The world's oceans contain 7,000,-000 cubic miles of salt.

are much more seriously injured by rust than those made by earlier and slower processes.

The great interest which farmers and road builders have in this problem has led the United States Department of Agriculture to take it up. Several publications of more or less technical character have already been issued. The latest of these, a bulletin ments.

The protection of iron and steel from destruction by rust is one of the great conservation problems to which fully examined to see that there are the age is just awakening. If it can no dry spots. The mixture should be he solved, a great waste of our mineral resources can be stopped. The production and use of rust-resistant steel and iron will pay in the long of the bed of manure with the slope run, even if it involves an increase in of the earth to the south. Two or

cost of manufacture.

Planning the Dairy Work.

Some men spend a great deal of methods of handling rather than trying to reduce the cost of feeding.

I know a man who is feeding growth.

12 pounds mixed hay and five pounds corn stover per day with five pounds ground oats to his fresh cows. Two tons per acre of mixed hay is a good vield for his farm, which, figured at \$10 per ton, would make \$20 per acre. This same ground would raise twenty tons of silage, which, figured at one-third the value of hay, would make a production of \$66 per acre.

Or he could raise at least four times the feeding value of his hay by putting in part of his land to millet. There is no better time to plan for increasing the season's profits than now. We must figure closely on the cost of production, as well as the increase of yield. Intensive farming is the order of

the day. We can easily double the yield of our crops by giving more attention to the selection of seeds, better preparation of the seed bed, more thorough cultivation and harvesting at the proper time.

You dairymen will be surprised to tion.

that the iron and steel made to-day manure from the horse barns. Add about one-third to one-half straw of bedding material and mix thoroughly. This mixture should be packed

in the bed to a depth of twelve to eighteen inches. A convenient width for a hotbed is six feet; they can then be made as long as desired. The mixture should then be thoroughly moistened but not made wet; too much water will retard the heaton "The Preservation of Iron and ing process caused by the fermenta-Steel," by Allerton S. Cushman, de-scribes some very interesting experi-ture stand in the bed for three or four days, by which time it will have

reached its highest degree of heat. At this time the bed should be carekept well moistened. The frames that are to support the covering of the bed should then be placed on top three inches of soil should be spread over the mixture and the sweet potatoes carefully placed on the surface and covered with an additional layer time trying to figure what it costs to of soil to a depth of two or three feed their dairy herds under their inches. Sandy soil is best for this purpose. Keep this soil moist throughout the entire period of plant

> The potatoes should be carefully distributed over the bed and no two potatoes should lie against each other, but they need not be more than one-half inch apart. The potatoes that are more than two and one-half or three inches in diameter should be split lengthwise, and the cut surface placed down in the bed: smaller potatoes may be placed in the bed whole. The potatoes should be placed in the bed about six weeks before the first plants are to be transplanted to the open field. If care is exercised in pulling the plants, a second crop of plants will be produced in about two weeks and a third and much lighter crop will be produced about two weeks later during which time a good bed will produce from 100 to 150 plants per square foot. The plants should not be placed in the open field until the soil is quita warm and all danger of frost is passed .- Oklahoma Experiment Sta-