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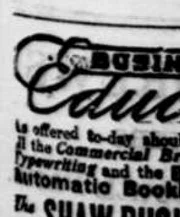

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NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of
ALMEDA E. CHAPMAN, late of Porter,
in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.
LAFY M. CHAPMAN, Somerville, Mass.
ORMAN L. STANLEY, Agent, Kezar Falls.
August 21st, 1917. 38-40

AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

Correspondence on practical agricultural topics is solicited. Address all communications intended for this department to HENRY D. HAMMOND, Agricultural Editor Oxford Democrat, Paris, Me.

Income of the Experiment Station.

SUPPORTED CHIEFLY BY FEDERAL APPROPRIATIONS.

Not long ago a Maine paper spoke derisively of research work at the Maine Experiment Station and referred to a Station publication on "Breeding Guinea Pigs to Determine the Value of a Dairy Cow" and said that this probably cost the cow milkers of the state thousands of dollars. There are at least four troubles with this statement. The Station has not owned a guinea pig for 20 years, has never attempted to determine the value of a dairy cow by indirect methods, has not published under the title named and the principal part of the appropriations for the Station come from the Federal Government and not the State.

Maine has had an experiment station since 1885. It has been foremost in every agricultural advancement made in the state. Hundreds of farmers are following station methods which they have gleaned from station bulletins. Still larger numbers are following these methods, not knowing they are station methods, because they learned them by watching what their successful up-to-date neighbors were doing. But notwithstanding the long existence and the prominent part of the station in Maine's agriculture, there are many who do not have a clear idea of the scope of the station's work and the sources from which the funds are derived that support it.

Rather more than a generation ago the Congress of the United States passed an act known as the Hatch Act (because it was introduced by Representative Hatch of Missouri) looking toward the establishment of an experiment station in each state and territory of the United States. This provided an annual income of $15,000 from the Federal Treasury. A dozen years ago this appropriation was supplemented by a grant carrying a like amount of money annually by an act of congress called the Adams act, so-called because it was introduced by Representative Adams from Wisconsin. It is this annual appropriation of $30,000 from the federal government that chiefly maintains the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station. The State of Maine has purchased two farms for the use of the station. One of these is in the town of Monmouth, Kennebec County, and the other in Presque Isle, Aroostook County. A few years ago the dairymen of the State obtained an annual appropriation of $5,000 for scientific investigations in animal husbandry, and since 1915 the state has appropriated $5,000 a year for scientific investigations bearing upon the agriculture of Aroostook County. Also the State, because it has no other laboratories in which it can be done, makes it part of the duty of the director of the station to analyze the samples collected by the commissioner of agriculture in the enforcement of the laws regulating the sale of agricultural seeds, commercial feeding stuffs, commercial fertilizers, dairy products, drugs, foods, fungicides, and insecticides. The expense of doing this work is met by appropriations and fees made to the commissioner of agriculture.

The total income of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station averages about $60,000 annually. About one-sixth of this is borne by direct state appropriations. This cost is so slight that a person who pays taxes on $50,000 contributes about one cent a year to the support of the work of investigation at this Station. The Federal money comes from the country as a whole. As the State of New York contains about one-tenth of the wealth of the country it bears about that proportion of the cost of maintaining the agricultural experiment stations of the whole country.—CHAS. D. WOODS, Director.

Prizes Aggregate $50,000.

Measured by the standard of prizes offered, the Eastern States exposition to be held at Springfield October 12 20, stands well up toward the top of the American fall shows. It may be said to be in the $50,000 class, for the total amount of cash offered is exactly $49,454. In addition to this money, there are offered various cups, medals and other trophies of a value of considerably more than $2000, not to mention a few bushels of banners.

The Iowa state fair at Des Moines is admittedly one of the leading fall shows of this country. It has just closed its 1917 exposition with all records broken. Its last annual report contains the statement that the average amount of money paid in premiums for seven years has been $61,125.

The division of the $50,000 offered at Springfield is so liberal that it has attracted exhibits from almost every state in the union. Pigs are coming from California, vegetables from the same state and from Oregon and Canada, cattle, horses, swine and sheep from every point of the compass. The prize list shows these allotments: Horses $11,210, cattle $10,900, hogs $2900, sheep $2344, boys and girls $4500, vegetables $3000, fruits $2000, state exhibits and agriculture $2000, harness horse racing $10,600.

145-Lb. vs. 414-Lb. Cows.

In the first cow testing association organized in Mississippi, 319 cows last year averaged to produce 145 lbs. of fat. Such a production is low. Even at a low feed cost it is questionable whether those 319 cows made their owners a profit.

If there were no better cows available to these Mississippi dairymen than those which records have shown with so poor production, and if changed feed and management would not bring greatly increased returns, the association figures would indeed be discouraging. There are greater possibilities, and the same means which showed the low average production of all the herds also discovered a cow which made 414 lbs. of fat during the period in which the average was but little over one-third as much. How much are these men, even with 145-lb. cows, ahead of their neighbors who do not know whether their cows produce more or less! They have seen the light of better dairying, have reorganized their testing association for another year's work, and are starting toward a condition of dairying in which there will be no 145-lb. cows and in which there will be many exceeding 414 lbs. in fat produced.

Peter Tumbledown's attention has been frequently called to the economic value of the silo, and last spring he went so far as to send for catalogs. Finally he made up his mind that it is less trouble to sell his cows in the fall than to build and fill a silo. If there is not money enough left in the spring to buy others, Peter says that he can give his note; but he ignores the fact that it becomes harder every spring to raise the money in that way.

Compared with well-rotted barnyard manure, there are 48.6 lbs. of phosphoric acid in hen manure, and 6 in barnyard manure; 41 lbs. potash to 10 in barnyard manure, and 67 lbs. nitrogen to 11 in barnyard manure. This analysis is based on a ton each of hen and barnyard manure.

Eat New Corn.

DRY AND GRIND AT HOME AND KNOW THE DELICIOUS FLAVOR OF NEW CORN MEAL.

Why eat last year's corn while harvesting this year's? Why lose the very best there is in corn by not using it when it is fresh, clean and sweet? These queries, by the United States Department of agriculture, are directed at those who have always eaten old degermed corn, and have never known the delicious nutlike flavor of new corn meal. In some States, says a corn expert of the department, this flavor is unknown or is merely a matter of memory with the old settlers.

BE A MILLER AT HOME.

For less than $5 a hand mill and sieves capable of making excellent meal can be bought, and for less than $25 may be purchased a mill large enough for a community. It can be installed to be run by water, wind, gasoline, or other local power.

Instead of merely eating more corn as a necessary war measure, it is urged that Americans should appreciate and exercise the privilege of eating better corn. Instead of degerming corn to prevent its spoilage, and instead of bleaching and scouring it to remove odors and impurities, it might better be eaten while it is still fresh, pure, and sweet. To have this privilege the meal must be ground locally from new corn. Yet practically all of the commercial meal of the Northern and Western States during the fall months when this new corn is readily available is the product of old degermed commercial corn. In November some of the crop is dry enough to leave the farms and the meal from the corn does not get back to the farmers until December or later.

ANIMALS KNOW WHAT IS BEST.

Squirrels, coons, dogs, and other animals relish new corn and even refuse to eat old corn unless compelled to by hunger. Rats and mice usually eat only the germ—the richest and best part of the kernel—and leave the rest. This germ, highest in flavor and food value, is not available to man in the ordinary corn meal of commerce. In that form one is likely to get stale corn, from which rats and mice have previously eaten the choicest part, and degerming machines have removed the rest to prevent further spoiling. "Why," asks a specialist, "should we make our corn products so poor that they can not spoil? Why pay the freight both ways, and several commissions, only to get corn meal with 3 per cent of its oil removed, when home grinding would give a more wholesome and palatable product at less cost?"

The excellence of this new corn meal has long been—but wrongly—ascribed to waterpower and burr-stone grinding. The method of grinding has nothing to do with it. It merely happens that in parts of the South where the people know and appreciate the good quality of this fresh, sweet meal, it is ground largely in the water wheel mills using the old-fashioned mill stones. As soon as the corn is ripe it is dried in the sun and then used while it is fresh and clean. In the commercial meals the germs have been removed because the oil they contain is likely to become rancid after storage, and this tends to spoil the whole product.

Americans it is urged, are under obligation to eat more corn, because of starving nations and a world scarcity of wheat; yet Americans are eating less corn than they ate years ago. Corn-producing countries are the ones that should eat it, because it is at its best when it has not been transported long distances. For all of these reasons, the United States Department of Agriculture suggests that American families return to the simple-life ideal and make their own corn meal and hominy at home during the fall and winter months.

Seed Saving Campaign.

(Sub-committee on Food Production and Conservation of Maine Committee on Public Safety.)

The present seed situation demands that farmers should save their own seed so far as possible this fall. There was a large demand for seed of all kinds last spring, and the replanting of many crops consumed an additional amount. The present season has not been a good one to mature crops in good condition and the prospects are that seed will not be available in sufficient quantities another spring unless some measures are taken immediately to increase the supply. Any farmer who has good seed of any kind should save at least enough for his own use and also some for sale to others.

Especially is there a need for good yellow corn, beans and wheat. Yellow corn of the eight-rowed type is to be preferred. The late season last spring and poor weather for growth early in the season did not develop fields of corn in a very satisfactory manner with the consequence that good pieces which will be fit for seed another year are scarce and anyone having such should harvest and care for this corn in the best way possible. In some localities it will be possible to mature mammoth varieties of yellow silage corn. As it was impossible to secure enough of this kind of seed last year it is advisable for each man to mature enough for his own use as far as possible.

Beans are rusting badly and seed free from the diseases will be much in demand another spring. Oats, as a general rule are light in weight and, large yields are not common. Anyone having a good supply of heavy oats of a good variety should consider saving a portion of them for seed.

There was a demand for buckwheat and hard spring wheat this spring which had to be filled from outside the state. There ought to be a good amount of this another year if proper care is taken to save a sufficient portion of this for seed.

Many small potatoes and potatoes of inferior quality were planted last spring which practice ought not to be repeated again.

All seeds should be well cured and stored in such a manner that they keep in good condition.

Anyone who does not have the seed, which they are going to want for another spring's planting, should secure this seed or should make arrangements with other farmers to save it for them as early as possible, in order to make sure that it will not be fed out to stock.

The cooperation of everybody interested in farming is desired to help make the seed situation another spring as satisfactory as possible and prevent a repetition of last spring's shortage.

An article in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post entitled, "War Invisible," by Henry Reuterdahl, contains this statement: "Baron Forstner, commanding one of the German subs, records that the difference between real air and that of a submerged sub is the same as the difference between real butter and margarine." Fresh air contains vitalizing properties sadly lacking in foul air and butter contains life-giving substances which are not found in oleomargarine. This difference between milk fat, from which butter is made, and animal and vegetable fats from which oleomargraine is made, has been thoroughly demonstrated by several scientists.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Robber cows and bologna bulls, if they are to bring their full value as fresh meat, had just as well be sold to go on the block. All the talk about conserving live stock was not meant to shield them. But, save the mature breeding animals that are worth more than the price they will bring as meat; and by all means save the calves until you are sure they have no value as breeding animals.

The Girl Next Door

A Sketch of Juvenile Love

By F. A. MITCHEL

Spring is the season of flowers and love, as has been remarked before, it seems, to the present writer. He does not claim originality for the remark. But it is as true now as it was when first made, some centuries ago, and all English and American poets from Chaucer to the present poet laureate have enlarged on the theme.

Why not use it, therefore, to introduce a little tale, or sketch, rather, of a very young man and a very young maid and flowers and flour?

Billy Atherton was nearing sixteen—that is, he was at an age when two things monopolized the limited space there was in his undeveloped brain, the first being his clothes, the second a girl. It may seem absurd to put the clothes before the girl, but such is the proper relation. There are a great many girls, but only one wardrobe, for a young man, and he requires that wardrobe to be exactly in vogue.

The first sign Billy showed of approaching manhood was when he was fourteen. Then he displayed marked concern about his neckwear. Later a new complication developed; then the period for long trousers came on. The color of his neckwear must match the color of his socks. Nothing would induce him to wear socks that were not clocked. His favorite shade for his scarf and socks was a brilliant yellow, and woe betide the tailor who produced a pair of trousers for him that were not short enough to display seven-eighths of his hosiery!

When Billy was invited to his first formal dance he was confronted with the most important question thus far of his life. Should he wear a swallow-tail or a tuxedo? If a tuxedo, should he wear a white or black vest, a white or black tie? In Billy's time boys of his age were supposed to pass upward and onward to full dress through a tuxedo. So, notwithstanding that he was invited to a formal dance, he must wear a tuxedo.

Consultation with half a dozen other boys of his age soon cleared the way through the vest and tie problems. They were to be both black. But Billy struck a snag on the collar. There was unfortunately a division of opinion. Some of the boys ruled for a standing, some for a turndown collar. During the afternoon before the dance Billy was in a fever of suspense whether it should be standing or turndown. Finally the matter was settled by a telephone message from his haberdasher, who, after consulting a periodical giving such fashions, assured Billy that if he wore anything except a turndown collar the bottom would drop out of the universe. That settled the final momentous question as to how Billy should be arrayed on going to his first formal dance.

Since Billy was to enter upon his first love affair during the evening of this dance one would suppose that the apparel of the girl he was to fall in love with should be also described. Betty Hinsdale, aged fourteen and ten months, was as much concerned about her party get up as was Billy about his apparel. A dress had been especially prepared for the occasion. But if her costume were to be as minutely described as Billy's has been it would require a woman to do the job. This would involve two persons to write the story. Hence I can only say that when Betty was paraded before her father in her party dress he immediately ordered it lengthened at both ends. This is all the information I can give on the subject.

The apparel of these two young persons being the most important part of this story has necessitated its being introduced in the beginning. It is now necessary to mention a certain spring day when Billy had put on his baseball suit and was in his back yard sunning himself, occasionally throwing a ball against the brick wall of his home.

Billy was standing within a few feet of the house examining a tear in the ball he had been tossing when he was surprised at a fine powder settling all over him. He brushed it off, but more settled in its place. He looked up to see whence it came. All he saw was that it had emanated from a window in the house next door.

Billy was puzzled. Nevertheless he suspected that some one was showering him. Bending his head over his ball for awhile, he raised his eyes suddenly and saw the laughing face of a girl at a window. It was drawn in with astonishing rapidity. Billy waited and watched for some time, but there was no reappearance of either the girl or the flour that had whitened him.

Be it remembered that this was springtime. One morning when Billy was getting himself late for breakfast by a painful indecision as to which cravat out of more than twenty he should wear he cast his eyes aside from the mirror before him—it was very close to a window—and saw a girl planting seeds or roots in the yard next door. He at once divined that she was the maid who had floured him, and he wished for something with which to return the compliment. In the window was a box of plants, and the plants were budding. Billy began to throw the buds at the girl, who was pretty.

A man would have been surprised at seeing a flower drop near him and would have looked to see where it came from. Not so this young lady. She was conscious of the fact that a young man lived next door. She remembered to have dropped flour on his shoulders and was on the lookout for a response. In fact, she had seen Billy at his window amid a rainbow of cravats. Given a girl in a back yard, a young man at a window, and it is to be supposed that the girl will expect something.

Billy tossed sprigs and flowers, which fell to the girl's right, to her left, before her, behind her, but she paid no attention to them. Then he went to the bathroom, filled a tumbler with water and, returning to his window, sent the contents in a spray on the flower planter. There was just enough of a sprinkling to cause her to fear a douche. She arose from her work and marched into the house. On her way she cast a glance up at Billy and made a "face" at him. Billy in return threw her a kiss from the tips of his fingers.

This time Billy saw enough of the girl to be sure that she was pretty. What else she was he did not know and did not care to know. He had attracted her attention, though he had been obliged to sprinkle her to do so. She had brought the sprinkling on herself by giving him a stage snowstorm, and as for the face she had made at him he did not mind that a bit.

The next day when Billy was going up the steps, getting out his latchkey, who should come out of the front door of the next house but the girl. She passed him with her nose in the air, but she had scarcely reached the sidewalk when Billy heard a giggle. He turned and tried to get up his courage to follow and join her, but he had not been introduced to her, and should she scorn him he would never recover from the blow. She had floured him and he had flowered her, but this did not constitute an introduction. He would no more dare speak to her without the formal introduction required in social life than he would return to his knickerbockers.

Such was the condition between these two next door neighbors when Billy was invited to his first formal dance. He began to array himself at 6 o'clock for a function that was supposed to begin at half past 8. Much time was required. He put three sets of studs in his shirt before he was satisfied with a set of tiny mosaics. He had inserted gold links in his cuffs, and this necessitated a further change, for had he worn mosaic studs with gold sleeve buttons he would expect to be ordered out of the house by the host. The tying of his neckwear was another delay requiring some twenty-five minutes. He succeeded in placing it above the collar button, but was in terror lest it slip down.

He was informed by his mother, who stood by him nobly in this critical period of his life, that he would surely be late, and at last he put the finishing touches to his makeup and, going downstairs and out, entered a limousine that had been summoned to transport him to the scene of hoped for conquests. As he was driving away a car stopped next door. He wondered if the girl who lived there was going anywhere.

Billy on reaching his destination spent half an hour in the dressing room. Whether it was for further arrangement of his apparel or a stage fright at appearing at his first function there is no record. Nevertheless he held on to the banister on his way down. He made his bow to the hostess and was at once taken off by a member of the family to be presented to some of the young ladies he did not know.

Those invited were all supposed to be between fifteen and seventeen, though some of the girls had barely turned fourteen. Billy was introduced to several girls in succession and was landed for a similar purpose before another when he stood stock still. She was the girl next door.

"Miss Betty Hinsdale, this is Mr. Atherton!"

Why all the retiring qualities are attributed to the softer sex it is difficult to explain. Billy, as he expressed it afterward, was taken "flat aback." Miss Hinsdale was as cool as a cucumber. Billy stammered something like "pleasure of a dance," whereupon she threw back her head with all the air of a society belle, at the same time thrusting out a dance card with not a vacancy on it. But Billy soon caught up with her. He erased several names and boldly wrote his own name in their place.

Minute accounts of love affairs may be pleasingly realistic, but they require much space. But it doesn't require much time for a boy of sixteen to fall in love. Billy did the falling like a house painter from a scaffold—very suddenly. But he was a dead man, so far as his heart was concerned, long before the evening was over. He had not only been made acquainted with the girl next door, but had fallen madly in love with her.

The flouring, the flowering and the sprinkling, and all that, were over, and another phase of the affair was begun.

But that phase has been so often portrayed that we will leave these youngsters at the end of the beginning of their affair by merely stating that the love spats were so numerous one would suppose that they were bitter enemies instead of lovers. Billy was at one moment in the clouds, the next in the slough of despair. This up and down condition lasted till he went to college, when he succeeded in getting admitted to the university baseball team, and from this moment he forgot the girl next door. But it is only fair to her to say that before she married she had been engaged six times.

Fall of the Bastille.

The famous French prison known as the Bastille was originally the Castle of Paris and was built by order of Charles V. between 1370 and 1383 as a defense against the English. When it came to be used as a state prison it was provided with vast bulwarks and ditches. The Bastille had four towers, of five stories each, on each of its larger sides, and it was partly in these towers and partly in underground cellars that the prisons were situated. It was capable of containing from seventy to eighty persons, a number frequently reached during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the majority of them being persons of the highest rank. The Bastille was destroyed by the mob on July 15, 1789, and the governor and a number of his officers were killed. On its site now stands the column of July, erected in memory of the patriots of 1789 and 1830.

A Touch of Nature.

Just a dirty little yellow cur! I called him homeless until I heard a dirtier little urchin yelling, "Aw, gowan home!" and pelting him with stones.

The youngster swore, and I felt sorry for the dog. I wanted to wring the urchin's neck and save the dog. Just as I was about to put my thought into action a big black limousine came swerving down the street. The child darted before it, grabbed the little yellow cur to his heart, and the two came rolling from beneath the whirring wheels. As I helped them from the gutter the boy was moaning.

"Where are you hurt, boy?" I asked excitedly, turning him around on his sturdy bare legs.

"Dey didn't hurt me—but—dey dern near got my dog!" wailed the urchin between dry sobs.—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

The twenty members of the Lynn, Mass., Shoe Manufacturers' association, whose factories have been closed since April 18, voted that they will not again deal with the Lynn shoe workers' unions, and will if necessary keep their factories closed throughout the winter.

Making an Acquaintance

Method Was Breezy, But Effective

By F. A. MITCHEL

Miss Atherton had gone to the country for the summer. She was a devoted automobilist and had intended to drive herself to the summer home of the Athertons, but the machine broke down the day before she was to start, and so busy were the mechanics that no one was available to make repairs. Miss Atherton therefore reluctantly decided to take a train, and the auto went to the shop to wait till some one could find time to repair it.

From the moment Miss Atherton reached her country home she missed her auto. She busied herself in her flower garden and returned temporarily to the bicycle which she had ridden as a little girl, but none of her devices for killing time sufficed.

A week passed and the auto did not come. To one used to motoring the perambulators provided by nature seem very inefficient. Miss Atherton fretted at having to walk or to remain at home on a bright afternoon when she would like to be spinning along over smooth roads in her car.

One morning she started for a walk. The weather was balmy and rather suggestive of a siesta than trudging along a country road. Miss Atherton's motions were languorous. Presently she passed a spick and span machine standing beside the road. At the end of a long walk was a house. Doubtless the car belonged to some one in the house. The lady stopped and surveyed the machine covetously. It was a car for two persons. The nickel plate of the wheel, the starting and illuminating devices glistened in the sun.

Miss Atherton was tempted to open the door and rest herself on the cushions. Glancing at the house, no one was in sight. No one was coming up or down the road. There was a click and Miss Atherton was in the car. Another click denoted that she had closed the door.

Everything about her was quiet. Only birds sang.

She touched the electric starter. There was a bur-r-r of wheels. Before she realized what she was doing she had completed turning on the power, and the machine moved. How lovely! How easy! How comfortable! How restful after walking! She would run up the road for a short distance, turn and bring the car back to the place where she had found it.

As she moved off Jack Coolidge, the owner of the captured machine, came out of the house and from the porch saw some one running away with his machine. Instead of following on his legs, he ran around to a garage, got out another machine and gave chase.

Quite likely stealing is often at first unintentional. The thief admires something, perhaps covets it. He takes it in his hand. Surprised by some one who enters without seeing his act, he pockets the object, intending to replace it when he can do so unnoticed.

Miss Atherton was about to turn with the auto when she heard the sputter of a motor engine behind her. What possessed her to act as she did was a mystery to her. Hearing the words "Stop thief!" it occurred to her that if she obeyed the order she would be taken to a police station, tried for larceny and sent to state prison. Her first impulse was to put on speed; her second was to put on more speed, and the third was to use all the power of which the machine was capable.

Then followed a mad race. Coolidge got near enough to see that a woman was at the wheel, but he could not see what she was like. But presently, when she turned a short distance ahead of him, he got a better view and was astonished to see one who wore the apparel of a lady. The mystery deepened. Women don't steal auto cars. Such thefts are usually made by men, and very rough men at that. He could not conceive of a lady stealing his car. She was speeding along at such breakneck speed that he began to fear she would come to grief. What to do, he could not decide. He followed on as he had begun.

An auto coming from the opposite direction met the fleeing girl, and the driver saw by the expression and the speed at which she was traveling that she was under some great excitement. She flashed by him, and when in a few moments her pursuer did the same it was evident that a mad race was on between a woman and a man. Was it a real chase or material for a moving picture show? The observer did not know, but having an old fashioned machine he decided not to interfere and passed on, wondering. Other machines were met, and the drivers of most of them, seeing two cars coming like the wind, drew up beside the road to give them a safe passage.

Coolidge was driving a machine not capable of making the speed of the one being run away with, but for a time he gained on it, since he dare use his power to a greater extent. The fugitive for a time maintained some degree of caution, but as her pursuer gained on her she took risks without being fully conscious of their magnitude. Coolidge, having her before him, could see every turn she made and the risks she took, fearing that he was goading her to take them, slackened speed himself, hoping she would do the same.

Unfortunately for this purpose, the lady had no eyes in the back of her head and could not see whether her pursuer was gaining on her or losing ground. However, her ears told her that the machine behind her was making less noise, and had she not lost her head completely she would have reduced her speed accordingly. Since she showed no sign of doing so, Coolidge pressed his accelerator and soon drew up to within hailing distance. He thought of calling, but, remembering the result of his first effort, refrained.

Presently he saw the thief turn a sharp bend in the road. The auto skidded, followed a tortuous course for some distance and brought up against a deserted shanty. Before it struck the chauffeur had succeeded in reducing its speed, and neither she nor the machine was much injured, though both were badly jarred. But Miss Atherton was more rattled at being overhauled than by the jarring.

"Take me to jail!" she cried. "Take me to jail. I'm a thief."

Now, there was everything in Miss Atherton's appearance to belie her confession. Coolidge saw at once that what appeared on the surface was not the truth.

"Are you hurt?" he asked solicitously.

His tone was reassuring. Miss Atherton looked up and saw a gentleman regarding her not only kindly, but admiringly.

Miss Atherton, though she had regained her equanimity and satisfied herself that she was in no danger of being dragged to jail, was still not herself. Nevertheless, she was still a woman. She began to throw the blame on to Mr. Coolidge.

"What were you trying to run me down for?" she asked in no friendly tone.

"I could not see that a lady was driving my machine, so I naturally supposed some one was trying to get away with it."

Miss Atherton looked as if she were about to burst into tears.

"You were quite welcome to use my machine, I assure you," faltered Coolidge, fearing a collapse.

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"How could I say so when I was not on hand?"

"But you cried out, 'Stop thief!'"

"I supposed some one was stealing my machine. I did not know that a young lady had merely borrowed it."

Miss Atherton was recovering herself slowly. She made no rejoinder to Mr. Coolidge's last remark. He concluded to make an effort to get her either to her home or his, anywhere but where she was. There were two vehicles to be taken care of, but now that she had ceased to be buoyed up by excitement he did not have to trust her to drive either of them. Besides, he did not know whether the one she had been driving would be available after the collision. Opening the door of the car in which he had made the pursuit, he begged her to enter.

"Where are you going to take me?" she asked.

"To your home."

"What will you do with the one I have injured?"

"Leave it where it is for the present."

She walked lamblike to the door he was holding open and entered the car. He entered at the wheel side and, turning into the road, drove back over the course they had been racing. But the return speed was very different from the outgoing. Mr. Coolidge was quite delighted with the adventure. He was pleased that his car had not been stolen and still more pleased to have a pretty girl beside him who had given him an opportunity to show his gallantry by borrowing his car without leave.

She begged him to permit her to send a man to take his machine to a shop and repair it, but he declared that it had not been damaged. Then began an explanation as to how she had come to run away with his car, but it was not exactly the one already given with this story. Up to the point where Coolidge had cried "Stop thief!" it was a succession of excuses. From that point onward it was a lamentation that he had made her think that she was flying from a long imprisonment. Coolidge declared that hanging would be too good for him, but he did not suggest anything else that he could have done under the circumstances. By the time he got her home he had implored her forgiveness, but what for did not matter. There was a sort of reconciliation between them, and everybody knows that making up between a young man and a young woman is liable to stir the emotions. At any rate, when they parted Coolidge had received permission to call in the evening to learn if the shock Miss Atherton had received had been fraught with serious consequences.

Coolidge availed himself of the privilege accorded him, and Miss Atherton had scarcely finished dinner before he was announced. He seemed very anxious lest some sign of physical or mental shock had appeared during the interval since he had last seen her and gave vent to an expression of joy when she assured him that she had suffered no injury whatever, except that she should have placed herself in such an embarrassing position. Coolidge assured her that he understood perfectly the innocence of the motive that actuated her in temporarily borrowing his car and assumed all the blame for causing her to take to flight. These self accusations and his efforts to render them nugatory took up the evening until near midnight, when the gentleman bade the young lady good night and went home.

A few days later Miss Atherton's car arrived, and she did penance for appropriating Mr. Coolidge's machine by inviting him to drive with her.

During the summer the couple took many auto rides together, with the usual consequences. The nuptial festivities were celebrated in the autumn.

The State of Westsylvania.

The "province and government of Westsylvania" was a proposal made by the settlers in the southwest of Pennsylvania and the adjacent territory for the creation of a new state. It originated in connection with the troubles between Virginia and Pennsylvania, and the scheme was brought forward early in July, 1776. A description of the proposed government defines the bounds as "beginning at the eastern branch of the Ohio opposite the mouth of the Scioto and running thence in a direct line to the Owasioto pass, thence to the top of the Allegheny mountains, thence with the top of the said mountains to the northern limits of the purchase made from the Indians in 1768 at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, thence with the said limits to the Allegheny or Ohio river and then down the said river as purchased from the said Indians at the aforesaid treaty of Fort Stanwix at the beginning." A call for a convention to organize the government was issued, but a memorial of the Virginia committee of West Augusta county to the lower house of assembly led to the abandonment of the plan.—Philadelphia Press.

London's Crystal Palace.

Crystal palace was originally built in Hyde park for the great exhibition of 1851, being afterward removed to its present site and re-erected. At the first state opening of the palace by Queen Victoria it was urged that the usual artillery salute should not be fired, the reason given being that the concussion would shiver the glass roof and the company assembled below, including her majesty, would be cut into mincemeat. Dire were the predictions of the scaremongers when the design for the palace was made public. The first gale, they said, would inevitably wreck it, while the heat engendered by the sun pouring its rays upon the domed glass roof would be so terrific that no human being could withstand it. Consequently if they escaped an avalanche of glass they would be roasted to death inside the case.

An Heirloom

It Once Served as a Hiding Place

By SADIE OLCOTT

"Flora, here is a letter from Chesley, your Uncle William's lawyer, and he has inclosed a copy of the will."

"To whom has uncle left his property?" asked Flora.

"I can only speak for that enormous mahogany bedstead by which he set so much store—the gargoyle bedstead."

"Did he leave it to me?"

"Of course he did. Don't be foolish, my dear. Listen:

"I, William Gray, being of sound mind, etc., do give and bequeath to my grandniece, Isabel Gray, her heirs and assigns forever, my Sheraton sideboard and the sum of $2,000; to my grandniece, Flora Gray Winchester, her heirs and assigns, the mahogany bedstead which stands in my own chamber and which is known as the gargoyle bedstead, together with the sum of $1,000."

"Where shall we put it, Harry?" interrupted Mrs. Winchester breathlessly.

"Put it? You don't expect to get it into this flat?"

"We must have it here. I wouldn't examine it there with Isabel looking on. And, besides, it is such a journey down to Richmond. Anyway, you cannot spare the time to go down now, and we must examine it together. I want to get it here as soon as possible. Who knows but Isabel or some of the others might find the diary of Nancy Gray and learn the secret? My inheritance would be worthless!" Mrs. Winchester's voice trembled.

"Oh, all right!" said Winchester tractably. "But how the deuce you expect to get it in here I don't quite see. It's a very large piece of furniture, isn't it?"

"Now, Harry, dear," she cried, with one plump hand upon his lips, "that bed must be got into this flat somehow! First I will finish my letter to Mr. Chesley and let Nora post it at once. I can hardly wait to see the bedstead, Harry, and I don't dare dream of what will be ours when the secret of the bedstead is disclosed. Do you think, dear, I was wrong not to tell Uncle William about the diary of Nancy Gray I found in the garret?"

"Well, truthfully speaking, I'm afraid it wasn't treating the old gentleman quite on the square."

Two weeks afterward, while Mr. Winchester was engaged in a most important business transaction, he was summoned to the telephone.

"Yes, this is Winchester. What? Oh, the bedstead there! I can't possibly leave at present. I can't help it. Tell them to send it up tomorrow. I know it's important—the bedstead! No, I didn't speak. Yes, I will come home early. Goodby."

When he reached the Etruscan apartments that evening Winchester was fortified with a box of candy and a huge bunch of violets. He stepped to the elevator and pressed the button. A faint tinkle responded from some depth below.

Presently the janitor emerged from an obscure doorway and surveyed him with an unpleasant eye.

"It ain't a-runnin'," he said gruffly.

"Poor management," commented Winchester as he prepared to conquer the eight flights that barred him from home and dinner.

"Huh!" exploded the man. "What with the freight elevator out er order, and people breakin' windows movin' in big stuff, and them chumps a-tryin' to put the feet board in my passenger car and a-tearin' a lady's dress, and her the landlord's sister-in-law"— He glared wrathfully at the vanishing form of Winchester.

Opening the door of his apartment, rampant disorder met his eye. A huge, dark form almost covered the floor of the tiny parlor, which in its chaotic disturbance looked strangely unfamiliar to the master of the house.

In the library Flora reclined on a couch before the bright gas log, while sympathetic Nora applied wet cloths to her mistress' aching head. Wreckage from the parlor impeded progress at every step.

"My dear girl!" he uttered.

She turned a woebegone face to his. "Such a time as they had trying to get it in the window! They were saucy because the window was too small, and one of them pulled it in with a jerk, and it struck the chandelier. The pieces of glass fell on my Wedgwood vase, and that is broken! I—I am quite discouraged!"

With a restless glance toward the parlor, where the gigantic bedstead lay like some dark shadow on his little home, and with an unpleasant recollection of the snorting janitor below stairs and of the generous tip it would require to reduce him to his customary state of patronizing familiarity, Winchester endeavored to soothe his wife's shattered nerves, and together they obeyed Nora's summons to a belated dinner.

At table Mrs. Winchester drew a folded paper from her gown.

"This is the page I copied from the diary of Nancy Gray, Harry," she said, spreading it open before her. "I thought I would refresh my memory as to the exact location of the secret spring.

"'Richmond, Va., April 21, 1864,'" read Mrs. Winchester in solemn accents. "'I am greatly alarmed for the safety of Grandmother Binpah's diamonds, and have vainly tried to find a hiding place for them. The Yankees are digging up every inch of ground on the adjacent plantations searching for buried treasure, and I am quite at a loss to find a safe place for our heirlooms.

"'April 22.—Such an excellent idea! I have just recollected that there is a secret hiding place in Grandmother Binpah's mahogany bedstead. I will conceal the jewels there and will describe their hiding place so that in case anything happens to me one of our family may be able to recover them, even if the bedstead should be carried away.

"'First, one must observe the row of hideously grinning faces—"gargoyles," grandfather called them—that outline the top of the headboard; there are twenty-five of these gargoyles in all, and one must press the right eye of the thirteenth gargoyle from either end, when the face will swing outward, disclosing a cavity. Into this cavity I have dropped the leather bag containing the unset gems—they are worth many thousands of dollars—and I hope to recover them when the war is over.'"

Armed with hammer and screwdriver, husband and wife repaired to the parlor and locked themselves within, greatly to the disgust of the interested Nora, who availed herself of the keyhole as the only salve to her wounded self respect.

"My dear girl, how do you think I'm going to handle this thing alone? It weighs a ton! Why wasn't it put in the guest room?"

"The instant I saw it in the wagon I knew it would never fit into that room, so I told them to put it in here. We can remove it to the cellar afterward—or store it."

"It fits in here," remarked Winchester.

"Let us rip off the covering—I believe I know just where to place my finger on the spring! This is the headboard, of course, and here are the gargoyles!" cried Flora excitedly.

Winchester took out his knife and leisurely opened the blade. He lifted one corner of the bedstead, groaned and dropped it heavily.

There was a straining and snapping of cords as he applied his knife to the wrappings.

"Oh, Oh! I am just as nervous as I can be!" cried Flora, regardless of her husband's groan as he dragged aside the covering and disclosed the rounded, polished top outlined by a semicircle of hideously carved faces.

"Jove, what a beauty!" ejaculated Winchester, yet with a note of respect in his tone. "What a nightmare! Fancy wishing a guest 'pleasant dreams' and then introducing him to that couch! Whew! Now, which face, Flora, love?"

Mrs. Winchester triumphantly produced the paper from her laces and read solemnly: "'The thirteenth gargoyle from either end.'"

"The one in the middle, of course," announced Winchester.

"'Press the right eye,'" quoted Mrs. Winchester breathlessly. "I shall have them set in a glorious pendant, Harry!"

They hung expectantly over the bed.

"Now press," she whispered sibilantly.

Winchester pressed.

"Nothing doing," he announced flatly.

"Press harder," urged his wife. "The secret spring has probably rusted. They do rust sometimes, don't they?"

"I never heard of one doing so. They always yield easily, and the door rolls noiselessly aside and leaves an aperture," said Winchester grimly.

"We must get it open!" cried his wife tearfully. "Try some of the other eyes, Harry."

"But why try the others, my dear? It says the middle one."

"There is—there must be a spring!" retorted Mrs. Winchester. "Why should Nancy have put it in her diary if there was not?"

"I give it up when you ask me to explain the vagaries of the female mind"— began Winchester as he viciously jabbed the eyes of all the gargoyles in turn without result.

Flora burst into tears.

"Don't cry, my darling," comforted her husband tenderly. "I'll find out the truth if I have to chop the confounded thing into kindlings!

"I wish I understood the meaning of it anyway," said Winchester presently when his wife had reached a degree of tranquillity where she could nibble a bonbon appreciatively.

Again the tears flowed. "I might just as well have had another thousand dollars!" wailed Flora.

Winchester's elbow knocked a small package from the table to the floor.

"What is this?" he asked, picking it up.

"An express parcel that came this afternoon. I haven't had time to look at it."

He ripped off the covers and looked stupidly at a small leather volume in his hand.

"The Diary of Nancy Gray!" he exclaimed. A letter fell from the book, and he opened it eagerly.

"Read it!" commanded Flora impatiently. And he read as follows:

My Dear Mrs. Winchester—Your uncle, the late Mr. William Gray, has placed this little volume in my hands with instructions to turn it over to you after his death. Of course you are aware that your uncle wrote this fantastical little tale for his own amusement many years ago, but it was never published. You are probably in a position to recognize that your uncle's clever wit enabled him to take great liberties with your family history. As the present owner of the Gargoyle bedstead, this little book will prove to be of especial interest to you. Congratulating you on the possession of such a valuable antique, and with kind regards, I am, very sincerely yours,
JEREMIAH CHESLEY.

The long silence was broken at last by a suppressed chuckle from Mr. Winchester.

His wife buried her face in the sofa pillows. "Brute!" she sobbed bitterly. And Winchester is still wondering whom she meant.

Military Digits.

Men with long, tapering "piano" fingers are apt to desert after short service, while those having stubby digits, denoting stability of character and utter lack of the artistic temperament, usually stand by their boats and make the best marines.

Although desertions from the marine corps are light at times, it has been said that actors, sign writers and, strange to say, waiters furnish the largest number of deserters.

Records, including finger prints, of all men enlisted in the corps are kept at headquarters for purposes of identification, and there are cases on record where bodies, with finger tips intact, have been positively identified through the finger print medium.—Philadelphia Press.

Face Value.

Escarolle—She said: "I want you to take me at my face value. Don't judge me by my father's wealth." Chiffonade—And what did you say? Escarolle Why, I told her that the present price of dyes, paints and cosmetics was so high that I couldn't afford to be associated with her.—Life.

Must Be.

"I'm really worried about my wife."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know. There must be something radically wrong with her because she says she isn't taking the slightest interest in the new styles."—Detroit Free Press.

While He Waited in the Parlor.

Mr. Sooper (to her kid brother)—May I hope to see your sister pretty soon? Kid Brother—You'll see her pretty, all right. She's been fixin' up to beat the band.—Exchange.

January Wheat Crops.

Only two countries, Chile and New Zealand, usually harvest their wheat crops in January.

Life doesn't consist in playing a good hand, but in playing a poor hand well.