



THE RELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COAL STOCKS"

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CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"If you will save me," I continued, "I will transfer to you, in a block, all my Coal holdings. They will be worth double my total liabilities within three months—at least as soon as the reorganization is announced. I leave it entirely to your sense of justice whether I shall have my part of them back when this storm blows over."

"Why didn't you get 'Lucky'?" he asked without looking up.

"Because it is he that stuck the knife into me."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I suspect the Managua properties, which I brought into the combine, have some value, which no one but Roebuck, and perhaps Langdon, knows about—and that I in some way was dangerous to him through that fact. They haven't given me time to look into it."

"A grim smile flitted over the face. 'You've been too busy getting married, eh?'"

"Exactly," said I. "It's another case of unbuckling for the wedding-fever and getting assassinated as a penalty. Do you wish me to explain any thing on that list—or do you want any details of the combine—the Coal stocks there?"

"Not necessary," he replied. As I had thought, with that enormous machine of his for drawing in information, and with that enormous memory of his for details, he probably knew more about the combine and its properties than I did.

"You have heard of the lockout?" I inquired—for I wanted him to know I had no intention of deceiving him as to the present market value of those stocks.

"Roebuck has been commanded by his God," he said, "to eject the free American labor from the coal fields and to substitute importations of coolie Huns and Bohemians. Thus, the wicked American laborers will be chastened for trying to get higher wages and cut down the enormous mania of the downtrodden coolies will be brought where they can enjoy the blessings of liberty and of the preaching of Roebuck's mission-aries."

I laughed, though he had not smiled, but had spoken as if stating colorless facts. "And righteousness and Roebuck will prevail," said I.

He frowned slightly, a sardonic grin breaking the straight, thin, cruel line of his lips. He opened his table's one shallow drawer, and took out a pad and a pencil. He wrote a few words on the lowest part of the top sheet, he folded it, tore off the part he had scribbled on, returned the pad and pencil to the drawer, handed the scrap of paper to me. "I will do it," he said.

"Give this to Mr. Farquhar, second door to the left, this morning." And in that atmosphere of vast affairs speedily dispatched his consent without argument seemed, and was, the matter-of-course.

I bowed. Though he had not saved me as favor to me, but because it fitted in with his plans, whatever they were, my eyes dimmed. "I shan't forget this," said I, my voice not quite steady.

"I know it," said he curtly. "I know you."

I saw that his mind had already turned me out. I said no more, and withdrew. When I left the room, I was precisely as I had been when I entered it—except the bit of paper torn from the pad. But what a difference to me, to the thousands, the hundreds of thousands directly and indirectly interested in the coal combine and its strike and its products, was represented by those few, almost illegible scrawlings on that scrap of paper.

Not until I had gone over the situation with Farquhar, and we had signed and exchanged the necessary papers, did I begin to relax from the strain—how great that strain was I realized a few weeks later, when it gray appeared as a mist among my temples and there was in my crown what was, for such a shock as mine, a thin spot.

"I am saved!" said I to myself, venturing a long breath, as I was starting up of Galloway's establishment, where hourly was transacted business vitally affecting the welfare of scores of millions of human beings, with James Galloway's personal interest as the sole guiding principle. "Saved!"

I repeated, and not until then did it flash before me. "I must have paid a freight price. He would never have consented to interfere with Roebuck, as soon as I asked him to do it, unless there had been some powerful motive. If I had had my wits about me, I could have made far better terms." Why hadn't I my wits about me? "Antia!" was my instant answer.

"Antia again. I had a bad attack of family man's panic." And thus it came, about that I went back to my office, feeling as if I had suffered a severe defeat, instead of jubilant over my narrow escape.

Joe followed me into my den. "What luck?" asked he, in the tone

stepped upon the pier I saw a fine-looking old man in the pavilion overlooking the water. He was dressed in all in white except a sky-blue tie that harmonized with the color of his eyes. He was neither fat nor lean, and his smooth skin was protesting ruddily against the age proclaimed by his wool-white hair. He rose as I came toward him, and while I was still several yards away, showed unmistakably that he knew who I was and that he was anything but glad to see me.

"Mr. Forrester," I asked.

He grew purple to the line of his thick white hair. "It is, Mr. Blacklock," said he. "I have the honor to wish you good day, sir." And with that he turned his back on me and gazed out toward Long Island.

"I have come to ask a favor of you, sir," said I, as polite to that hostile back as if I had been addressing a cordial face. And I waited.

He wheeled round, looked at me from head to foot. I withstood the inspection calmly; when it was ended I noted that in spite of himself he was somewhat relaxed from the optic he had heard and read. But he said: "I do not know you, sir, and I do not wish to know you."

"You have made me painfully aware of that," replied I. "But I have learned not to take snap judgments too seriously. I never go to a man unless I have something to say to him, and I never leave until I have said it."

"I perceive, sir," retorted he, "you have the thick skin necessary to living up to that rule." And the twinkle in his eyes betrayed the man who would fight to exercise his real or imaginary talent for caustic wit. Such men are like nettles—dangerous only to the timid touch.

"On the contrary," replied I, easy in mind now. "I did not anger him by showing it. I am most sensitive to insults—insults to myself. But you are not insulting me. You are insulting a purely imaginary, hearsay person who is, I venture to

say, usually the case, the box will require a greater height in front, to make it set level, as shown in Fig. 2.

The box should be well nailed or screwed together, and should then be painted all over to make it more durable. A number of one-half inch holes should be drilled in the bottom, thus allowing the excess water to run out and prevent rotting the plants and boxes.

Having completed the bare box, it may be trimmed to suit the fancy of the maker. The design shown in Fig. 1 is very simple and easy to construct, but may be replaced with a panel or other design. One form of panel design is shown in Fig. 3.

Trimming having too rough a surface will be difficult for this work, as it is difficult to trim and cannot be sanded as well as smooth trimming. It should be cut the proper length before being split and should be fastened on with brads. The half-round used in trimming, especially for filling-in purposes, and by using them the operation of splitting is avoided. After the box is trimmed, the rustic work should be varnished, in order to thoroughly preserve it, as well as improve its appearance.

"Try her, young man," said he, laughing. "In this day there are few people anywhere who'd refuse any sum from anybody for anything."

"And a woman—and a New York woman—and a New York fashionable woman—and a daughter of old Ellersley—she'll take it as a baby takes the breast."

"She would not take it," said I. "My tone, though I strove to keep my protest out of it, because I needed him, caused him to draw back instantly. 'I beg your pardon, said he. 'I forgot for the moment that I was talking to a man young enough still to have visions and delusions about women. You'll learn that they're human, that it's from them we men inherit our weaknesses. However, let me assume that she won't take it. Why won't she take your money? What is there about it that repels Ellersley's daughter, brought up in the sewers of fashionable New York—the sewers, sir?'"

"She does not love me," I answered. "I have hurt her," he said quickly, in great distress at having compelled me to expose my secret wound.

"The wound does not ache, the worse," said I, "for my showing it to you. And that was the truth. I looked over toward Dawn Hill whose towers could just be seen. 'We live there,' I pointed. 'She is—like a guest in my house.'"

"When I glanced at him again, his face betrayed a feeling of which I doubt if any one had thought him capable in many a year. 'I see that you love her,' he said, gently as a mother. 'Yes.' "The idea of any one I love being dependent on me in a sort of way is most distasteful to me. And since she does not love me, I do not even wish to be dependent on her. 'I confess I do not quite follow you,' said he.

"How can she accept anything from me? If she should, it should be compelled by necessity to do it, what hope could I have of her ever feeling toward me as a wife should feel toward her husband?"

"At this explanation of mine his eyes were lit with anger—and I could not but suspect that he had at one time in his life been faced with a problem like mine, and had settled it the other way. My suspicion was not weakened when he said:

"'Bloyal motives again! They show you do not know women. Don't be deceived by their delicate exterior, by their pretenses of super-refinement and their affect to be in a season we include us into thinking them. But they're clay, sir, just clay, and far less sensitive than we men. Don't you see, young man, that by making her dependent on you for anything as Women are like dogs—like dogs, sir? They lick the hand that feeds 'em—lick it, and like it.'"

He winced, and it reminded me of the night of my marriage and Antia's expression when the preacher called me by my new name. But I held his gaze, and we looked each at the other fixedly for it must have been, full half a minute. Then he said courteously: "What do you wish?"

"I want straight to the point. My color may have been high, but my voice did not hesitate as I explained: "I wish to make my wife financially independent. I wish to settle on her an income that will enable her to live



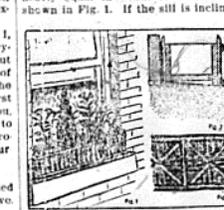
RUSTIC WINDOW BOX.

Ornamental and Useful Article to Beautify Home.

Instead of using an ordinary green painted window box why not make an artistic one in which the color does not clash with the plants contained in it, but rather harmonizes with them.

Such a window box can be made by anyone having usual mechanical ability and wishing to have opportunities for artistic and original design than any other articles of more complicated construction.

The box proper should be made a little shorter than the length of the window to allow for the extra space taken up in trimming and should be nearly equal in width to the sill, as shown in Fig. 1. If the sill is inclined,



Plan of the Window Box.

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SETTING OUT TREES.

Yearly Practice of Planting Trees a Good One.

On our farm we have made it a practice every spring to set out some trees. We choose this season of the year because the trees have had better success in getting them to grow than we have by planting them in the fall. This holds good not only with forest trees, but also with fruit trees and even strawberry trees.

Of late years we have been putting our trees along the highway and now we have some beautiful trees growing there. Some of those we set out first are now six or seven inches in diameter. The farmer, making trees do well in the last 15 years. And these, too, being hard or sugar maples, have grown as slowly as any trees, almost, that one has ever seen.

In our state, the Vincent in Farmers' Review, there is a statute law providing for certain tax deductions for setting out trees along the highway, but we have never taken advantage of it, being very well satisfied with the added beauty, as well as the prospective usefulness to us of the trees.

Not far from our place there is a farm with many varieties of the variety mentioned, the sugar maple, along the road that the owner can tap quite a sugar orchard right there if he wishes to. The trees have gained a good size, not so that they would be materially injured by careful tapping. There is this great advantage in a sugar bush of this sort. It is easy of access. One need not travel around over rough roads to do the work. It is always neat and clean and the work of gathering the sap is not hard. Some day we will all pay more attention to this matter of setting out trees than we do now, and it will be a great thing for the country when we do.

The Only Way. There is no safe method of determining the quantities of a herd by testing or churning the milk of each cow separately. The bulk of the milk is not a sure indication. Very often the cow that gives but a moderate quantity of milk may yield the largest amount of butter. In breeding up a herd a knowledge of the characteristics of each cow will enable the dairyman to breed for the best results, as the superior cows may be used for breeding to thoroughbred bulls. It does not pay to keep the calves unless the merits of their sires and dams are well known.

BOWING GRASS SEED.

Timely Suggestions by Prof. W. J. Spillman, U.S. Department Agriculture.

The importance of good seed can hardly be overestimated. A good many failures in seeding down the grasses result from insufficient preparation of the land, but many failures result also from the use of seed which has lost much, or all, of its vitality.

Other things being equal, rich land requires more seed than poor land, and wet land more than dry. A well-prepared seedbed requires less than one poorly prepared, because a larger proportion of the seed has a chance to germinate. A single pound of timothy seed to the acre, if every seed produced a thrifty plant, would give 27 plants on every square foot of ground. Since 12 to 15 pounds of timothy are usually required to secure a good stand, it is evident that only a small proportion of the seed sown on even the best prepared land produces plants.

On rough, cloddy land the proportion is much smaller. No absolute rules can be laid down for determining the amount of seed to sow. One must consider all the circumstances and be governed accordingly. A beginner will do well to consult those who have farmed if his locality for many years, and if such experience is not available, to use a liberal allowance of seed until he has learned the proper amount.

When mixtures are sown, a number of grasses of covers the amount of each kind to use. In sowing grasses and clover together it is customary to sow enough of both for a full stand. If several grasses are used in the mixture, the amount of each is usually somewhat reduced. In parts of the timothy region, it is customary to add more or less red-top to the timothy and clover except when the hay is grown for sale, but the hay of timothy seed is not thereby reduced.

The amount of each kind of seed to use depends partly on how much of each kind of grass is desired in the hay. Red-top is usually added as a filler to increase the yield, rather than because of its desirability in the hay, and hence the proportion of its seed is small. Some authorities recommend this liberally as much of each seed is used in a mixture as if it were to be sown alone, and this is a very good rule if one is not sure of the quality of the seed. A general rule is to reduce the amount of each kind of seed in proportion to the number of kinds in the mixture. This rule should be used with much caution, yet it is a handy one of value.

HANDY SACK HOLDER. Will Really Hold the Mouth of the Sack Open.

Take a heavy piece of plank 2x12 x2. This should be a good solid piece without any cracks in it. Now mortise the two holes in the plank across the plank 26 inches apart. Now nail or bolt cross standards from oak or elm boards four inches wide and 48 inches long come out from the inside of these standards so they will form a spring not too stiff. Be sure to place them in the mortise holes firmly. Now explain the use of the sack holders as shown in cut from three-eighths inch round rod 18 inches long. Curve the ends so they will hold one-half inch below hem of sack. Use a flat slip to hold iron arm on spring standard. Plane off all sharp edges from woodwork.

NOTES. The farmer "pays the freight" on the San Jose scales. Many flower seeds are very small and will not do well in rough, lumpy soil.

A new insect—the apple leaf miner, is getting in its evil work in some parts of the country. It is a mistake to keep food continually before the hogs after they have been put on full feed.

No hay can be healthy or produce meat of the best quality if compelled to drink putrid water.

Suppose you sit down and tell us of an industry that will not be helped along with any help given to agriculture.

Has the winter suggested any new ideas in household conveniences? How are your women folks cared for in regard to drying the family washing?

Get Seeds in Ground. Cloudy, warm weather is the best for the sowing of seeds, and this condition is found in the spring. For this reason, seeds should be placed in the ground as soon as the ground is warm enough for them to begin to grow.

Soak the Corn. As dry corn will hurt the teeth and make the mouth sore, shorts or oats should be given with a little soaked corn as soon as the pigs learn to eat fairly well.



"TURNED HIS BACK ON ME AND GAZED OUT TOWARD LONG ISLAND."

bread. And though they haven't found it out yet, they've got to leave the place where they've lived all their lives, and their fathers before them—have got to go wandering about in a world that's as strange to them as the surface of the moon, and as bare for the Sahara desert."

"That's so," said Joe. "It's hard luck." But I saw he was thinking only of himself and his narrow escape from having to give up his big house and all the rest of it; that, soft-hearted and generous though he was, to those poor chaps and their wives and children he wasn't giving a thought.

"You've done a grand two-hours' work," said Joe.

"Grandier than you think," replied I. "I've set the tiger on your flank the bull."

"Galloway and Roebuck?"

"Just that," said I. And I laughed, started up, sat down again. "No, I'll put off the pleasure," said I. "I'll let Roebuck find out, when the claws catch in that tough old hide of his."

XXVI. A CONSPIRACY AGAINST ANITA. On about the hottest afternoon of that summer I had the yacht taken down the Sound to a point on the Connecticut shore within sight of Dawn Hill, but seven miles farther from New York. I landed at the private pier of Howard Forrester, the only brother of Antia's mother. As I

assure you, utterly unlike me, and who doubtless deserves to be insulted. His purple had now faded. In a far different tone he said: "If your business in any way relates to the family into which you have married, I do not wish to hear it. Spare my patience and your time, sir."

"It does not," was my answer. "It relates to my own family—to my wife and myself. As you may have heard, she is no longer a member of the Ellersley family. And I have come to you chiefly because I happened to know your sentiment toward the Ellersleys."