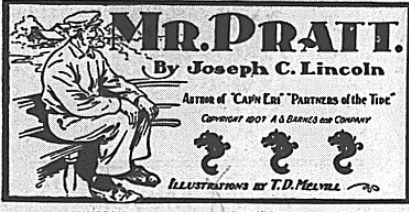




"Did He Look Like 'em?" Asks Van.



MR. PRATT.

By Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of "CAPTAIN LEE PARTNERS OF THE FINE"

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. McNEILL

also—if I know her mighty respected mamma—she won't."

"Where did you address your letter?" Hartley asks, after a little.

"Liverpool, care of her usual hotel. She'll get it all right—always, provided she hasn't already organized a settlement colony of small footgans in the Liverpool slums. But there! Let's forget morals and forgiveness and Heigho! Wonder what's doing in the Street? Not that I care a rod."

"They seemed to have formed me altogether. But I was interested in their talk all the same, and I've tried to put it down just as I heard it. 'Twas queer talk, but they was queer folks, and I was learning how the big bugs done their courting. From what I'd heard so far I liked the Wellmouth way full as well."

The front gate clicked. Van Brunt looked up. "Great Scott!" says he, "it's the photograph."

'Twas Hannah Jane Purvis coming home from the next house with a dishpan full of peas. Hannah was a kind of scant patterned critter without much canvas on her poles, her sleeves most generally rolled up. She had bridled hair clewed back so tight of her forehead that her eyes wouldn't shut against the sun. But when she got from the first look at her was that she was all square corners—not a round one in the lot.

"Well!" says she, coming up into the wind in front of the piazza and looking at me hard. "I do believe it's Solomon Pratt. Why, what a stranger you are! I ain't seen you for I don't know when."

I didn't know then either and I didn't try to remember. "Sufficient unto the day is the trouble belonging to it," the Scriptures say, if I recollect it right, and 'twas enough for me that she'd seen me this time. She comes over, dishpan and all, and planks me self down on the steps right in front of Van Brunt's chair. There ain't nothing shy or friendly about Hannah Jane; she's the most folksy female I ever come across, and always was.

"My makes!" says she, turning round to Van. "I see Mr. Pratt come in the night and I couldn't make out who 'twas. Thinks I: 'They've got company and I must get 'em out of my kitchen.' I put, and I don't know as I've got a full measure of peas 'cause it seemed to me that some 'em spilled off the top when 'cap'n Poundingher' come in. I hope not, 'cause peas is high now. Not that it makes any difference to well-off folks like you, Mr. Van Brunt."

"Hadn't you better go back and pick 'em up?" asks Van, solemn as an owl.

"Oh, land of love! no. There wa'n't enough for that. Besides a yard to see Mr. Pratt. Well, Mr. Pratt," says she, "I suppose you're surprised enough and me working on 'em. Dear! I don't know what Jehiel he had said; nor my second one neither. But I think we can come in as never tell what's in store for us in this world, can we?"

I made some sort of answer; don't remember what it was, but I'm remembering over what a come-down 'twas for her to work out. You'd think she'd want to see marble balls to hear her. She settles her dishpan between her knees and starts in shelling peas, talking a blue streak all the time. She was a whole wearing circle in herself, that woman!

"Jehiel was such a quiet man," she says, after a spell. "He scarcely ever talked. (Didn't have a chance, thinks I to myself.) 'Who he died—' he ever tell you how Cap'n Samuels'—my first husband as was—come to die, Mr. Hartley?" says she.

Hartley had look up the Natural Life book and was trying to read it. Now he looked up and says, mournful but resigned: "No, Mrs. Purvis, I believe we have never the pleasure."

"The pleasure was wholly the Cap'n's," says Van Brunt under his breath. If Hannah Jan heard him she didn't let it worry her.

"Well," says she, "twas this way: Cap'n Jehiel—him that was my first husband—was the most regular man in his habits that ever was, I guess. Every Saturday night the time 'twas married—and we was married eleven year, not counting the two after he was took sick—he always had baked beans for supper. I used to say to him: 'Jehiel! I used to say, 'ain't you tired of baked beans? I should think you'd turn into beans, you're so fond of 'em.' But he never did and—"

She stopped for a second to get her breath. Van cut in quick.

"That wasn't the cause of his death, then?" he asks, very grave.

"Who—what?"

"Turning into beans? Of course not. I believe you said he didn't turn."

"I said he never got tired of 'em. Who says he didn't turn into 'em? Well, as I was saying; every Saturday night we had 'em, and one night—'twas the last one, poor thing! She stopped to unfasten her handkerchief and mop her eyes.

"Pray go on, Mrs. Purvis," says Van, very polite. "You were saying 'twas the last bean—"

"I said 'twas his last well night. There was beans enough, land know! Well, I had 'em on the table and he set down 'Hannah says: 'I don't feel like beans to-night.' I looked at him. It wa'n't because they wa'n't good beans. I'm always as particular as a cat about cooking beans. I set 'em up such to soak over night on a Friday, and then Saturday morning I take 'em and put 'em in the bean-pot house and so on. Whooped up the joys of the 'Natural' and begged her to go to and do likewise." Which she would like to do, probably, but which

butcher cart; don't, says I, give me such the whippers! Dr. Blake's well have plain lard and be done with Give me, says I, a streaked chunk; streak of lean and a streak of fat. 'The best' of the oven and the best 'em all day and by night they're ready. So when Jehiel says to me, 'Hannah, I don't feel like beans,' I set 'em to look at 'em."

"Did he look like 'em?" asks Van.

Hannah Jane switched round on the spot and stared at him. But he was as sober as a church and just running over with sympathy, seemed so, so she sniffed and went on.

"He looked sick," she says, "and I could see that he was sick, too. So I got him to bed and what a night I put in! Oh, the hot jugs to his feet! Oh, the running for the doctor! We had Dr. Blake here then, Mr. Pratt. You remember him, don't you? Great big tall man with gray whiskers. No, wait a minute. 'Twas Dr. White that was smooth-faced. No, seems to me he had a moustache. I remember he did because he was engaged to Emma Baker's sister and she used to say that when she once got him for good he'd have to raise more beard than that. She said a doctor without it bet he was a quack. I don't know—without something or 'nother in it. Strange I can't think an egg without something in it—"

"No, indeed. Salt that's what 'twas. A soft-billed egg without salt in it. Now you'd ought to be as careful about there as eggs as you had about anything else. Way some folks blis eggs is a sin and shame. I've et eggs so hard that you could build a stone arch over the top of 'em; and they again I've et 'em when I've actually had to drink 'em. Now when I bile eggs I always—let me see; I wa'n't to get into a long story when I fust started. Where was I?"

"You were telling us about beans, I believe, Mrs. Purvis," purrs Van, sweet and smiling, and she says: "I seem to have a dim recollection of beans, Mr. P."

"Oh, yes, yes! I was going on to talk of Jehiel's supper, Mr. Van Brunt. It was only logic to get on to an idea of that poor critter's agony. Why, he—who's that at the back of my head?"

'Twas the neighbor's boy, as it turned out, come to borrow a cupful of sugar, but he took Hannah Jane away from us, which was a mercy. He topped the dishpan and went inside.

Van Brunt looked after her. "Will some one please inform me," says he, "whether there's any clinic, or a funeral, or just a cooking-school session?"

"Humph!" says Hartley. "Unfortunately for me, I don't know what the barn what became of the long-suffering Jehiel."

"Oh, he died," says Van. "I wanted to know what it was because of these beans."

"I understand now why they put 'At Rest' on Jehiel's gravestone," says Van. "He was a fine fellow, or a funeral, or just a cooking-school session?"

Hartley turned to me. "Skipper," he says, "you mustn't think that Van and I are altogether cold-blooded because we refuse to weep over the departed Samuels. The lady has cheered us with happy little memories of this kind ever since she agreed to mend her dress and marry me discreet at four-fifty-five. She began with her cousin, who died of small-pox, and she's worked down through the family till she got to her husband. 'Yes,' says Van, "and he's only her first husband as was—come to die, Mr. Hartley?" says she.

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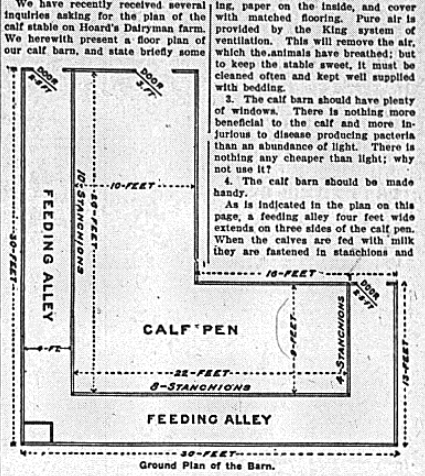
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BUILD A CALF BARN AND BUILD IT RIGHT

Some of the Essential Points in Its Construction—By W. D. Hoard.



We have recently received several inquiries asking for the plan of the calf stable on Hoard's Dairyman farm. We have present a floor plan of our calf barn, and state briefly some of the essentials to be considered in constructing a place for keeping calves.

1. A calf should always be kept dry. In order to do this a good floor should be put in the barn and thickly covered with fresh dry bedding. It is impossible to raise a strong, healthy calf unless it is kept dry and clean.

2. A warm, pure atmosphere is required for growing calves. A warm stable is made by constructing a wall of at least one dead air space. Sheet on the outside of the 2x's with drop sid-

ing, paper on the inside, and cover with matched flooring. Pure air is provided by the King system of ventilation. This will remove the air, which the animals have breathed; but to keep the stable sweet, it must be cleaned often and kept well supplied with bedding.

3. The calf barn should have plenty of windows. There is nothing more beneficial to the calf and more injurious to disease-producing bacteria than an abundance of light. There is nothing any cheaper than light; why not use it?

4. The calf barn should be made handy.

As is indicated in the plan on this page, a feeding alley four feet wide extends on three sides of the calf pen. When the calves are fed with milk they are fastened in stanchions and

the feeder has no trouble with them. Each one is held in his place. The wide alley makes it easy to give each calf its milk and other feeds.

5. The calf barn should be made so that it can be divided into several apartments. A calf when but two or three weeks old, when turned into a pen with others two or three months old, is more or less handicapped, especially if the younger calf is not strong and rugged. A pen with several divisions permits the grouping of calves according to size and strength.

SELECTION OF BREEDING HOGS

Taken as a whole, there is no marked difference between the early maturing qualities of the Poland China, Duroc Jersey, Chester White or Berkshire breeds of hogs. Neither has it been proven that one has any marked superiority over the other as to the rate at which flesh may be laid on or the cheapness of gains.

The characteristics of these breeds are found between individuals of the same breed taken collectively. It is therefore necessary whether breeding pure-bred hogs or grades to consider the individual carefully when selecting breeding animals.

The fecundity of sows always appeals to hog raisers. The size of litters varies with breeds to some extent, but still more with individuals. Statistics compiled by the Indiana experiment station show that the average size of several hundred Poland China, Berkshire and Chester White litters were: Poland China, 5.5 pigs to the litter; Berkshire, seven pigs to the litter, and Chester White, 7.5 pigs to the litter. However, litters of three or four to ten or more pigs to the litter. Confinement and overfattening tend to reduce fecundity. Again, sows that are sluggish or overfed in type are usually indifferent breeders. So far as known the sow controls the size of litters, and since fecundity is largely an individual or family characteristic it is good policy to select brood sows only from litters of which at least seven pigs have been successfully raised.

Feed for Eggs—At noon give some cut-up vegetables, and twice a week give some corn. The plain food at night should be an equal part of wheat and corn (cracked corn is preferred).

Are They Laying?—The early hatched piglets should have settled in for steady laying.

Make a Sectional Floor for Hog Pen

A large pen with space for both sleeping and feeding can be arranged with a floor on one half and raised on cleats in the bottom of the pen.

Well, now hold on," says I. "Some ways I'd like to, and, if you 'want plain planks, why, I guess likely I can give it to you. But business is business and there's my boat and my living for the summer. You're here only a month, as I understand it, and—"

"That didn't make no difference. I could fetch the Dora Bassett along too, Van said. Hartley explained and they intended to stay through the summer, anyway, perhaps later. He went on to tell that he and his chum was what he called "redecorated" and "conventualized," or, as he said, "redecorated and conventualized," and that they intended to stay redecored. They'd hitched horses and agreed to work with their sons' molasses and feed the Natural they was going to and if it took a thousand year;

(TO BE CONTINUED.)