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*Wildlife
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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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From a Photograph by Francis E. Price

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put them on the car and bring them home. Then they are put on permanent stands and packed for the winter, ready to be transferred to standard hives next spring during fruit bloom.

Right here appears the reason for the full sheets of wired foundation. The hives are now filled with straight combs, all cells of worker size. These combs can be lifted out and transferred, bees and all, to a standard hive in a minute or two. They will last as long as I will. They will stand a great deal more rough handling than other combs and they can be extracted without injury. The longer one keeps bees the more one values these straight-wired worker combs.

I could save a little expense by using only two frames containing full sheets of foundation, the balance containing only "starters"—about an inch of foundation fastened in the groove in the top bar. But full sheets are better and are more apt to attract the bees. A comb built on a starter will not be so straight and it will be very frail till it is two or three years old. Also it may contain many drone cells.

I have thirty old hives that I keep for this stunt. In the last few years I have not always needed the bees, but it is a lot of fun to catch them and I usually find time to put them out every year. I average more than a fifty per cent catch.

I have caught black bees, hybrids and well-marked Italians. If I do not like the strain of bees caught I get a queen of the race I prefer and introduce her to the colony after getting rid of the one already there. One may have an apiary of all Banats, all Cyprians, all Carniolans, all Caucasians or all Italians, simply by requeening. Any book on bees tells how to requeen. The one who sells the queen tells how on the cage the queen is shipped in.

The particular race of bees I may have does not worry me. What I do want is vigorous, prolific queens. When one of them does not prove so, I usually introduce a dark Italian queen, or a queen I have raised in my own apiary. Most of my bees are now dark or "leather" Italians.

Where do the bees I catch come from? I don't know. I think they come from the hives of careless beekeepers, and from trees in the timber where bees get crowded and swarm out. It is said to be the habit of bees to send out scouts before they swarm, to locate a new abiding place before they leave their old home. They are apt to go to the most available place. I furnish the place. The full sheets of foundation are made of pure beeswax, and is in the most acceptable form for bees to begin work on. It has a very fetching odor to bees, and is very apt to attract them.

Now that we have the bees, let's get stung. Bees sting. Of course they do. Anybody with a stinger would sting if he were given the treatment bees sometimes get. Most farmers I know wait till late in the fall to take surplus honey from their bees. They are likely to wait for a rainy day, when there is little else to do—the very worst time possible. They get screw drivers and hatchets. They put yards of mosquito netting over their heads, set their teeth and go to it. They go to it in a hurry, to get a bad job over soon. They jar and they bump things. They shake and they jolt. Do the bees fight? Well, yes. So would anyone. Bees always practice preparedness.

In the late fall, bees are at home. On rainy days they are in the hives. No honey is in the fields, and there is nothing to do but guard the year's crop. Honey can be taken from bees even at such an unfavorable time without trouble by being careful and using a little "know how," but this is not the right time.

The right time to take honey from bees is in the summer, when the harvest is first finished. The work should be done on a fine day when the bees are in the fields, and few but the small children are at home. Even the babies have a part in the household duties. The queen mother will be laying eggs—thousands every day—for the increase of her family. She knows that a large family is what brings in the returns, and returns are necessary for winter provender

and to start a family again the coming spring. At such times little attention will be paid to you. If you are careless, work too fast and pinch somebody, you will no doubt be served notice to be more careful.

Summer is the best time to take honey from bees for another reason. The honey is then just as the bees made it. It then has its virgin whiteness and purity. If you wait till late fall it will have been traveled over times without number by the feet of myriads of bees.

Bees will work at all times. If bloom is not in the fields, and there is rotten fruit in their reach, they will work on that and on other things that do not mix well with honey. Particles of decayed fruit and other vegetation will be carried on their feet into the hive and onto the honey. It is this travel stain that darkens honey and impairs its flavor. Quality is lowered and price suffers.

A bee sting amounts to little. It is a little difficult to induce one who has had but one or two stings to believe it, but it is true. What gives bee stings such a bad reputation is the swelling that is generally produced—by the "stingee," not by the "stinger." The swelling is produced by continually and persistently rubbing and scratching the stung spot. No doubt some swelling would occur without, but the big swelling is produced by the rub and scratch.

The right treatment for a bee sting is to scrape the stinger off with a knife blade or the finger nail and let the stung spot strictly alone. In a short time all will be forgotten. With the stinger comes the little poison sac that is attached. A convulsive action of the muscles of the sac keeps pumping what poison is in the sac into the flesh, and the sooner the stinger is off the less poison is left in the wound.

You may be advised to keep a damp cloth on the stung spot to keep down the swelling. I doubt if it will have any effect. I am reasonably sure that ammonia or other applications will do nothing but remind one that one has been stung.

I am sure one gets immune to stings to a degree. I know that at one time a sting would likely make me say something loud. Now I may get a number and know little or nothing about when I get them. I can't say stings don't hurt; they do. But if I am busy at the time I am stung I am hurt but little. It hurts more if I see the sting delivered, or am conscious I am getting stung. In any case I forget it in a short time.

It is not necessary to get stung. If one observes the rules of the game, handles the bees in the

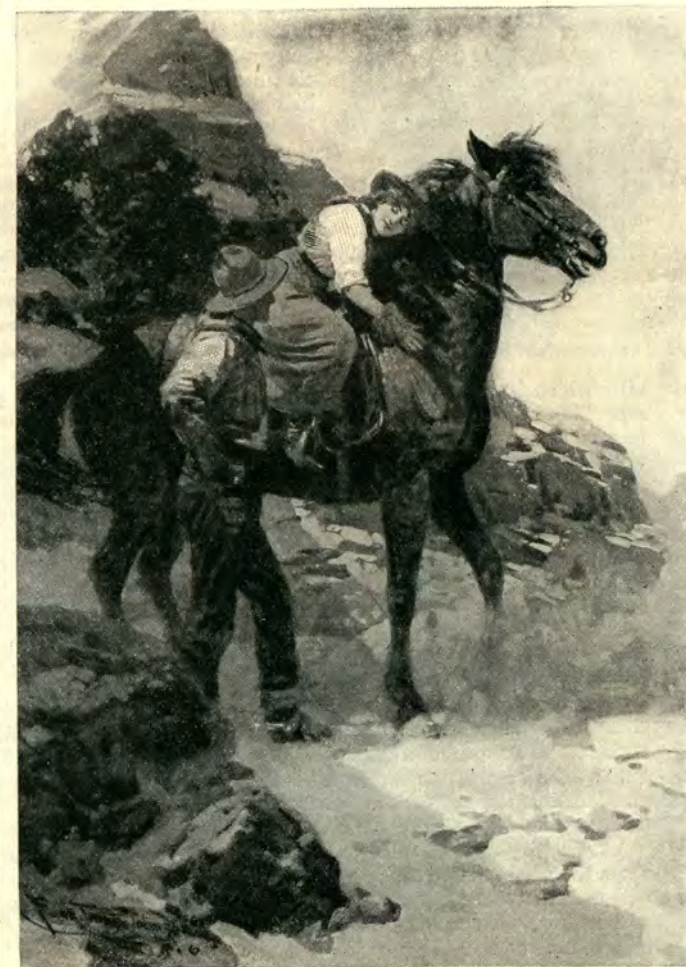
(Concluded on Page 1100)

WILDFIRE

By Zane Grey

Author of "Riders of the Purple Sage," "The Lone Star Ranger," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON



"Somehow You an' Wildfire Make a Combination. You Can't be Beat"

XIII
TWO weeks slipped by on the wings of time and opportunity and achievement, all colored wonderfully for Lucy, all spelling that adventure for which she had yearned.

Lucy was riding down into the sage toward the monuments with a whole day before her. Bostil kept more and more to himself, a circumstance that worried her, though she thought little about it. Van had taken up the training of the King, and Lucy had deliberately quarreled with him so that she would be free to ride where she listed. Farlane nagged her some about her rides into the sage, insisting that she must not go so far and stay so long. And after Van's return to work, he made her ride Sarchedon.

Things had happened at the Ford that would have concerned Lucy greatly had she not been overexcited about her own affairs. Someone had ambushed Bostil in the cottonwoods near his house and had shot at him, narrowly missing him.

Bostil had sworn he recognized the shot as having come from a rifle and that he knew to whom it belonged. The riders did not believe this and said some boy, shooting at a rabbit or coyote, had been afraid to confess he had nearly hit Bostil. The riders all said Bostil was not wholly himself of late. The river was still low. The boat had not been repaired. And Creech's horses were still on the other side.

These things concerned Lucy, yet they only came and went swiftly through her mind. She was obsessed by things intimately concerning herself.

"Oh, I oughtn't to go," she said aloud. But she did not even check Sarchedon's long swing, his rocking-chair lope. She had said a hundred times that she ought not go again out to the monuments. For Lin Slone had fallen despairingly, terribly in love with her.

It was not this, she averred, but the monuments and the beautiful Wildfire that had woven a spell round her she could not break. She had ridden Wildfire all through that strange region of monuments.

Just as wonderful was Wildfire's love for her. The great stallion hated Slone and loved Lucy. Of all the remarkable

circumstances she had seen or heard about a horse, this fact was the most striking. She could do anything with him. All that savageness and wildness disappeared when she approached him. He came at her call. He whistled at sight of her. He sent out a ringing blast of disapproval when she rode away. Every day he tried to bite or kick Slone, but he was meek under Lucy's touch.

But this morning there came to Lucy the first vague doubt of herself. Once entering her mind, that doubt became clear. She vowed she liked Slone as she might have liked a brother. And something within her accused her

own conviction. The conviction was her real self and the accusation was some other girl lately born in her. Lucy did not like this new person. She was afraid of her. She would not think of her unless she had to.

"I never cared for him—that way," she said aloud. "I don't—I couldn't—ever l-l-love Lin Slone!"

The spoken thought, the sound of the words, played havoc with Lucy's self-conscious calmness. She burned. She trembled. She was in a rage with herself. She spurred Sarchedon into a run and tore through the sage, down into the valley, running him harder than she should have run him.

Then she checked him and, penitent, petted him out of all proportion to her thoughtlessness. The violent exercise only heated her blood and, if anything, increased this sudden and new torment.

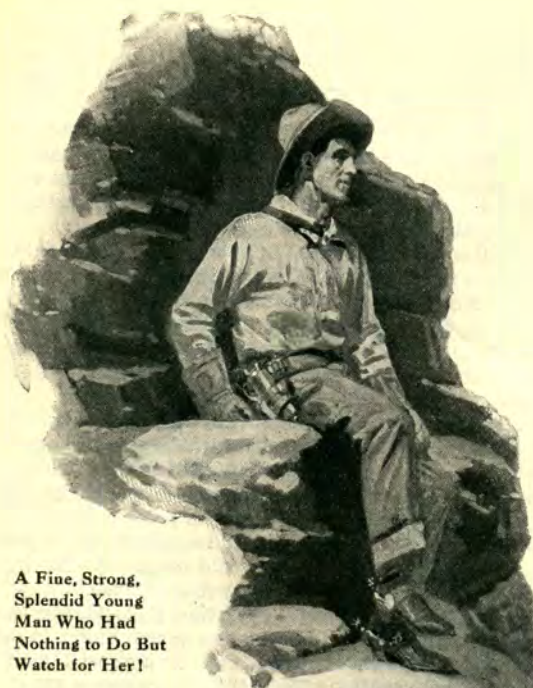
Why had she discarded her boy's rider outfit and chaps for a riding habit made by her aunt, and one she had scorned to wear? Some awful accusing voice thundered in Lucy's burning ears that she had done this because she was ashamed to face Lin Slone any more in that costume—she wanted to appear different in his eyes, to look like a girl.

If that shameful suspicion was a fact, why was it? What did it mean? She could not tell, yet she was afraid of the truth.

All of a sudden Lin Slone stood out clearer in her mental vision—the finest type of a rider she had ever known—a strong, lithe, magnificent horseman, whose gentleness showed his love for horses, whose roughness showed his power; a strange, intense, lonely man in whom she had brought out pride, gratitude, kindness, passion and despair.

She felt her heart swell at the realization that she had changed him—made him kinder; made him divide his love as did her father; made him human, hopeful, longing for a future unfettered by the toils of desert allurements.

She could not control her pride. She must like him very much. She confessed that honestly, without a quail. It was only bewildering moments of strange agitation and



A Fine, Strong,
Splendid Young
Man Who Had
Nothing to Do But
Watch for Her!

uncertainty that bothered her. She had refused to be concerned by them until they had finally impinged upon her peace of mind. Then they accused her; now she accused herself. She ought not go to meet Lin Slone any more.

"But then—the race!" she murmured. "I couldn't give that up. . . . And oh! I'm afraid the harm is done! What can I do?"

After the race—what then? To be sure, all of Bostil's Ford would know she had been meeting Slone out in the sage, training his horse. What would people say?

"Dad will simply be radiant if he can buy Wildfire—and a fiend if he can't," she muttered.

Lucy saw that her own impulsiveness had amounted to daring. She had gone too far. She excused that, for she had a rider's blood—she was Bostil's girl. But she had, in her wildness and joy and spirit, spent many hours alone with a rider to his undoing. She could not excuse that. She was ashamed. What would he say when she told him she could see him no more? The thought made her weak. He would accept and go his way—back to that lonely desert—with only a horse.

"Wildfire doesn't love him!" she said.

And the scarlet fired her neck and cheek and temple. That leap of blood seemed to release a riot of emotions. What had been a torment became a torture. She turned Sarchedon homeward, but scarcely had faced that way when she wheeled him again. She rode slowly and she rode swiftly. The former was hateful because it held her back—from what she no longer dared think—the latter was fearful because it hurried her on swiftly, irresistibly, to her fate.

Lin Slone had changed his camp and had chosen a pass high up, where the great walls had begun to break up in sections. Here there was intimacy with the sheer cliffs of red and yellow. Wide avenues between the walls opened on all points of the compass, and that one to the north appeared to be a gateway down into the valley of monuments. The monuments trooped down into the valley to spread out and grow isolated in the distance. Slone's camp was in a clump of cedars surrounding a spring. There was grass and white sage where rabbits darted in and out.

Lucy did not approach this camp from that roundabout trail which she had made upon the first occasions of her visiting Slone. He had found an opening in the wall, and by riding this way into the pass Lucy cut off miles. In fact, the camp was not more than fifteen miles from Bostil's Ford—so close that Lucy worried for fear some horse tracker would stumble on the trail and follow her.

This morning she spied Slone at his outlook on a high rock that had fallen from the great walls. She always looked to see if he were there and she always saw him. The days she had not come, which were few, he had spent watching for her there. His tasks were not many, and he said he had nothing to do but wait for her. Lucy had a persistent and remorseful, yet sweet, memory of Slone at his lonely lookout. Here was a fine, strong, splendid young man who had nothing to do but watch for her—a waste of precious hours!

She waved her hand from afar and he waved in reply. Then as she reached the cedared part of the pass Slone was no longer visible. She put Sarchedon to a run up the hard, wind-swept sand, and reached the camp before Slone had climbed down from his perch.

Lucy got down reluctantly. What would he say about this riding habit she wore? She felt very curious to learn, more shy than ever before, and altogether different. The skirt made her more of a girl, it seemed.

"Hello, Lin," she called. There was nothing in her usual greeting to betray the state of her mind.

"Good mornin', Lucy," he replied very slowly. He was looking at her, she thought, with different eyes. And he seemed changed, too, though he had long been well and admirable in her sight for his tall, lithe rider's form, his lean strong face, his dark eye. Only this morning, all because she had worn a girl's riding skirt instead of boy's chaps, everything seemed different. Perhaps her aunt had been right, after all, and now things were natural.

Slone gazed so long at her that Lucy could not keep silent. She laughed.

"How do you like me in this?"

"I like you much better," Slone said bluntly.

"Auntie made this—and she's been trying to get me to ride in it."

"It changes you, Lucy. . . . But can you ride as well?"

"I'm afraid not. . . . What's Wildfire going to think of me?"

"He'll like you better too. . . . Lucy, how's the King comin' on?"

"Lin, I'll tell you: If I wasn't as crazy about Wildfire as you are I'd say he'll have to kill himself to beat the King," replied Lucy with gravity.

"Sometimes I doubt too," said Slone. "But I only have to look at Wildfire to get back my nerve. Lucy, that will be the grandest race!"

"Yes," said Lucy with a long sigh.

"What's wrong? Don't you want Wildfire to win?"

"Yes and no. But I'm going to beat the King anyway. . . . Bring on your Wildfire!"

Lucy unsaddled Sarchedon and turned him loose to graze while Slone went out after Wildfire. And presently it appeared that Lucy might have some little time to wait. Wildfire had lately been trusted to hobbles, which fact made it likely that he had strayed.

Lucy gazed about her at the great, looming red walls and out through the avenues to the gray desert beyond. This adventure of hers would soon have an end, for the day of the races was not far distant,

after which it was obvious she would not have occasion to meet Slone. To think of never again coming up here to the pass gave Lucy a pang. Unconsciously she meant that she would never ride up here again because Slone would not be here.

A wind always blew through the pass, and that was why the sand was so clean and hard. Today it was a pleasant wind, not hot, nor laden with dust, and somehow musical in the cedars. The blue smoke from Slone's fire curled away and floated out of sight. It was lonely, with the haunting presence of the broken walls ever manifest. But the loneliness seemed full of content.

She no longer wondered at Slone's desert life. That might be well for a young man during those years when adventure and daring called him, but she doubted that it would be well for all of a man's life. And only a little of it ought to be known by a woman. She saw how the wildness and loneliness and dreamfulness of such a life would prevent a woman's development.

Yet she loved it all and wanted to live near it, so that when the need pressed her she could ride out into the great open stretches and see the dark monuments grow nearer and nearer, till she was under them, in the silent and colored shadows.

Slone returned presently with Wildfire. The stallion shone like a flame in the sunlight. His fear and hatred of Slone showed in the way he obeyed. Slone had mastered him, and must always keep the upper hand of him. It had from the first been a fight between man and beast, and Lucy believed it would always be so.

But Wildfire was a different horse when he saw Lucy. Day by day evidently Slone loved him more and tried harder to win a little of what Wildfire manifested at sight of Lucy. Still Slone was proud of Lucy's control over the stallion. He was just as much heart and soul bent upon winning the great race as Lucy was. She had ridden Wildfire bareback at first; then they had broken him to saddle.

It was serious business, that training of Wildfire, about which Slone had peculiar ideas. Lucy rode him up and

down the pass until he was warm. Then Slone got on Sarchedon. Wildfire always snorted fight at sight of Sage King or Nagger, and the stallion Sarchedon infuriated him because Sarchedon showed fight too.

Slone started out ahead of Lucy and then they raced down the long pass. The course was hard-packed sand. Fast as Sarchedon was, and matchless a horseman as was Slone, the race was over almost as soon as it began.

Wildfire ran, indeed, like fire before the wind. He wanted to run and the other horse made him fierce. Like a bur Lucy stuck low over his neck, a part of the horse, and so light he would not have known he was carrying her but for the repeated calls in his ears. Lucy never spurred him. She absolutely refused to use spurs on him.

This day she ran away from Slone, and turning at the end of the two-mile course they had marked out she loped Wildfire back. Slone turned with her and they were soon in camp.

Lucy did not jump off. She was in a transport. Every race kindled a mounting fire in her. She was scarlet of face, out of breath, her hair flying. And she lay on Wildfire's neck and hugged him and caressed him and talked to him in low tones of love.

Slone dismounted and got Sarchedon out of the way, then crossed to where Lucy still fondled Wildfire. He paused a moment to look at her, but when she saw him he started again and came close up to her as she sat the saddle.

"You went past me like a bullet," he said.

"Oh, can't he run!" murmured Lucy.

"Could he beat the King today?"

Slone had asked that question every day, more than once. "Yes he could—today. I know it," replied Lucy. "Oh, I get so—so excited. I—I make a fool of myself over him. But to ride him—going like that—Lin! it's just glorious!"

"You sure can ride him," replied Slone. "I can't see a fault anywhere—in him, or in your handling him. He never breaks. He goes hard, but he saves something. He gets mad—fierce—all the time, yet he *wants* to go your way. Lucy, I never saw the like of it. Somehow you an' Wildfire make a combination. You can't be beat."

"Do I ride him—well?" she asked softly.

"I could never ride him so well."

"Oh, Lin—you just want to please me. Why, Van couldn't ride with you."

"I don't care, Lucy," replied Slone stoutly. "You ride this horse perfect. I've found fault with you on the King, on your mustangs, an' on this black horse Sarch. But on Wildfire! You grow there."

"What will dad say—and Farlane, and Holley, and Van? Oh, I'll crow over Van," said Lucy. "I'm crazy to ride Wildfire out before all the Indians and ranchers and riders, before the races, just to show him off, to make them stare."

"No, Lucy. The best plan is to surprise them all. Enter your horse for the race, but don't show up till all the riders are at the start."

"Yes, that'll be best. . . . And, Lin, only five days more—five days!"

Her words made Slone thoughtful, and Lucy, seeing that, straightway grew thoughtful too.

"Sure—only five days more," repeated Slone slowly.

His tone convinced Lucy that he meant to speak again as he had spoken once before, precipitating the only quarrel they had ever had.

"Does anyone at Bostil's Ford know you meet me out here?" he asked suddenly.

"Only auntie. I told her the other day. She had been watching me. She thought things. So I told her."

"What did she say?" went on Slone curiously.

"She was mad," replied Lucy. "She scolded me. She said. . . . But, anyway, I coaxed her not to tell on me."

"I want to know what she said," spoke up the rider deliberately.

Lucy blushed, and it was a consciousness of confusion as well as Slone's tone that made her half angry.

"She said when I was found out there'd be a—a great fuss at the Ford. There would be talk. Auntie said I'm now a grown-up girl. . . . Oh, she carried on! . . . Bostil would likely shoot you. And if he didn't some of the riders would. . . . Oh, Lin, it was perfectly ridiculous the way auntie talked."

"I reckon not," replied Slone. "I'm afraid I've done wrong to let you come out here. . . . But I never thought. I'm not used to girls. I'll—I'll deserve what I get for lettin' you come."

"It's my own business," declared Lucy spiritedly. "And I guess they'd better let you alone."

Slone shook his head mournfully. He was getting one of those gloomy spells that Lucy hated. Nevertheless, she felt a stir of her pulses.

"Lucy, there won't be any doubt about my stand when I meet Bostil," said Slone. Some thought had animated him.

"What do you mean?" Lucy trembled a little. There was a sternness about Slone, a dignity that seemed new.

"I'll ask him to—to let you marry me."

Lucy stared aghast. Slone appeared in dead earnest. "Nonsense!" she exclaimed shortly.

"I reckon the possibility is—that," replied Slone bitterly, "but my motive isn't."

"It is. Why, you've known me only a few days. . . . Dad would be mad. Like as not he'd knock you down. . . . I tell you, Lin, my dad is—pretty rough. And just at this time of the races. . . . And if Wildfire beats the King! . . . Whew!"

"When Wildfire beats the King, not if," corrected Slone. "Dad will be dangerous," warned Lucy. "Please don't—don't ask him that. Then everybody would know I—I—you—you—"

"That's it. I want everybody at your home to know." "But it's a little place," flashed Lucy. "Everyone knows me. I'm the only girl. There have been—other fellows who . . . And oh! I don't want you made fun of!"

"Why?" he asked. Lucy turned away her head without answering. Something deep within her was softening her anger. She must fight to keep angry; and that was easy enough, she thought, if she could only keep in mind Slone's opposition to her. Strangely she discovered that it had been sweet to find him always governed by her desire or will.

"Maybe you misunderstand," he began presently. And his voice was not steady. "I don't forget I'm only—a beggarly rider. I couldn't have gone into the Ford at all—I was such a ragamuffin—"

"Don't talk like that!" interrupted Lucy impatiently. "Listen," he replied. "My askin' Bostil for you doesn't mean I've any hope. . . . It's just I want him an' everybody to know that I asked."

"But dad—everybody—will think that you think there's a reason—why—I—why you ought to ask," burst out Lucy with scarlet face.

"Sure, that's it," he replied. "But there's no reason. None! Not a reason under the sun," retorted Lucy hotly. "I found you out here. I did you a—little service. We planned to race Wildfire. And I came out to ride him. . . . That's all."

Slone's dark, steady gaze disconcerted Lucy. "But, no one knows me, and we've been alone in secret." "It's not altogether—that. I—I told auntie," faltered Lucy.

"Yes, just lately." "Lin Slone, I'll never forgive you if you ask dad that," declared Lucy with startling force.

"I reckon that's not so important." "Oh! So you don't care." Lucy felt herself, indeed, in a mood not comprehensible to her. Her blood raced. She wanted to be furious with Slone, but somehow she could not wholly be so. There was something about him that made her feel small and thoughtless and selfish. Slone had hurt her pride.

But the thing that she feared and resented and could not understand was the strange gladness Slone's declaration roused in her. She tried to control her temper so she could think. Two emotions contended within her—one of intense annoyance at the thought of embarrassment sure to follow Slone's action, and the other a vague, disturbing element, all sweet and furious and inexplicable. She must try to dissuade him from approaching her father.

"Please don't go to dad." She put a hand on Slone's arm, as he stood close up to Wildfire, and all the persuasion she had command of in her voice. "I reckon I will," he said.

"Lin!" In that word there was the subtle, nameless charm of an intimacy she had never granted him until that moment. He seemed drawn as if by invisible wires. He put a shaking hand on hers and crushed her gauntleted fingers. And Lucy, in the current now of her woman's need to be placated, if not obeyed, stirred her small hand in his. How strange to what lengths a little submission to her feeling had carried her! Every spoken word, every movement, seemed to exact more from her. She did not know herself.

"Lin! . . . Promise not to—speak to dad!" "No." His voice rang. "Don't give me away—don't tell my dad!" "What?" he queried incredulously.

Lucy did not understand what. But his amazed voice, his wide-open eyes of bewilderment, seemed to aid her in piercing the maze of her own mind. A hundred thoughts whirled together, and all round them was wrapped the feeling of his hand on hers.

What did she mean that he would tell her father? There seemed to be a deep, hidden self in her. Up out of these depths came a whisper, like a ray of light, and it said to her that there was more hope for Lin Slone than he had ever had in one of his wildest dreams.

"Lin, if you tell dad—then he'll know—and there won't be any hope for you!" cried Lucy honestly. If Slone caught the significance of her words he did not believe it.

"I'm goin' to Bostil after the race an' ask him. That's settled," declared Slone stubbornly.

At this Lucy utterly lost her temper.

"Oh! you—you fool!" she cried.

Slone drew back suddenly as if struck, and a spot of dark blood leaped to his lean face.

"No! It seems to me the right way." "Right or wrong there's no sense in it—because—because—Oh! can't you see?"

"I see more than I used to," he replied. "I was a fool over a horse. An' now I'm a fool over a girl. . . . I wish you'd never found me that day!"

Lucy whirled in the saddle and made Wildfire jump. She quieted him, and leaping off threw the bridle.

"I won't ride your horse in the race!" she declared with sudden passion. She felt herself shaking all over.

"Lucy Bostil, I wish I was as sure of heaven as I am you'll be up on Wildfire in that race," he said.

"I won't ride your horse." "My horse. Oh, I see. . . . But you'll ride Wildfire."

"I won't." Slone suddenly turned white and his eyes flashed dark fire.

"You won't be able to help ridin' him any more than I could help it."

"A lot you know about me, Lin Slone!" returned Lucy with scorn. "I can be as—as bullheaded as you, any day."

Slone evidently controlled his temper, though his face remained white. He even smiled at her.

"You are Bostil's daughter," he said. "Yes."

"You are blood an' bone, heart an' soul a rider, if any girl ever was. You're a wonder with a horse—as good as any man I ever saw. You love Wildfire. An' look—how strange! That wild stallion—that killer of horses—why, he follows you, he whistles for you, he runs like lightnin' for you, he loves you."

Slone had attacked Lucy in her one weak point. She felt a force rending her. She dared not look at Wildfire. Yes, all that was true, as Slone had said. How desperately hard to think of forfeiting the great race she knew she could win!

"Never! I'll never ride your Wildfire again!" she said very low.

"Mine! . . . So that's the trouble. Well, Wildfire won't be mine when you ride the race."

"What do you mean?" demanded Lucy. "You'll sell him to dad. . . . Bah! you couldn't!"

"Sell Wildfire! After what it cost me to catch an' break him? . . . Not for all your father's lands an' horses an' money!"

Slone's voice rolled out with deep, ringing scorn. And Lucy, her temper quelled, began to feel the rider's strength, his mastery of the situation, and something vague yet splendid about him that hurt her.

Slone strode toward her. Lucy backed against the cedar tree and could go no farther. How white he was now! Lucy's heart gave a great, fearful leap, for she imagined Slone intended to take her in his arms. But he did not.

"When you ride Wildfire in that—race—he'll be—yours!" said Slone huskily.

"How can that be?" questioned Lucy in astonishment. "I give him to you."

"You—give—Wildfire—to me?" gasped Lucy.

"Yes. Right now."

The rider's white face and dark eyes showed the strain of great and passionate sacrifice.

"Lin Slone! . . . I can't—understand you."

"You've got to ride Wildfire in that race. You've got to beat the King. . . . So I give Wildfire to you. An' now you can't help but ride him."

"Why—why do you give him—to me?" faltered Lucy. All her pride and temper had vanished, and she seemed lost in blankness.

"Because you love Wildfire. An' Wildfire loves you. If that isn't reason enough—then . . . because I love him—as no rider ever loved a horse. . . . An' I love you as no man ever loved a girl!"

Slone had never before spoken words of love to Lucy. She dropped her head. She knew of his infatuation. But he had always been shy except once when he had been bold, and that had caused a quarrel.

With a strange pain at her breast, Lucy wondered why Slone had not spoken that way before. It made as great a change in her as if she had been born again. It released something. A bolt shot back in her heart. She knew she was quivering like a leaf, with no power to control her muscles. She knew that if she looked up then Slone might see the depths of her soul.

Even with her hands shutting out the light she thought the desert round had changed—all mellow golden and blue and white, radiant as the moonlight of dreams—and that the monuments soared grand, limitless, beautiful, noble, like the revelations of love and joy to her. And suddenly she found herself sitting at the foot of the cedar, weeping, with tear-wet hands to her face.

"There's nothin' to—cry about," Slone was saying. "But I'm sorry if I hurt you."

"Will you please fetch Sarch?" asked Lucy tremulously.

While Slone went for the horse and saddled him Lucy composed herself outwardly. And she had two very strong desires—one to tell Slone something, the other to run. She decided she would do both together.

Slone brought Sarchedon. Lucy put on her gauntlets, and mounting the horse she took a moment to arrange her skirts before she looked down at Slone. He was now pale, rather than white, and instead of fire in his eyes there was sadness.

Lucy felt the swell and pound of her heart—and a long, delicious, shuddering thrill that ran over her.

"Lin, I won't take Wildfire," she said. "Yes, you will. You can't refuse. Remember he's grown to look to you. It wouldn't be right by the horse."

"But he's all you have in the world," she protested. Yet she knew any protestations would be in vain.

"No. I have good, old, faithful Nagger."

"Would you go try to hunt another wild stallion—like Wildfire?" asked Lucy curiously. She was playing with the wonderful sweet consciousness of her power to render happiness when she chose.

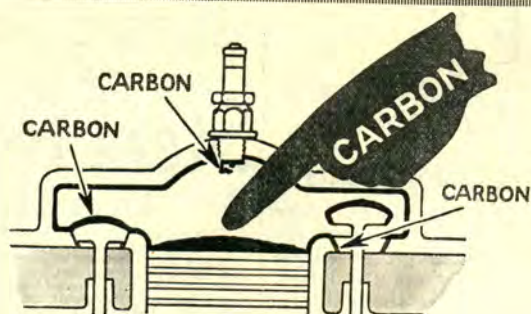
"No more horse huntin' for me," declared Slone. "An' as for findin' one like Wildfire—that'd never be."

"Suppose I won't accept him?"

(Continued on Page 1090)



Fast as Sarchedon Was, and Matchless a Horseman as Was Slone, the Race Was Over Almost as Soon as it Began



Carbon

Why "no carbon" is impossible How "minimum carbon" is assured

Carbon has many lodging places. It fouls spark plugs and kills the spark. It pits the valve seats and weakens compression. By accumulating on the piston heads and in the combustion chambers, it causes knocking and racks your motor with pre-ignition.

The amount of carbon deposited in your motor depends upon the carburetion and gasoline combustion and on the character of the gasoline as well as on the quality of the lubricating oil itself and the correctness of its body for the motor.

As both gasoline and petroleum lubricating oils are chemical combinations of hydrogen and carbon, carbon is an essential element of each.

Only the free (suspended) carbon can be taken out. To remove the carbon which is in combination with other chemical elements, constituting gasoline and oil, would result in the destruction of the product itself.

Carbon deposit is likely to occur through incomplete combustion of the gasoline or through the destruction of the excess lubricating oil which will work into the combustion chamber if the oil is of incorrect body. "No carbon" oils do not exist.

To reduce carbon to the minimum your lubricating oil must be of high quality and of correct body for the piston design and lubricating system of your motor.

If you are particular about your fuel, carburetion, and ignition, you can end unnecessary carbon trouble by using the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations shown, in part, at the right. This Chart represents the professional advice of the Vacuum Oil Company. If your car is not listed, a copy of the complete Chart will be sent you on request.

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Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1916	1915	1914	1913	1912
Abbott-Detroit (8 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Apperson (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Auburn (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Auburn (6 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar	A	A	A	A	A
Avery (Mod. 5 & C.I. Ton)	A	A	A	A	A
Briscoe (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Case (Model 6-40)	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers (Model 6-30)	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	A	A	A	A	A
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B
Chevrolet (water)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cole (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A
Delaney-Belleville	B	B	B	B	B
Detroit (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge	A	A	A	A	A
Empire	A	A	A	A	A
Federal	A	A	A	A	A
Fiat	B	B	B	B	B
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	A	A	A	A
Haynes (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A
I. H. C. (air)	A	A	A	A	A
" (water, 2 cycle)	A	A	A	A	A
" (water, 4 cycle)	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Jeffery (Chesterfield)	A	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A
Kearns	A	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A
Kelly-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A
King (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel	A	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model 48)	A	A	A	A	A
Knox (Model 35)	A	A	A	A	A
Locomotive	E	E	E	E	E
Lotz	A	A	A	A	A
Marion	A	A	A	A	A
Marmoon	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer (22-70)	A	A	A	A	A
" (22-72)	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Moline	A	A	A	A	A
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Moon (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A
Packard (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (6-40 & 38)	A	A	A	A	A
Pathfinder (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A
Premier	A	A	A	A	A
Regal (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Renault	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A
Richmond	A	A	A	A	A
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight (8 cyl)	B	B	B	B	B
Stevens-Duryea	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A
Vellie (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
White	A	A	A	A	A
Wilys-Knight	B	B	B	B	B
Winton	A	A	A	A	A

After Forty Years

(Concluded from Page 1066)

"Open it up, grandpa. Read it; let's see what it says."

"In a minute, pardner," replied the old man as he tore the envelope open. "Hold your hosses a minute. We been forty years a-gittin' this letter, an' I reckon we can wait a minute more, can't we?"

He felt in one pocket after the other, and then handed me the letter. "I've left my glasses at th' house, colonel, an' I reckon you'll have t' read it to me."

With the letter there was a small pamphlet. The letter was short and easily read:

MR. THOMAS MASON,
Paris, Illinois.

Dear Sir: In reply to your communication of May sixth requesting information regarding the "Producer to Consumer" plan, you are respectfully advised that the inclosed pamphlet explains the plan more or less in detail. The paragraph marked in red ink will give you the information you desire. Respectfully, etc.

"Red ink, huh?" snorted the old man. "Well, by gum, I was beginnin' t' see red anyhow." He unfolded the pamphlet and, sure enough, there was a paragraph marked with red ink.

"There she is, colonel; there she is. There's what I been a-waitin' forty years for. Read her to us, colonel," he said, reaching for pardner's hand; "read her to us."

I read "her." Then I came away sorrowfully, for the old man was "seeing red." I will never forget that paragraph. It was like this:

Hats must be packed in strong boxes; if in ordinary pasteboard hat boxes, they must be properly crated.

Wildfire

(Continued from Page 1071)

"How could you refuse? Not for me, but for Wildfire's sake. . . . But if you could be mean an' refuse, why, Wildfire can go back to the desert."

"No!" exclaimed Lucy.

"I reckon so."

Lucy paused a moment. How dry her tongue seemed! And her breathing was labored. A queer, unreal, shimmering, dancing gleam shone on all about her. Even the red stallion appeared enveloped in a glow. And the looming monuments looked down upon her, paternal, old and wise, bright with the color of happiness.

"Wildfire ought to have several more days' training—then a day of rest, and then the race," said Lucy, turning again to look at Slone.

A smile was beginning to change the hardness of his face.

"Yes, Lucy," he said.

"And I'll have to ride him?"

"You sure will—if he's ever to beat the King."

Lucy's eyes flashed blue. She saw the crowd—the curious, friendly Indians, the eager riders, the spirited horses, the face of her father, and last the race itself—such a race as had never been run, so swift, so fierce, so wonderful.

"Then, Lin," began Lucy with a slow heave of breast, "if I accept Wildfire will you keep him for me—until. . . . And if I accept him, and tell you why, will you promise to say —"

"Don't ask me again!" interrupted Slone hastily. "I will speak to Bostil."

"Wait, will you . . . promise not to say a word—a single word to me—till after the race?"

"A word—to you! What about?" he queried wonderingly. Something in his eyes made Lucy think of the dawn.

"About—the because—the because why I'm—I'll accept your horse."

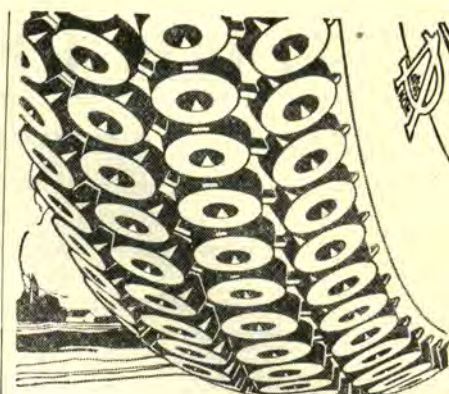
"Yes," he replied swiftly.

Lucy settled herself in the saddle, and shortening the bridle she got ready to spur Sarchedon into a bolt.

"Lin, I'll accept Wildfire because I love you."

Sarchedon leaped forward. Lucy did not see Slone's face nor hear him speak. Then she was tearing through the sage, out past the whistling Wildfire, with the wind sweet in her face. She did not look back.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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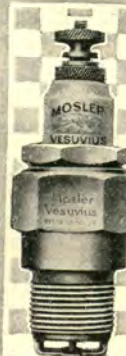
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Choosing Farm Machinery

(Concluded from Page 1067)

5. It is extremely difficult to carry out an absolutely fair and accurate test such as would be required on many of the different machines, because it would be practically impossible to keep testing instruments in uniform condition at all times. This fact was borne out in the competitive test of only a small number of farm tractors, held at Winnipeg, Canada, when the rope on the brake-drum would sometimes stick and cause the speed of the engine being tested to vary considerably. It was also demonstrated at a similar test that it was almost impossible to get a uniform grade of fuel.

6. It would be very difficult to find a sufficient number of competent men to conduct such tests—that is, men who had gained their proficiency from sources other than the employ of manufacturers. In that case there would very likely be prejudice in favor of certain manufacturers.

7. There would be no assurance whatever that the machines placed on the market by any company would be equal in quality to those tested. Even though the maker desired to maintain quality standards, if his business were suddenly increased to a considerable extent, as would naturally follow in case his machine was recommended by the Government, it would necessitate taking on a large number of new hands who would not likely turn out so good a grade of work as the older and more experienced men.

8. It is also highly probable that the manufacturers whose product was recommended would take advantage of the fact to raise the price, thus causing the farmers to pay more for the machine than they otherwise would. Such a result would prove more of a burden than a blessing to the farmer.

9. In testing most types of machines, of which there are a large number, the tests

of individual machines would necessarily last only a short time. This sort of testing would in no way determine the probable life of the machine, which is an essentially important factor. A machine that proved superior in a few hours' test might possess only a fraction of the life of competitors.

10. The establishment and carrying on of such official tests by the Government would undoubtedly hamper and embarrass the agricultural-implement industry, serving to keep off the market many experimental machines that otherwise might develop exceptional value. It should be mentioned in this connection that the cost of developing a machine must be borne by the user, no matter whether it is developed by tests made by the manufacturer or in actual service. The manufacturer must naturally add the cost of experimental work to the selling price of the machines. Otherwise it would be impossible for him to do any experimental work.

The man who prepared this series of ten objections informed me that he could string the list out almost endlessly. There were separate and specific objections in the case of nearly every type of machine he had studied. The manufacturers, individually and in groups, could undoubtedly raise many objections that he had not thought of.

This subject will become increasingly important as more and more mechanical power is developed on the farm. The farmer is really better off relying on his own judgment and experience than he would be if he relied upon superficial Government tests. His opportunities for studying the other fellow's machines are constantly expanding, and very often his judgment and opinion are far superior to the judgment and opinion of many so-called experts who might, through pull or political preference, land on a Government testing board.

Keep a Few Bees

(Concluded from Page 1069)

right way, and takes the necessary precautions, one will get few if any stings. A beginner should get a good bee hat and gloves and go slowly at first.

Everybody has heard about or has seen "bee wizards"—folks who can handle bees without getting stung. I have never seen one myself, but a good many of my friends have them in uncles, grandpaps and other relatives. So they tell me. These wizards are wonderful people. They can take a swarm of bees from a tree without a bit of protection and the bees will not sting them.

The fact is that anyone can have a swarm of bees without getting stung if one is careful not to pinch the bees. Swarming bees seldom sting. Bees sting to protect their homes.

My little girl is just about as afraid of a swarm of bees as she is of her supper. When I am not at the bee yard and a swarm comes out she gets a pail of water and the sprayer. She will sail in to them bare-headed and barearmed. If she should get stung it would not be by the swarming bees, and if some other bee did sting her probably no one would hear about it.

The profit to be made from bees depends upon the location and the ability of the beekeeper. My average profit has been

above five dollars a colony a year. Doctor Miller, of Illinois, produced the world's record comb-honey crop. His source of honey is mainly white clover.

From seventy-two colonies he took an average of 266.47 sections a colony in 1913. Reduced to pounds, the average was round 244 pounds a colony. His best colony produced 402 sections; the poorest gave him 68 sections. His poorest colony did better than my average colony does.

A beginner should not get too enthusiastic and expect to equal that performance right away. Doctor Miller has been among his bees for more than fifty years.

Honey will sell. If one can't sell all the crop at home, one can in the cities. The price fluctuates a little of course. With me, the price of comb honey stays pretty close to \$3.50 for a case of twenty-four sections. Extracted honey sells wholesale for about eight and a half cents a pound.

If you like the great outdoors you will like bees. If you get a few colonies and interest yourself enough to discover what is going on inside the hives, to find out how the bees prepare for every contingency, and how every member of the household has a share in the work, you will keep bees as long as you have a place to set a hive.

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A COMPLETE SIX MONTHS' INDEX, ISSUED IN JANUARY AND JULY, WILL BE MAILED UPON REQUEST