

A SIREN'S VICTIMS

By Frances Warner Walker.

CHAPTER XI.

She sank back with a hopeless moan; she had no power to fight the fearful battle into which she had been thrust unarmed, unprepared. The odds were too terrible. They pained even the effort of her thought to combat them.

"Come!" said the man. "I'm waiting, and the word you uttered just now was not a bad one to hear—to a man who's been homeless for five years. It brings up a picture of light, and comfort and warmth."

"Does it?" she cried, rousing herself—does it? I should think your imagination would paint a different background to the word—a scene of revelry and rioting, of clinking glasses, and the turn of a wheel, of men to be allured to their fate, and women to allure them! And again she shuddered. "I have but to close my eyes to see it all!"

"You were treated well enough," he answered. "You've no cause to complain, and in the future—"

"The future?" she interrupted him, fiercely. "In mercy's name, let there be no future. Go away from me! Oh, if you have one spark of feeling in your soul, go back into the grave where I believed you—"

"So you heard that story, eh? and gave it credence. You heard that I was murdered in a fight. To tell the truth, I had an ugly knife-wound, and was not quite sure for a while but that the end had come. Do you know what was my one regret? That I hadn't found you and that I hadn't killed him. This, I think, was what gave me strength to slowly recover, and this—"

with a harsh, forced laugh—"because the devil wasn't quite ready to claim his own. I can hardly believe now in my own luck—can hardly credit that once more we two stand face to face. It's growing dark. I can't see you well now. But the first glimpse I had showed how little you were changed. You've not lost your beauty, my girl, and you've been in luck. You're dressed in furs and velvets, with diamonds in your ears; but it's a strange place, and a strange hour for so fine a lady to be alone. Come, let's go home; but first, tell me—and he fairly hissed the question—"are you afraid because he is there? I will wait no longer. Let us be off!"

"Listen!" she cried. "You are all—wrong! Your suspicions always have been wrong concerning my flight. I fled because the life was hateful and because I hated you! I thanked God—yes, on my knees (I had not knelt before since I was a little child)—when I heard you were dead. I said my life was my own now, to do with as I will. I will forget my past; I will live in the future. Eight months ago, I married a man rich, honored, boasting a proud old name which is mine to-day. Will I ditch it from me? will you drag me down into the mud? You shall not, I say—you shall not!"

Her listener's breath came short and hard; his face hardened.

"So you are married, eh?" he said, after an almost imperceptible pause.

"Well, come, my girl. Introduce me to your husband. Tell him you've found a brother you thought was dead."

"I'll tell him nothing; nor will I move one step from this place while you stand here. Let me go. Oh, what good can it do you to drag me down into the mire again? I had almost forgotten it, but now I seem to feel again its slime. I will help you with money if I can, but never—never let me see your face again!"

"You forget I've some rights a man's not likely to give up. You forget I've not seen you for five years. You are brave to tell me what you have just told me. Who is the man that you have married? What is his name?"

"You shall not know his name!"

"I will know it, or to-morrow the papers shall ring with your story, and I'm not one, as perhaps you remember, to make idle threats. What is this man's name?"

"His name is Reynolds," she answered, then. "I may as well tell you. Any one else would tell you for the asking. Oh, Tom, leave me in peace! Don't persecute me!"

"You'll come home with me to-night!" he asserted, slowly, and again he laid his hand heavily on her shoulder. "You hear me? You'll come home with me—"

"What would be the good?" she questioned, desperately. "Do you know what I would do? I would murder you! Oh, I am not the woman I was five years ago! I would not bear what I bore then, believe me."

"You were a little wildcat on occasions, then, ma chere, but I'm not very much afraid of your claws."

Again she shrank back, almost as if in absolute fear.

"Tom, let us talk sense," she said. "You say you have fifty dollars, and your luck is down. I have nothing but these jewels in my ears. I'll never go back to the old life. I'll kill myself first! I'll never go back to your brutality. There is no law of God or man to compel me. You can ruin me here. You can hurt out all the truth. You could find witnesses enough to corroborate your story if I won't try. You can drive me from the home and shelter I have found, or you can leave me here in peace. You can let me help you with money, in such sums as I am able to obtain, and you can pay me with the price of your—silence!"

wondered when they would stop and what he would say.

Full fifteen minutes had elapsed before he paused before her.

She felt herself hovering on the brink of madness. It seemed to her that if her hand could close on the gleaming weapon she had seen that afternoon in Harvey Barclay's pocket, she would become a murderer.

"Well," he said, "I have decided. I have waited five years; I can afford to wait a little longer. You say you're the wife (emphasizing the latter word) of a rich man. Give me five thousand dollars to-morrow afternoon, at this hour, and I'll leave you in peace until—my luck changes, or I need more money from your wealthy—husband. Do you agree to my terms?"

"Five thousand dollars!"

Mechanically she repeated the amount of his demand.

"Yes," he answered, in angry suspicion. "If you've not been lying to me, it's a request moderate enough. At all events, I'll make it no less, and I want your answer quick."

"I will send it to you to-morrow," she replied. "Give me an address."

Rapidly he wrote a few words on a slip of paper.

"You'd better not fool me in the matter," he muttered, warningly. "I've been fooled long enough."

"You shall have it," she replied.

"Good-bye, then, my girl!" he said, mockingly. "I'll only stay in Washington long enough to find out whether he is here, too, and you'll not see me again until the bank's broke. I rather think I'll have your prayers for my luck."

His footsteps echoed down the walk. The night had fallen, and the cold was more intense, but she sat motionless for full half an hour after he had left her.

At last she rose, and slowly and with tottering steps, turned her face in the direction of home. Henceforth she would live with the sword of Damocles suspended by a single hair above her head.

The old colored butler stared in amazement at her white face, as he opened the door for her to enter.

Her husband, watchful for the sound, advanced rapidly from the library to meet her, but started back as he caught a glimpse of her.

"My child!" he cried. "Have you seen a ghost?"

"A ghost?" she repeated after him, with a short, unnatural laugh; and then, before he could throw out his arms to catch her, she staggered and fell, face downward, upon the floor.

CHAPTER XII.

Pale and languid, but with her loveliness only enhanced thereby, Helen Reynolds lay next morning among the cushions of her lounge.

The clock on the mantel struck 11. The day was so far gone, and already nothing had been done. No longer could she hesitate in the work that she must do. No longer lose precious time. Her husband's forgery of Grace Hawthorne's name must at once be obtained.

Harry himself sat writing at a table close beside her. Once, at least, in every minute he raised his eyes to look at her.

Her faint on the previous evening had greatly alarmed him. A physician had been instantly summoned, who declared that his patient seemed to be suffering from intense nervous excitement.

Helen explained this on her recovery, by stating that she had started from the house for a walk, and, on passing through Lafayette Square, attracted by its solitude, had sat down upon one of the benches to rest. That she had overheard, from a bench near by, two men planning a robbery, and had feared to stir, lest they should accost her. She had gotten chilled through, she said, and the warm air of the house, on entering, had overcome her.

Some simple remedies had been prescribed, and this morning she declared herself fully restored.

Only her own soul knew the long agony of her sleepless night. The moments had lengthened themselves into hours, the hours into years of torture.

She had lain with her hands grasping the side of her bed and her face half-buried in her pillow, in the effort to repress the scream which now and then seemed as if it must break from her lips.

Let one little sound, even a moan, escape her—give way to a single inch to the tide which she held back by the power of her self-control—and she knew that she would be powerless to prevent its utter destruction of all her faculties. She would have shrieked out the whole terrible story, and have gone mad as its fitting sequel.

With the dawn some of her calm returned. Overcome by fatigue, she fell into dreamless slumber. It had rested and refreshed her in the relaxation it afforded from the terrible strain. She now could think calmly.

"What are you writing, Harry?" she asked, at last.

"Some letters for father," he answered. "Shall I stop, dear? They can wait until to-morrow."

"Oh, no! do not stop on my account. I was only wondering what mischief your pen was plotting now. I get no more letters, no more notes. I almost fancy, Harry, that I miss them."

"Miss my letters, when you have myself, darling! That is scarcely a compliment, but I will write you one at once, if you say so. What wish of yours would I not gratify, my wife? You have made me so supremely happy, so supremely blessed!—and he stooped from where he sat to press a kiss upon her lips.

Fondly she stroked back the hair from his brow.

"Foolish boy!" she murmured. "A lover still, and married almost a year."

"A lover always, my Helen. Do you know, I think it is the fault of the women, not the men, when husbands cease to be lovers."

"I think it is an accomplishment some men never learn. Lovers, Harry, are like poets—born, not made. It is the element of genius; the talent, however great, can never simulate it. But now, go on with your writing, or you will hardly be in a fit frame for a stern business epistle, and, unaware, a sentence may creep in to startle its recipient."

He turned back to his task.

"By the way," Harry, she continued, "you never have shown me your skill in counterfeiting my chirography. Let me see if you can do it."

"I never have tried," he replied.

"Write your name for me, and I will make the effort now."

"My hand is too weak this morning," he said, "to attempt from memory."

Taking up a blank sheet of paper, he imitated, as closely as he could, her signature, which was, in some respects, both marked and peculiar.

"Well," she said, examining it critically, as he handed it to her, "but hardly so good, I think, as your counterfeit of Grace's. Write her name on another slip, and let me compare them. I wonder if they would bear no trace of the same hand, and be as thoroughly unlike as our original specimens would be."

He hesitated not a moment in complying with her request.

"It is perfect!" she declared; "but we won't leave it as a witness against you."

And then followed the sound of tearing paper; but of the two slips which he had handed her, only one was destroyed. The other remained intact—the weapon which was to stab Harry Reynolds' honor to the quick by the hand he best loved on earth.

It was now almost the hour appointed for Harvey Barclay's visit, when Helen expressed the wish to go down into the library.

She was tired, she said, of her own room; but, really, they must no longer treat her as an invalid.

But when she rose to her feet her head swam, and she was glad to have her husband's arm thrown protectingly around her for support.

No possible chance could be afforded her of seeing Harvey alone, she knew full well. She must contrive some means of getting the paper to him unsuspected by them all, and of telling him the terrible story of yesterday.

With a sigh of relief, she lay back in the arm-chair in which Harry had placed her, and which he had drawn close to the fire.

As he bent down to kiss her, Grace entered the room, a great bunch of crimson roses in her hand.

"They are to make you ashamed of your pale cheeks, Helen," she said, sweetly, as she offered her gift; "but her own cheeks were equally pale."

A strange and sad unrest had possessed her all the day. Her woman's intuition had divined that Helen suffered, and, remembering the secret that she already held locked in her breast, she felt that perhaps Harry had again been tempted, and that his wife's loyalty faith would spare him.

Oh, if he needed money, why did he not come to her?

Yet, to know that Helen suffered through his fault, caused a new and tenderer feeling for her to spring into life in the girl's unsuspecting soul.

She knelt on the rug beside the fire, an exquisite picture in her rich winter costume, when the butler announced Mr. Barclay.

A moment later, with the privilege of one on familiar footing with the household, he entered the room.

Harry and Grace alike greeted him with more than usual warmth. The former because of the relief inspired by the knowledge that Grace had refused the offer of his hand; Grace, herself, because of her belief that, unwittingly, she had caused him pain.

Helen's greeting was almost markedly cold. Indeed, after a few minutes, she took up pencil and paper, and began writing on a book she held in her lap.

The conversation rested its burden upon the other three.

At the end of half an hour their visit arose.

Asking for an envelope, Helen folded her note, put it within it, sealed, stamped and addressed it.

"Will you drop this into the box for me, Mr. Barclay?" she asked, as she held it toward him. "It is to my dressmaker," she added, with a smile, "therefore, important."

"I will deliver it in person, if needs be," he answered, taking it from her hand and slipping it into an outside pocket of his coat.

"As you please, if your way leads in that direction; but the post will, I imagine, be equally sure. Only, do not let your memory fail; for it is most important and contains minute directions concerning my next new costume."

"I hope when we next meet to find you fully recovered," he said, taking her hand in farewell. "We depend upon you to be the married belle of Mrs. Randolph's ball next week."

"Next week!" she laughed. "I shall be able to vie with the bloom of these roses then."

"The difficulty will lie with the roses in making themselves worthy of such comparison," he answered, in half-sportive gallantry.

And, with a few words of adieu to the others, he took his leave.

Rapidly he walked through the streets until he reached his rooms.

Then he tore open the letter consigned to his care, the letter concerning which he had received such minute instructions.

A flash of triumph gleamed in his eyes as two sheets fell from the envelope—one closely filled, one blank, except for a single signature, midway down the sheet—the signature "Grace Hawthorne"—and written, seemingly, in Grace Hawthorne's unmistakable chirography.

to you. For how long? It is this question which is driving me to madness."

Slowly Harvey Barclay read and re-read the writing on the page. Then he tore it into fragments and cast them into the heart of the burning coals within the grate.

"I was not born a villain!" he muttered, his face ashen to the lips. "But fate and my cursed fortune together, are rapidly making me one!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A week passed by—a week during whose passage the very minutes, as they dragged, made themselves into avengers of the past of the wretched woman, whose sin, indeed, had found her out.

Her miserable secret was fast locked in her own breast. She feared to laugh, lest laughter should end in a sob or shriek; she feared to sleep, lest she should betray herself by some unconscious whisper; her voice, to her own ears, sounded harsh and unnatural.

But Grace alone noted any change. She was on the alert for some misfortune concerning Harry—believed that he had laid again upon his wife's shoulders the burden of his fault—and so she grew more tender to Helen, whom she fancied a sufferer through her husband's sin.

Harvey Barclay had not been near the house. To its every inmate except one his absence was a relief; but to Helen, who had herself decreed his banishment, it became another lash in the scourge which memory so relentlessly applied upon her bare and quivering soul. To Harvey she might have poured out some of the thoughts which were surging and seething within her.

To touch his hand, knowing that its answering pressure would denote a silent sympathy with and knowledge of her suffering; to hear his voice, and trace in words of indifferent meaning some subtle intonation which would convey some comfort; to look into his eyes and discover beneath their lashes one quick glance from heart to heart—would have been as manna in the wilderness; but even this poor comfort was denied her.

Of the man she had seen in the square she had heard nothing more; therefore she knew that his silence had been bought; and, to buy it, Harvey had made use of the signature she had sent him—a signature which granted her three months' respite—since, if the game of fortune turned its tide against the re-embodied skeleton of her past, how long before the petty thousands she had given him would be swept in to the maelstrom, and he come clamoring for more?

It was the night of Mrs. Randolph's ball. She made a low courtesy to her reflection in the pier glass, as she stood, fully dressed, before it.

"You are the embodiment of a living lie," she said to her reflected self, as she saw before her a beautiful, young and smiling woman, with diamonds glittering in her ears, and her robe of exquisite fabric faultlessly outlining the perfect form. And to-night, she continued, mentally—"to-night you will be greeted everywhere as the wife of Edgar Reynolds' son. You are the possessor of that proud old name! You! Helen!" She paused. A hard light came into her eyes; her hand clenched. "Helen Reynolds," she said, aloud. "Ah! the name is mine! who shall wrest it from me?"

"Ready, Helen?" called a gay voice.

She uttered a slight scream as it jarred upon her ear, then rapidly recovered her calm.

"Quite ready, Harry! You startled me by your sudden entrance. I live! I am weak enough to be admiring my own reflection in the glass. Shall I confess to such vanity?"

"It is pardonable, darling. You never looked more beautiful. Let me kiss you once. Stand off, that I may not disarrange this sumptuous toilet. Ah, my love! I shall be proud and jealous at once to-night of every eye that falls upon you. Come! Grace is already awaiting us in the library."

It was late, and Mrs. Randolph's rooms were crowded when they entered them.

Helen's eyes sought restlessly for one face, one form. Surely, Harvey would be here to-night, and where she could see and speak with him alone.

Yes, he was there. She saw his tall figure advancing to meet them.

"At last!" he said, as she approached. "I had begun to despair of your coming."

Ah, she was not the only one who could act a part, was the swift thought which crossed her brain. Who could dream that this young man's handsome, smiling face was a mask? Who could suspect that he had perpetrated a monstrous wrong toward the friend to whom he outstretched his hand in greeting?

Harry took it, but coldly, and felt a shade of annoyance as his wife accepted the young officer's arm, and was lost to sight amid the throng.

Grace had already joined the dancers in the ball room beyond. For a moment he was alone.

"By Jove! What a beautiful woman!" he overheard one man say to his companion. "Looks as if she had a history, too. Who is she?"

"A woman with a history, as you say—a history, I fancy, unsuspected by the man she has beguiled. She is the wife of Edgar Reynolds' son. A beautiful adventuress. The man with her is Harvey Barclay, of the army. He is one of the boldest gamblers in the city. He must have broken some bank last week, for he went about and paid all his debts. I understand somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty thousand dollars. They were just about to make an investigation into some funds committed to his care, when he rendered a full account. Of course, these facts are not generally known, but he is getting in bad odor, and I don't believe the army will consider him a desirable acquisition much longer. However, it requires some overt act on his part to eject him. He's a great favorite in his way, a clever fellow, and perhaps, now that he's had a rise, he'll be wise enough to change his course. By the way—"

And the two men passed out of hearing.

Harry Reynolds stood rooted to the spot. His first impulse had been to strike the dastardly slanderer in the face; but would not his doing so hurt more sorely a woman he would protect?

A beautiful adventuress! Thus the man had termed his wife. What he had heard concerning Barclay confirmed his suspicions. He must—these facts, and then forbid him to be home.

The thought that he was now with his wife maddened him, and, white with anger at the memory of the conversation which had been so little intended to meet his ear, he started in search of them.

Mrs. Randolph's house, like Mrs. Randolph's charming self, was admirably fitted for entertaining. The rooms were large, and opened by wide, folding doors, one into the other, until they made a splendid whole; but, spite of all their vastness and magnificence, there were many cozy nooks and secluded corners where all the gay and brilliant scene might be shut out, and those occupying them find a solitude almost as complete as though the house were deserted.

To one of these Harvey Barclay had led Harry Reynolds' wife. They had spoken no word as they threaded their way through the throng of guests, and only when seated side by side on a luxurious fauteuil, within a deep bow window, screened from passers-by by luxuriant foliage and a bed of fragrant flowers, did he break the silence.

Leaning forward, he took in the un-gloved hands the little, icy fingers, whose chill struck him through their kid covering.

"My poor Helen!" he said, tenderly. "My poor girl!"

Hot tears sprang to her eyes, but resolutely she forced them back.

"Don't—don't speak to me like that, Harvey," she entreated. "I can't bear your tender pity. It unnerves me. You must help me to be strong. What am I to do, Harvey—what am I to do?"

"Be your own brave self," he answered. "I can't give you better advice. And don't give way like this. What cursed luck it was brought him back! But I sent him the money. You are safe for a time, at least. As for myself, I have been in hiding, like a cur. It might have changed his plans had he seen me."

(To Be Continued.)

HOW CROWDS CONGREGATE.

One Small Boy With a Hose Almost Blocked a Street in New York City.

The first man to halt probably had more leisure than he knew what to do with. When he laughed two other men, to whom time was no object, stopped and laughed, too. Then other men and a few women joined the crowd, and in about a minute a fair sized crowd had assembled. The gathering swelled until Mall street was blocked, and hundreds of persons pushed forward to see what was going on, while newcomers hurried from all the walks through City Hall Park.

Under the mall wagon shed in the rear of the postoffice a very small boy, the center of attraction, held the stubby section of a garden hose attached to a water plug used by the mail drivers to water their horses. The weather was warm, and the boy, clad only in a waist and tattered knickerbockers, was gravely taking a shower bath. He seemed to enjoy the notice he was receiving, and the crowd applauded each new antic he performed. The mail drivers were interested, too. A policeman hurrying up to investigate the cause of the excitement was pushing to the front before the lad saw him.

Instantly the bather dropped the hose, and, ducking under a pair of horses, scampered away. The section of the crowd in the foreground jeered at the policeman and then began to disperse. Far in the rear people who arrived late were still inquiring what had happened.—New York Times.

A Clock Full of Sparrows.

Gen. Thibaudin, a former French minister of war, lives now at Montfermeil, near Raincy, and he there finds a novel way of entertaining his numerous visitors. According to the Gaulois he takes them into an adjacent wood, where stands the house of a master mason, Delavier by name. Here they are shown the singular sight of swallows nesting in the chimney clock that ornaments the dining room, and inhabiting it to such an extent that the owner does not wind it up during that period for fear of disturbing the process of hatching. The presence of the family at meals is in no way discouraging to the swallows. At 4 o'clock windows as a signal to the master of the house to open the casements and allow them to fly forth and seek nourishment for their young.

The Longest Words.

A correspondent gives "Nonintercommunicability" as the longest word in the English language. While reading the life of the Archbishop Benson I came across the following extract from his diary for September, 1892 (page 461): "But the free kirk of the north of Scotland are strong antidisestablishmentarians"—ten syllables, twenty-six letters! The longest Italian word contains eleven syllables and twenty-six letters and forms a whole line of rhyme which is a well known proverb: "Chi troppo in alto sale, cade sovente precipitosamente."

(He who rises too high often falls most precipitately.)—Pall Mall Gazette.

Her Idea of Farming.

He-I saw that farm that was advertised and I think I will buy it.

She-Oh, then we will move away from the hateful city for good?

He-Yes. It's a fine place; fourteen acres and a pond on it.

She Won't that be nice? We can raise pond lilies and watermelons in it.

Philadelphia Press.

Uncongenial Cats.

Mrs. Scraggington—No sooner do you get seated in church than you close your eyes.

Mr. Scraggington—Well, you eye other people's clothes, and—

They gazed at each other like uncongenial cats.—Puck.

Fetching.

Tom—Dick's got a fetching name for his country place; he calls it "At the Sign of the White Rabbit."

Harry—Well, I'll go him one better; I'll call mine "At the Sign of the Welsh Rabbit."—Chicago Record.

Foultry Beliefs.

In the heat of summer and while dust abounds in the road is the time to lay up a supply for the fowls. Take a few old barrels and fill them now. A dust bath is the thing that most of all helps the fowls to get rid of vermin. It is true that fowls may be kept absolutely free of lice, but it is so seldom that is done that it is safe to advise looking after the most necessary element of the dust bath. In a few weeks the dust will have become mud and anything that is done in this direction should be done now.

A writer on poultry topics complains that cold storage eggs are sold for fresh laid eggs, and says law should be passed to prevent it. Well, the laws would be all right if the cold affect the situation, but the cold not. They would be like the laws against profanity that are on the statute books in some of our states. A law to prevent cold storage eggs being sold as fresh laid eggs would be in fact a law against lying, and that vice is so universal that every legal weapon aimed against it will fall short. The only method of checking this practice is to properly instruct the buyer as to his own interests.

Some object to the principle of cold storage establishments because the say it reduces the price of eggs at the time when they should be high, this is, in the winter. The argument is without force. If the cold storage eggs causes a lower price for winter produced eggs, it also causes a higher price for eggs produced in the summer time. However, as by cold storage many eggs are saved for use that would otherwise rot, there is little doubt that the price is somewhat affected. On the other hand, the increasing certainty that when one buys eggs he will get good ones, causes a large number to be consumed. When our systems of keeping and handling eggs become so perfect that no eggs spoiled eggs will have become an even more popular article of diet than at the present time.

Liver Fluke in Cattle.

A government report on inspection of cattle for diseases, says: The first symptoms of liver fluke are generally overlooked, the disease not attracting attention until the appetite is diminished, rumination becomes irregular, the animals become hidebound, and the coat dull and staring. The starling coat is due to the contraction of the muscles of their hair follicles. The visible mucous membranes become pale, eyes become dull, there is running at the eyes, and the animal gradually becomes emaciated. As the disease advances the milk supply is lessened, fever appears, there is generally great thirst, but the appetite is most ceases; oedematous swelling appears on the belly, breast, etc. diarrhoea at first alternates with constipation, but finally becomes continuous. The disease lasts from 2 to 5 months, when the most extreme cases succumb.

Ostertag states that most of the European cattle are infested with liver flukes, but that even when a large number are present the nourishment of the cattle is not disturbed. The opening of the gall ducts, so that a so-called "Medusa's head" forms on the surface of the liver toward the stomach, appears in even well-nourished animals; even in cases of a cirrhosis of the liver it is seldom that any effect upon the cattle's health can be noticed, and as long as a portion of the liver tissue, about twice the size of the fist, remains intact the nourishment of the animal may be comparatively good.

It has been found that the liver fluke cannot pass through its different stages in cattle or other domestic animals, but must have an intermediate host, in which it can get a part of its development. This intermediate host is the snail or, we should say, various varieties of snails. In Europe the varieties have been ascertained, but in this country the work still remains to be done.

In the Land of Buttermakers.

It is an odd and interesting fact that Denmark, the buttermaking country of the world, bought from the United States last year 35,000,000 pounds of oleo oil, with which to manufacture margarine, and that the Danish farmers and buttermakers use oleo margarine on their tables. C. M. P. of Copenhagen is in the business importing oleo. He came to Kansas City today to see the packing house and to make business arrangements. The butter of Denmark is known for its excellence throughout Europe. The Danish creameries have learned the scientific way of making the best butter, and the Danish government has passed laws to insure its purity. England alone last year imported \$4,000,000 worth of butter from Denmark and yet the Danish farmers spread oleomargarine on their bread. The reason is simply the frugality of the Danish buttermakers. Their best butter is worth 40 cents a pound. Oleo can be bought for about 15 cents a pound. Therefore whenever a Danish family eats a pound of oleo it makes 25 cents.—Kansas City Star.

It is officially estimated that the wheat crop of India is 184,000,000 bushels, against 238,000,000 bushels last season, and 227,000,000 bushels the average of five years past.

The desire for fame has betrayed many an ambitious man into committing indiscretions that forever ruin his reputation.

A variety of foods is good for farm animals.