

EMILY'S LEGACY

By CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

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On one side of the street, in a little white cottage, lived Prof. Mason and his auburn-haired daughter Emily. Opposite, in the square, ugly brick house, where everything in the garden was planted in pairs, lived old Jacob Porter. Although Emily was almost 25, hers was the distinction of being the youngest person in the block; and the block was Emily's world.

All the neighbors loved her, but if crabbled old Jacob Porter felt any affection for her, he kept it well concealed.

One other person also loved her. A serious-minded, straightforward young lawyer named John Farrell, whom Emily had known in her school days, had returned, after his admission to the bar, to hang out his shingle in a neighboring town and to court Emily, who, however, refused to take his mild attentions with a proper seriousness.

Contented Emily, whose time was pretty well occupied with her house-keeping, had just one ungratified longing; but that, after all, considering Emily's environment, was rather an ambitious one. She wanted not a husband, but a horse. She had no expectation of owning one—no one in the block except Mr. Porter had ever owned one.

"When my ship comes in," Emily would say, as she sat sociably on one or another of the block's doorsteps, "I shall have a beautiful horse with a flowing black tail—I've always loved horses."

When Mr. Porter died suddenly in April, the neighborhood learned, with considerable astonishment, that the shabby old man was possessed of considerable property, and relatives to inherit it. There was one clause in his somewhat remarkable will that was of especial interest to the block. He had left \$426 and an ancient buggy to astounded Emily. She was, however, to have no choice in the spending of this legacy; with one dollar she was to purchase a trustworthy cook-book; with two hundred she was to procure hay and oats; with the remainder she was to purchase a good horse, and that without delay. Unless the animal was selected within a fortnight, she was to forfeit everything but the cook-book. This was eccentric Jacob Porter's way of making it certain that Emily's ship should reach port.

Mr. Brown, who had once possessed a cow and still owned a barn, advised Emily to advertise in the weekly paper for a likely young horse. This seemed sensible advice, and as soon as the will was probated and the legacy turned over, Emily advertised.

The paper was issued Saturday morning, and the ink was not dry before answers to the advertisement began to arrive. Emily was called from the breakfast table to examine the first candidate, but one glance at the proffered steed was enough.

"No," said Emily, to the man that stood on her doorstep, "I can't possibly buy a white horse."

The man glanced from Emily's glowing head to his spotlessly white property, grinned sheepishly, and departed. He understood, for his own head was as red as Emily's.

John understood, too.

"You see," Emily had explained to John the Sunday before, "I'd as soon think of getting married as to buy a white horse."

"Do think about it," John had urged, seizing the opportunity that Emily had inadvertently provided. "I'm doing so—sincerely now, that there isn't any reason why we shouldn't be married—next October, for instance. I've been waiting all winter for you to give me a little encouragement."

"I'll give you a little now," demure Emily had returned, suddenly displaying the rare dimple that John so loved to see. "When I buy a white horse I'll begin to think about matrimony."

Apparently all the horses in Mansfield were for sale. Before the first day was over, Emily had inspected 32 alleged likely young horses—four of which, however, rival horse dealers declared to be on the brink of dying of old age. Nineteen times that day Emily and the professor drove, or were driven, around the block, but night found them still horseless.

The fortnight, as well as the legacy, was growing beautifully less. Horses continued to assemble at Emily's gate—all kinds but the kind she wanted.

The last day of the fortnight dawned. The owner of the white horse had never failed to appear at least once a day, but was as regularly turned away.

Just at sundown of that last day, as fine a chestnut horse as Emily had ever seen was tied to the fence beside the tatty-hued nag; Emily, contrasting the two, felt a pang of dismay.

"Oh, you beauty!" she cried, running to the gate. "You're the prettiest thing, but of course I can't have you. You're probably a \$400 horse, and I haven't—how much is he?"

"One hundred, seventy-five," mumbled the man.

"Oh!" cried Emily, "do let me try him around the block. Mr. Brown, what do you think of him? Mr. Miller—father—don't you both think he

looks more like a horse than anything we've tried? Anyway, the time's almost up, and I'm just certain that this horse is all right."

The neighborhood was certain, too. Only Farrell was dissatisfied. His disappointment at Emily's latest choice was pitiful to see. Even Emily was presently touched by it.

"I had hoped," complained Farrell, gloomily, "that you'd take the white horse. Now it's all over I don't mind confessing that I promised that man \$50 extra if he'd sell you that beast. He assured me that he'd sell you a white horse if he had to let it go for \$19.98, and I was foolish enough to believe him."

By the end of the week Emily, who had taken all her elderly neighbors, one at a time, to drive, paid with the utmost cheerfulness for her horse, for she still loved him.

One bright morning, three weeks later, the entire neighborhood turned out to inspect the horse. There was certainly something very much amiss, and the trouble, whatever it was, was visible from the outside.

"My eyes," quavered old Mr. Miller, "ain't good, but sure's I'm a-livin', that horse's coat looks green."

"I had him out in the rain yesterday," explained Emily, who had just added herself to the group.

Inspecting Emily's horse soon began to be the chief occupation of the neighborhood, for a gradual but decided change of color was surely taking place in the animal. His former owner, who might have enlightened



"Cold Reception."

Emily, had quietly vanished and could not be found. The chestnut horse had been purchased in May; by the end of June he was undeniably a dingy bottle-green. By July he had faded to mustard color, and John Farrell eyed him, thoughtfully. A rainstorm early in August washed all exposed portions of the changeable horse to a creamish hue, and finally the truth dawned upon Emily—a horrible truth, because it shattered more than one idol.

She had, after all, purchased the white horse. The rascally horse-dealer, determined to earn the extra \$50 offered by John, which, however, the culprit had not yet collected, had used hair-dye, or something equally potent, to successfully disguise his colorless horse.

"Bless me, my dear," exclaimed the professor, who was driving with Emily along a country road when this distressing knowledge, with all its dire consequences, finally burst in upon her. "I wouldn't cry about it, child. There isn't a horse with a better gait or a sweeter disposition in all Mansfield; if he ever gets thoroughly bleached, he'll—"

"It isn't the horse," sobbed Emily against her father's shoulder; "it's John Farrell—I'll never speak to him again as long as I live. Oh, I couldn't have believed it of him."

The next day was Sunday. John appeared, as usual, and was genuinely surprised at the cold reception accorded him. It took him some time to convince the icy young woman who sat on the doorstep, with her chin held unnecessarily high and with a scarlet spot blazing indignantly in each pale cheek, that he had had no hand in deceiving her, beyond making the solitary, unremediated offer of which he had already spoken, and for which piece of carelessness he had supposed himself forgiven. The hair-dye, he assured her, was a complete surprise. Emily, gazing searchingly into Farrell's honest, indignant, "blue" eyes, found it possible to believe him.

Once convinced of his trustworthiness, Emily was so relieved that she guardedly admitted that she was glad that she had bought the white horse.

"When," asked John, emboldened by the happiness in Emily's satisfied eyes, "are you going to begin to think about that other matter?"

"I've been thinking about it all day," confessed Emily, blushing an unmistakable pink that told its own story to even obtuse John.

"By the way," asked John, an hour later, "if that rascally horse-dealer ever turns up for that fifty, what do I better do about it?"

"Make it a hundred," breathed Emily, softly; but John was not too far away to catch the words.

FAILED IN SMALL THINGS.

Congressman Evidently Was No Hero to His Wife.

There is a certain congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own household. Indeed, it has been unkindly intimated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment. Representative and Mrs. Blank had been to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington, on their return, Mrs. Blank discovered that her umbrella, which had been entrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train!" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are entrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"—Success Magazine.

PURIFIED LIFE INSURANCE.

Benefits from New Law, Which Remains Substantially Unchanged.

Through the influence of Gov. Hughes, the New York Legislature decided to make no radical changes in the new insurance law. It was pointed out by Gov. Hughes that the New York law has already accomplished widespread reforms, with proportionate benefits to policyholders, and that it should be given a thorough trial before any amendments were seriously considered. It is estimated that the cost of the mismanagement of the past did not average more than 20 cents to each policyholder, while the benefits to present and future policyholders will amount to many times more and be cumulative besides. The speed craze of the big companies and the excessive cost of securing new business was the most extravagant evil of the old management. Under the new regime the cost of new business has already been greatly reduced, along with other economies.

The showing made by the Equitable Life Assurance Society in its report for 1906 was a strong argument against meddling with the new law. In the Equitable alone there was a saving of over \$2,000,000 in expenses, besides an increase in the income from the Society's assets amounting to as much more. The ratios of the Equitable's total expenses to its total income was 19.42% in 1904, 17.38% in 1905, and only 14.48% in 1906. The dividends paid to Equitable policyholders in 1906 amounted to \$7,289,734, which was an increase of more than 9% over 1905.

While the Equitable made a better showing than any other big company, all reported radical economies and under such conditions the Legislature wisely decided to leave the law substantially as it stands.

Forgetting Something.

When the train that conveyed President Roosevelt through Virginia on his last trip south stopped at Charlottesville, a negro approached the president's car and passed aboard a big basketful of fine fruit, to which was attached the card of a prominent grower.

In course of time the orchardist received a letter of acknowledgment from the White House expressing the president's appreciation of the gift, and complimenting the donor upon his fruit. The recipient of the letter was, of course, greatly pleased, and, feeling sure that his head gardener would be much interested in the letter, he read it to him. The darky who served in the capacity mentioned listened gravely, but his only comment was:

"He doan' say nothin' 'bout sendin' back de basket, do he?"—Success Magazine.

The Camera Fiend's Wanderlust.

As the sun day by day ascends the heavens and the actinic value of his light increases, rhapsodizes the editor of the American Amateur Photographer, there seizes us once more the fervor of the enthusiast. From the high shelf down comes the camera, the plate holders are loaded, and we tramp across the green fields looking for pictures—or pretending to. For half the cause of our wandering has naught to do with the black box we carry with us. The primitive instinct for change, the ancestral wanderlust, it is that has seized us and driven us forth to nature.

WENT TO TEA

And It Wound Her Bobbin.

Tea drinking frequently affects people as badly as coffee. A lady in Salisbury, Md., says that she was compelled to abandon the use of coffee a good many years ago, because it threatened to ruin her health and that she went over to tea drinking, but finally, she had dyspepsia so bad that she had lost twenty-five pounds and no food seemed to agree with her.

She further says: "As this time I was induced to take up the famous food drink, Postum, and was so much pleased with the results that I have never been without it since. I commenced to improve at once, regained my twenty-five pounds of flesh and went some beyond my usual weight."

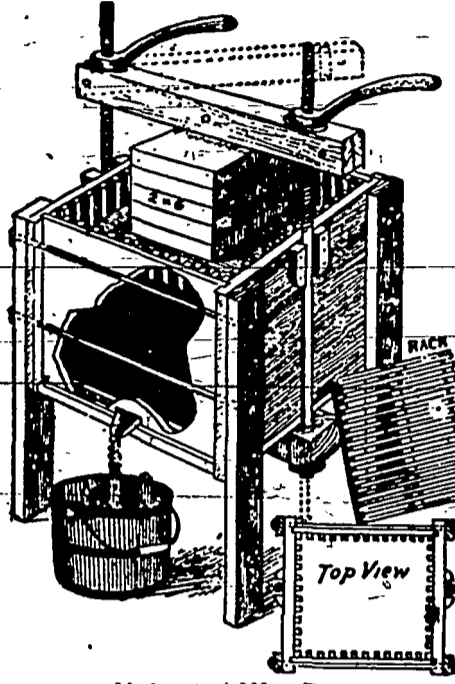
"I know Postum to be good, pure, and healthful, and there never was an article, and never will be, I believe, that does so surely take the place of coffee, as Postum Food Coffee. The beauty of it is that it is satisfying and wonderfully nourishing. I feel as if I could not sing its praises too loud." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

POULTRY AND BEES

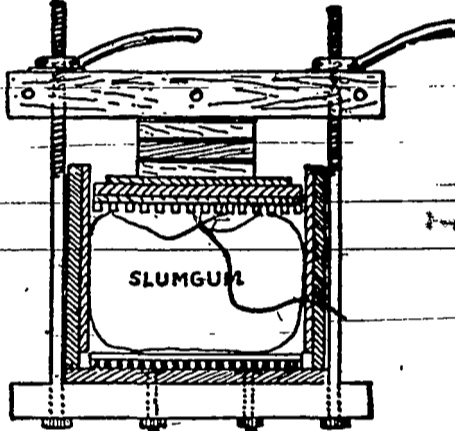
AN UNHEATED WAX-PRESS.

How to Construct Such a Press Entirely of Wood.

The drawings shown herewith make the construction of my wax press plain writes a correspondent of Gleanings in Bee Culture. To begin rendering wax, first put the cleared rack into the bottom of the press. Take a burlap sack that is big enough to

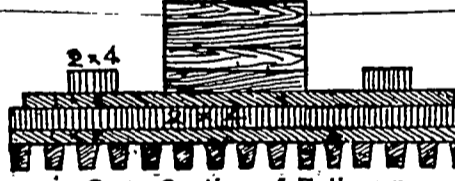


hold 100 pounds of bran and rip the seam in one side and the bottom. Spread this burlap sheet over the press; push it down in and see that it fits well into the corners, letting the edges hang out over the top. Now take a whole sack and put it into the press with a hoop in the top to hold it open. Now dip into your tub, full of boiling comb; take the hoop out of the sack; push it down with a stick to



make it fit on the bottom and in the corners. Fold up the mouth of the sack and the sheet over it. Put the follower on, with the blocks on top. Swing the cross-bar over and push the screw up through the hole in it. Put on the handle and turn both handles down, one at a time.

After the wax is pressed out, take off one handle; let the screw slip down even with the top of the press and un-



fold the first burlap so it hangs over edges. Now get hold of the top of the sack and pull it up some so it can cool a little. Then empty out the slumgum, put the sack back, and fill it again as before.

To boil the comb, use a four-hole stove with all the lids off. Put on a big tub containing two buckets of water, and add the comb as it boils, until the tub is nearly full. The water and free wax flow out of the press immediately, leaving only the slumgum to press.

HELP FOWLS TO LAY.

The Reasons Why Green Bone Makes Eggs.

It is not enough that a given food contain a certain per cent. of lime or a certain per cent. of phosphates; it must also be decided whether these different chemicals can be assimilated by the hen. Dalton, who is indisputable authority, says: "It is well known that inorganic substances, although they afford the necessary material for vegetation, are not sufficient for the nourishment of animals, which depend for their support upon elements already combined in the organic form, by the action of the sun's rays and plant life."

That market bones produce wonderful results when fed to poultry is indisputable. The lean meat and gristle form the white of the egg and about 16 per cent. of the yolk. The marrow and other fat of the bones supply the remainder of the yolk.

The lime phosphates in the bone yield all the necessary lime salts for the shell and the necessary phosphates for the interior of the egg. When it is considered that all the above substances are found in green bone in a specially digestible condition, far more so than any food supplied by dry meat, corn or wheat, it is surprising that such glowing reports are so often heard about this new food for poultry?

With modern machinery obtainable on easy terms, poultry men should feed more liberally of green cut bone, especially to pullets and cockerels during the cold winter months when other lime food is hard to find.

VALUE OF A GOOD COOP.

Day When the Old Barrel Can Be Used With Profit Is Past.

In years gone by a farmer turned a decrepit barrel on its side and drove vertical stakes down in front of it to serve as a coop for the hen and brood. If he thought to bore several holes in that part of the barrel nearest the ground so that the water could drain out, he prevented the possibility of a heavy rain flooding the quarters and drowning the chicks.

In later years the up-to-date farmer has adopted more modern and more practical quarters for the little chicks and the broody hen. Sometimes the adoption of a good coop means the successful rearing of strong, healthy youngsters instead of stunted birds which can never be more than culls.

The brood coop of the present day protects the brood from wind in cold weather, from driving rains in all seasons and is also capable of admitting a goodly supply of pure air. It is also so constructed that it may be easily cleaned. Most of them have fronts of vertical slats and if they are equipped with tight floors these floors should be made removable in order that the floors may be easily cleaned. If the floors, however, are not nailed to the coops, the latter may be lifted off and the floors cleaned readily. Again if no floors are used but the coops are allowed to sit directly on well-drained ground, cleaning the coop is simply a matter of moving it to a fresh location every morning.

The interior of a coop should always be dry, says The Farmer, and it is advisable therefore to cover the roof and sides with some sort of waterproof material; for example, some of the prepared roofings or tar paper. To prevent the entrance of animals that would kill the chickens a stout frame covered with fine mesh wire netting may be made to be placed in front of the coop at night so that protection may be afforded without cutting off the supply of air.

An ordinary packing box with each of its dimensions about two feet may be made into a satisfactory coop by covering it with roofing fabric and providing it with a slat front, etc.

POULTRY NOTES.

Sunflower seed makes good poultry food. Raise this season.

Thoroughly cleanse and whitewash the poultry house this month.

The time spent in learning how to prevent poultry diseases will save twice the time needed to effect a cure.

Beekeeping gives open-air exercise, brings one into contact with the beauties of nature, and is an interesting, fascinating study.

If the reader is not able to own a green bone cutter, he can take a sharp hatchet and cut up the green bones into particles, which the birds can eat.

Do not put more than 50 chicks in one flock in any brooder, no matter how much room the machine may provide. Fifty is as many as will do well together.

Do not feed all the skim milk to the hogs. It is a valuable food for eggs and growth and may be used to mix the mash or may be given to drink in addition to water.

Lice breed faster as warm weather comes on. To combat them paint the roost and roost supports frequently with some of the best liquid lice killers, or with kerosene.

The difference in the consumption of honey, when wintering in the cellar compared with wintering out-of-doors, is only from the fact that the temperature is more uniform, and therefore the bees keep more quiet.

Overfeeding and underfeeding should both be guarded against by the beginner in poultry raising. Overfeeding is certain death, while underfeeding is death to development and growth. Both are unprofitable and should be avoided.

GOOD FEED RACK.

One Which Will Prevent Poultry From Wasting Feed.

A serviceable feeding rack, shown in the illustration, is designed to prevent waste of feed given to poultry and to keep water from being soiled, says Orange Judd Farmer. It consists of a crate and a base tray of any desired size. The tray has two cross pieces beneath to prevent warping and a rim of two-inch stuff. The crate is made of lath, say one foot long,



nailed to a top consisting of a board one inch thick and a base frame of wood 1 1/2 by one, half or three-fourths. The cover may, or may not, have the hinged trap door, as shown in the drawing. Water, or feed, or both, may be set under the crate without fear of loss or pollution.

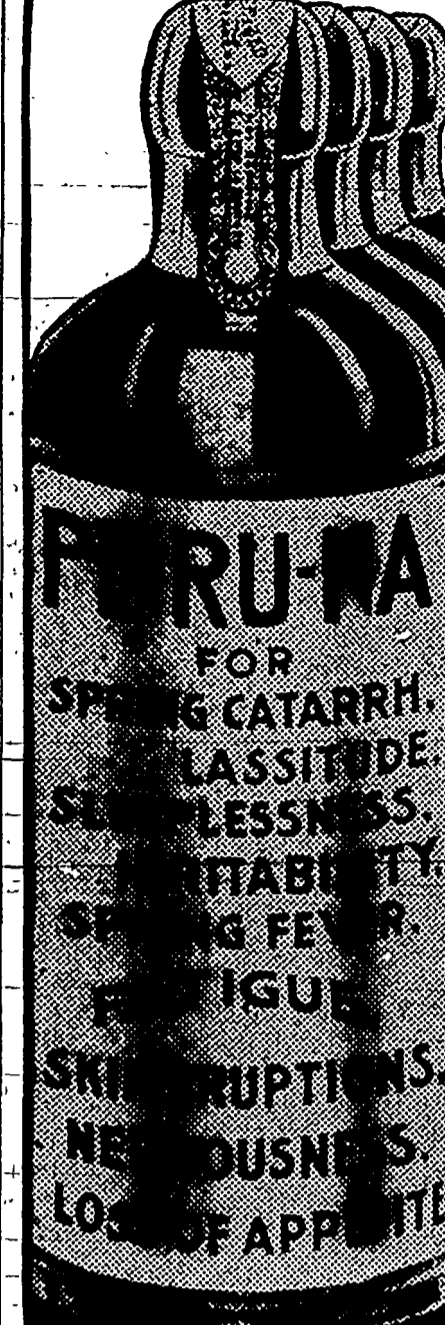
The Doubtful Cockerel.

If you have any doubts as to the good breeding qualities of a cockerel when he is large enough to make a tryer, give the market dealer the benefit of the doubt and let him have the bird.

Peanuts for Dairy Cows.

Prof. Corbett, of the department of agriculture is a great believer in peanuts—as a food for dairy cattle. He urges the farmers of Texas to grow them for this purpose.

HEALTH NOTES FOR JUNE.



Spring Catarrh is a well defined Spring disease. The usual symptoms are given above. A Bottle of Pe-ru-na taken in time will promptly arrest the course of the disease known as Spring Catarrh.



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