

When Elizabeth Came.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"When the home is ready, Roger, send for me and I will come," Elizabeth Atwood had said when her lover bade her goodby.

Roger Blake had kissed her tenderly and gone into the western wilderness to make a home. He had little money, but strong hands and the sturdy ambition that overcomes stupendous obstacles.

In spite of these assets five years passed away before the Wyoming farm was declared to be in readiness for a mistress.

In the east Elizabeth taught school, sewed on her simple trousseau and enjoyed herself as healthy, attractive girl cannot help doing. Every week she wrote a long letter to Roger.

One August day, when the five years had expired, Roger made a last tour of inspection about the ranch. On distant hill slopes his cattle grazed. Nearer home fields were undulating green seas of wheat and oats. Rustling cornfields spread away to the westward.

In the midst was the home lot, the low house surrounded by vine covered verandas, grassy lawn and thrifty young trees. Flowers and shrubs had been set out the first year with loving care.

The farm was paying at last. The poultry yards occupied a good acre. They were to be Elizabeth's special care. All the hard, drudgery work



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had been done by Roger, and now the home was ready.

A month before he had sent Elizabeth \$100. He had said he would expect her on the 10th of August and would meet her at the little station twenty miles distant.

This was the 10th of August, and Roger had not heard one word from his sweetheart. Nevertheless he harnessed the sorrel team to his buckboard and started north to meet the 12:30 express from the east. Before they returned to the farm they would drive to the minister's and be married.

Roger whistled merrily as he rounded the sorrels before the lonely little station. The station master sauntered out and chatted about the weather and the crops.

There was a piercing shriek, and the express thundered along the platform. A couple of trunks were dumped from the baggage car, and a girl in brown alighted from one of the coaches. By the time Roger had reached her the express had pounded away into the west.

The girl's face was covered by a thick, brown veil, but it was Elizabeth without a doubt. Roger knew the straight, slim figure, with its almost boyish freedom of movement, and the curve of dark hair at the back as she turned her head.

"Elizabeth!" he cried exultantly as he grasped her hands in his.

"Yes," she answered quite coolly. "How do you do?"

"Fine," he said mechanically as he released her hands and fell into step beside her.

"You have a carriage here?" she questioned.

"Around on the other side. You are glad to get here, ain't you, Elizabeth? Or were you tired of waiting?" There was agonizing appeal in his blue eyes as they reached the buckboard and he assisted her to seat.

"It was a long journey," she replied, with a puzzled glance at him. "I suppose you are one of the farm hands?"

"Elizabeth Atwood! Don't you know me—Roger?" He turned his cleanly shaved, sunburned face toward her.

She uttered a little cry and hastily threw back her veil. "Who do you think I am?" she gasped.

Roger Blake stared. It was the face of a stranger. Her eyes were soft and dark like those of his sweetheart, and her cheeks had the same oval framed in dusky hair. Save for these points of resemblance there was no likeness between the two girls. Elizabeth Atwood was very pretty, but the stranger was beautiful.

"I am afraid you are disappointed," she faltered at last. "I am Elizabeth Wood, and I have come to visit the Waylands, and I supposed you were one of Cousin Dick's pet cowboys. I thought it strange you should call me 'Elizabeth,' but I had resolved not to be surprised at anything out here," she

laughed merrily, and Roger joined her with a faint heart.

"I came here expecting to meet a friend I hoped would be on your train," he admitted soberly. "Your appearance deceived me; you are much alike."

"I was the only passenger," she said sympathetically. "I hope your—your friend will come tomorrow. Where can my cousin's carriage be?"

They were sitting in the buckboard in front of the station, and the agent was trundling two trunks toward them. "Seen a team from Wayland's?" asked Roger Blake.

"None. Want these on the wagon?"

"Too heavy. Wayland will send for them. If his outfit arrives tell them I've carried the young lady over to his place."

"I hope I'm not taking you out of your way," she protested. "I can wait. I sent a letter—"

"That's all right. I guess your letter went astray the same as the one I should have had. I've got plenty of time to spare," he added grimly. "I was going to be married this morning."

"Oh, I see. I am very sorry," she said sincerely. Then she maintained a sympathetic silence while Roger drove her over the long road across the prairie to the Wayland farm, which adjoined his own on the north.

"How long are you going to stay?" queried Roger just before their journey ended.

"Weeks or months perhaps. I have no near relatives and have been teaching school. My cousins have asked me to come here and enjoy a long rest. I hope your trip to the station tomorrow will be a more successful one—and thank you," she said, with a friendly smile, as they parted.

Ten days afterward Roger met her riding out of the canyon. Her face was prettily tanned, and her broad brimmed hat made an effective frame for her lovely face.

"May I congratulate you today?" she asked brightly.

Roger shook his head slowly, and for the first time she noted the tense, drawn look about his pleasant mouth and the misery of his haggard eyes.

"You have heard—I hope it is not bad news?" she said, with that frank friendliness he had found so attractive in her before.

He drew a letter from his pocket and extracted a newspaper clipping. "That's all the explanation I've had," he said bitterly.

"Married—to some one else—to James Farnham—how very strange!" she said in a low, agitated voice.

"Why is it strange? Do you know the man?" demanded Roger eagerly.

The girl's face whitened, and a look of distress came into her eyes.

"Don't tell me anything if it pains you," said Roger gently.

"I must. You see, I was engaged to him, and he jilted me for another girl. I didn't know her name until now. I couldn't stand it, and so I ran away, but now—" She paused and a dreamy contentment replaced the pain in her face.

"Now?"

"Of course he couldn't be worth being very sorry about, after all! And life is so good here—so clean and free. I love it."

"So do I," said Roger sincerely. "And about that other, I don't believe it is worthy of great sorrow. Shall we gallop?"

Months afterward Elizabeth came to reign as mistress of Roger's home. But it was not Elizabeth Atwood.

It was that other Elizabeth who came to him in his great trouble and who, forgetting her own sorrow, sought to comfort him. And in the end each found a loyal, deep loving heart, and the home in the wilderness sheltered them as the man who builded it had dreamed.

Why He Whistled.

Whistling is understood everywhere to signify coolness, confidence, carelessness. These may be virtues in their proper place, but that place is not the society of one's fellow creatures, whether one be acquainted with them or not.

A boy reprimanded, a servant dismissed, goes away whistling if he dares. He wishes to express contempt, and he succeeds at least in enraged his master generally. A hobbiedehoy who commits some breach of the proprieties commonly bursts into a whistle. This is to save his face, meaning no harm. But it signifies "I don't care" which is just the reverse of the apology needed. At best it shows indifference; at worst, as the dullest feel, insult and provocation.

Boswell tells a little story of whistling, illustrating the independent significance. Johnson and he were dining with the Duke of Argyll, who asked a gentleman present to fetch some curiosity from another room. The gentleman brought the wrong article, and the duke sent him back.

The exact position of this gentleman toward his host is undisclosed. However, Boswell says: "He could not refuse, but to avoid any appearance of servility he whistled as he went out of the room. On my mentioning this afterward to Dr. Johnson he said it was a nice trait of character."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Our Own Minstrels.

Tambo—Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell me de diff'unce 'twen a waf' an' an' apahment house?

Interlocutor—I give it up, Jerry. What is the difference between a waf' and an apartment house?

Tambo—De on a am a homeless kid an' uddebam a kidless home.

Interlocutor—Ladies and gentlemen,

Professor Howlan High Eeah, the

renowned tenor, will now sing his great

topical song, "I Love Him, Mamma;

He Looks Like Fido!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Farm and Garden

STONE HITCHING POST.

A Device Which Will Last a Century if Well Made.

A country place must have a hitching post at the side or in front of the house, else thoughtless callers will hitch their horses to the shade trees or to the fence. From its very nature it is difficult to make a hitching post look attractive on a lawn, but something will be gained if it can be kept from looking in decidedly unattractive.

A wooden post is an invitation to a horse's teeth. Iron posts can be used, but these are more or less expensive and are not readily secured except in the large cities. A stone post is attractive, but expensive. A "made" stone post, however, is both inexpensive and easy to construct.

Dig a square hole in the ground at the desired point for locating the hitching post about one and a half feet square and deep enough to reach the "frost line." Fill the bottom with small stones and cement. On this set a stout cedar post with a strong iron ring in the top. Fill in about the post with the small stones and cement to the surface of the ground. Then cover the post to the top with a thick coating of cement—not less than two and a half inches at any point—building it up in the square shape shown in Fig. 2.

To give the cement a stronger hold upon the wooden post drive large nails into the wood and FINISHED.

Leave the heads projecting an inch or more, as is suggested in Fig. 1. The cement may be mixed one part Portland cement to two parts sharp sand. Do not use the post until it has had time to dry and harden thoroughly. The cement and small stones about the base should form a solid body that water cannot enter. The stones are used to save cement. The outside surface of the finished part should be smooth, with corner edges a little rounded to prevent chipping.

Briefs For the Farm Home.

The second national corn exposition will be held at Omaha in December. As a special feature extensive educational exhibits by a number of agricultural colleges and experiment stations are contemplated, these to be of such a character as to give visitors an idea of the work carried on by these institutions.

A disease, seemingly a bacterial growth, has been noticed on chickens which produces lumps on the comb and at the base of the bill. Washing the heads of the fowls with a saturated solution of boric acid gave relief.

Results of experiments in making butter from sweet cream is an idea in a report to the Dairymen's association of Quebec. It is claimed that the process is just as advantageous as that with ripened cream and that the butter made from sweet cream is equally good when fresh and keeps good longer than butter from cream spontaneously fermented.

Corn to make a pound of pork is discussed by a writer in the Breeder's Gazette. A pen of eleven Duroc-Jerseys fed sixty-two days gained 800 pounds and required 6.71 pounds corn per pound of gain. A lot of fifteen Poland-Chinas fed thirty-five days gained 585 pounds and required 4.96 pounds of corn per pound of gain. A little skimmilk was fed once a day in addition to the corn, and the pigs had the run of a pasture.

Sugar is by a contributor in the Journal of Agriculture, Paris, to be of great use in fattening sheep. In a test covering eighty-four days the average daily gain per head on a ration containing sugar was 202 grams as compared with 127 grams per day on a ration without it. When slaughtered the flesh of the sugar fed sheep was found to be of most excellent quality.

A disease commonly known as swollen head of turkeys is described in the Journal of Agricultural Science. The most characteristic symptom is an extensive swelling about the head, which becomes so enlarged that the birds are unable to see. The swelling is due to an accumulation of gelatinous substance in the infraorbital cavity. This swelling may disappear in a short time or may persist for several months. The swellings contain a cheesy, foul smelling material, and death may take place without regard to the apparent severity of the disease. The lesions are confined to the head except for an occasional distension of the ceca. Bacilli related to the diphtheria bacilli are frequently found in the exudation, but no organism has been definitely shown to be the primary cause of the disease.

Jones to Manage White Sox Again. "Fielder Jones will be my manager next year," says Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago Americans. "Jones made a great showing last year, and with the new men he will have when the season opens next year he will be able to walk to the front and keep up there throughout the season."

The SPORTING WORLD

Demarest to Turn Professional.

It is about time for the billiard experts to chalk their cues for the busy season on the green covered tables, but for some reason the cueists are not showing much ambition to scramble after the big titles. Willie Hoppe is now on a vaudeville tour. He says he isn't going to engage in any championship this winter unless the promoters show him something worth while.

George Sutton is waiting for some one to challenge him for the 18.1 balk line title. Jake Schaefer is out in Colorado for his health, and the lesser lights are plugging along in their respective grooves waiting for something to turn up.

The probable entrance of Calvin Demarest, amateur champion, into the ranks of the professionals may stir up

some interest.

Demarest has probably played his last amateur match. The great young champion has outstripped every one of his "simon pure" competitors so completely that there is no one in this country, and perhaps not in the world, who can equal him.

That Demarest is about to enter on a professional career and join the ranks of Schaefer, Sutton, Hoppe, Vignaux, Cure and the rest of the world's masters is practically admitted by those closest to him.

Pittsburg Wants 1912 Olympic Games.

"The world's Olympic games in Pittsburg in 1912!"

That is the slogan that has been adopted by the new Pittsburg Athletic association, which is to build a magnificent million dollar clubhouse in Oakland. The announcement was made recently that this organization was ready to launch the campaign to secure the Olympic games four years hence.

The Olympic games were held the past summer in London and were attended by more than 3,000,000 people.

Official reports from the management show a grand average attendance during the time that the visiting athletes were present from other countries of more than 100,000 daily.

San Francisco will be Pittsburg's only competitor in this country for 1912.

Lipton Offers New Cup.

Sir Thomas Lipton, to encourage the racing of yachts of the 27 rating class, to be built for Massachusetts waters, has offered the Corinthian Yacht club of Marblehead a silver cup to be valued at \$1,000. The offer grew out of the awarding of the Lipton cup for the 22 rating class, which was won the past season by the Eleanor, owned by Francis W. Fabian. The conditions are such that the class shall start with five boats built to conform to the scantling and cabin restrictions of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts.

The cup will become the property of the owner winning three championships in the class in all open races in Massachusetts bay. The boats must be sailed by amateur helmsmen.

Children are the dearest things in the world and sources of unmixed delight—unless they happen to belong to somebody else.

There aren't many people that we know of who are overcome by their inability to stand or withstand the mad rush of prosperity.

Being dead sure they are right, no matter how many times they may change their minds, is the great charm of some enthusiastic people.

Every time error gets it in the neck it starts out to find a new method of cure and to promote a new healthfad.

We can't realize that we actually did suffer from a sunburn summer when we see the great drifts of snow that are clamoring to be lifted out of the path.

No other man ever likes to be convinced that you are right, and he only says he does to cover up his chagrin.

Probably the most interesting people in the world are those who find our own little everyday affairs interesting.

With some of us just as soon as we see what we want we don't want it and are miserable because we can't want something that we can't have.

Inanimate Depravity.

When a furnace will not hurry What's a fellow going to do Though the rooms are quite as chilly As a fashionable pew?

Not the slightest use to scatter Lampshades that are hardly fit For the drawing room or parlor.

That won't hurry things a bit.

In the middle autumn season As the nights are getting long, But are hardly more than chilly, How the furnace hums along.