

THAT BABY

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

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That—baby again! Richard Taft's thoughts hesitated between the first two words, but he was not guilty of profanity. He only groaned. He could hear the baby's coos and Miss Audrey's little high, falsetto croonings. It was just as it had been yesterday, day before—day before that. Heavens and earth, when hadn't the baby crowed and Audrey crooned!

Richard's hotel was a mile away from this pleasant summer place of the Baby, and on the way down this afternoon there had been plenty of time for him to face the desperateness of his situation. The items stood out in indigo lettering before him. Item one: no hope of Baby's mother returning. Item two: no hope of devoted young aunt's extraction from Baby, even for a minute's blessed space. Item three: the transatlantic steamer, City of Baltimore, would leave her dock to-morrow morning, six o'clock. Pitying angel could it be worse? Item four: Richard hid in his heart, but it outweighed all the rest. If he did not get the chance to take the little white hands of that slender slip of a girl crooning love songs to a baby down there, into his hands and hold them prisoners there while he said what he had come to say six days ago—well, how do you think he was to go sea—or without that chance? And that only a wisp of a baby should stand in the way! It was maddening.

He strode on till he came into the immediate radius of crows and croons. He had murder in his heart.

"Oh, Richard, is that you? You've come just in time to trot the Baby on your knee. She wants to 'go to Boston, go to Lynn, then to Salem' and Dick!"

"Dick—oh, Audrey, that is music—wait a minute, wait!" he besought her. "I must have a chance—I tell you the little rascal is all right. He's enjoying himself. You will not deny me my last chance, Audrey?" Something in his face held her there before him, rosy and shy. Her hands fluttered in his, but she did not draw them away. For the space of those few wondrous minutes, did she forget the Baby, too? And—you will, Audrey? I am waiting for my answer, dear."

She tried to meet the look in his eyes, and woman-like, because she could not, she sought refuge in mischief.

"Oh, how can I tell?" she murmured, rebelliously, "perhaps I—well, I—might, if—I—well, if you—if you found the Baby—Dick?"

She remembered the Baby then, at any rate, and in sudden compunction darted away to find her. He went, too, his fate hanging on the issue of the hunt. But he was not afraid. Straw is easy enough to breathe through, and there were a good many chocolates. It was not far down the path to—gods and men, where was the wheelbarrow? There wasn't any. Nor north nor south, nor east nor west. The pretty grounds stretched away on all sides of him, wheelbarrows!

Richard Taft uttered a sharp exclamation of horror. What did this mean? Had he the "pitying gods" taken him at his word and wheeled the little innocent to Salem, or Boston, or Lynn?

"Oh, what shall we do? Where can the darling be!" wailed poor Audrey, too distracted to remember to re-evaluate him.

"There, there, don't worry, darling," he murmured tenderly. "He's all right somewhere, depend upon it. I've only—er—misplaced him."

But in the end he had to confess.

"I've put my foot in it," he said humbly; "both feet, dear. I dropped him into the straw, in the wheelbarrow. It was necessary—I had to do it. It was a nice, soft bed and there were chocolates enough to please the Baby!"

The little aunt's face took on injured lines. She caught up the limp little heap of dimity and trotted it herself with exaggerated fervor.

"There, there, here we go trotting to Boston, trotting to Lynn—trotting to Salem and home again! We'll go, won't we, Eyes o' Blue? We know the way—won't need any horrid, cross Big Man to take us; no, we don't! Let horrid Big Man go right—away."

But it was torture to see her crush the little face against her face! It was awful to stand by and see the waste of her precious kisses! Was there no help for a man?—gods of pity, take that gurgling child and trot it to Boston and give a man a show!

"Audrey," he began tentatively, "you know the chocolates I promised you? If you'll put that blast—er—blast baby down I'll promise them. I think I never saw nicer chocolates. So fresh—so choice—so—"

"I'm Miss Audrey," she said. "Miss Audrey, you know the chocolates I promised you? If you'll put that blast—er—blast baby down I'll promise them. I think I never saw nicer chocolates. So fresh—so choice—so—"

"Oh, give them to me quick! I'm going to give Floss o' Gold one—she wants a chocolate right on her little red tongue, doesn't she?"

"Pitying gods!" muttered Richard Taft. He strode away from them and made his plans. They were not definite, but they were deep-hued, desperate. He meant to eliminate the Baby. Coming back across the lawn, his eyes were fixed on the little purple face crushed against Audrey's breast. A look of alarm dawned in them. He tried to introduce it into the tenderness that he knew would count.

"Great heavens, look at the child's face, Audrey!" he exclaimed. "What makes it so red? Wait; I know. It wants water. Babies require frequent—er—watering—in hot weather." He stood before her, peering down at the baby. "Have you given it water lately?" he demanded sternly. "The doctors say the mortality of babies in the summer is due—"

"Quick! get her a drink! Are you going to stand there and see a blessed little child perish—before your eyes!"

She sped away with a soft swirl of dainty skirts, and his heart went with her. But he called it back and steel'd it. There was work to be done, and quickly. No time for conscience now. Carefully laying the baby down, he put his hands to his lips like a trumpet.

"Audrey—Miss Audrey!" he called, and haled the little flying figure.

"Well, what is it? Quick!" came faintly back.

"Warm it—wa-arm it! Cold water—won't do oo!" For he needed time

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HORTICULTURE



PROPER STORAGE FOR POTATOES.

Suggestions Which May Prove Valuable in Preparing for Another Season.

The storing of potatoes, particularly on the farm, in proper manner is a problem of great importance, inasmuch as it means to the owner whether or not the potatoes so stored shall retain their color, freshness and weight for from two to six months.

The proper location for a potato storage house of large capacity is a factor that is often overlooked, says Orange Judd Farmer. It can never be built on the same results as when constructed on the side of a slope, preferably on the south; thus it is possible to gain all conveniences obtainable.

I have just completed such a house, and believe that should the mercury go down as low as 40 degrees below zero for a week or more, it will have no ill effect on the product stored, because every precaution has been taken to prevent loss from freezing. I have an ideal location for such house and one that is few and far between: First, the land is thoroughly drained; Second, by taking advantage of the

lower cut squarely across and close under the bud; the upper cut slanting and an inch or two above the bud. In this way the cuttings can be planted right side up. Currant cuttings are made six or eight inches long in the same manner, but they contain several buds.

Cuttings may be tied in bundles, with the lower ends even, and buried in moist sand over winter. The ends will callous over and they will be

Well Set ready to put out roots as soon as planted in the spring. They can also be planted in the open ground as soon as made! The cuttings should be placed somewhat slanting in rich, mellow soil several inches deep and covered to the top bud. A slight mulch of coarse manure, when the ground freezes, will help to protect them from being thrown up by the alternate freezing and thawing. Plant them four to six inches apart in the row and the rows 2 1/2 to three feet. In one or two years they will make fine, handsome plants of the variety from which the cuttings are taken.

PEA WEEVILS AND THEIR WORK.

Examine Your Seed Before Planting To Discover Presence of Pest.

There is only one generation of the pea weevil each year, says S. A. Johnson of Colorado. The eggs are laid in early summer on the outside of the pea pods when the young peas are just beginning to grow. They are deep yellow in color and glued fast with a sticky substance, which turns white on drying.

When the eggs hatch, the young grubs burrow through the pods and into the peas where they live and grow until after the pea is ripe for harvest.

The presence of the weevils in the peas may be readily detected when the peas are picked for table use by the presence of a dark spot on the surface, as though the pea had been pricked.

Inside were placed posts to hold earth back, and other posts of greater weight placed under the sills from bottom up, to hold them in straight position. The center piece in similar manner. On these sills were placed rafters of 12 inches in diameter, three feet apart, and on another 12 inches 26 feet long timber which was placed on the V-brace from center purline and up.

From the center purline was placed a brace toward the center of each rafter to take up the burden and prevent breakage. On top of these rafters and across, lengthwise of house, were laid tankards not less than three inches in diameter. Thence two thicknesses of straw and earth each six inches, making a thickness of two feet, covered with one foot of sawdust evenly spread. The intention is to cover this roof with shingles next year.

There are three bins, one on each side of 15x8x12 feet high, holding about 750 or 800 bushels each, and one at end of 15x16x16 feet high at center, and ten feet on sides, holding from 1,600 to 2,000 bushels, according to how high it is filled up. In each bin is a spout which empties into the center of each bin. The slant runs from the outer pair of slanting doors through two other pair of doors to the center of the large bin on west end of house.

Through this alley and terminating just inside of the outer slanting load door is a track laid of two pieces three-quarter-inch round steel, hung on large sunken posts, protruding 1 1/2 feet above floor and two feet at outer door of alley, and tightened by a nut in each end. The two thresholds are made high, so that the track may rest on them when holding up large loads. On this track I have made a flatcar, 3 1/2x6 feet long, which will carry 20 or 25 bushels at a time, and run so easy that my 13-year-old son can run it out. As the ground outside of the outer doors or loading place is excavated enough to allow the car when it appears loaded to come even with the bottom of wagon box, it has brought hard lifting and carrying to a minimum.

Covering Raspberry Bushes.

We have not covered a single raspberry cane on our grounds for a number of years, and have had good success with the varieties we grow on a variety of soils. However, where it is necessary to cover the plants, they may still be bent to the ground at any time when the canes may happen to be thawed out so that they will not break too easily and covering with stable manure, or any other material that will hold them down to the ground. As we have before remarked in these columns, winter cover is not given so much to keep the plants warm as to keep them from alternate freezing and thawing and from exposure to our "dry" thirsty winter winds. By keeping this in mind, the methods of covering a great variety of tender plants may be better understood.

His Interpretation.

Mythology sometimes becomes strangely twisted in a youngster's brain. Reggie heard at school the story of Damocles, and the sword which hung over his head suspended by a hair. At dinner he related it to the entire family, showing that it had made a deep impression upon him.

His father, wishing to know what lesson Reggie drew from the story, asked him why Damocles was in constant fear. Reggie pondered, then brightened and responded:

"I suppose he was afraid the hair would fall in his soup."

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"Audrey—Miss Audrey!" he called, and haled the little flying figure.

"Well, what is it? Quick!" came faintly back.

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