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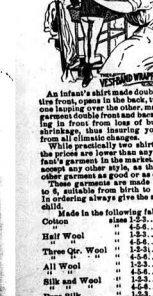

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JANET'S REWARD

By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS

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It was hard to say which was the more noted—the Wilton pearls or the Wilton temper.

Euphemia, the youngest Wilton girl, had inherited both, together with much land, many stocks and bonds, not to name Revolutionary relics quite equal to a patent of nobility. There fore it was, and was not, amazing that she was single at thirty-five. There had never been a hint of romance nor a suspicion of blighted affections. She had had suitors in shoals. At least three times she had contemplated marrying one of them. But it had not got beyond contemplation—each of the three had been dismissed.

Both of her brothers had married, and had crops of lusty young Wiltons. But Clara, the sister who shared with Miss Euphemia, dowerless of the big homestead, had only stepchildren. She had married a minister with the traditional family. It was remotely through this family that the affair of the pearls came to happen. If there had been no need of a governess for three very unruly girls, Janet Alves, Irish, finely bred, wistfully pretty, careless and happy in spite of poverty, would never have seen those famous gems.

Janet danced like the leaves in southern skies, sang like the voice of a lark, seemed indeed the embodiment of youth and spring. Because none of the great people saved her in the lonest, she made her way to their hearts. Their splendid aloofness touched her quick sympathies as did the manifold poverty of her pleasant companions living down beyond the mills.

When Euphemia laid out a brief while—Clara and the minister, Mr. Fox, had surrendered at sight. Before five months end d, Janet was one of the family, freer indeed than the step children to break up Miss Wilton's solitude and make her laugh.

"Sure, laughing makes you the prettier," Janet said, with just the faint yet touch of brogue. When she chose her English was crystalline, but she had found out that the Irish inflection pleased the stately lady.

She dared further to rummage out things and dress up her patroness. "It's a bride I am making of you," she said one dull afternoon, raw and cold when Miss Euphemia was held by a sore throat from her daily drive. "You shall be the enchanted princess in wait 'for the fairy prince," she ran on. "I'm your lady-in-waiting. Stand up, please. Faith's sure made the lace on your white frock—with the pearls and all, you'd outshine even a dream."

"You're a big baby, and I'm your doll, a foolish doll—very," Miss Wilton retorted, nevertheless permitting herself to be adorned. She loved her clothes, her jewels no happier women love their children. It pleased her more than she could say to see herself in Janet's admiration. "You'll have to hurry, though," she went on. "Dr. Bently may come in any time after two. If he came and caught us in our masquerade—"

"He would say he was in luck," a voice said from the opening door. After a half minute it went on, the speaker meanwhile walking to the fireside, "Upon my soul! Is this prophetic? Are you really going to do it at last?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Miss Euphemia, crossly.

Dr. Archibald Bently laughed. He was a stout man, slightly bald, and half an inch lower than tall Miss Euphemia. He had played with her in short frocks, being but a year her elder, and son to a close family friend.

"Bless my soul! Phemy!" he ejaculated, after looking her over. "If only I'd know earlier how stunning you could be—well! I might have done something foolish."

"You never will come to things where people dress like Christians," Miss Euphemia said, still crossly, but a smile lurked about her mouth.

Janet danced in between them, saying gayly: "Children! Children! Mind your manners! And your meals! Come! But hn't she the love? Talk to the doctor: 'To think of wearing a string of pearls like that only once in whiles! I call it sinful!'"

"You'd wear them every day—to market, mill and muster," the doctor laughed.

Janet grew slightly pale. "I'd deserve to wear them at all—or to keep them," she said. "They are worth so much; and the money—I would build houses and homes, and warm cold little children, and comfort, oh, so many! I'm glad to be among such trials! It would be awful to have them—and awfuler to give them up."

"Run away, you young anarchist," Dr. Bently said, shaking his head.

Janet obeyed, he took Miss Wilton's hand. It was hot and tremulous—so much so he looked startled. Instantly he called back Janet, also summoned Miss Wilton's maid and had her put to bed as quickly as possible.

"Grip! No danger unless complications develop," he told Janet as he took his leave.

Mrs. Fay was away with her husband; therefore Janet had to be the family head. "Nursing is pretty much everything," the doctor went on. "There's where you come in—she won't have a professional. Keep her quiet and send for me if the fever mounts. Don't lose your head. She's got all the chances. Wish I could say as much for the cases down by the mills."

Before midnight Miss Wilton was out of her head. Dr. Bently found her plucking with the string of pearls, talking to its component parts and endeavoring to fondling it. "Yes—you won't take it to give Janet!" she asked in a fearful whisper as the doctor bent over her. "Janet would sell it, but we won't let her."

She fell into drugged sleep, with the pearls huddled under her cheek. Janet, watching, also slept, fitfully, but heard neither sound nor stir.

Morning found Miss Wilton raving and the pearls gone. Janet hardly gave them a thought—all her thought was for the sick woman. Two days another night, half the next day she sat by her, battling with fever, with delirium. Complications had developed — there was pneumonia. Though others came and went, ministering and helping, Janet did not leave the sick room, save for the briefest spaces until the crisis was safely past. Miss Wilton clung to her even in the wildest minutes. She was very white and heavy-eyed when the doctor looked up at her to say with his finger on the thready pulse.

"You woman, we've won—by the help of the Lord."

Then she fell into fainting, like crying, like screaming, but instead, she dropped down white and weak, her hands over her face. She crept away to sleep, a long heavy sleep, and awoke remembering the pearls.

They must be found. They were surely in Miss Wilton's apartments—no sea-spite could have been cruel enough to snatch them while a sick woman and her watcher slept. But as the days slipped by, each bringing Miss Wilton health and healing, Janet grew more worried. Sometimes in the night, she could not find the necklace. Doctor Bently saw that some

"He Would Say He Was in Luck."

thing was amiss—what, he could not discover. He watched Janet narrowly every time he came. Miss Wilton, in turn, watched him—and drew her own conclusions. She was more than ever beautiful with that transfiguring fairness of contrite-reverence, but she did not realize it.

The day she sat up first, fully dressed, and the doctor had gone, she called to Janet. "Come here! Fetch my pearls. I want them—and you." "Why do you want them?" Dr. Bently asked quickly. Over her shoulder he had seen the panic in Janet's eyes.

"To give to your wife—you will marry Janet," she said tremulously. "You deserve her, Archibald. I wish you joy."

"Sorry—but I don't want her—don't want any other woman so long as you are above ground, Phemy," Dr. Bently said, taking her chin hand in his.

Her eyes closed, great tears welled from beneath them and involuntarily her head stirred to his breast. But it rose almost instantly. "I—I—there is something," she said, pressing her hands hard above her brow. "Oh, I remember—the pearls! I put them in that old vase the very last thing before I drifted out of myself. Take them down, Janet, and tell me they will console you a little."

"I don't need any consolation," Janet said, darting toward them, the dusty pearls cascading over her hand.

"Even if I wanted your Archibald I'd be ashamed to take you—but for the shock he gave you you might never be ashamed—and I should have had the name of—"

"No! No! Never!" Miss Wilton and her lover protested in a breath.

Janet stayed to hear no more—loving them both so well she was glad to leave them to their new-old love.

Significant Change.

Mississippi's history, according to the Homiletic Review (London), that it is becoming difficult to procure at the book shops in China any copies of the works of Confucius. Formerly the Confucian classics, with voluminous commentaries, formed the chief stock in trade, the remaining supplies being chiefly composed of fantastic novels which read grotesquely when translated. The change which has taken place is revolutionary, for scientific and mathematical works, translated from English, French and German, together with the stories of Doyle, Dickens, Dumas and Scott, fill the book stores.

HORTICULTURE

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Don't allow the stock wagons to pack the soil in the orchard.

Promptly gather up and burn all brush and rubbish in the orchard.

When spraying do not work with bare hands. They'll be sore if you do. Put on a pair of rubber gloves.

Remove every dead tree from the orchard. They are veritable breeding places for fruit pests.

The grape is one of the longest lived of all fruit plants. It will live and bear fruit in one place for a hundred years or more.

A cover of quail in the orchard will prove a good friend to the grower, because they eat a tremendous number of insects.

The city-dealer profits by the laziness of the grower, by grading and repacking his badly assorted fruit.

To destroy the wild morning glory or bind weed, turn in the sheep or hogs.

The pear tree needs but little culture. To encourage strong growth only induces blight. A sod surface and slow growth is more favorable.

Remember when you plow in the orchard that the roots are very near the surface. Three inches is plenty deep enough.

Some fruit growers say that it is not a good plan to plow an orchard when the trees are in blossom—never do it before or after.

That corky old apple, the Ben Davis, still holds a high price in the city markets, because its fine appearance deceives the ignorant buyer.

Many farmers who have been growing fruit for years do not know that the apple and most other fruit trees form fruit buds in the late summer months.

Placing a small heap of rich stable manure around the base of each tree in the orchard will prove to be a little time most profitably spent.

Some refuse straw scattered among the small fruit bushes will work wonders as a fertilizer and in keeping down the unsightly and unprofitable weed pests.

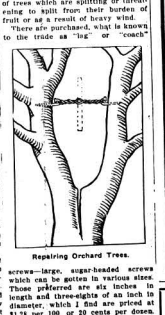
REPAIRING AN ORCHARD TREE

Excellent Remedy is Practised by Ohio Orchardists—Device Costs Little.

(By F. H. BALLOU.)

An excellent practise noted in well-kept Ohio orchards is the treatment of trees which are splitting or threatening to split from their burden of fruit or as a result of heavy wind.

There are purchased, what is known to the trade as "lag" or "coach"



Repairing Orchard Trees.

screws—large, sugar-headed screws which can be gotten in various sizes. Those preferred are six inches in length and three-eights of an inch in diameter, which I find are priced at $1.28 per 100, or 20 cents per dozen. A blacksmith turns a hook at the extending of the screws. Holes are bored in the two parts of the tree which are separating, in which the screws are solidly turned connecting them with a heavy wire cable. The screws should be given such a position that there will be a "straight pull" on them, thus eliminating danger of splitting the branch. The cable is formed by using two "rounds" of heavy, galvanized wire from hook to hook, which is then twisted up taut by inserting between the wires a piece of boggy hickory or other, not piece of iron or wood, and turning until the divisions of the tree are brought in close contact at the point of separation.

Grafting Trees.

Waxing is one of the most important factors in successful grafting. The work must be done carefully, that the scions be not dried out, and completely, thin all air and moisture shall be excluded. A very good wax is made by melting together one pounds of resin, two pounds of beeswax and one pound of tallow. When melted pour into a tub of cold water to cool; then pull, the same as for taffy, until it is of a clear golden color. Of course grafting should be done on warm, bright days; otherwise the wax hardens so quickly it is difficult to do the work well. Young trees may be grafted in the orchard; a tree eight to ten years old is too years.

Millinery

The whole success of a costume depends entirely upon whether the hat is correct. Correctness of style—take that for granted here where the latest is always to be had.

Miss D. R. Jukes.

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is a beautiful, brown, standard bred trotting stallion; large, smooth, flat bone, with large hazel eyes; very sensible and of a gentle disposition. 16 hands and one inch high and weighs 1,300 pounds. For style, beauty and finish he has few equals.

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A mammouth jack, jet black with white points, 14 hands and three inches high; fine head and ears; blocky build; large bone and well muscled, with great style and action. Tip Top No. 1069 has proven himself a great breeder and a sure foal getter.

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Wm. Grace, Owner; Wm. S. Young, Manager.

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—Emerson.

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