

# TWO ONES, ONE TWO AND A FIVE.

## CHAPTER II.

The next day was cold, dull and rainy. With the ever-varying mood of fickle spring, the weather during the night, had lost all the graces which characterized it on the previous afternoon, and all day long a half mist, half drizzle accompanied by a chilly wind, had rendered out-door life anything but pleasant. Evening settled down, more calm, but not a whit less cold and misty. The city lights, wane and dim, struggled with the choking fog as if perishing for want of breath. Here and there a straggling pedestrian hurried to and fro, from one dark shadow emerging, in a moment plunging into another. Deep in the recess of some doorway, a solitary homeless news-boy feebly cried his papers stiff. Business men darted from shop or office with a rush for the passing car, and were swiftly whirled away to their homes, glad to escape the inclemency of the night.

Down a narrow, dark, bye-street or lane, two young men, scarcely on the further side of thirty years, slowly groped their way through the gathering night. One of them appeared to be sick or wounded, for he hung heavily on the shoulder of his companion for support, and an occasional groan of pain escaped his lips as he slowly and painfully dragged his faltering steps along. At last the weary feet refused to obey, and he fell heavily forward only being prevented from falling to the ground by the quick grasp of his companion, who drew him hurriedly within an open gateway into a stable-yard at the back of some large buildings.

"It's no use, Bob," old man, murmured the sick man. "I can go no farther. I am done for till I can rest a little. Let me lie under that wagon there in the shed till I rest a bit, and then I'll try again. It don't look as though it would be quite so cold under there," shivering as he spoke.

"It won't do, Jack, my boy. You will die here. I must go for help."

"No, no! For God's sake don't, Bob, don't call anyone," entreated the sick man. "I can't bear the thought of what might happen. Don't leave me, Bob! please don't, old pard; you've been like a brother to me, ay, more than a brother, many times, don't leave me now, just let me rest! Oh, he shivered. "I'm so cold, Bob, so cold! I hope I can die here, for I am no good in this world any more, and I fear there is small chance of me ever being so."

"Nonsense, Jack, you will pull through all right, and who knows how many happy days there may be before you yet? Let me go and bring help and have you taken care of."

"Aye, that's the word, Bob. Taken care of; that's the trouble. Just think the kind of care I'll get—five years at least. O God! And I swear to you, Bob, I am not guilty; I am not, old friend, I swear; it on this which is, I hope, my death-bed. Where is your hand, old man, lean close down, for on your sacred honor, that if I go tonight you will never reveal to the world that I am innocent; that I never committed any crime to disgrace the honored name of my father. Promise me, old friend, that if I go over the river to-night some day you will tell my dear little sister—God bless her!—some day you'll tell her, Bob, how it was all wrong, how it was all a great mistake some way, and how I died loving and blessing her. Tell the dear old mother, Bob, if the sorrow has not killed her, tell her that I am not all bad. Tell her that with my last breath I swore my innocence, and prayed that somehow the good God would help me to find her over there! Oh! Oh!—I'm so cold, Bob, so cold! so cold!" and his frame trembled as with the ague, and the words died on his quivering lips.

"It's no use, Jack, I can't see you suffer like this. It's murder to sit here and see you die so; I must get help."

"Hush, Bob, hush, for the love of heaven keep still; don't stir or make a noise, some one is coming!"

Closer into the deep shadows of the shed and wagons crouched the shivering, half-famished, perishing form of the lonely, suffering outcast and his companion, as nearer still came the tramp of footsteps, now mingled with the sound of voices. The poor fellows crouched in terror, and scarcely dared to breathe as the steps turned into the yard where they lay hidden, past their corner, and finally halted at the door of a small stable, scarcely ten feet from where they lay. In a moment the door was unlocked and the two entered; then a flood of light filled the stable as the electric button was turned, while its beams shot out across the muddy yard, making a strip almost as light as day, and plunging the rest of the place into darkness that seemed almost tangible. The two men who stood within the stable in the bright glare of light, plainly visible to the two crouching figures themselves hidden by the thick darkness without, were no others than our friends Fraston and Bronnell, whom we heard arranging to meet at some certain place on this particular evening; and this is the place appointed. It is Fraston's stable. He likes a speedy horse, and here he usually keeps one or two.

"I wanted to show you my new nag," he said; "and also I thought this was as quiet and safe a place as we could wish to explain the business I wanted to tell you of this evening."

After looking over the new horse and discussing him till content, Fraston turned to his companion and said:

"And now as to this other little business!"

As he spoke the tone of his voice and every word was distinctly heard by the watchers without, who were listening intently in the hope of reading thereby their chance of escaping detection. The face of the sick man had become white and livid as he beheld the form of Joel Fraston standing in the light within the stable, which paleness was now replaced by a flush of excitement as he watched and listened in breathless suspense.

"You know young Markwell, don't you, Nathan?"

"I am not at all acquainted with him, though I think I know him by sight. He's a young engineer, is he not?"

"He is. You know him well enough to be sure when you see him?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, that's all the better than further acquaintance just now. Now, I will tell you just what I want, all in a nut-shell. As I told you before, I have made up my mind to annex the daughter and ducats of Mr. Justice Durrant."

"Yes."

Again the face of the sick listener in the shed grows ashen, his eyes flash, his form quivers and trembles, his breath comes in quick, short gasps, and his hands clutch convulsively as the speaker continues.

"Well, this confounded young upstart of a Markwell happens to be posing in the light of a rival just now, and a duced favored one on the girl's part, as I discovered yesterday. You see, I must remove him from the path."

"In the name of high heavens, what do you mean, Joel? Not that you want me to help you to—"

"No, no, foolskin! What do you take me for, a blundering butcher? I hope I have more brains than that. No, I have a far safer way; send him over much the same road as the brother. You see, after I have arranged so that she will get all the old man's money, it's a shame if I can't manage so that I can get her. I got her brother safely out of her father's books, and now I must get the lover safely out of her's. Now, my plans. The sooner the better, you know, before her silly notions get any deeper into her head; so I have chosen to-morrow. I happen to be acquainted with this Markwell, slightly, enough, at least, to be quite in order for me to converse with him upon a chance meeting of this kind. He is going to attend a base-ball game to-morrow afternoon; thus have I chosen there as my time. Now, lend me your purse and I'll explain all in a moment."

Fraston took the purse as Bronnell handed it to him, and at once emptying its contents into his hand, returned that part to their owner; then, with an indelible pencil he printed Bronnell's name on the inside of the purse, and taking some bills from his own pocket he counted out three or four, which, together with a few pieces of silver, he placed in the purse. Then he remarked:

"Now, you see this! There are two ones, one two, and a five in bills, and some change in silver. Can you swear to the contents of this purse to-morrow?"

"Two ones, one two, and a five," interrogated Bronnell.

"Yes, two ones, one two, and a five, a Western Bank five, and some small change in silver. What would quite naturally be left in changing a ten-dollar bill, you see. Two ones; one two, and a five."

"Yes, I can remember that most certainly. What of it?"

"Very well, I'll tell you the plan. You see these? Three new, crisp, ten-dollar bills. His companion nodded.

"Those are counterfeit, and they will be found in his pocket, too, as well as your purse. You see that with the two charges against him, each helping to substantiate the other, it will be impossible for him to escape. The plan is as follows: I will fall in with him at the ball grounds, and we will walk around together for a few minutes; you must be there, and must not let me out of your sight. As soon as you see us together work your way up to us, and in passing, manage to get crowded against him a little. In half a minute afterward raise a disturbance, declare your loss, and demand his arrest. I will see that it is then in his pocket. He will be arrested, amid my earnest expostulations, and assurances to the man. When he is searched the purse will be found, and I, very reluctantly, will have to admit you are the man known by the name found in the purse, and also, that I gave you change for a ten-dollar bill just before entering the grounds. It was two ones, one two, and a five, I gave you, and one dollar in silver. A Western Bank five, by the way. I'll be awfully sorry, and all that. He will be marched off to await trial, and by that time the counterfeit bills will be brought to light, and he will be in for the double charge. He can't escape, and by the time his sentence is served out there'll be small chance of the young lady wanting to wed a jail-bird, and still less chance of her papa allowing it; and with that much time at my disposal, with her outraged feelings to help to secure the prize. What do you think?"

"It seems rather hard on the other fellow. Can't you—"

"Oh, yes! you are awfully sympathetic all at once, aren't you? Did I talk that way when you wanted some help not long ago? Now you want to get out of returning the compliment do you?"

"No, no! I'll see you through it; only—"

"There's no 'only' about it; except that it's the only way I must crush Markwell or I can't win; and win I am determined to, so don't bother moralizing; it makes me weary. Be sure you remember the bills; two ones, one two, and a five. Is there anything further?"

"No, I think not."

"Then let us get home, and out of this beastly night."

Fraston turned off the light, and the two walked out in moody silence, little dreaming that the whole discussion of their scheme had been overheard, word by word, by the two crouching, shivering, awe-stricken wanderers hidden in the shadows of the shed and the wagon not ten feet from the plotters of this villainy. In breathless silence they listened till the two had left the yard. Listen to Fraston swear because the stableman had left the yard gate open, and saw him try to shut it but fail, for the same reason that the men had failed, simply because the hinges had been torn off.

"God help us, Bob, what are we going to do! Did you hear what they are planning?" whispered Jack, as the sound of the footsteps grew fainter.

"Every word of it," answered Bob.

"Heaven help me!" said Jack. "Give me but life till tomorrow, that I may warn Frank Markwell of his danger, and then I can die content. I must have strength for that, though. I must! I will do it; all the powers of

darkness and hell shall not drag me from this earth till I have done that. God help me! Help me up, help me up, old pard! I'm going to find him, and tell him of his danger."

Under the strain of his great excitement and mental agony, his chills had given place to the flush of fever, and, half delirious, he struggled to his feet; but his strength quickly failing him again, he fell fainting into the arms of his companion. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered again, Bob spoke.

"No Jack! I will trap these two rascals. You would just scare them off and leave them free to try some other game. Now listen to me. You must go to the hospital and stay there till you are better; it is the only way you can help, and before tomorrow night these two will be in their own box. I know what you would say, but I will listen to nothing. I must be obeyed as I say, and you must help by doing as I say, now if you want to save the innocent girl 3 two ones 1 two and 5 from this dastardly plot against him. I'm willing to sacrifice anything. I'll do as you say."

"There is still an hour or more before midnight, and I'm off for the ambulance; stay here till I come back. I know a policeman, No. 37, on a beat not far from here, who will help me through with the business. A good sort of fellow; I used to know him well before he joined the force. Keep quiet as you can, until I return," and without more ado he was gone.

To Be Continued.

## COLDER THAN THE YUKON REGION.

Places Where the Thermometer Drops Lower Than at the Klondike.

There is as yet no positive record of the lowest range of the thermometer in the upper Yukon region, but it is safe to assume that this range extends yearly to the 50-degree or—60-degree line, with a not improbable occasional descent to a somewhat lower level. This would be approximately the low-level temperature of the true Arctic regions, and yet by no means the lowest that has ever been recorded. Thus Kane, in his Arctic service, has seen—75 degrees, and the officers of the British polar expedition of 1876 recorded an equivalent temperature of—72 deg. On the other hand, the lowest registry of Mr. Peary's thermometer was only—53 degrees. Compared with regions lying to the further south, the winter climate of the Klondike does not differ in severity materially from that of many parts of the more thickly inhabited portions of British America—Manitoba or Alberta or even from Dakota or northern and central Minnesota, where almost annually the mercury freezes in its tube.

While possibly sufficiently low to meet all the requirements of human happiness or discomfort this freezing cold is yet far from equalling what is a regular occurrence in many parts of inhabited Siberia. At the governmental town of Yakutsk, which is situated a short distance without the Arctic realm, a spirit marking of—75 degrees is no infrequent event, and even—80 degrees is hardly sufficient to disturb the equanimity of the inhabitants. In the winter of 1894-95 the low record of—82 degrees was established. At Verkhoyansk just beyond the Arctic Circle, the thermometer in a single day in January, 1896, marked—90 degrees. This is the lowest natural cold that has ever been recorded, but the region which it marks has long been recognized as one of the "poles of cold" of the earth. Incidental reference to a cold of—89 degrees has been transmitted from the Klondike, but there can be little question that this is an exaggeration of the actual severity of the climate the result of careless observation or of instruments whose rating is imperfect.

## SOME FAMOUS WOMEN'S ORIGIN.

Perhaps the most striking instance in history in which a woman born of low degree has risen to the zenith of popularity and fame is Joan of Arc, who, in her younger days, fed swine, and yet afterward through her patriotic zeal and inborn bravery, became the darling heroine of France and her soldiers.

Coming to more recent times, quite a large number of celebrated ladies of to-day commenced life in humble positions. That famous society beauty, Mrs. Langtry, is the daughter of a poor country parson, but in this case her face proved her fortune, and she quickly rose to be recognized as one of the most beautiful ladies in society.

Sarah Bernhardt, who probably draws the largest income of any actress in the world, was once a dressmaker's apprentice, working ten hours a day in a Parisian workshop. Christine Nilsson commenced even lower than this, being the daughter of a Swedish peasant, and used to run about with bare feet.

Another celebrated Swedish lady, Jenny Lind, was born in a ladies' school, of which her mother was principal.

Whilst Miss Braddon, probably the most popular woman novelist of the day, used to play small parts in theatrical productions.

## A CANINE ELECTRICIAN.

The smallest electrician in the world is a fox terrier named Strip, belonging to a firm of electric light engineers in London. She is only 3 1/2 years of age, and her business is to carry the wires through the narrow tubes which connect the dynamos at the central station with the private houses, which duty she performs with the greatest skill and quickness, never failing to find her way through the most intricate passages.

## HER HAZY IDEAS.

My dear, why are you saving those old fly papers?

Why—you said you always have to buy flies when you go fishing.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### WINTER CARE OF DAIRY CALVES.

To make good dairy cows calves must not only be well bred but must be fed in such a manner as to develop their growth and a capacity for consuming a large amount of milk-producing food, writes C. P. Gooderich. A good dairy cow always has a large stomach, which is shown by great depth through the middle of the body. The time to lay the foundation for the great depth of body is during the first year of the calf's life. Men make mistakes with calves in two directions. As it is winter care we are talking about, we will suppose that the calves that were dropped in the spring have been well kept during the summer; but when winter comes, one man anxious to feed his calves well, feeds Timothy hay and corn fodder for the main part of the coarse fodder, and then to make them sleek and look fine to his eyes he feeds a liberal allowance of corn and perhaps keeps them closely confined; giving them no exercise. What is the consequence of this kind of feeding? In the spring the calves look sleek and smooth. Many persons think they look fine, but they do not from a dairyman's standpoint. They are straight on the back, the inequalities of the bony structure being filled up with flesh. The under ribs is straight and the ends square. Now we have a calf started on the road towards a beef animal, and by just so much as we have changed the form by feeding toward the beef type and made it look like a beef animal, we have to an equal amount reduced the chances of the calf ever growing up to be a good dairy cow. This mistake in feeding the first winter will be likely to have its effect on all her after life. You have taught her to make tallow—something you do not want her to know how to do. The right kind of care and feeding in after years may in some measure counteract the effects of this mistake. Habits formed in youth are hard to eradicate. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," is as true a principle to be applied in raising cattle as in raising boys.

There is another class of farmers that make a mistake in wintering calves which is exactly the opposite of the one I have just described. They starve their calves or let them take care of themselves. When winter comes they are turned into a yard that gets hard over to them and corn fodder is thrown over to them and this, with what straw they eat from the stack, constitutes their whole feed. The only question the owner asks is, "Will they live through the winter?" If they do live through till spring they are not worth as much as they were when winter commenced. They have developed immense bellies, because the food on which they have been fed was so in-nutritious and indigestible that they had to eat a large amount of it to sustain life. Their bones have not grown a bit during the winter and the amount of muscle they carry is much less than it was in the fall. If it was not for their big bellies they would not weigh as much as in the fall. It is true that they are deep through the middle, a quality we want a dairy calf to have, but this large abdomen has been made with the wrong kind of food. Marsh hay, corn fodder and straw are carbonaceous foods; they distend the stomach, but they do nothing toward building up the form. The calf's education had not been in the direction of developing a capacity for handling a large amount of protein food. A calf that has been wintered in the manner last described is worth much less than one fed the other way. It has been stunted and dwarfed, and the man who follows this way of wintering calves every year will find that his cattle will "run out" badly and he will soon, after a few generations, have a herd of the meanest kind of scrubs, no matter how fine the animals were that he commenced with.

I have told of two wrong ways of wintering calves which are practiced all too much; and now it will take but a few words to tell what in my opinion is the right way. Give the calf good clean quarters, where it is comfortably warm, but not too close. Give plenty of bedding, which should be changed frequently. Give the calves a chance to exercise in the open air except in the worst weather. Feed with regularity three times a day on the kinds of food that will make your cows produce the most milk. This will be food that has a large proportion of protein in it. I would recommend feeding clover hay, alfalfa hay or pea vine hay and corn fodder, and some good oats or wheat bran. That would make a well-balanced milk ration. Feed so as to make them grow and look in good fair condition, but do not make them fat.

### HOW WE SPREAD MANURE.

We do not keep a Timothy meadow, and consequently do not have a field poverty-stricken with Timothy, to rejuvenate with manure. The manure goes onto the clover the first summer after it is sown, the best time, or else the second fall and winter after sowing, to be plowed in for corn. We do not say plowed under, because in turning the sod we do not turn it flat, but turn each furrow slice up against the preceding one. This season, says Mr. Jamison, we top dressed a ten-acre field farthest from the highway and barn buildings. This is the first complete coat of manure the field has ever had. Last fall the field was sown to rye, this spring to clover. As soon as the rye was ripe we began to haul manure, and kept it up at intervals, till the field was gone over at the rate of twenty heavy two-horse loads per

acre. The manure was hauled from our own lots and stables, and from town. It was scattered from the wagon, and not a first-class job, mainly because of the variable quality and condition of the manure. The rye was a light crop, and was harvested by the hogs. Then came a rank growth of rag-weeds, which were cut just when coming into bloom. Following this a rank growth of clover. All this time, probably till about the first of September, the manure hauling was continued. At times, when we walked over the field, we noticed the manure was not as evenly distributed as desired.

To put a man in the field with a fork in the rank clover to complete the work, looked like an endless job. This fall we have had the clover and brood sows on the field. They have trodden down the weeds, and consumed and trampled down the clover. Now, looking over the field from a distance, the manure coating is quite noticeable by its dark color in contrast with the green sward of clover. The animals in tramping over the field have done much toward breaking up and fining the manure. But the work is not complete. If the first few days of December give us as good weather as we usually have in November we shall put a light harrow on the field and finish spreading the manure. If not done then, it will be as soon in the spring as the weather will allow. Next summer we shall expect a sward of even growth, no tufts standing in prominence above others. The next year over in corn we expect an even growth over the field. If the harrowing is evenly done, the manure on this field will be well distributed, for the greater part of it is already well decayed. This field will be grazed next summer. Were it not, and were it cut for hay, we would have no manure in the hay, because we do not use a spring-tooth, but a revolving or sweep rake. Two years ago we top-dressed a rye and clover field this way. The hogs gathering the rye did much toward breaking up and fining the manure. After them the harrow and animal's grazing the field completed the fining up and distributing the manure. When this field was plowed last winter there was no coarse manure on the surface, but all was in the best possible shape to feed the corn crop raised this year.

### THE WISE BUTTERMAKER.

It is astonishing how many creameries are run upon the same general plan, regardless of location or condition. It would seem that all the operators were from one school, and were under orders to follow one system.

One of the most common practices is to churn about the same time every day and let the cream ripen about so many hours, regardless of its acidity. On gathered cream routes the cream in hot weather is more than ready to churn by the time it arrives at the factory, but it must be "mixed," and so the cream from the different cans is put into one common vat and stirred some and left until the next morning to be churned. Thus cream of all degrees of acidity goes into one common mass and butter results from fair flavor, to that actually sour, the flavor of active fermentation, rather than the mild lactic acid flavor. Not one of these creameries in fifty employs the acid test to grade the cream when it arrives, so that certain cans are put at once into the churn, others—after cooling—into the vats and possibly others into the "starter" tanks. Creameries by the score can be found that are run by men who churn, when they are ready, not when the cream is properly ripe.

One of the greatest needs to-day of the creamery is men as makers who are not automatons, but have the knowledge and skill to grade cream and vary methods by the conditions of weather, quality of the material and a lot of things that cannot be found out about in the books—things that come up unannounced day after day. All difficulties cannot be met with a cut-and-dried plan of making, though makers by the hundred do every day alike and wonder why it is that they have no two days' results uniform.

### SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

In South America girls are often married at the age of fifteen years—at which time they can scarcely be said to have arrived at the age of understanding, especially as the fashionable method of education gives them pretty manners but completely isolates them from the world. An Argentine lady, who, some years ago, was married at Buenos Ayres at the age of fifteen years to a British subject, tells an amusing story of her wedding.

"I could speak but little English then," she says, "and how much a child I was you may judge from my story. I was married in the English church, and of course the service was conducted in the English language. I will mention that the season was December, or midsummer, and that the market was full of fruits, the English names of which I had amused myself by learning as I ate them.

"The marriage ceremony had proceeded as far as the place where I was to repeat after the minister the promise to 'love, cherish and obey.' The clergyman was repeating the words in little phrases so that I could follow him.

"To love, cherish—' said he.

"No!" said I. I had been taught always to tell the truth. "Me no love cherries," I whispered, "me love strawberries!"

"Then all the people present who understood English were compelled to stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths to prevent a desecration of a solemn service with laughter."

### LIKE A HUMAN.

The mouse that smells the cheese and slips into the housewife's trap. Soon finds that he's like most of these.

Who thinks they've struck a snag