

# TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

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BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

suppose he meant it seriously? It's a joke, of course.  
The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "Not in very good taste as a joke," he said; "but after all it doesn't matter; the letter contains its own answer, and there's an end of it."  
"What do you mean?" asked Dick. "How does it contain its own answer?"  
"Silence, in this case, was to give refusal; consent was only to be inferred from a particular act."  
Dick was thunderstruck at this, and lost his head.  
"But I weng," he stammered.  
"Went where?" asked the other, sharply.  
"To Great Russell street."  
"You went to Great Russell street? And what, in the name of goodness, did you do that for? Do you know, Captain Estcourt?" he continued, severely, "what we lawyers call this kind of thing? Adhering to the sovereign's enemies; levying war against our lord the king—that's what we call it, sir. An overt act of treason, and you and your friends make a joke of it!"  
"But that was not why I went," said Dick, in confusion. "I hadn't had the note then. The man himself had already asked me to go for quite a different purpose."  
Here the maid entered to lay the cloth, and both were silent.  
"I'll explain it all to you after dinner," said Dick. "In the meantime let us settle the business you came about."  
"This was done, and occupied them for somewhat less than half an hour, at the end of which time they set down to table."  
Dick was preoccupied, and the conversation dragged. His guest eyed him doubtfully from time to time, and he was uneasily conscious of the fact. Presently he got up and went to the bell.  
"I quite forgot," he said, as he pulled the cord. "I never asked about that note being open."  
"I don't understand," said Mr. Wickerby.  
"The seal was broken when I found it."  
The lawyer looked puzzled. "Sure?" he asked.  
"Certain," Dick replied. "The letter had been opened, beyond a doubt."  
"That's awkward. I'm afraid any one who may have read it would think you kept queer company."  
The maid appeared in answer to the bell.  
"Jane," said Dick, holding up the letter. "The gentleman wrote it here, sir."  
"Excuse me," said Mr. Wickerby, interrupting. "but I should like to ask her a question or two; I'm used to this kind of thing, you know."  
"All right," said Dick; "you'll do it better than I should."  
The lawyer turned to cross-examine Jane, who was beginning to be alarmed.  
"What gentleman?" he asked.  
"I don't know his name, sir."  
"Did you know him by sight?"  
"Yes, sir; he came here once, a week ago, with Captain Estcourt."  
"What time was it when he wrote the letter?"  
"About 10:30 in the morning, sir, as near as I could say."  
"Did you see him fasten it up?"  
"Yes, sir; I brought him the wax and held the taper myself."  
"What did he do with it then?"  
"He gave it to me, sir, and I put it on the chimney-piece."  
"You are sure the seal was unbroken then?"  
"Yes, sir; quite sure."  
"And who has been in here during the day?"  
"No one, sir, but me and Captain Estcourt."  
"Then," said the lawyer, with severity. "This was you who broke the seal; come now, tell the truth."  
"No, sir; indeed, it was not," said the girl, in great distress.  
"Who was it, then?"  
"Captain Estcourt, I suppose, sir," she replied, almost in tears.  
"But he was out."  
"I thought he must have come back, sir, and gone out again. I remember noticing that the letter had been opened when I came in to see to the fire, and I said to myself, 'Then he must have been home again.'"  
"What time was that?"  
"That would be about 11, sir."  
"You're certain no one else came in?"  
"They couldn't have done, sir, without ringing. Captain Estcourt, he has a latchkey, but others must ring."  
Mr. Wickerby said that she was not likely to be shaken from this theory. Whether it was true or not, it was her only possible method of clearing herself from the charge of having opened the letter.  
"Thank you," he said; "I daresay you are right. Captain Estcourt must have forgotten. That will do, Jane, and you needn't trouble yourself about it."  
The girl fled with alacrity, and Mr. Wickerby turned to Dick, who was fuming with impatience.  
"Well," he asked, "what do you say to that?"  
"What confounded nonsense all this is!" cried Dick; "as if I didn't know that I never set eyes on the thing till this afternoon, just two minutes before you came in! I shall think no more of it."  
"That is all very well," replied his companion, "but the question is, will all these other people think no more of it, too?"  
"What other people?"  
"Well, there is first the gentleman who sent the invitation, and no doubt supposes you to have accepted it with your eyes open; secondly, these Frenchmen he mentions—did you meet them, too?"  
"Oh, hang them, yes!" groaned Dick. "Thirdly, the person or persons, unknown, who opened and read this letter; and fourthly—let me see—oh, yes—the lady spoken of as 'my sister-in-law.'"  
Dick turned crimson, and his companion fixed a penetrating glance upon him.

"Do you know," he said, "I think, my dear Estcourt, it might be better for you if you made a clean breast of it. I'm an old confidential friend of your people, and you know I will keep your counsel."  
"I give you my word," cried Dick. "There's nothing more to tell than this: I know Colonel de Montaut—the man who wrote this letter, you know—pretty well; and as for Madame de Montaut—"  
"Yes?" inquired Mr. Wickerby. "And as for Madame—?"  
"Oh, you understand," said Dick, with desperate embarrassment, "she's the only woman in the world; but no one could ever think me capable of disloyalty, and she least of all."  
"Hm—m," said the lawyer. "I couldn't, perhaps; but women have a high estimate of their own power, and some of them love to exercise it, too."  
"Some of them!" Dick burst out, indignantly; "she's not 'some of them.' She wouldn't accept the help of a traitor, much less ask for it."  
He was becoming irritated beyond his self-control, and Mr. Wickerby hastened to leave this part of the subject.  
"The question now is," he remarked, "what you are to do."  
"Do!" cried Dick. "I shall write to Colonel de Montaut at once, and call tomorrow morning to explain the mistake."  
"Stop a moment," said the lawyer. "I'm not quite sure that that's your wisest plan, though, of course, it is the natural one to think of first. Let me just put the case before you as it looks to an outsider—not to me, mind you, but to an impartial stranger; to a judge or jury, for instance."  
Dick looked nervous and sulky, but said nothing, and Mr. Wickerby went on in a clear, precise tone, marking off the points on the fingers of his left hand as he proceeded:  
"An English officer," he began, "makes friends with a Frenchman—a strong Bonapartist—and falls in love with a relative of this gentleman, much attached to the same cause. He goes often to their house, and is frequently seen in their society."  
"On Saturday, March 24, 1821, he leaves home at 10:30 in the morning. Immediately afterward a letter from his Imperial friend arrives, referring to previous conversations, and asking him to join in a treasonable plot. A refusal is to be easily implied by mere silence, but the consent, which is plainly expected, is to be evidenced by attendance at 11 o'clock at a certain place for the purpose of meeting two fellow-conspirators."  
"By 11 o'clock this letter has been opened and read. No one has entered the house since our friend left it, unless, indeed, he returned himself. The maid, who received the note, with seal intact, is positive on this point; and to save herself would probably, under pressure, swear that she heard him come in again."  
"At 11 o'clock he is at the place named—for quite a different purpose, he says, but admittedly at the invitation of these same Bonapartists. The other conspirators are there too, and a cordial introduction takes place. His conduct does not appear to have aroused any doubt in their minds as to his acceptance of their overtures."  
"Confronted with this array of facts, our friend proposes to put himself right by explaining matters to the Bonapartists and even to commit the imprudence of expressing his regrets on paper. 'Litra scripta manet.' My dear Estcourt, no prudent man ever writes a letter when he can avoid it. Your disappearing friends would have you in a trap here. You'd much better run away quietly, and take a holiday somewhere, without leaving your address. When they've come to grief and got hanged for their pains—"  
"What the devil do you mean?" shouted Dick, in exasperation.  
"Then you can come back in safety," continued Mr. Wickerby. "But if you write, they'll have undeniable evidence that you received their proposal, and you'll have to choose between keeping the secret—which is a felony known by the unpleasant name of 'misprision of treason'—and giving them up to justice, which, I take it, you are even less likely to prefer."  
His ironical tone and incontrovertible logic infuriated Dick.  
"Damnation!" he roared; "why can't you let me go my own way? I know my friends better than you do, I should hope!"  
"I hope so, too," replied the lawyer, offended in his turn. "I will leave you to your own way, as you desire, and I hope to hear no more of this business. I beg you to notice that I do not know where your friends live; I did not even catch their names; and I understand that the whole affair is a practical joke. I wish you may live long to laugh at it."  
He took up his hat and bag and left the room. Dick heard the front door bang heavily behind him, then made a quick gesture of defiance, and sat down at his desk to write to Colonel de Montaut.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bourget Fraises Yankee Women.  
What, then, has M. Bourget to say of the American woman? To begin with, he seems bewildered with her complexity, for he calls her in turn an idiot, an enigma, an orchid, an exotic, while she typifies, in a country as yet without an ideal, the yankee's devotion to sheer force of will. She is not made to be loved. She does not want to be loved. It is neither voluptuousness nor tenderness that she symbolizes; she is a palpating object d'art, at once sumptuous, alert, intelligent, and audacious, and as such the pride and luxury of a new and somewhat defiant civilization.

In fine, M. Bourget's language on the subject is so magnificent that we should write him down a romanticist pure and simple were it not that, in the course of his analysis, he shows us another side of the picture. The purity of the American girl, the author of "Le Disciple" tells us, is not to be questioned. She is coquettish as well as calculating, and as frankly mercenary on occasion as she is naively self-centered. Clearly, it is the individualism of the American woman that surprises the critics of the Latin race, for northerners have little difficulty in understanding a nature which seeks its interest as much in globe trotting and self-culture—or shall we call it self-advancement?—as in mere ebullitions of passion or sentiment.

By actual experiment it has been ascertained that the explosive power of a sphere of water only one inch in diameter is sufficient to burst a brass vessel having a resisting power of 25,000 pounds.

## DAIRY AND POULTRY.

### INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

If you have any brains, the management of a dairy farm is a good chance to exercise them. If you have any energy, here is the place to use it. If you possess good judgment, are careful in looking after details, the dairy needs you. Any fool can't manage the dairy and dairy cattle successfully. A high order of intelligence and executive ability is needed here.

A good many dairymen think it not a good plan to have the cows eating while being milked. It depends largely as to how the cows have been trained. Cows that are accustomed to eating while being milked, are not so much inclined to give down their milk as freely unless so fed. The cow is an animal that is largely influenced by training and habit. Any change of management in feeding and milking, affects the milk flow.

Dampness in dairy houses should be studiously avoided. Dampness produces fungoid growth, not only developing but increasing organic germs; and there are, when the conditions are favorable, countless invisible germs floating in the air to attack the milk and spoil it and the butter. Then beware of damp floors. A little lime scattered around, or placed in a box in the dairy house, will absorb a large quantity of the moisture. But the first important step to take is to see to the drainage; see that it is as perfect as possible.

The barrel, rectangular, or square box churn, insures a better quality of butter than the old dash churn; it is doubtful if one could make "gilt edged" butter with the dash churn.

Beware of these patent churn fellows that guarantee the butter to come in 10 and 15 minutes in their special churn. Such a churn is not desirable. To make a choice article of butter the churning should be protracted at least 30 minutes. Those who make "gilt edged" butter that sells at fancy prices the year round, usually churn so slowly and carefully that the butter rarely comes under 40 or 50 minutes. If the butter does come in the churn in less time than 30 minutes, it is at the expense of quality.

It is one thing to make a large yield of butter; it is another thing to make such butter as will command the highest market price.

When milk is set in open pans, the temperature of the dairy room should be 60 degrees. In summer hot weather, the temperature in a large per cent of Southern dairy houses is away up yonder, from 70 degrees up. The consequence is that the milk sours before the cream is all raised, and much butter is lost. Again, the quality of the butter is second or third class. In this extreme Southern climate the cream separator gives highly satisfactory results and insures the best possible quality of product in hot as well as cool weather.—So, Stock Farm.

#### Keys to Dairy Success.

Work, steady faithful work, with head and hands and heart, is the key to success in dairying. We must throw ourselves into the fight with well-considered judgment. We must know that why those in other kinds of business succeed is that they take advantage of every circumstance that can be brought to favor them. We know that it is only in excessive production, in the greatest economy and in the utmost activity of exchange that the possibility of great success lies, and the farmer must not only work with all his mind and with all his strength but he must work for the love of money, and as only the love of money can make him work. In manufactures, the helpless men have become the operators, in trade they are the broken down clerks, in farming they are the hand to mouth farmers who count for just so much as their labor is worth and no more. We can do nothing for them but try to help them to sufficient energy to wake up and help themselves.—Anon.

#### Roosts.

In regard to the perches for poultry, I find my plan quite very well. It also keeps the house clean, which must not be considered a matter of small importance. I give my plans as follows: I have trestles eighteen inches high, then have a platform to place upon the trestles, which makes a strong bench. The platform is made of matched lumber, thereby letting no dirt fall through on the floor. At each end of the platform is a rest six inches high, upon which the roosts rest. They are movable, so that they can be taken out and put back in a few minutes. The roosts are strips one by three, all on a level. I think this width the best, as a fowl, when on the perch, sits with its breast-bone on the roost. And for young chicks, I know a small round perch will make the breast-bone crooked, and in raising fancy poultry, this must be guarded against, as it can and must be considered a deformity when passed on by an expert in judging poultry. After having my perches arranged as described above, I have my nests placed under the platform, all of them movable, so that they can be taken out and cleaned in a moment. By having the nests arranged in this way, it furnishes a dark, secluded place for the hens to lay, and, by the way, it is to "biddy's" liking. I keep the platform or drop-

boards clean, and thereby keep the house pure and clear of all disagreeable smells. Keep the floor well littered with clean straw, keep the hens at work and feed out green bones freely, and the hens will repay the poultryman for his extra care by keeping the egg-basket well filled.—E. G. McCormack, in Farmer's Review.

#### Chicken Cholera.

This has been quite prevalent in this neighborhood. I think it is caused more largely by want of sharp grit, causing indigestion, than from anything else, and also by taking cold and eating frozen and rotting vegetables and fruit. If we dissect a chicken that has died of the cholera, we often find constipation, hard lumps in the intestines, large livers and galls so large they look as if they would burst. After they get past eating it is difficult to do them good, because the food remains in the crop for days, unless liquid medicines are given.

Prevention is better than cure. It is safe to keep plenty of gravel or pounded crockery where the hens can get it at all times. My poultry has always been more apt to have cholera when they get rotting and frozen vegetables all they can eat. I often have to keep it from them all I can.—Mrs. L. C. Axtell, in Farmer's Review.

#### Handy Hens' Nests.

The accompanying illustrations show an easily constructed and very excellent movable hen's nest, and also a device that permits the eggs to be gathered from outside the henhouse. The nest boxes have no backs and are hung by hooks against the wall, as seen in Fig. 1. They can be taken down and emptied in a moment, in this way avoiding all chance of harboring vermin. The opening in front should be just large enough for a hen to enter. An alighting pole may be placed in front of the nests. If there is a passage-way at one side of the fowl house, or a room adjoining it, the nests can be hung against the partition and the eggs gathered from the outside without going into the pen. Let round holes be cut behind each nest in the partition and these openings covered by a slide as suggested in Fig. 2. The same arrangement could be used upon the outer wall of a hen house standing by itself.—Australasian.

Sell the Culls.—There is no stock that does so much for land both in keeping it fertile and free from weeds as sheep. Each fall the flock should be well looked over and those not worth keeping culled out and sold. Good breeding sheep should, however, be carefully preserved, for the time will surely come and at no distant day when the farmer who has been just as painstaking in the management of his flock during these times of depression as in the past will, when the better days come, have his flock in good condition and will be making money long before his neighbor can get in shape. There is no farmer but can keep a few sheep with very little expense and can show a small margin of profit aside from the good the sheep will do the farm, if he will exercise care in the management and weed out each fall the weaklings and those that are growing old and unprofitable.—Ex.

Farm Dairy Products.—Dairying is an improver of the farm and a conservator of farm fertility. The transportation of products is a burden to the farm. In consequence of this, bulky products have a very small value on the farm. Dairying comes in as a great promoter of economy in marketing products. Condensing bulky products for market is necessary to success. Hay, stalks and grain should be transformed into meat and milk. Animals or flesh are transported with greater ease and at a less cost than the hay, stalks and grain. The dairy products are still a greater condensation of these products. It is therefore a very important question what farm products to sell, and the study of the plant food in the various products essential.—Ex.

Good Game.—A farmer relates that a few years ago he shot three quails on his farm. His wife knowing his fondness for such sport, persuaded him to come to the house and have his supper before going further. "All right," he said, "I'll dress these birds and we'll have them for supper." His wife remarked upon the fullness of the craws of the birds, and on opening one it was found to be packed full of chinch bugs. Out of curiosity they counted and found over 400 chinch bugs in the craw of one quail. Said the farmer: "I just cleaned up that gun and have not shot a bird since. No farmer should kill any bird that kills bugs."

Better Prices.—Concerning this subject, American Creamery says: The general run of makers and dealers seem to think that we may look for sharp advance in prices very soon. We hope so, but confess that we have but little faith in any decided advance in prices. The last two years experience has proven that the price of many articles are not much affected by the law of supply. People must have the ability to buy or they must go without, and they have done a lot of the latter. We do not look for high prices till they shall be gained in common with other products by an equitable rise of prices all round.

Cheap Meat.—It must not be overlooked that the largest proportion of the meat sold off the farm, in the shape of turkeys, geese and ducks, cost the farmer little or nothing; and if some knowledge could be gained of the actual cost it would be shown that the receipts are nearly all profit, and this should encourage him to increase his stock. Hens pay best as producers of eggs, and ducks are also excellent layers, but the largest profits from poultry are produced from turkeys and geese, as they can support themselves a large part of the year unaided.—Ex.

Best in Field of Oats and Corn.  
Last year we offered \$300 for the biggest yield on oats. 200 bushels Silver Mine Oats won the prize. This year we offer \$300 more on oats, \$100 on Silver King Barley, a barley yielding in 1895 116 bushels per acre, and \$100 on Golden Triumph Yellow Dent Corn, the corn of your dreams!  
What's Toosinte and Sand Vetch and Salsina and Lathyrus and Giant Spurry and Giant Incarnate Clover and lots of such things? They'll make you rich if you plant a plenty. Catalogue tells you!  
If you will cut this out and send it with 10c. postage to the John A. Seizer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free 10 grades and strains, including above oats, barley, corn and their mammoth catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. w.n.

Pretty Girls as Ushers.  
Girl ushers have just been appointed in the Arkansas City, Kan., opera-house in place of men hitherto employed. There are six of them, and they are alleged to have been chosen from among "the handsomest young ladies in the city."

The Great Paper.  
The Ram's Horn, that greatest of all religious weeklies, has just entered upon the third year of its useful career. It is safe to say that no other religious paper has attained such widespread popularity. It is read from Maine to Mexico and also in Canada. Not only that, but it is probably the most widely quoted paper in existence. Its Figs and Thistles paragraphs are worthy of special commendation. Its colored cartoons, by Frank Beard, are very effective. Its columns are quite free from denominational rancor and it, therefore, offends nobody. It is a good paper for earnest Christians, better for indifferent ones and better still for non-Christians. Its main office is in the Association building, Chicago.

Grover Cleveland Hobbs.  
Grover Cleveland Hobbs, the 12-year old son of the farm manager of Senator Gorman, has been appointed a page in the senate at Washington.

Cheap Excursions to Great Southwest.  
On January 14 and 23, February 11 and March 10, 1896, the Santa Fe Route will run a series of homeseekers' excursions from the East to principal points in Arkansas, Arizona, Southern Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas.

Ticket rate will be about one fare for round-trip, with liberal limits and stop-over privileges. These Santa Fe Route excursions will enable you to take a Midwinter trip into a new country.

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All About Western Farm Land.  
The "Corn Belt" is a monthly paper published by the Passenger Department of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. It is designed to give reliable information concerning western farm lands, what can be raised on them successfully, and the experiences of farmers who live in the west. Copies of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25c. Postage stamps accepted. Address "The Corn Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago.

Low Rates to the South.  
On the first Tuesday of each month, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R. will sell tickets to all points in the South at greatly reduced rates. The fast train over this route now leaves Chicago daily at 8:25 P. M. and runs through solid to Nashville, making connection there with all trains for the South and Southeast. City Ticket Office, 230 Clark St., Chicago.

To say, "Give us this day our daily bread," is asking to be saved from the love of money.—Ram's Horn.

About twenty-two thousand vehicles pass over London bridge every day.

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