Thrifty Stock

How Mother Nature Tears Away The Tinsel of Life-An Inspiring Story of Hardship, Youth and Love.

without much caring in which direc- leaves, and it kills them." tion she turned walked across the stubble of the freshly cut mandow toward the edge of the woods at the terested not in the process but the

crest of the hill. plateau; it was fringed with ushes ter," he told her. which grew along the crumbling "Papa doesn't do that to our 'rees." stone wall which bordered it, and she said. with birch and wild cherry trees here He turned away, and she thought and there along its edge. Between he smiled. "That's right," he agreed. these trees she could look .broad | She looked around her, "And there across a wooded valley, down whose are lots more apples on your trees middle meandered the dead water of than on ours, too." the George's River, backed up by the "That's because I dust 'em and mill dam at the village.

dust; and the air, thus clarified, lent right." lovely colors to the countryside. Deep She came gingerly to his side and green of hemlock and spruce and inspected the duster and asked ques-

that her father was stubborn and grimace. unreasonable, her mother supine, the and water combined to muddy her impracticable shoes; an occasional bramble tore at her sliken stockings.

She came to the stone wall at the brink of the hill and chose a large boulder half-shaded by an apple tree that was all run to suckers, and sat down on it, her feet propped upon a stone below, her elbows on her knees, her chin cupped in her hands. The girl's eyes were sulky, and er lips pouted. There was a hint of color not their own upon these lips of hers. and her eyebrows were plucked to a thin line, their smooth arch distortrevealed her thin, unformed legs, pretty busy." which confirmed the almost emaclated slimness of her figure. She stared unseeingly across the ovely

Industrious Johnny

the right Johnny Dree dusting his orchard. His well-trained team knew their work; they dew the sledge on which he had secured the dusting machine up and down between the wide-spaced rows; and Johnny himself controlled and dismothered the trees, depositing itself on every leaf and twig. Now and then, at the turnings, he called a command to the horses; or ran shead to tug at their reins.

He was doing two men's work and doing it with very little effort. His voiced, pitched musically, carried far across the still hillside on this quiet his direction and saw the violently ed to Camden. The price Moore paid swear at a father like me." spouting dust, and wondered ho he him was thirty-three hundred At his humility, her revulsion was quickly began to call her Lucia, then was and what he was doing. She dollars. had an uncontrolled curiosity, and after a few moments her awakened interest brought her down the aill.

with discretion; a hundred Wolf Rivers, a hundred Starks, a hundred Ben Davises. Hardy apples, easily tended, easily handled, easily marketed. Wolf Rivers for fancy cade. for the great city hotels to bake and to serve, crispy browned, with rich cream; Starks and Ben Davises for keeping through the winter.

Johnny was in the middle of the Starks when he saw Lucia coming toward him among the trees. After the fashion of the countryside, he looked at her with frank curiosity. He had seen her, at some distance, once or twice before, since Walter Moore bought the run-down farm on the hill-top above his orchard. Had summarized his impressions of .ouge. plucked brown short dresses in eingle phrase, "a city strl." There was no maile in the appellation; it was simply a classification. Her approach now did not embarrase bing: there is a celf-respect in such men not easily disturbed.

She had paused between two trees et a point he was approaching, and when he came near where she stood he stopped the horses and walted for her to speak her errand.

A First Encounter

UCIA looked at him surlously. from much washing; his blue hirt anchored him. seemed fresh and clean; she hought him nice looking and when she was ed, some grain of sense in hersure of this, smiled most dazzlingly, who suggested one day that he might Johnny tugged off his cap at that raise apples. "Johnny Dree does," she smile, and Lucia said precisely:

"How do you do?"

"Oh, how did you know! my name?"

His lips were inscrutable, but his eyes were amused. "I guess every- right along," said Lucia wisely, "He She pouted a little. "That doesn't the others will grow to make up for

"It don't do any harm," se said of barrels to sell next month." equably; and she was a little lisap- "I've looked at our trees," pointed, had expected flattery. She father told her. "The apples aren't pointed to the machine, whose en- good for anything but cider. Full of gine still racketed. "What's that?"

bugs on the trees." way to do. Smother them with that good, thrifty stock."

girl, stormful and rebellious, He did smile this time. "The dust's had come out of the old term- poison," he explained. "It sticks to house above Fraternity, and the leaves, and they eat it with the

He understood that she was inreason for it. "So they won't hurt This meadow was really a high the trees; so the trees will bear bet-

spray 'em and take care of them," he There had been a light she er at said. "You've got to treat an apple dawn, scarce sufficient to settle the tree right if you want it to bear

the straggling tracery of hackma- tions about it, wrinkling her nose at tack, lighter green of the birch tops the smell of the dust; and he ansimost yellow in the heart of the swered her questions, warming a woods: the blue of distant billsides; little at her interest in that which the blue of the sky; the yellow glory was dear to him. She perceived that of sunlight drenching everything. In she pleased him, and pretended even an uncut strip of meadow white greater interest, and smiled at him daisies bloomed. There were birds in her most charming fashion. Turn-But to all these matters. Lucia about them, plucked an apple and Moore was oblivious. She knew only bit into it and threw it away with a

world at an ill turn. Drops of water barked; he showed no disposition to on the stubble wet her ankles; dust shut off its ignition and give his time to her. She discovered a waxy bandage upon one of the trees and asked what it was and he told her it was a graft, and would have added some explanation, but her attention flitted elsewhere-

"Where do you live?" she asked presently. "That house up there?"

"Is it your house?" "My mother's and mine," he replied She turned the full battery of her "I've been awfully lonesome here."

she begged prettily. She was, this morning, in a reckless mood; she had been, was still, a spoiled child-"I might," he assented, and she

come and see me," she said wistful- ing about impossible things." ly; and he did smile; and she was The swift temper which sometimes chastened by his very mildness. border of the orchard, she looked just sit back and let the world walk the morning chores, and cook, and fainting. back and lifted her. hand to him. He over you. You've stuck yourself with eat, and wash dishes, and dust, and "You can't talk that way," he told suffered for half a dozen years from acts as a decarbonizing agent, touched his hat in a restrained this farm, and now you're going to cook, and eat, and wash dishes, and her. "It's no way to talk. You got a mysterious weakness of the heart, maintaining the cylinders and pistons

between the tender of trees and just look wise, and think you know Lucia Moore.

Lucia a Problem

morning; and the whir of the custer I during the winter from Dan "Well, he makes me mad!" the girl carried farther. The spouting slouds Howe, who moved away to Augusta. cried, furiously defiant. He's such of heavy dust rose above the trees, to Dan, Fraternity said, made a good a stubborn fool!" settle swiftly down again. Lucia thing out of it. He had paid eighteen Moore wiped his forehead with Moore heard his voice, heard the hundred, two years before, and had his handkerchief and smiled weakly. duster's purring, punctuated by the sold off three hundred dollars' worth "I guess I'm a failure, all right, bark of the exhaust; she looked in of hard wood for ship timbers, cart- Lucia," he agreed. "You're right to and Lucia liked, at first, to practise

She entered the orchard at the ide was in the man a bundred trees of them, the fruit a hundred trees of them. His death left Moore some fifty-two hundred dollars, and made it possible you'd talk to Johnny Dree! for him to escape from the small store he had run for years in Somerville, at a yearly profit less than he might have earned as salary.

He was not a practical man. Even quietly defunct, without even the help me with having and things, formality of a receiver. And he owed some time." a mounting bill at Will Bissell's but he was only two or three years would have escaped from the farm store. If it had been possible, he older, and she was used to boys. His and returned to bondage; but no one overalls were patched and faded would buy the place and his debts

explained. This was in early fall, and she had seen Johnny once or twice "Howdo, Miss Moore," Johnny re- since that first encounter-at her instance, and not at his. Also she had Her eyes widened in a pretty af- asked questions, surprisingly shrewd.

"He's been picking Wolf Rivers says you can pick the big ones and it, and he's going to have hundreds

"Johnny Dree says you've got to

"Why?" she asked.

His engine still coughed and

eyes upon him. "Why haven't you come up to see a fellow?" she asked. ed by the frown she wore. Her dress she had expected him to be. "I He was not at all disconcerted, as was short, and her present posture hadn't thought of it," he said. "I'm "You'll think of it now, won't you?"

OWN the slope below her d to thought again there was a smile deep hidden in his eyes.

LIER father had bought the farm father."

He and his wife had perceived, by that time, that Lucia—they had christened her Lucy-was a problem in need of solving. Lucia liked moving pictures, and dancing, and boys, and she was not strong. Country life, and Moore did not cavil at Dan Howe's price. Save for a few hun-

Since then he had been learning by experience that a horse which can milk to feed them, and that the once, diffidently: directions in printed manuals of the "I'd like to bire you to help me art of farming are not so complete along with this, Dree!" and so reliable as they seem.

It was Lucia-she had, it appear-Her father nodded. "He's got a good orchard," he agreed.

worms and things."

"A duster," he told her. "Kills the take care of a tree," she insisted imtake care of a tree," she insisted impatiently. "But he says—" She hesicompatible. Thought, so small, and so serenely johnny surprised her. He took her degrees, forgetting the more oblearning the more obJohnny surprised her. He took her degrees, forgetting the more oblearning She made a grimace. "I hould tated, seeking to remember the word something incongruous in it. But she winced. "Stop it, Lucy," he comthink it would. But what a nasty he had used, "he says your trees are he did not speak of his thought at manded. that time; said merely: "It takes years to make an orchard, "Why, that's too bad. I thought you me-"

And this was the first encounter orchard land as there is. But you bitter life. it all, and won't do anything."

Her mother said wearily: "Lucy, you oughtn't to swear at your

as swift as her anger had been; ten- Lucy as her father and mother did. year." Moore had thought the figure derness swept her. She pressed She preferred the simpler name, high; but there was in the man a against him where he sat beside the upon his simple lips.

patient with me. But I do wish caressingly. "That's all honey," he said. "But you will talk to Johnny?"

The man nodded at last. "All right, Lucy. Yes, I'll talk to him."

A Girl's Rebellion TOHNNY DREE tound a little time, even during the busy weeks of

they thought, would be good for her; the apple picking, to go with Moore through his orchard, and to search into a newly organized automobile pruning and trimming them, showed the hillside was aglow with the thick son around the base of each tree. "Nothing like grass to steal the water an apple tree needs," be bought for seventy dollars is he explained. "Gross is worse than probably not worth it, and that pigs weeds." Before the snow came, cannot profitably be raised with no much had been done. Moore said

But Jehnny shook his head. "You don't want to lure help only when you the automobile investment had turn- have to," he said. "I just come up ed out badly; the company was now when I'm not busy at home. You can

The seasons marched monotonouswhen snow lay taick across the hills, blanketing everything.

self upon Moore, and upon his wife. thing-" Even Lucia, in greater and greater degree, submitted to it. But revolt the girl. One day she met Johnny Dree upon the roat, and he asked in a friendly way: "Well, you getting "Why not?" to like it here?"

She was in ill hymor that morning, Johnny, his eyes bardening. and she flamed at him. "Oh, I hate

"I'm used to having boys crazy to Lucy." he said wearily. "You're talk- were getting to like it, maybe." And source time for lon, while when run on eucalyptus

"You fool! You fool!" she cried. "There've got to be apples!"

But because it is impossible to "..... father. Go along." in of an evening, and sat in the little sheepishly. dining room with them all and talk-

were rounding, ner figure assuming He reached up to touch her cheek the proportions for which it was de right, signed; and her color no longer re-

quired external application. When Johnny took Moore into his own orchard and showed him how to apply the dormant spray, and how to search out the borers in the base of the trees and kill them with a bit of wire or with a plug of polyoned cotton, and all the other mysteries of orchardry, Lucy liked to go along, and learned to do these tasks as well dred dollars, he put the remainder out the trees scattered along the ther did. The trees throve and put of his legacy, and his own savings, stone walls. Fe began the work of out a great burst of bloom, and all company which seemed to him Moore, and showed Lucy, how to Lucy began to see hope of re'case ed it. "They're like money in the promising, and came to the hills continue it. Sade Moore plew under from this long bondage here. When bank, Mr. Moore," he said. the apples were sold, if the market was good, Johnny thought they might make five or six hundred dollars in

"I Hate This Farm"

T HEN one midnight she awo're shivering in a sharp blast from her open window, and drew fresh ing there was white frost on the ground, and Johnny came up the hill with a philosophic smile upon his

mild protest. Said blankly:

the kitchen behind her father she been stripped of browse by the was always very near the surface in pushed past him and out upon the moose that wintered there. He found soms in the orchards came in their porch, her eyes ablaze. "Ne apples!" where deer were yarded, and took season, and not before, And the air ing contraction caused by cooling off she cried, in a voice like a scream. her to the place, and once they

"This frost has killed them," said creatures, bounding away through She almost sprang at him, beat on There was a deepening underit! I hate it!" I hate it!" she cried. his broad chest with her fists, and standing between these two; when while she walked here and there with "I wish I'd never seen this hole. But tears streamed down her face. "You they were together she talked al- Johnny about his tasks." papa's got us into it, and we can't fool! You fool!" she cried. "There've most constantly, and he scarce at When the petals fluttered down it get out, and there's nothing to do but got to be apples. "There've got to be! all; but she could read his silences, became at once apparent that the at a more uniform hour in the mornwork and work. Sometimes I wish I You said there would be! You said and he understood her fountain-like apples had set in great profusion; ing than he is to go to bed at night,

"I won't!" she cried. "Let go

so passed on, leaving her curiously more loudly than before. But the in- thinking, while you work on the oil alone, as much as thirtysatisfied with this much of victory, possessed the girl flamed up at him. There was an interminable same- and she began to weep bitterly, and and turned and ran away. From the "You make me sick!" she cried. "You mess in the days. To rise early, to do slumped against him, shaken and half tramped along."

fashion by way of response; and she sit still and let it smother you. Why sew, and cook, and eat, and wash to be a sport. It's a part of the busi-was taken sick with what at first free from carbon. There are seventy ascended the hill, at peace with the don't you try to do something, any-dishes, and read the paper, and so ness, Lucy. Now you go in the house seemed a slight cold. In early Jan-dishes, and different varieties of the eucalyptus way? Johnny says you've got good fumingly to bed. This was Lucia's and wash your face and help with wary, she died. Walter Moore and breakfast. I want to talk to your his wife and Lucy were among those tree in Australia. The oil yields

We're due for a good year next Johnny, mama," she said. gone. "But I'd like to shake hands gone."

Deepening Understanding

THE stoic patience of the farmer, who serves a capricious master and finds his most treasured works casually destroyed by that master's slightest whim, takes time to learn, but is a might, armor. when it has been put on. It was Johnny's Dree's heritage; it was, in remoter line, the heritage also Walter Moore, It bore them through that summer, and through the frost- in his hands with the cloth, "That's-

hued glory of the fall. There is a pleasure in a task well done, regardless of reward; and when Moore surveyed his trees, he found can't lose it, and it pays you interest right along. We're due for a good apple year, next year." Moore nodded, "I'm beginning to

like it here," he assented. "It was tough, at first. But I'm no worse in debt than I was last year, and I ought to bear." "Aye," said Johnny Dree. "You've Lucy suddenly smiled.

go easier, from now on." these months that had gone; and so And moved a little nearer still. She had Lucy. And so had Johnny Dree, did not have to go all the way.

face. Moore met him at the kitchen Lucy was teaching him a thing he rolled across the floor toward had never had time to learn; she was stove, and tilted over there, and "Well," said Johnny slowly. "We teaching him to play. When snow whirled to rest like a dying top, oscilly on. The crisp sunshine of fail don't do well this year. This frost came, he brought her, one day, snow- lating to and fro on its rim with a days, with frost t'agling in the air, has nipped them. I guess not bearing shoes; and thereafter they occas- sound faintly like the sound of bells. gave way to bleaker weather, and will give your trees a chance to get ionally tramped the woods together. They were married in March; and breakages during the period, 70 ocfollowing the meandering trails of as though upon a signal, winter drew curred following the winding of the Moore accepted the calamity with the small creatures of the forest, "No marking where a partridge had left The routine of little tasks laid it- apples. Why, I've sot to have sone- a delicate tracery of footprints in the snow, exploring the great swamp to these two, than they had ever But Lucy was not so mild. From below the hill where the cedars had swelled before.

the cumbering snow.

caught glimpses of the startled

came to Fraternity to dwell.

not overly social in their inclinations. Once he took her to a Lucy had gone up the hill to have grange dance, and she found him dinner with the older tolk, Johnny surprisingly adequate in this new and Walter Moore walked into the role, found an unsuspected pleasure orchard and surveyed the trees. in the rustic merry-making she would, two years before, have biggest I ever saw. Your apples will bring you close to seven hundred

ILLUSTRATED BY H. S BARBOUR

Johnny did not smoke, and she asked him why; he said he didn't when she asked him if that wasn't change, these last two years-" wasting money, he smiled a little and said he did not think it was,

Self-Discipline

Will you get me some, next time suckers waste its strength. you're at the store. I don't dar buy them there."

One day her snow-shoe caught on needed. a broken stub and threw her forward into the snow. She said: "Oh, all sorts of things hurting you; no damn!" More in jest than in anger. exercise, and no time to yourself, and Lifting her to her feet, he com- Lucy's dancing all night, and smokmented: "I shouldn't think a girl would way the bugs hurt a tree." He smiled swear much." .

make me feel good when I'm mad." the way suckers drain a tree-" any" he rejoined, mildly, enough. But couldn't see it then; but I felt it, even she thereafter guarded her tongue, then. And I couldn't believe these until the necessity for restraint had trees would come back, and more disappeared. Self discipline was one than I expected to be so different, of the things she learned from myself, up here. I feel new, and Johnny.

You could hardly say they had a wasteful things trimmed out of our romance. They grew together, as lives, Mrs. Moore was never so naturally as stock and scion graft- well. And Lucy-I have to thank ed by his skilful hands. They had you for Lucy, Dree, She used to this great community of interest in worry me. She doesn't, now." the trees which were his work, which she had come to love. Their forward looking eyes were centred on the harvest time, now a scant year away, when the fruition of their labors could be expected; and their anticipations were tranquil and serene.

They talked, sometimes, of what he meant to make of his life. "You won't always be a farmer, will you?" she asked. "I guess I will," he told her.

"Slaving away here?" years ago, and more and more since, and he's got ten thousand trees,

four hundred; but I'm putting in two

But because it is impossible to hold father. Go along."

Her father watched her; and his the receiving tomb where—because thousand pounds of the leaf treated. the frost had fortified the earth Distillation is a simple process, repitch, there were hours when she face was white with surprise and against the digging of a grave — his quiring no skilled labor. The main forgot to be unhappy; there were consternation. But Lucy turned and mother's body would lie till spring. difficulty of manufacture on a large hours when she found something like went obediently into the house, and Lucy was mysteriously moved by pleasure in this ordered simplicity he looked after her, and looked at the pity of this; that a woman of life. Now and then Johnny came Johnny Dree; and Johnny grinned, a should die, and yet be kept waiting the leaves.-Chemical Age of Logfor her final sweet repose in the don. "You see," he said, ignoring what bosom of the earth. After supper had happened. "Thing is, you can heavy overshoes and muffled her Steam Locomotive raise some garden stuff, and some head against the bitter wind that chickens and things, and get along. blew. "I'm going down to cheer up

Moore and his wife, when the door Walter Moore nodded. "That's all had closed behind her, looked at right," he assented, and looked again each other with deep understanding. at the door through which Lucy had "Well," he said, "I guess Lucy's

with you, Dree. I'd like to shake your eyes. "She's come back to us these last two years," she said. "No mat-

go away again."

"You're Mighty Sweet" OWN at Johnny's house. Johnny let her in. He was washing dishes and putting them away, "I've finished supper, just finished supper." thirds full of water. The water is he said aswkwardly. Lucy told him.

"You mustn't be unhappy. I don't want you to be unhappy," she explained, still standing just within the wraps, laid her coat aside.

"You're a mighty sweet girl." Johnny told her, rubbing his plate as it is again necessary to recharge the though the motion of his hands had hypnotized him. "I want to take care of you," said

Johnny considered, and saw he stood. "I guess it would be rice sary insulation .- Scientific American if we got married," he suggested. can, "Wouldn't It?" got something to build on, now, It'll amused at him. Her eyes. full of tears, were dancing. Moore had learned many things, in would be nice, Johnny," she agreed.

> burst up through the sod, and the buds swelled more swiftly, it seemed

terious mating of the trees. The suggested, is cumulative and

He had never heard her lose her temper before, and he looked at her in some astonishment. She was, he in some astonishment. She was, he farm! I hate the trees—"

If we worked, there would be! !" we derstanding, she found matters to derstanding, she found matters to love in these hills and woods which were his world; she was, by slow to see the white, sweet meat inside.

If we worked, there would be! !" we derstanding, she found matters to love in these hills and woods which were his world; she was, by slow to see the white, sweet meat inside.

If we worked, there would be! !" we loquacity. Through a keener understanding the summer they water.

If we worked, there would be! !" we loquacity. Through a keener understanding the summer they water.

I hate the trees—" time as it, gives a more even power love in these hills and woods which were his world; she was, by slow to see the white, sweet meat inside.

I hate the trees—" and through the summer they water.

I hate the trees—" time as it, gives a more even power love in these hills and woods which water.

Also, a water would be! !" we loquacity. Through a keener understanding the summer they water.

I hate the worked, there would be! !" we loquacity. Through a keener understanding the summer they water.

I hate the worked, there would be! !" we loquacity. Through a keener understanding the summer they water.

I hate the worked, there would be! !" we loquacity. Through a keener understanding the summer they water.

I hat through the farm through the summer they water.

I hat through the farm through the summer they water.

I hat through the summer through through the summer through thr dest fruit; yet it seemed he had no various jars to the watch. These They were, for the most part, as sooner picked one apple than an- little shocks are more likely to check much isolated as though they lived other swelled to take the place of a balance wheel if the full strength upon an island in the sea; for, save two. Toward the summer's end, they is not behind the spring,-Scientific for the hightly gatherings at Will knew that the crop would be en- American.

-By Ben Ames Williams ormous. And this was one of those years when elsewhere orchards had failed, so that prices were enhanced and buyers were eager.

The Tree's Lesson

Bissell's store, Fraternity folk are ONE day in October, one Sunday not overly social in their inclin afternoon, when Johnny and

dollars." Moore nodded. "It makes me-kind want to waste the money. Yet once of humble," he said. "It doesn't seem

when he went to East Harbor, he possible. And-it's so different from brought her a flower, in a pot; and what my life has been. So great a Johnny looked up at him, "You've told me," he assented. An? he smiled a little. "You know, I've said to Lucy sometimes, you can learn a lot from ONE day, to torment him, she weeds around its roots, they starve it cried: "I'd give a lot for a for water; and the scale and the eigaret. I haven't had one for 'days. aphis and the borer hurt it; and the "You were kind of like that, when

you came up here. You'd been crowd-Johnny merely smiled at her and ed in with a lot of other folks-grass replied: "I guess if you ever did and weeds around you, cutting off smoke them, you don't any more." the air and the good things you "And the way you lived, there were

ing, and your inside work and all, the apologetically. "And things like that "I like to," she insisted. 'It stock of yours, sucking your money "I never could see it helped me "That's right," Moore agreed. "I strong, now. Like the trees. All the

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Eucalyptus Oil Is Used in Motor Fuel

THE Australian government is interesting itself in certain experiments which have been made with the intent of using eucalyptus oil as He smiled a little. "There's a man a motor fuel. The experiments were up in Winterport," he said. "He performed by Captain C. M. Dyer, who claims to have established that eucalyptus oil can be used in gasenow. I went up there two years line engines, with efficient means of ago on the orchard tour the Farm vaporization. The only difficulty is Bureau runs. He cleared over twen- that it will not start an engine from ty thousand dollars, that year, on cold without priming. On the other hand, the calorific value is high, "Ten thousand trees. I've only got Tests made with cheap cars are rehundred more next spring, and more ported to have shown that a run on when I can, and my land is better gasoline gave twenty-four miles to than his, and there's more around the gallon. When the cars were run me I can buy. It's clean work. You on a mixture containing half gasocan learn a lot from an apple tree, line and half eucalyptus oil, twenty-She slipped her hand through his six miles per gallon of the fuel

who followed the little cortege to range from 0.03 to 25 pounds per scale would be labor for gathering

Without Any Fire

TSING a mass of hot water for the storage of steam in the form of heat, is the basis of a steam accumulator which is being More recently, this principle ter what happens, she can't really has been successfully applied by the Baldwin Locomotive Works to a number of locomotives in order to meet special operating conditions. Where smoke or gases are objectionable and electrification is unwarranted, these locomotives fill a need, The reservoir is filled about twothen heated from a stationary boiler "I wanted to comfort you, Johnny," to a pressure equivalent to 200 pounds per square inch. A reduc-He looked at her, rubbing his plate ing valve delivers steam to the cylinders at approximately 50 pounds pressure. As the steam is drawn off, the heat stored in the water causes further evaporation and in part redoor. She was plucking away her plenishes the steam supply. The charge of steam or heat will usually last from three to four hours, when reservoir from the stationary plant, It might seem that this system would suffer unduly from heat losses, but it is, of course, a simple matter to give the reservoir the neces-

Wind Your Watch In the Morning

I YARRY HOLTON, a watchmaker of Wells River, Verspring breakages covering a number back from the land, taking with it watch at night. Accordingly the folthe snow; and in due time the grass lowing explanation of the cause of breakage was suggested: A watch is carried all day and has acquired approximately the temperature of the body. When removed from the pocwas full of the hum of the bees as of the spring causes it to be strained they went to and fro upon their mys- and lengthened. This effect, it is color of the blossoms, faintly glow- spring finally gives way-usually ing, was in Lucy's enceks; the won- during the night, after the winding which supplied the straw to