

# MR. JUSTIN VAL- LEAU'S SECRET.

BY MATT CRIM.

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Rebel, etc.

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It was in the dining room of a boarding house on the upper side of Washington Square that Judith Daly first met him. She had moved into the house that day, and, being early at the dinner table, eyed each new-comer with a mixture of curiosity and hope, always seeking the ideal friend. No ideal could be evolved from that common-place multitude, she quickly decided—when the old man entered. He attracted her attention instantly, for snowy hair lay in thick waves upon his head, and a pair of fine black eyes looked out from under heavily marked white brows. He was slight of figure, and his skin was wrinkled and yellow as parchment.

He sat down at Judith's left hand, making a fine courteous bow to those about the table as he did so; then he drew a paper from his pocket and began reading. It was a New Orleans paper, and Judith felt a little thrill of pleasure. Could he, too, be from Louisiana? She felt tempted to ask him, for her two years in New York had not made her so much of a cosmopolitan that she felt indifferent to even a chance meeting with some one from her old home. But she held her peace. The manner of this stranger did not invite familiarity. A reserve cold and fine as heart frost, marked his manner, pervading the very tones of his voice when he asked for the salt. When Judith thanked him for passing the bread he turned and looked closely at her. Had that soft, Southern drawl touched some half-deadened chord in his memory? He seemed to muse a little while, but made no remark to her, and when he had finished his dinner, rose and went away.

For several days they met at dinner, and Judith's interest in the silent, lonely old man deepened. There was something pathetic, even appealing, in the reserve holding him aloof from the coarse people around him. From the landlady she learned that he was only a table boarder. "Where does he live?" she inquired. "That I don't know," replied the brisk little woman. "Two years ago he came to me and I saw that he was a gentleman. I am quick now in recognizing the lady or gentleman, so I asked him no questions. He only takes his dinners here, and he pays his bills and makes no complaints; no, never."

Of his occupation or personal history Judith could find out nothing. She had no family ties herself, and reasoned that her interest in the old man sprang from sympathy. Then she had known some Vallean once, when a child, a boy and his mother, who lived in a remote parish. She had played with the boy during one summer when yellow fever raged in New Orleans, and she had been sent away. Perhaps this old man might have once known them, too—might, in fact, be a relative.

One evening he heard her tell an inquisitive neighbor that she came from the South. His eyes kindled with interest, and a slight color tinged his sallow face. "The South?" he questioned eagerly. "Did I understand you to say the South?" "Yes, a Louisiana." "Is it possible? Why—why, that is my native state."

"I am from New Orleans." "And so am I," beaming upon her with a genial glance, his reserve melting like magic. "I felt attracted to you from the first, and your voice charmed me."

They talked eagerly, Judith delighted that the ice had at last been broken. The old man's face appeared animated, the glow of his eyes giving a certain youthful expression to his features.

"How long have you been here?" he inquired at length.

"Two years." "And I have been here more than twenty." He sighed audibly, and for a moment his face gloomed over. "Yes," he repeated, half to himself, "more than twenty years."

Judith listened amazed. Twenty years meant nearly all her life, and to think he had spent that length of time in New York and still remained so distinctly provincial.

"So long? You must love New York?" "Love it? I loathe it!" he exclaimed, with sudden, passionate energy. It is so big, so noisy and dirty, and so unfriendly."

But fascinating and full of activities, intellectual and otherwise."

It may do for the young, but give me New Orleans. Think of its repose, its beauty, its old houses, its fine gardens, with their roses, magnolias and oleanders the very air breathing fragrance and romance."

His eyes kindled again with an evanescent glow, his voice dropped to a low, dreamy tone.

"But it is here one finds the market for romance," Judith argued practically.

"I found none for mine," he replied, shrugging his shoulders.

The acquaintance between them progressed rapidly, although for weeks they met only at the dinner table. He always went away the moment the meal was concluded, vanishing mysteriously into some realm unknown to Judith. He lived somewhere down below Washington Square, she knew, for she watched him from her window one night.

When he discovered that she was alone in the world he seemed to constitute himself her protector and adviser.

"I have no family either," he explained. "Then you are not related to the Vallean of Union Parish?"

His face dropped with a clatter; over his face flashed an indescribable look.

"I—oh, no; never heard of them."

"I don't think they really belonged to Union Parish, but moved up there from the city."

"Vallean is a common name, very common name, you know."

"This was only a widow and her son. They owned a plantation."

He raised a glass of ice water to his pale, shaking lips.

Mr. Vallean gave his confidence up to a certain point, but beyond that his reserve could not be broken. It seemed that before the war he had had an ideal sort of life, spending his winters in New Orleans and his summers on a plantation. He possessed no training whatever for business, and when the necessity for bread winning came he didn't know what to do.

Then it occurred to him to go to New York and find a publisher for a book of poems, the work of many a meditative

leisure hour. They would retrieve his fortune. But they didn't.

"Oh, if I might only see them," said Judith.

He smiled grimly. "I burned them years ago. And deservedly. They fooled me utterly. I thought them emanations of genius, but in my hour of need all their wit and beauty vanished."

The friendship between them deepened as the days went by. Enough of the freshness of youth still lingered in his nature to make him sympathize with her pleasures, her hopes and plans for future work. And a fine, quaint humor penetrated much that he said to her.

"How fearless and independent you are," he said once when she casually mentioned crossing Brooklyn Bridge alone one evening.

"I quail a little sometimes, but there is really no danger. Hundreds of other women do the same thing every day."

"But it isn't right, it isn't right. Home is the place for woman. Society is going all wrong, all wrong, these days."

They went out a good deal together, to theatres, concerts and art exhibitions; and it was delightful to compare notes and find that their tastes in everything harmonized so well.

"I have not had so much pleasure in all the years I have been here," he said one evening. "If you knew."

Judith wished that she did know, feeling always that he kept something from her. But in all their intercourse he never even touched upon his occupation, nor told her where he lodged. And she knew that it was not a careless oversight, but intentional reticence. Could pride keep him silent?

It was a typical winter afternoon, snowy and cold. Judith Daly sighed a little discontentedly as she came down from the office where she was employed, and started across City Hall Park to take the Broadway car. She was tired of being poor and working for her living, but as she came in sight of the lame, decrepit old beggar who stood on the corner her conscience smote her for her discontent. He had been a familiar figure on that corner for years, through winter and summer, sun and storm. The snow powdered his shabby old hat, the wind whistled icily through his long white beard. She knew just how cold he must be in his thin clothes, and put her hand into her jacket pocket for something to give him. She had often dropped coins into his tin cup, never waiting to take one of the cheap pencils he had for sale, or to hear his pumbled thanks.

But just before she reached his side that time he dashed his cup and pencils to the ground and darted out into the street. A party of Hungarian immigrants was crossing the street; picturesque and dirty, and loaded with packs of bedding and wearing apparel. A child had been caught under the shafting of a van.

Judith could not tell afterward how it all happened, but presently the shrieking of the women was silenced and the child lay sobbing in his mother's breast. But the poor old beggar! Judith's eyes were drawn from the happy, chattering mother and her friends to the middle of the street, where half a dozen men were lifting a prostrate figure.

"What has happened?" she cried. "Oh, he thought he'd play the hero and save that brat. He's got his full reward for being such a fool," said a cynical bystander.

They were bringing the limp figure straight toward her, and Judith retreated a little to make way. But what strange transformation was being wrought in his appearance? The long silvery beard had slipped from his face, leaving it pitifully bare.

"Ha, a disguise!" exclaimed one spectator. "All these beggars are frauds."

"Is he dead?" "Oh, quite."

"To think how many times I have given him money!"

"Yes, it is disgusting."

They turned away, but Judith, who was almost as white as that poor face on which men gazed contemptuously, pressed through the crowd. The shock of it turned her blind and dizzy for a moment. Then a hot, smarting pain pierced through and through her heart as she realized that at last she knew Mr. Vallean's little secret. She spread her handkerchief over his face.

## Mrs. Stanford's Life Work.

It will interest many Canadians to learn that Mrs. Leland Stanford cares for 1,100 students and pays all their bills in the Leland Stanford university at Palo Alto, Cal. This noble woman of the West was interviewed the other day by a newspaper woman. In the course of the talk, when asked how she kept affairs so well in hand, she said:

"My dear, I haven't done it; I never could do it. When things get all tangled, when I can't see my way clear, I go into my boy's room and pray. And then—"

The worn, anxious old face, grew suddenly alight with a strange look of beatitude.

"I forget to worry, and everything comes out strong again. Have you any children?" she cried suddenly. "I never had but one—and he is gone. But his memory will never die while the university stands. I love to think of him when I see these boys who come here. Most of them are poor boys. Many of them are farmers' sons. Why, at commencement I sat in the quadrangle in my carriage—and every now and then some laboring man or some rancher came up to me and said, 'That's my boy that spoke then, Mrs. Stanford. I always thought of my boy and how happy he would be if he knew.'"

"I think he does know, don't you? Come, I will show you his chair. It is at the table. The governor's chair is there, too. I never have them moved."

Mrs. Stanford took the writer in over the beautiful house with the gorgeous furnishings that belong to the state now, and the great statues of marble and of bronze, and the carved woods, and the old plate, and the pictures, and in the midst of all the splendors which are not hers, and which she has signed away, stood a table, and at the table stood two vacant chairs.

"I have lived here," said Mrs. Stanford, "twenty years. I've taken great comfort in building this house. I am old, now, and failing. I have had great sorrow, but I have had the greatest joy any woman ever had—a good husband, a good son. It has been a long journey. Sometimes it seems a long time to the end"—and the woman who is envied and flattered, and courted and followed about by the small chancellors of the doings of the rich, the money queen went into her dead son's room to pray for help to bear the burden of another anxious day.

## Not Modern.

Cholly Chumpleigh—A stony stare is a thing of modern society.

Miss Caustic—Hardly. The leaning tower of Pisa has got a stony stare that antedates history.

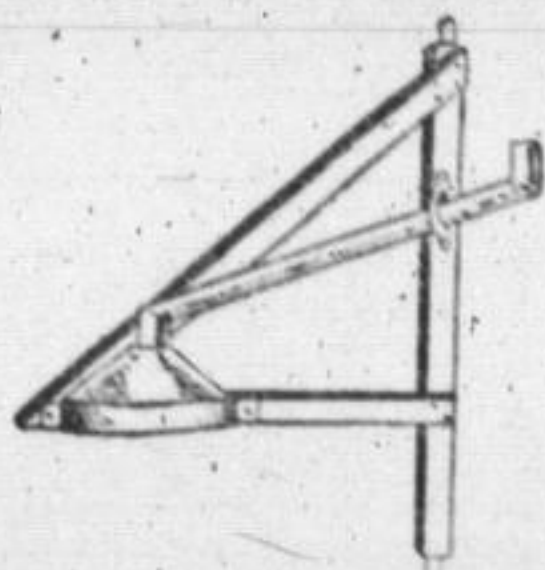
# THE DAIRY

## WORK UP THE BUTTER TRADE.

Notwithstanding all that is said nowadays about the depravity of the trade demand, about the necessity of producing poor goods to sell at a low price rather than worthy goods to sell at a fair one, quality still counts, and there is no country in the world where it counts more than in the United Kingdom. The people there want cheap foodstuffs, but they also want the best. We produce the best cheese; therefore, the British people buy from us, and pay a little more for it than they can get American cheese for. They want the best flour, and unhesitatingly pay much higher price for our No. 1 hard wheat, and for the flour of the same, than they can buy ordinary wheat for. The British market wants both quantity and quality, and though it insists on cheapness as a matter of principle, it pays as good prices for food stuffs as can be got anywhere. Moreover, a country that has once worked up a demand in Britain for any staple article can usually depend on that custom, so long as the article continues up to the standard. The consumers of the United Kingdom are not fickle-minded, dropping one purveyor in favor of another merely for the sake of change. In fact, the producer of a superior article usually finds the conservative tastes and habits of the British a great obstacle in the way of his getting a foothold, so prone are they to stand by the old favorite. Denmark produces butter that exactly suits the British palate. The British partially for Danish butter gets more and more pronounced every year. The astonishing increase in Denmark's exports of butter to the United Kingdom is shown in a supplement to the last issue of the London Grocers' Gazette. In the single year 1894 they were 55,000 tons, just 8,000 tons above what they were in 1893, and those of 1893 exceeded those of 1892 by about 4,000 tons. By such leaps as these they have been increasing annually since 1886. They have been steadily increasing indeed since 1883, but in the earlier years at a rate of not more than 2,000 tons. In this same table Canada's shipments of butter to Britain are also exhibited, and pitifully small they look beside the towering columns showing Denmark's. The best we have done in any year since 1893 is hardly more than the smallest of the increases made by Denmark from one year to the next in that period. Last year we sent only about 2,000 tons. There is tremendous room for improvement here, and a glance at that part of the table, showing Australia's great strides ought to spur us on. In 1894 Australia shipped about 11,000 tons of butter to Britain, nearly double the quantity it sold there the previous year. It is clear that we must send British first-class butter, and that we must force its merits upon the attention of her consumers. The action of the Canadian Government in buying up the creamery butter of last winter's make is a step in the right direction, and has not been taken a moment too soon. If the Australians got more than 5d. for their butter, they sold enough of it to amount to two million and a half dollars. But the lowest they got in 1894 was just twice this, and most of it they sold at prices ranging from a shilling upwards. The value of their shipments of butter to Great Britain last year cannot have been under seven million dollars. Even in this shipping season, had though it is for prices, they have been able to sell some of their offerings at 1s. some above, most in the neighborhood of 11-12d., and one below 9d. And this fine result was brought about by a bonus on exports, seconded by excellence in the butter itself and by the best of care in shipping. The purchase of last winter's creamery butter by the Canadian Government is now being followed up by the providing of cold storage accommodation in Montreal. This will be of advantage to summer shippers. But to lay down our butter in right condition on the British market we should have the further advantage of refrigerators on both cars and steamships.

## A Creamery Crane.

A Creamery Crane.—A strength-saver for the creamery that takes in several hundred cans of milk daily, is worth having. Here it is: A rough wooden crane that swings a big tin funnel out of the door



where the cans are usually lifted in. It is swung against a stationary timber and hooked to it, thus giving the teamster a solid place to rest the neck of each can while emptying it. It saves the cans from getting bruised also. A stiff iron hoop is fastened to the top bar of the crane and the funnel head sets in it. Where the funnel tub passes the crane standard a strong leather strap is passed over it and buttoned on to a screw, thus binding it firmly. The milk flows into the weigh can instead of being carried there and dumped into it. When the door is closed it is swung in from the weather.

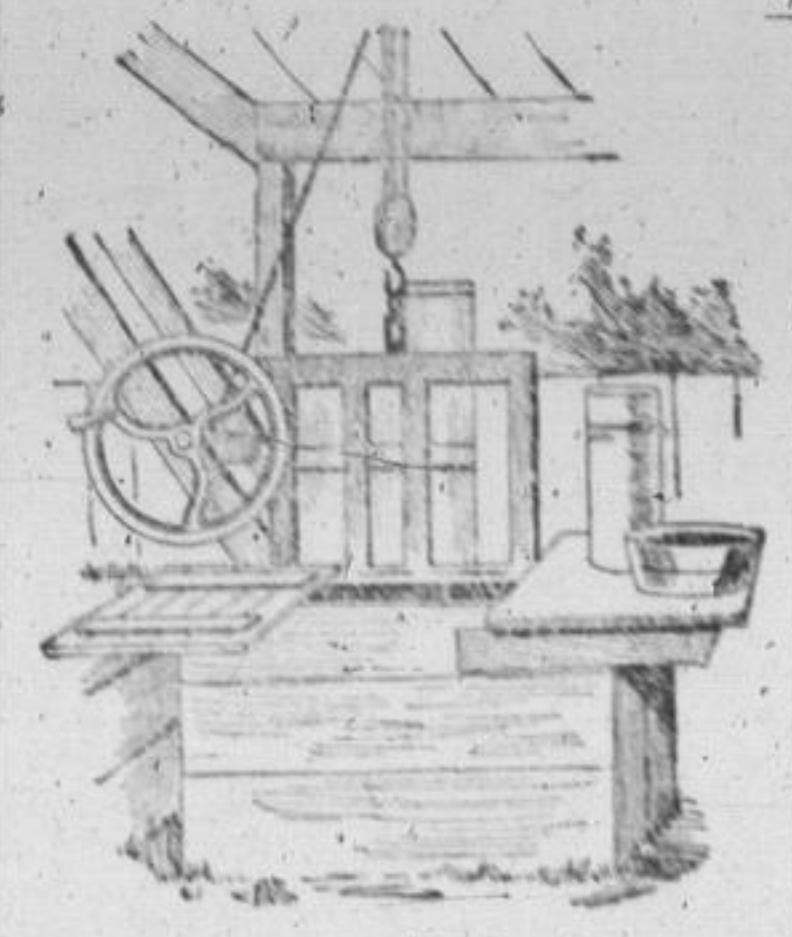
## Sore Mouth in Cows.

Cows that have pastured in fields where briars abound, as is quite often the case, are apt to suffer from sore mouths caused by the thorns sticking to the gums or palate. The trouble is at times so serious as to cause the cows to fall off in milk because they cannot eat their food. The remedy is to remove the thorns, which is not easy unless the cows are secured and the mouth kept open by a cleft tied between the jaws. It is well to feed mangels or soft food, as cornmeal scalded or chopped hay with roots of some kind, as mangels or beets or even turnips, if they are given at milking time, in which case they will not give a taste to the milk and butter. Sometimes sore mouth is caused by diseased teeth, and to ascertain this the mouth is examined. Then the troublesome teeth must be removed. The troublesome disease known as big jaw is often due to diseased teeth through which the germs of the disease find their way to the jawbone and there growing quickly disorganize the bone, which decays and forms the well-known discharge of the tumors that result from disease. For this reason it is desirable to examine the teeth of animals frequently, especially when there is any suspicion of trouble with them, and take the needed precautions.

## MILK-COOLING DEVICE.

Over a well of cool water I erected a suitable covering to protect it from the hot sun, and the dairy operator and his appliances from inclement weather as well. A three-block fall and tackle is fastened in the roof over the center of the well. Two pieces of wood 2x6 inches are nailed one end to the well curb and the other end to the roof frame; these are set parallel 2 1/2 feet apart and have holes of suitable size into which are inserted the ends of an iron pipe 2 1/2 inches in diameter and 3 feet in length. To one end of the pipes is attached an old cutting box balance wheel with handle. The rope from the pulley block is secured to the iron pipe, and, turning the wheel, very easily lowers or raises the cage, which is fastened to one of the pulleys.

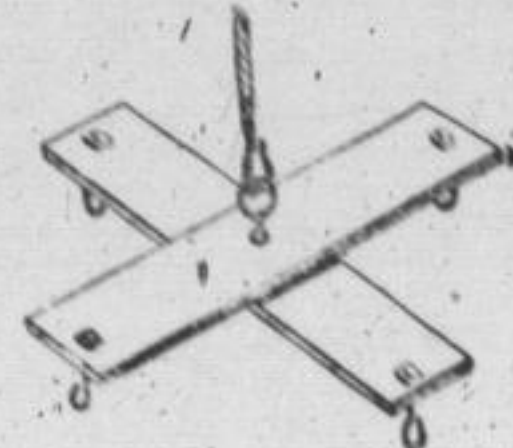
The cage or elevator is constructed of wood (galvanized iron would be better), as follows: To a 4x4 timber, 4 feet long, are attached two circular platforms 3 feet in diameter; these platforms are 2 1/2 inches apart. On the lower one the cans containing milk and cream are placed, on the upper one crooks of butter or other articles that one desires to keep cool. The cans are made of heaviest tin 8 1/2 inches in



diameter and 20 in height. To them are secured handles 5 1/2 inches from the top; on these handles set the can covers, which are 9 inches in diameter at the closed end, flaring to 1 inch at the other end. These covers are six inches deep, and when in proper place on the cans there is considerable air space over and around the top of the cans, allowing the gas and odors to escape, but preventing the water from entering when all are submerged in the well. Milk is set for 24 hours. Each morning and evening the cage is raised, new milk is put on, and that which has been on for 24 hours is skimmed. This skimmed milk is always sweet. To the handles of the cans are hooked small wooden tags marked respectively M. E. C., standing for morning, evening, cream, which enables one at a glance to determine the contents of a can and age of milk. The can is weighted with brick attached to the bottom so as to give the necessary weight to sink case and contents as deeply as desired, and assist in maintaining their upright position. This apparatus was used all through the hot summer months of last year and continued last winter, with the result of always obtaining, firm, sweet and high colored butter.

## For Cooling Milk.

For Cooling Milk.—The accompanying illustration represents a device by which vessels containing milk can be hung in a well and kept cool. It supports four pails which can be raised and lowered by means



of one small windlass. I have used this for several years and find it quite satisfactory. Stock is watered from this well. A pump is placed close to the well, and as the well is a large one does not interfere with the raising or lowering of the milk pails.—M. H. Whitney.

## Dairy Management.

Mrs. E. M. Jones, of Brockville, who is a famous dairy woman, in an address before a farmers' congress in Quebec said:

"We must increase our products and increase our profits, too. And one great way of making more profit is to follow the teachings of all great dairy schools and colleges. They continually tell us to 'lessen the cost of production.' How is this to be done? By starving our cows? Far from it. But by keeping a better class of cows, feeding and caring for them better and using more skill and care in making our butter. We thus increase our output and at the same time we lessen the cost of production."

"Do not think I advocate too high feeding, for that is almost as great an error as starving your cattle. Feed generously and of suitable material, but find out each cow's capacity and feed her up to the highest point at which she pays for the feed, and not one bit beyond it."

"In my herd the usual grain ration for each animal is full milk varies from seven to ten pounds per cow each day. This is composed of ground oats, ground peas, wheat bran and occasionally a very little oil meal. The ration is divided into two feeds and given night and morning upon the silage. Should the silo be empty, the grain is always fed upon hay that has been cut and moistened."

"The quantity of silage fed is thirty to forty pounds a day. At noon my cattle get a very small feed of cut carrots or mangels, and any further supply of food required consists of bright, early cured, long hay put in their mangers. They get all the salt they need, all the water they want twice a day, and each cow is well curried and brushed over every day. Whenever weather permits they are turned out for a short time about noon, but are never left out till cold and tired. The barns are thoroughly cleaned out twice a day."

Deferring the cleaning of the poultry house until a convenient time is the cause of millions of lice taking possession of the house and the fowls. There is no such thing as procrastination with lice. They mature so quickly and multiply so rapidly that postponement means an end to profit. The mistake made with lice is in the saving of labor at the cost of a loss of eggs, yet such a mistake occurs on every farm. The fruit grower will spray his orchard several times during the season, yet his respective profit from fruit may not be any greater than from poultry; but the orchard is sprayed and the lice allowed full sway in the poultry house because the poultry department is the last to receive recognition.

# FARM GARDEN

## HOW TO FEED AND MANAGE PIGS.

If the topic would allow of it, I would like to take a run and go before a jump, say about two weeks before the pigs see daylight. I do not know but that to get at the subject just right, one would need to go back a good ways and come up to the topic. I will only take up your time for a brief period. For two weeks before farrowing I feed as near the kind of food as possible I intend to feed afterwards. I have well arranged, roomy breeding pens, with good fenders, in which I put the sow a day before farrowing time. When the time is up for her to travel, I am on hand, but to tell you just what to do I will not attempt, for my doings are various, to suit the case. One may need no attention another may need all the skill of a breeder. I put water in a clean trough a few hours after the sow has farrowed; that is all the first day. The next day all the feed I give her is a handful of shorts in water, and increase from day to day until she has had shorts five days. I then take mother and pigs to a one-eighth acre lot of grass in which there is a nice house, eight by seven feet, dirt floor. Now is a critical time, and no iron-clad rule will do; of a dozen sows no two are exactly alike, hence the necessity of having them in lots to themselves. One may have a voracious appetite and will need holding in, or you will soon have a patient on your hands with dyspepsia. Another may have but little appetite, generally occasioned by fever in bag. She will need close attention. I bathe the belly with cold water, and have a bottle of flax-seed oil with a little carbolic acid in it, and with a turkey feather put this over her teats. The washing with water cleans off all the dirt and allays fever; the oil and acid preserves the pigs from sore mouths. I try to coax up an appetite sometimes with little scraps of meat, milk, mush, etc. I now, if they have good appetites, increase the feed, clear fresh water, shorts and a little oil meal is mixed, as feed, and give all they will eat up clean. At this time I commence on one-half ear of dry corn, increase from day to day until on a full feed. I keep on in this way. At about three weeks old the pigs will begin to come up to the trough. It is fixed low so that they can eat all they will. Then soak oats and corn and put it in a shut-off corner. Stand and look at them eat and grow, and feel happy. At five weeks of age I open the doors of each pen or lot, and have the sows, from six to eight, come up to a common feeding place. Of course the pigs come, too. Toll the pigs into a clean floored house and feed slop as heretofore, and soaked oats and corn, all they will clean up—always sweet. At eight or nine weeks old I turn the sows in back pasture and leave the pigs in their pasture and keep right on giving same feed and care. When fair time comes we select what we want to exhibit. After the round-up of the fairs we separate the sexes, castrate what males appear to be below the standard, put them with such of the sow pigs as we do not want to retain either in our own herd or ship for breeders, wash them as fast as possible and try and have them in Chicago before the first of February, at from 200 to 250 pounds. After selecting what I want to retain, I try to have the rest in other hands by the time they are six months old.

This year I have had the personal care and oversight of 130 pigs. There has not been a single case of scours, but one case of thumps and only three or four with sore mouths. There is not an unhealthy-looking pig in the bunch. They are in five groups and kept separate. If I could so arrange it, I would prefer smaller groups. I would give you all a personal invitation to come and see my pig town.

## A Quickly Made Stable Pen.

It frequently happens that one desires to make use, for an emergency, of a stall or pen in the stable which is not at hand, and for which there may not be convenient room as a permanent structure. Our

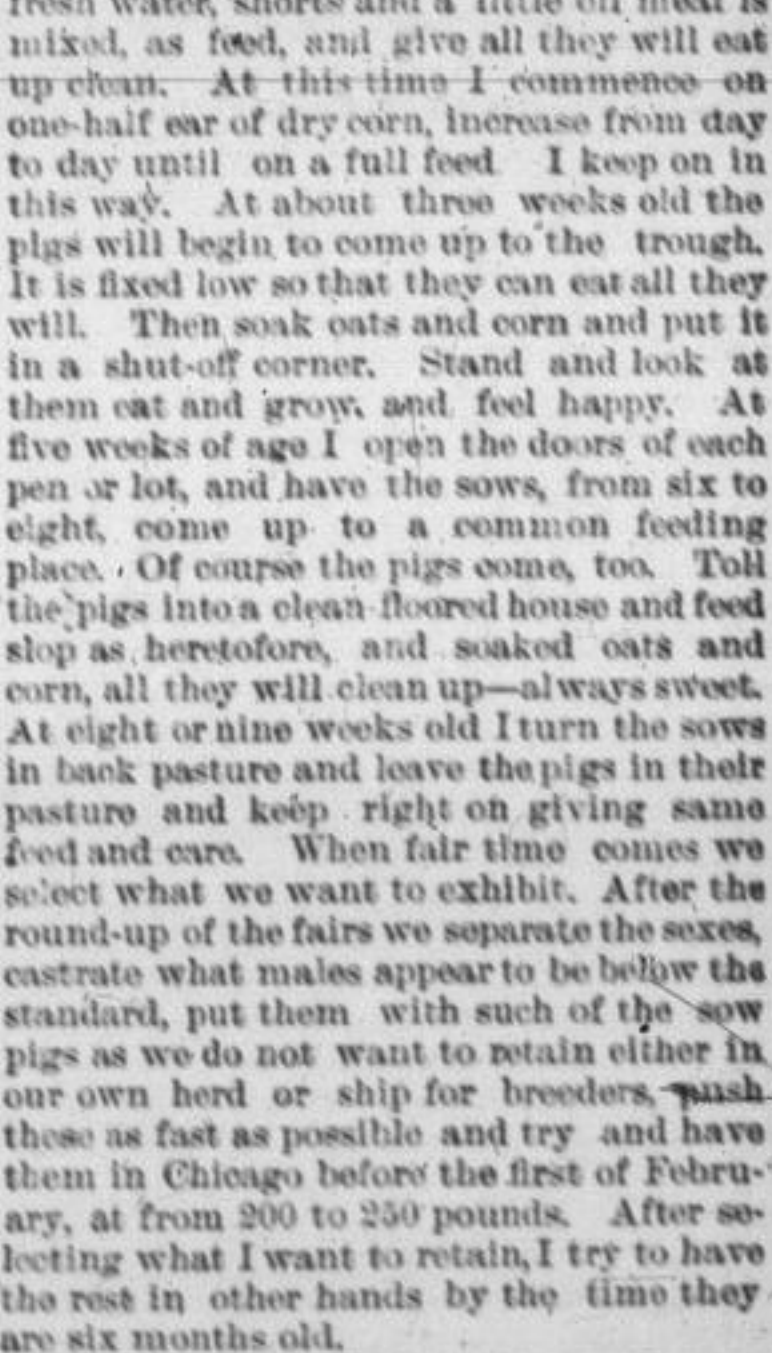


Illustration shows how such a pen may be made in a moment's time, in a corner that ordinarily may be used for other purposes. Two gates are made and hinged against the walls in the manner shown. Ordinarily they are folded back snugly against either wall, but when a pen or 'box stall' is suddenly needed the two ends are swung together and locked with hooks, and the needed accommodation is secured. Such gates should have slats quite near together, and should be of good height to accommodate both large and small animals.

## Heavy Horses Needed.

An Ohio breeder writes to a local paper that it is fairly predicted that there is an approaching scarcity of draft horses, and it seems that there is good reason for this assertion. For several years the breeding of draft horses in this country has been at a standstill, or receding, and for a year or two in many parts of the country mares have been bred to road horses or coach horses, and now there is a notable call for young draft horses from cities where there will always be a demand for more or less of this class. The team that weighs 3,000 pounds, and is well matched otherwise, need not be kept long if the owner desires to dispose of it, and within another five years there is reason to believe that such teams will command fancy prices once more. The country has been called upon for draft horses until this supply has about disappeared, and there is nothing coming to take the place of those that have been sold, for all the young stuff is top light for the sort of teaming these heavy teams were used for. Electricity has taken the place of the teams of light horses, but it is used very little in the place of the heavy teams such as brewers, parkers, and wheel-ale houses have for hauling their heavy loads. The man who has good draft colts coming on has no need to fear that he cannot dispose of them.

As important as feed is sunshine; good air, cleanliness and warmth are equally so for profit with cows.