

THE REVOLT OF HETTY

By H. HERBERT MORTON

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WHY had she let him go? Why, oh, why had she sent him from her with hot words on both their tongues? Many times had she asked both these questions and many others of like import in the weary days and nights since he went. The quarrel had been inconsequential—a mere matter of pique and pride. He had tried in his grave, manly, serious way to patch it up—this she had remembered many, many times—and she had stubbornly rebuffed him. She loved him—had loved him before the quarrel, during its progress and ever since he had gone away. How dearly she had never known until the long, lonely months after his departure.

She had consoled herself at times with the thought that his foolish jealousy had brought it on. But the jealousy turned to thorns at the further reflection that he was just the least bit justified, and, after all, it was his great love for her that made him jealous; and after he had gone and she reviewed it all dispassionately, she admitted to herself that she loved him all the more because he was jealous of her.

But it was all ancient history now. He had faded from her life—had joined the army, and was winning honors for his reckless bravery in the Philippines, while she had indeed fallen upon evil days. Her mother dead, her stepfather had been named as executor of the will and her guardian, and he had set his heart upon her marriage with Nathan Trumbull, for reasons not distinctly related to his own pocketbook. Upon her indignant refusal to consider the matter, she had been shown very pointedly and conclusively that the executor and guardian had full power to divert the estate she had supposed was hers and which her mother intended should be hers, should she cross his will in this matter of marriage. She had become very angry, and had shown fight, but after full investigation she found that the stepfather's powers were full and legal, and if she crossed his wishes matrimonially she would be a dependent upon his bounty, and she knew full well that such dependence meant only the street for her. Utterly helpless by birth and training, she knew she was not fitted to cope with the world. She knew not which way to turn or what to do. Oh, how she yearned for the manly independence, the aggressive resourcefulness of Hoyt to advise and comfort her. Oh, how she would like to creep within his strong arms and lay the burden of it all on his broad shoulders. But that was all gone now, and she must fight her own battles alone. There was no alternative but old Nathan or a squalid existence in store or factory. From both she shrank with equal dread.

And so she temporized and lived on, her heart a great stone in her breast, dumbly waiting and praying for "something to turn up." But nothing turned up, of course. Nothing ever does turn up in real life to save disconsolate maidens, and the final stormy scene arrived. Her stepfather summoned her one day to his library.

"Harriet," he said, in those thin, distinct, chilling tones she knew so well—the tone that always had crushed her mother into submission, "it is time you came to a definite understanding. As you are aware, Mr. Nathan Trumbull has done you the honor—the honor," he repeated, sharply, as he observed the look of contempt upon her face, "to ask for your hand in marriage. He is a gentleman of wealth and standing in the community, and your marriage with him will absolutely assure your future. Your foolish sentiment and prejudice has led you to treat him in a most impudent manner. He is not the kind of a man to be dangled at the apron strings of a capricious, mix. I approve of the match thoroughly. Your decision cannot be longer delayed. I expect him here this afternoon—for your final answer. My advice is most emphatic that you accept him. The decision, however, is in your own hands. I desire to say, however, that should you refuse him, I cannot further charge myself with your support; nor will I feel justified in turning over to you any part of the estate left in my hands in trust for you when you are married in accordance with my approval. The trust is a sacred one, and I can only terminate it when you marry some person whom I feel competent to handle your estate."

The girl had listened with paling face. She knew him well enough to know that he was in deadly earnest, and that he was cold enough to carry out his threat. The issue she had feared for so many months and from which she had shrunk in such terror, was before her. A great wave of terror swept over her at his first words, and she feared her knees would not sustain her. But as she listened to the even, icy intonation of the thin-lipped man before her a mighty flood of anger rushed through her veins. Like a flash all the horrible injustice of it all came to her. The estate which had been left by her own sturdy father in her babyhood to the wife in whom he trusted so implicitly, but who had been as much potty in the hands of the grasping schemer who had married her subsequently, was now being used to encompass her life-long misery. Something in her revolted. A spirit and strength she had never before felt arose within her breast—the old indomitable spirit of her father's race, had she only known it, the spirit his people had brought when they emigrated from the land of the dykes, and which had sufficed to raise him from a poor lad to a power in the business world before he was 30. By the time

her guardian had finished his statement she was calm, self-possessed and determined, and to her own great surprise had lost all her fears. She faced him with an expression he had never seen in her face before.

"Do you think, sir, that my mother ever intended that the powers you induced her to give you, should be used to force me into a marriage I abhor?" she said, quietly.

He looked at her keenly. He had never heard her speak in that voice before.

"The will speaks for itself," he replied, coldly; "and I must be permitted to interpret my responsibilities for myself."

"And you want my answer now regarding Mr. Trumbull?" she rejoined.

"At once," he replied, decisively.

"Then, sir, you may say to him," she said, her own voice as cold as his, "that I would not marry him were he the last man in the world—nor any other man who does his courting with money. And I will further say for your own enlightenment, that I will marry no man who is dishonored with your mercenary favor."

Samuel Martin stared at her incredulously. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. Before he could answer, the door bell rang, and in an instant the hall door was opened.

"Hush, not so loud," he said; "that is Trumbull now."

"I have nothing to conceal from him, and will say nothing to you about him that I will not repeat to his face," she said, raising her voice.

He strode to the door and closed it savagely, then turned to her with his face livid with passion.

"Then you leave this house this day," he said. "I will harbor no such impudent hussy for another night. I suppose you still have some hope of luring back into your net that reckless young Hoyt Brisbane, who threw you over last winter," with a sneer.

She flushed to the roots of her hair. An overpowering anger took possession of her. She rose and walked coldly to where he sat and fairly shrieked:

"No, sir, I have no hopes that he will return to me, because I sent him from me most unjustly, for which you may thank your lucky stars, because had I not done so, I would have married him, and you would have had some accounting to do regarding the estate left in your hands, that might have made you some trouble."

Martin had risen from his chair as though to lay hands on her, and a tall figure in the garb of a captain in Uncle Sam's army stepped into the room.

"Which is exactly what the gentleman will have to do," remarked the new arrival, bowing low.

"Hoyt!" screamed the girl.

"Brisbane!" exclaimed Martin.

"At your service," returned the captain. "And now, if you will listen, I will tell you both why I am here. Miss Hetty knows well why I went away. I never expected to see her again, and hoped to end it all over there with the brownies we have taken to raise. I left my law office without so much as trying to straighten matters out. Some months ago my former partners sent me a statement winding up the affairs of the firm, and forwarded a package of personal papers I had left in the vault. In looking them over, I found one, which I had absolutely forgotten. It was a will made by Mrs. Martin, of later date than the one under which you are acting. It was given me with the injunction to produce it only in case some injustice was done Hetty. She said she had absolute confidence in you"—addressing Martin—"but also that she had a nameless fear that you might die or something happen so Hetty would not get her portion of the estate. Having known me since I was born, and my father before me, and knowing also my love for Hetty, she did me the honor to entrust this delicate matter to me. The more I thought of it the more I felt that I would be recreant to the trust if I did not return and place the paper in safe hands. So I secured a furlough and returned—apparently just in time. I came straight to the house to see how matters stood, and was shown to the drawing-room, where, owing to the excitement of both of you, I could not fail to overhear your conversation."

"And now," he resumed, smiling, with a sparkle in his eye, "I will announce that I intend to hold Miss Hetty to her statement, and claim her hand within 24 hours. And incidentally, the accounting of which she spoke, will be made under whichever will you prefer—the one now in force, if you interpose no objections to our marriage; the one I have in my possession, if you do."

While Martin stood staring at the speaker, dazed, the door bell rang again, at which Hetty laughed musically.

"There is Mr. Trumbull, papa. Perhaps you would best entertain him—and don't forget to give him my message."

As Martin left the room he cast a glance of baffled hatred upon the two young people—which did not, however, cloud the expressions of perfect content on both their faces as she came to his outstretched arms.

Bright Outlook for Reggie.
Old Gentleman (near-sighted)—Who is that stranger coming up the walk, daughter?

Daughter—Why, that is Reggie, papa! You know I told you he was coming to speak to you to-day.

"Ah, yes; I see now. Don't you know, at first I thought it was a man."—Cleveland Leader.

Practical Test.
Engineer—He, there! Get off the track, you idiot! What do you mean by getting in front of a locomotive?

McGoogan—Oh, jest had me loif insured an' Ol' m'ather foldin' out if the company do be reliable. Coom on wid yer out tay-kittle.—Chicago Daily News.

COAL SUPPLY IS AMPLE.

The Anthracite Newly Discovered Will Warm the World for Years to Come.

Eight veins of anthracite coal were located in the upper district in a suburb of Wilkesbarre last week and 13 veins now worked in that district, lying below the new veins, were found to be rich and apparently very productive. It is estimated that the tract of 2,000 acres which includes the deposits contains 300,000,000 tons of coal and that it would require 6,000 men to work 200 years, 250 days in the year, to bring the vast deposit to the surface. Allowing much for the exaggeration which usually characterizes the first reports of discoveries of this nature, says the Philadelphia Ledger, the new veins will probably add greatly to the anthracite coal supply. The estimates of the duration of this supply must be revised if the new fields are as extensive and productive as the early predictions indicate. One of the dispatches announcing the find says that it is estimated that the deposits will furnish anthracite to the world for 20 years.

In Roberts' "Anthracite Coal Industry," a valuable and informing work, published in 1901, several estimates of the probable continuance of the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania are presented, as computed by mining engineers. According to the forecasts of these authorities the supply will last from 80 to 100 years if the annual production be 60,000,000 tons. The total number of tons mined from 1820 to 1900 inclusive was 1,197,706,181 tons. It is estimated that four times as much is still in the beds.

The author notes that all the territory embracing the anthracite coal fields was purchased by the government from the Indians. In 1749 a section 125 miles long and 30 miles wide, comprising all of Dauphin and parts of Schuylkill counties and parts of Northumberland, Columbia, Luzerne, Northampton, Monroe and Pike counties, was bought from the Indians for the paltry sum of \$2,500. Mr. Roberts continues:

"To-day an acre of coal land containing three feet of workable coal will command from \$500 to \$600, while a building lot in the city of Wilkesbarre on one of its busy thoroughfares will command more than \$20,000. In 1768 a similar purchase of the Wyoming valley was effected and the price paid the Indians was about the same. Dr. Troop says in his 'Fifty Years in Scranton' that in 1774 land was sold in the neighborhood of Scranton for four cents an acre; in 1884 the same land could not be bought for \$3,000 an acre.

A NORWEGIAN VILLAGE.
The Houses Are All Built of Wood and Furnish Food for Fires.

A Norwegian village bears a striking resemblance to a New England one, especially as it is usually commanded by a white church with a pointed steeple. The houses are all wooden, even in the cities, and on this account fire is a Norwegian's greatest dread, for again and again whole towns have been nearly swept away. There are knotted ropes at every bedroom window, and warnings in four languages are posted in all hotel corridors, says a London paper.

The very poor live in log huts. The roof is made of strips of birch bark held down with a sort of clay. Moss collects, and the winds drop seeds upon it, so that, after one season, it is covered with a thick growth of soft grass, mingled with wild ladies' delight, and often a small tree grows up straight from the green leaves.

Inside is usually but one room, though occasionally there are two. A large table with wooden benches serves for dining, and the beds are built into recesses in the wall as if they were cupboards, and have doors which conceal them in the daytime. Where there are many children, the beds are in a double tier.

Houses of the better sort are roofed with slate and built upon the straight lines common to New England. Only hotels rise above two stories in height. The windows swing outward. The thresholds are raised above the floor as an aid in keeping out the winter cold. The room walls are painted, and if done in the old Norwegian style, the colors are very bright, blue predominating, and proverbs and wise saws are blazoned in graceful scrolls above the doors and fireplaces. The furniture is brightly colored, also, and clothing is kept in large wooden chests, painted with a background of red or white and adorned with brilliant flowers.

The dragon's head is carved everywhere—on the gables, the furniture, the vegetables dishes, the portals of the churches. It is believed to represent a demon-spirit, who yet will defend the house against other spirits "more wicked than himself."

A looking glass is a great point of pride, and a landlord will exhibit his mirrors as a proof of the excellence of his hotel.

A Reason for It.
"Those little arbors and cozy nooks cost something," explained the proprietor of the summer hotel, "but we consider them a mighty good investment."

"They attract people to the place, I suppose," commented the thoughtless stranger.

"Oh, it isn't so much that," returned the proprietor, "but they encourage love affairs, and that enables us to save something on the provisions."—Chicago Post.

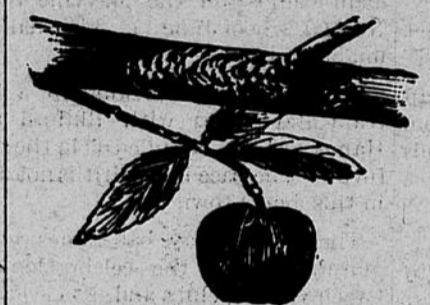
HORTICULTURE

BITTER-ROT OF APPLES.

A Destructive Orchard Disease Which Has Caused Considerable Loss of Late Years.

This is the most destructive disease to apples in southern Illinois and Missouri, and it occurs over a wide extent of country. It was most destructive in 1900. It is most abundant in warm, moist weather, when its ravages become most evident.

This is a disease which is especially injurious to apples in the autumn, and may attack them before or after being picked. Its characteristic appearance is one or more brown specks anywhere upon the unbroken skin of the apple. Each of these finally enlarges so as to become very distinct and of dark color, circular and somewhat sunken. Beneath these the tissues are dry and tough, never soft and



CANKER ROT OF APPLES. (A Cankered Limb with Diseased Apple Beneath It.)

watery. Great numbers of very small pustules cover all but the outer surface of the discolored spot, and give its surface a roughened appearance. The final result of this disease may be the running together of these various spots so as to form an irregular, depressed patch. The whole fruit at length becomes shriveled into an irregular hard body, and does not further decay.

The pinkish or red material which comes from the spots in the fruit is composed of spores. These are only distributed by rain-water or by insects, never by the wind. The fungus lives over winter in the dried fruit and in the wound-like infected spots, called bitter-rot cankers, on the limbs of the trees. In May a fresh crop of spores may be produced from the mummies, and from the canker on the branches. It seems probable the first infection of the season comes from the cankers, and it can be traced where it has spread to the young apples lying below them on the trees, where the spores have been carried by the rain.

Where diseased apples are found on the trees early in the season it will probably be found that just above them is a mummy or a canker-spot. It is important to remove the canker and the infected fruits, as a very small cankered spot may prove a source of infection for a large area.

The best treatment for this disease is probably to spray the trees, including especially the mummies and cankers, with a strong copper-sulphate solution. The disease can be kept in check during the summer by repeated applications of Bordeaux mixture.—From Bulletin No. 77 of the Illinois Experiment Station.

GOOD SPRAYING PAYS.

Everything Depends on the Thorough and Equal Distribution of the Poisonous Mixture.

Prof. F. M. Webster says: "We have somehow got the idea that anybody can spray, and we send the hired men out to do this work and flatter ourselves that we have done all that can be done. We have sprayed! It is simply amazing to see the inefficient spraying that is done every year, not always by the hired men, but often by those who have not only the best of intentions, but are thoroughly honest and earnest, and I may add, fully believe that they have done the best that can be done. Now, do not do your spraying yourself, and do not send inexperienced men to do it, but go yourself and take your men with you. Do not take two men to hold the nozzles, and you do the pumping, or you hold a nozzle and let one of them pump. Have a man to drive and pump, and a man for each line of hose, and you yourself get right down among the men at the nozzles. Watch every movement, and see that not a limb or twig fails to be reached by the spray. No man can do this as you can, and you cannot if you are to handle a line of hose. You must see and direct the work, which is all that one ought to do, and if done right this will prove the most important and profitable part. You can save material by looking to it that the spray is evenly and thoroughly distributed, and not a part of the tree drenched and the other part untouched. Trees should never drip, or the mixture run down the trunk and collect in puddles about the base. The result will depend less on the amount of material used than on the thorough and equal distribution of it.—Farmers' Review.

An Excellent Whitewash.
Put into a clean wooden tub one bushel of lime, cover it with a couple of buckets of boiling water, stirring all the time. When the lime has been slaked, dissolve in the water four pounds of sulphate of zinc and two pounds of coarse salt. These are to prevent the wash cracking off. If required, the above may be made a cream color by adding two pounds of yellow ochre. From two and half to three buckets of wash will be required for an ordinary room.

GROWING HORSERADISH.

An Auxiliary Industry by Which Country Boys and Girls Can Earn Pocket Money.

A lady reader in Elyria, O., asks how she should proceed to set out a bed of horseradish. She has quite a good market for the grated horse-radish in her own vicinity. This latter is the case in many other localities, and it affords a fine opportunity for any woman or a bright youngster with an eye to a little extra pocket-money to secure it in a rather simple way. Any out-of-the-way corner, where the ground is rich and moist, even in the back yard, especially near a sink-drain or sewer-pipe, may be made use of for this purpose. One of the best ways, where one will take the pains, is the "old country" style of digging deep trenches, filling them up with rich old manure or a mixture of this with soil, and then setting the plants into it. The best sets are the long, slim side roots, or perhaps pencil thickness, without even a bit of top or green. You may not notice any eyes on them, but if given half a chance, buds will form on the upper part of the root, perhaps from the cut end, and push up to the surface, even if planted three or four inches below the ground. I aim for long, straight roots. If a few inches of the surface-soil, after the plants have made some growth, are removed from around each root, some or most of the side roots may be rubbed off, thus giving the one large, smooth root desired. Where horse-radish is grown on a large scale, the trenching method cannot well be, or is not, employed. I simply select deep, rich, moist soil work it up fine to as great a depth (ten or 12 inches) as may be practicable, and then drop the sets into holes made with a small iron bar, so the tops may be a few inches below the surface.—Farm and Fireside.

ASPARAGUS IN WINTER.

How This Splendid Vegetable Can Be Grown Successfully at All Seasons of the Year.

It may interest many of your readers to hear something further on asparagus culture. Farmers, especially gardeners and also gentlemen who keep up a private garden, can have an abundance of this vegetable during the winter, and it is during the winter that this crop brings handsome return, as well as being a great acquisition for the gentleman's table.

Passing by antiquated methods without comment for the more progressive by which this splendid vegetable can be so easily grown, some idea may be gathered from the cut. The building may be of any size desired, and is best heated by steam. Two houses are shown. Suppose each house is 300 feet long and 33 feet wide, the alleyway between them provides room for a team to draw manure for banking up the sides and also for convenience in the handling of sash.

The advantage gained will readily be seen. Having run one house half the

WINTER ASPARAGUS HOUSE.

winter, the sash are taken from it and placed on house No. 2, when the heat is turned off No. 1 and on to the latter, which should bear until spring. Such a house need not exceed five feet in the center; a larger space would necessarily entail increased heating. The 600 three by six sash, half of them glass, and the other half may be tar paper, stacked in a nearby shed when not in use, will last for many years, or until the building decays, when the crop also may begin to sag.

While it is easy to place such a house over a well established bed, in making new beds to build over in the way indicated, forcing plant development should be of first primary importance. Fairly good asparagus will come along with very little preparation or care, but to have a tip top bed, it would be as well that the soil be naturally good, a yard thick at least. Rich bottom land full of nitrogen, carted and mixed with the higher porous soil, will take the place of manure to some extent, and is even better than an excess of manure.

This will be found quite expeditious; plan out the ground to plow several times until the plow beam is down to the level of the surface, when the trenches can be made, and the plants placed in them. When the plants are well up, dig a ditch between the rows, commencing by clearing six feet or so in this place half full of manure, continuing the trenching, throwing the earth forward on the manure.—W. I. Armstrong, in Country Gentleman.

Eight New Vegetables.
Eight vegetables new to this country are being cultivated in the government experiment stations, with reference to introducing them to the truck gardeners. They are described as follows: A European okra of giant proportions; is a valuable starch producer. From Mexico is a pepper largely used in that country, and a "hush tomato," which makes delicious sweet pickles. A decorative and medicinal vine is a cucumber, also Mexican, which distributes its seeds broadly when ripe by violently exploding. Chevril, a sedge-like plant from Europe, produces a tuber of hazel-nut size, which, eaten raw, tastes like coconuts. The Indian "basella," a vine, has blossoms like an arbutus and fruit like a blackberry bush.

Perform the work of spraying thoroughly. Be sure to cover every portion of the plant with the liquid.



A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains.

"Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is slipping away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me. I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use."—Mrs. FLORENCE DANFORTH, 1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.—\$6.00 per bottle. If original above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cannot be equalled by any other medicine in the world.

"FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN."

Women would save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice as soon as any distressing symptoms appear.

BABY'S FUTURE

Something for Mothers to Think About

Lives of Suffering and Sorrow Averted

And Happiness and Prosperity Assured by

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills When All Else Fails.

Every child born into the world with an inherited or early developed tendency to distressing, disfiguring humors of the skin, scalp and blood, becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering, but because of the dreadful fear that the disfigurement is to be lifelong and mar its future happiness and prosperity. Hence, it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest and most effective treatment available, viz., The Cuticura Treatment.

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment, to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent, to cool the blood in the severer cases, are all that can be desired for the speedy relief and permanent cure of skin-tormented infants and children, and the comfort of worn-out parents.

Millions of women use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands; for annoying irritations and weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent, 50¢ per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25¢ per box. Cuticura Ointment, 25¢ per tin. Sold by all druggists. Write for full particulars to Cuticura, P.O. Box 103, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

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