SERIAL STORY

LIPS THAT WERE SEALED

By

Alma Martin Estabrook

Author of "My Cousin Patricia"

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a scene at a box party. Mrs. Hemingray, Whitney Sloane, Mrs. Bishop Winstanley, overheard Bunker Ankony propose to Barbara Hemingray, whose brother Dan was in his employ. Dan was one of the town's popular young men. He showed some perspicuous sense. Attorney Tom Twining told him Barbara refused Ankony. Ankony the following day summoning Twining to a council [illegible] the bank. Twining refused. Ankony threatened. Barbara persuaded Ankony to postpone starting prosecution. Twining learned of the entanglement. Ankony saw Barbara. He remonstrated both. He visited Miss Hemingray and found her almost in tears. He told her he could forgive her but feared prematurely announcing his affection. The scheme to get Dan into the [illegible] Mrs. Ankony Dines, wealthy widow, proposed a marriage between Harry Winstanley and Barbara. The latter had had [illegible] Twining. The bishop had been paying attention to Miss Streeter.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"But could such a thing be done, Mr. Twining?"

"The marriage suggested?" I asked. "Certainly, sir. It would be as binding as one you yourself would perform, with the parties kneeling at your own chancel and all the usual and fashionable formulae employed."

"Then there is no reason why the arrangement suggested by Mrs. Dines might not be carried out?" he asked.

"There is none offered by the law, Bishop Winstanley," I replied.

"Upon my soul, I wish you could have apprised me of some technical objection, Mr. Twining. I do indeed," he exclaimed.

I lifted my brows.

"Because there is a very good reason, outside the law, why no such absurd arrangement should be entered into."

"I should be interested to hear it if you feel disposed to speak of it," I said politely. I was in reality consumed to know what it was.

"I believe you legal men are considered deep wells into which all sorts of trouble and embarrassment may be safely poured," he remarked.

"The reason will be safe with me if you care to intrust it to me, sir."

He smiled a charming smile.

"It is very simple," he said. "I do not wish to marry the lady."

"Then why on earth do you consider it?" I cried.

"Bless your soul, I do not!" he chuckled.

But I thought—

"I may have given you the impression. Frankly, I am somewhat disturbed to know just the way out of the absurd position in which the lady, unwarranted doubtless by my sister, has put me. It is not an easy thing to decline even such an alliance as she suggests, sir. I dare say you have had no experience—for which you may thank your stars. It is only fair, perhaps, to admit that the ladies have some grounds for thinking I would not be entirely unwilling to enter into such an astonishing plan. To begin with, I am 45 years old—old enough to have thought of matrimony if I ever expected to. Perhaps the fact that I have not thought of it has encouraged my sister and Mrs. Dines to assume that I do not mean to do so. Hence they have frankly suggested it to me. Then I have always been an admirer of Mrs. Dines, who, as I have told you, is an admirable woman. And I, 15 years my senior, and they have probably considered my admiration to be devoid of reverence, which is not the case. There are besides these reasons others which I need not mention to you, not to speak of the financial one, which, in her zeal for her charities, my sister has not overlooked. But I cannot consider any of them. I sent for you hoping you would tell me that the illegality of such a step would put it out of the question. But since you cannot help me, I must find a way of my own."

I smiled and held out my hand.

"I am more sorry than I can tell to have failed you," I said; "but I haven't a doubt that, left to your own devices, you will get delicately and safely out of the matter."

He smiled back at me, retaining my hand.

"Did you ever have an elder sister, Mr. Twining?" he inquired.

I regretted that I had never been so blessed.

"Ah," said he, "that accounts for your not being an attorney general or a chief justice," and he smilingly bowed me out.

CHAPTER VI.

"Mr. Hemingray is in the sitting room, sir, and wishes to see you at once."

I blinked up into the respectful countenance of my faithful and imperturbable Kimmens, who stood above my bed, a lighted candle in his hand, its rays over his ruddy face and rudder pajamas.

"Mr. Hemingray!" I repeated in sleepy amusement.

"Mr. Dan Hemingray; yes, sir."

"What time is it?"

"A little past two. Mr. Hemingray just came in by train, I think."

"Bless me! Well, go to bed, Kimmens. I won't need you. I'll go right in, tell Mr. Hemingray."

Kimmens went with dignity and fluttering garments.

As I hurried in Dan looked up at me from a chair in which he had sunk in an odd heap.

"Sick, Dan?" I asked.

"Sick to death—at heart," he groaned.

"What's the matter?"

He wheeled on me sharply.

"You know all about it, don't you—what I did, you know?"

I stopped to light the gas in my grate.

"Yes, I know, old fellow."

There was an instant's silence.

"Did Ankony tell you?"

"Yes."

"He made Barbara believe no one know."

"He told me before that. I'm sure he hasn't told any one else. You may depend on that, I think. He wanted—"

"He wanted you to prosecute. I know. I'm a nice sort, ain't I? What do you think of me?" he sneered.

"I think you may have been a bit weak, but that there's a bully lot of strength in you yet and that it's going to assert itself. That's what I think," and I stretched out my hand.

He gripped it absently. "Do you know what made Ankony change his mind about the prosecution?" he asked.

"I've imagined."

"Then you know that I'm a cad as well as thief. I let myself be saved by accepting Barbara's bondage. You know as well as I do how she hates him. It was you who told me how she scorned him the night before at the opera. She didn't change. You know that. She simply took him to save me, and I let her. Good Lord, Tom, I let her!"

"I knew how hard it would have been to resist her pleading," I said.

"I was so sick I didn't know what I did. She's more to me than anybody on earth, and yet I let her sell herself for me; but, thank heaven, the sacrifice isn't consummated yet, and I've come to myself in time to stop it."

"I knew you would." I was sure of it. I exclaimed.

"Were you?" he asked wonderingly. "Did you have that much faith in me? It was more than I had in myself. I thought I meant to let it go on. I went away thinking I did"

"She Says She'll Marry Him Whether I Give Myself Up or Not."

"You didn't know what you thought. You were stunned."

"That's no excuse," he cried, and I could see how he had been lashing himself.

"Oh, yes, it is! She can be very persuasive, and she meant you to yield to her."

"Yes, she meant it all right. But it's all off now. I've come back to give myself up. If Ankony wants to, he may put me behind the bars. I'm not anxious to have that happen, as I've got a lot to make good, you know. If he gives me the chance, Twining, I swear I'll do it; but if he don't—well, I'd rather be in prison than see her married to him."

I nodded.

"I've been thinking," he began hesitatingly, "that maybe you fellows who have been so good to me would put enough faith in me—as a man, that I am—to lend me the three thousand to pay Ankony back. Would you?"

"We must find another way, Dan," I said, dreading to tell him that I had already tried that way; "but the fact of the matter is that Ankony refused to accept my offer to make good. I asked him to give me that privilege in the beginning. But there must be another way, and we'll find it."

"When did you see him?" he asked.

"Before there was anything said to you. Oh, don't make a fuss about it! It was little enough to do, goodness knows! Any one of half a hundred fellows and twice that many women would have done it if they'd known. But Ankony was stubborn."

He tramped up and down my little sitting room in a fury of impotent resentment.

"Then you don't think he'll take the money and let me go?" he asked after a little.

"I'm afraid not, unless he yields to her persuasions."

He shook his head hopelessly.

"He wouldn't listen to them before. His set his price and made her pay it," and he shivered uncontrollably and threw himself down on the couch.

"We can't do anything to-night," I said. "You must go to bed. You're undone and won't be fit for anything to-morrow unless you get some rest. I'll see if I have a bed ready."

"Don't bother. I can't sleep. I hated to get you out at this time of night, but I hoped we might settle upon something before morning."

"I wish to the Lord we could!" I fervently ejaculated.

"You can't think of any other way?"

"Not now. But we must. The trouble is, there's nothing to appeal to in Ankony, and nothing that I can get hold of to frighten him into decency. I wouldn't give a rap for his morals, but his discretion is unassailable."

"I've heard things hinted," he reflected, "but nothing openly suggested. He'd take precious good care of that. No, I don't believe we can reach him that way."

"I'm afraid not."

"I'm not worth all this trouble," he groaned.

"Shut up and come along to bed."

"I tell you I can't sleep."

"You must. Come along."

He followed me patiently.

"Have your man wake me at seven," he said; "I must get home early."

When I had seen him in bed, I went out into the dimly lighted sitting room and sat down to try once more to find some way out of the pressing difficulties.

Dan was awake and leaving the next morning when I awoke and, hearing him, looked out on the apartment.

"Stay for breakfast, can't you?" I called.

"No, thank you; I've got to get home, but I'll come back after I've seen Barbara, and tell you what's to be done, but," with a queer setting of his face, "I guess there's only one thing to do."

"Don't do it till you've seen me," I said hastily. "I haven't given up hope yet. Come to me before you go to Ankony. I'll turn heaven and earth to find something."

"Don't bother. It's no use. Honestly, I believe that. But she shan't marry him."

He went, leaving me to reflect anew on how much easier it is to tangle things than to untangle them.

I had scarcely reached the office before he came. He looked bewildered and uncertain, and, sitting down on the other side of the table in my private room, stretched out his arms across it and leaned over to me. "She says she loves him," he said.

"Of course she says that!" I exclaimed.

"Then you don't believe it?"

"Do you?"

"I don't know what to believe. I didn't think it possible before, and I can't conceive it now; but she swears she does, and she looks—she actually looks as if she means it. Do you think she's pretending so as to make it easier for me?"

"Don't ask me, Hemingray."

"It's just what you might expect her to do, isn't it?" I accused her of it, but she only laughed at me and said I was silly to imagine such a thing. She says she refused him the night before because she was piqued at something he did and wanted to make him suffer, but that she has cared for him all the time. You can make what you like out of it."

I drummed on the table. I had nothing to say. Things were dim and vague and hateful to me in that acute moment. I did not know what I believed—what I wanted to believe. I was remembering all that had passed between her and me pertaining to her engagement, trying to make something definite and convincing out of it, but I decided that much of what I had deemed convincing had been based merely on my own conclusions and not upon anything she had actually said or conveyed.

She says she'll marry him whether I give myself up or not," he went on, "that it won't make a particle of difference except that it will stir up unnecessary fuss. Ankony won't do anything, of course, when she's got to marry him, and she says she'll stick to it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Newest Egg Breaker.

It is interesting to note the variety of inventions which have recently been brought forward to add to the comfort of diners and enhance the pleasure of the hours spent at the table, pleasant as they already are to most of us.

A Colorado man has just introduced an egg breaker which reduces to a science the breaking of an egg and makes what was some times a painful operation an interesting bit of work. This device consists of an apparatus much like a pair of pincers, with wire handlers and semi-circular jaws, each equipped with tiny teeth at the end. Above and below the jaws are conical springs, forming a receptacle and bysh ape of an egg.

The egg is placed in these springs and by gripping the handles of the device the jaws press upon it, cutting through the shell as neatly as a man might cut a piece of fruit with a knife. The egg is thus opened not only without soiling the shells, but without harming the hands, which was the invariable experience in the old way.

Rather Sharp.

The pretty girl wore one of those hats that resemble the blade of a buzz saw. As she passed the young man in the narrow doorway the rough edge of the hat skinned his cheek.

"Ah, there, Percy!" she called vivaciously. "Just tell them that you saw me."

The young man felt his stinging cheek.

"No, sis," he said grimly, "I guess I'd better tell them that you sawed me."

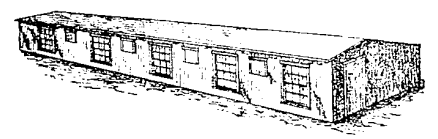
PRACTICAL WINTER HOUSE FOR KEEPING POULTRY

In Constructing Care Should Be Taken to Select Well Drained Soil and Pay Attention to Ventilation.

In housing fowls in winter, care should be taken to have your building warm and well ventilated in such a manner as to prevent all direct drafts of air coming in contact with the fowls, and at the same time do away with the moisture and frost collecting upon the ceiling and walls of the house, writes A. E. Vandervart in Farm and Fireside. It is much better to have a cold, well ventilated house than to have one very warm and poorly ventilated, and your fowls will be much healthier and lay better in the former than in the latter.

In building a house, one should take into consideration the climatic conditions of the locality in which the house is to be built. A well-drained soil should be selected, and avoid building in a hollow where water will collect, if you do not want any trouble. Many are partial to the open front, scratching-shed style of building, and while they are all right for certain locations, in this locality I have found the house described and illustrated to be preferable.

The house is built facing the south,

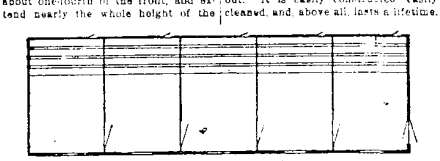


Elevation of Practical Poultry House.

and is 15 feet wide, 50 feet long, four and one-half feet high in back, six feet high in front and seven feet high at the highest point. These dimensions and the style of roof make a low house which is warmer than one higher, yet it is plenty high enough to work in.

The frame plates are made of two by-fours and the sills and corner posts of four by-fours. The outside is boarded as tightly as possible with hemlock boards and a cheap grade of house-siding is used for the siding, with a good grade of tarred paper between the boards and the siding. For the roof, roofing paper is used, and is put on in strips from the front to the back of the house.

Five double-sash windows occupy about one-fourth of the front, and extend nearly the whole height of the



Ground Plan for Poultry House.

front of the building, allowing the sun's rays to shine directly onto the floor of the house. Sun is an excellent tonic for the fowls, and should always be taken into consideration when constructing a poultry-house.

Four holes, two feet square, are cut near the top between the windows. These are covered with muslin, and used for ventilators. These ventilators, and opening the windows on pleasant days, form a perfect method of ventilation, and practically do away with all moisture and frost on the walls and ceilings of the building, and supply an abundance of pure air free from drafts.

The house is divided into five pens, each ten by fifteen feet. The partitions are boarded up for a distance of about two feet, and wire netting is used the rest of the way to the ceiling. The doors between each pen are three feet wide, and are covered with wire netting. The dropping-boards and nests occupy the north side of the building. The dropping-boards are three feet above the floor, and three and one-half feet wide, and extend the width of the pen (ten feet). The perches are made of two-by-twos, planed and with the edges rounded. These are six inches from the dropping-boards, and are hinged to the building so they can be raised and fastened when cleaning off the dropping-boards.

Under the dropping-boards are the nests resting on a platform one foot below the dropping-boards. A hinged door occupies the front of these, from which the eggs are gathered. This arrangement of roosts and nests gives the fowls use of the entire floor-space. The water-fountains and grit-boxes are placed on the partition-boards.

The floor is of concrete, and constructed in the following manner: The space up to the bottom of the sills is filled with crushed stone. On this is spread a thin coat of cement, enough to make a smooth surface. On this is placed a layer of thick tarred paper, and over this a layer of cement three parts sand and one part cement. This makes and ideal floor for a poultry-house. It is wind and rat proof and the tarred paper keeps the moisture out. It is easily constructed, easily cleaned, and, above all, lasts a lifetime.

The yards are at the rear of the building, and are 20 feet long by ten feet wide, and in these are planted rows of plum trees. Connected with these yards is another large yard surrounding an orchard. Each pen is given the yard for half a day, which makes an excellent forage place for the fowls.

SEPARATED MILK FOR CALVES

Youngster That Sucks Cow Does Well Until Weaned—Sweet Skimmed Milk Makes Bone and Sinew.

There is no doubt but that calves do exceedingly well on separated milk. The calf that sucks the cow will do well until weaning time comes, but the calf that gets its warm, fresh, separated milk will flourish the whole year round. For the sake of a few more pounds of butter the calf is often starved to a gaunt, unsightly little dwarf and never comes to maturity

Fed on Separated Milk.

and is always poor property to its owner. By allowing it fresh, warm milk from the separator you will have a big, strong calf in such a condition that will give the best results for the extra care and labor, the same as other stock kept in a thriving condition. Sweet skimmed milk makes bone and sinew for the calf. We are looking after the calf that is to be raised to maturity and there are cheaper foods than 25-cent butter fat upon which to raise calves. That is, buy centrifugal cream separators, if you do not have one already, and feed your calves the milk as soon as run through the separator, while it yet contains the animal heat and in the condition just suited to the needs of the calf. We believe that every farmer who keeps from three to ten cows and wishes to grow good calves will find it to his advantage to buy a good cream separator and use it intelligently.

COMMON SENSE WITH MEDICINE

In Treating Ills of Live Stock Judgment Must Be Mixed With the Drugs Administered.

In handling livestock and treating livestock ills, much common sense must be mixed with medicine. In fact, many minor animal ills may be cured without resorting to medicine.

The writer has a mare that became stiff and lame in one front leg last winter. We were told all sorts of things were the matter with her, and many remedies were prescribed. We had been away from home for a few weeks and found that the mare had lost the shoe from the lame foot and that she had been confined in her stall nearly all of the time.

To reduce soreness, the leg was bathed in a water solution of salt and vinegar, slightly warm. Each night and morning the leg and shoulder were given a good, brisk rubbing to stimulate good circulation of blood. The mare resented the treatment at first, but soon willingly permitted it and afterward seemed to enjoy it. The lameness and stiffness began to gradually disappear and she was practically well within two weeks. During this time she was worked lightly almost daily and allowed outside freedom when weather permitted. Keeping the blood flowing through exercise and rubbing effected the cure, we believe.

"A GREAT ANNOYANCE."

Kidney Disease Shows Many Painful and Unpleasant Symptoms.

George S. Crowell, 1109 Broadway, Helena, Mont., says: "I was troubled with a disordered condition of the kidneys, some backache and irregular passages of secretions. At times I was obliged to get up out of bed at night, and the urine was unnatural in appearance. On the advice of a friend I procured Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. This remedy helped me at once, strengthened my kidneys and corrected the disordered condition."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SWEETLY PUT.

Mamma—And you never like I push the baby's chair?

Little Dot—Indeed I do! I like to have you push me, mamma, every single time!

Mamma—Why, I didn't see anything particular that you were complaining to me.

HUMOR BURNED AND ITCHED.

Eczema on Hand, Arms, Legs and Face—It Was Something Terrible.

Complete Cure by Cuticura.

"About fifteen or eighteen years ago eczema developed on top of my hand. It burned and itched so much that I was compelled to show it to a doctor. He pronounced it ringworm. After trying his different remedies the disease increased and went up my arms and to my legs and finally on my face. The burning was something terrible. I went to another doctor who had the reputation of being the best in town. He told me it was eczema. His medicine checked the advance of the disease, but no further. I finally concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies and found relief in the first trial. I continued until I was completely cured from the disease, and I have not been troubled since. C. Burkhart, 236 W. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 15, 1905."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Changed Farm Life.

The dull silence that hung over that New England dinner table has been lifted of late. It is gone like the dew in the sunlight of the new social influences. The isolation of the farm and the chilling cause that drove men into the cities. Now by rural free mail delivery all the warm world currents are being carried to the country and are making the farm the community that it is—rich and attractive in the variety of its interests. A real, human happiness has been answered. Every hill and dale flashes the romantic that charms lies existence with the thrill of human life throbbing other human life's lineator.

They Didn't Have to Change.

During the years in which our pure food laws have been put into effect there has been a great hurrying and scurrying on the part of the food manufacturers to change their methods to make them conform to the law.

The Quaker Oats Company is a conspicuous exception. It was admitted that Quaker Oats was as pure and clean as possible and that it was an ideal food.

It is so cheap that any one can afford it and so nourishing that every one needs it. The result of last year's experiments at Yale and other points where food values were tested is that Quaker Oats has been adopted by many persons as their food on which they rely for adding vigor and endurance of muscle and brain.

The Quaker Oats Company meets all demands in the way it packs Quaker Oats: regular size packages and the large size family package; the latter, both with and without china. 4

"Filthy Lucre."

The expression "filthy lucre" is of Biblical origin, and is to be found in the third chapter of the first book of Timothy, where the qualifications necessary for the office of a bishop are thus set forth. "This is a true saying. If a man desireth the office of bishop, he desireth a good work. A bishop must then be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous."

A New Dress for 10 Cents.

The cost of a package of Dyola Dyes. You don't have to know whether it is cotton, wool, silk or mixed goods. Dyola gives the same fast brilliant colors on all goods. Comes in 16 colors. At your dealer's or if not in stock we will send you any color for 10 cents with direction book and color card. Dyola, Burlington, Vt.

Kind of Wife He Wanted.

Binks—"If you ever intend to marry, pick out a woman who can swim." Jinks—"Why?" Binks—"She can keep her mouth closed."