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## The Long Reach.

By E. VILO.

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**S**ENORA PANCHITA, you are an angel!" exclaimed Minnie Surrat as the girl handed her the beautiful lace mantilla to wear at a fancy dress ball where she was to appear as a lady from Cadiz. Three other girls who were there joined in the assertion that the senora was an angel, with hopes for their own special needs.

Ida Lovejoy, one of the four girls, opened her lips to say some flattering word, but the words were suddenly checked as her fascinated eyes fell upon a superb sapphire diamond ring which the senora invariably wore in memory of the departed General Valdez. The senora had many other jewels, but she loved this ring best. While the four young girls, bachelors in the same house, had been there she had fawned that she ought to have the jewel for her share. The sapphire ring from her hand and put it on her little ring finger which stood on her dressing table near the window. Its fire and luster dazzled the longing eyes of Ida, and she caught her breath. She had often seen it on the plump hand of the senora, but never had it seemed so beautiful as now. She felt a great desire to ask the Spanish lady to loan it to her for wear to the ball as she had loaned her valuable lace mantilla to Minnie. If she could wear such a ring, perhaps the floor-walker, Charlie Edwards, might take notice of her.

Ida was poor, very poor, and worked in the store where the other girls were employed. She, like all the employees of the store, was expected to be at this ball. The big store gave a ball every winter and an excursion every summer for its employees. Ida had never been able to advance herself somehow, and after three years she was still among the learners. Her salary was scarcely enough to pay her board. And she loved beautiful things.

The supper bell rang, and with a half sigh for the pungent cookery of her own land Senora Valdez locked her door and tried it to be sure and followed the four girls down to the dining room.

Ida kept thinking of the beautiful ring upstairs and wished she might be able to have a lovely costume to wear. She could not rest. Some friends called on the senora, and the other girls went out, so that Ida was more than ever cut off from companionship, and she went up to her room, descending almost at once to the bathroom, where she was going to wash out a few pieces. Her tall, hank figure looked singularly ungraceful and loosely jointed as she came down to the second story. She turned the water on and



"MISS LOVEJOY, ARE YOU ILL?"

letting it fill the tub, went to the window and looked out. There was a light burning in the senora's room.

All her life long Ida had been noted for the length of her arms and a peculiar faculty of loosening her shoulders and stretching them out to an astonishing length. She knew well that by leaning out of the bathroom window she could easily reach that little ring tree. A sudden temptation came over her too strong to resist. The window was open.

She argued swiftly with herself that the Spanish lady had plenty other jewels; that this could not matter so much to any one as to her. She was so tired of the toil and privation. Charlie might love her if he could see her dressed as she ought to be.

Visions of a little home of her own that she could care for and beautify passed before her eyes. She longed to work in the store and hang for a quiet home where she could be at peace.

That ring would scarcely be missed, and it meant so much to her. She listened; no sound. In another minute she had leaned out. Her hand crept

along the wall until it touched the swinging mirror and then the ring tree with its sparkling burden.

In another minute she had flown to her room with her wet handkerchiefs and the ring. It had been easy. She had never stolen anything before, and it was so terrible a thing that she was faint and trembled like a leaf. She thought:

"I'll feel better in the morning, and then I'll see."

But no sleep came to her, and in the morning it was all she could do to rise and drag herself to the store. Her eyes were heavy and her head ached. She was pale and wan. The very floorwalker to whom whose admiration she had stolen stopped and said:

"Miss Lovejoy, are you ill?"

"And he looked so sympathetic that Ida's chin quivered and her eyes filled as she replied:

"Just a little headache; that is all."

"You won't be able to dance tonight. Hadn't I better get you excused today? I will if you wish."

"If you please," she said weakly while she thought, "What if he knew?"

She looked very ill. The diamond that was wrapped in a handkerchief in her bosom seemed to vibrate a tap and to burn like red-hot iron. She leaned against the shelves with pinched features until he returned with the desired permission.

"Shall I get a cab for you?" he asked kindly.

"I—think—I will walk. The air may do me good. It is so warm in here. Thank you very much."

Ida had beautiful eyes. The floor-walker had often noticed this tall silent girl with her heavy braids plainly of her own hair. He was tired of the ridiculous pompadours of the other girls. Her voice was low and sweet, and now it quivered with the emotion that shook her very soul.

She dared not look into his eyes for fear he would know she was a thief. She had not realized what she had done fully until now, but now, knowing it, she trembled.

No thought of the ball entered her mind. If she could only restore the ring!

She crept back to her boarding house and to her room. She heard the girl come home and heard their gay chatter as they were preparing for the fancy ball.

Dimly she remembered that she had intended to pawn that ring and buy a gown she had seen, all silver, like moonlight on still water, and she was going to get a veil of spangled tulle and a tinsel crown, let down her long dark hair, and call her costume "Night." All was over now, and she was a thief.

What if the senora caused a search to be made? She must hide it until she could replace it. The window was closed now. Then the supper bell rang. She remembered that she had eaten nothing all that day and went tremblingly down. To her joy the senora was not there, and the other girls were all so full of the ball that their silence passed without comment.

At last all the other girls left the house in gay spirits, leaving Ida alone in her fear, shame and horror of herself.

The night the ring had been stolen Senora Valdez had sought for it everywhere in her room. She knew where she had left it. Nothing else had been taken. She knew that she had put it on the tree and that it was there when she left, for all four of the girls had preceded her, and she had locked and tried the door. She was always very methodical.

"Some one must have a key that fits my door and came in while I was downstairs," she thought.

The senora did as the most of us do and took all her other valuables to the safe deposit vault, but she said no word to any one of her loss.

"If I call the police," she thought, "and have a search made all the innocent will hate me, and I may never find it. If I keep absolute silence and watch some day the one who took it will say some word or do something which will betray him and show me the thief. I wish that it had been any other jewel!"

So the senora went to sleep. The next day brought no proof. That any one could have reached the ring tree from the bathroom window never entered her head.

Scarcely had the merry party gone to the ball when there was a ring and a visitor for Miss Lovejoy. She felt as though she must die then as the handsome floorwalker came in.

"I heard you were not going to the ball, so I thought I would come in and see—if you—are better."

"Yes, but I don't care very much for parties or balls." All this while she was wondering why he had come.

"No more do I," said he. "I like quiet better. I think I was cut out for a home lover."

"I think I am, too," said Ida, with a half sob as the memory of her crime gurgled up in her mind, closing the door of any home for her.

"It seems to me that things were better when women didn't have to go from home to work, and the men did it all, and the women kept the homes."

"Yes," she replied weakly. "It seems as if a home of one's own, no matter how small or poor, should be like heaven."

"Miss Lovejoy, forgive me if I seem abrupt, but would you care for a home with me? Don't speak yet. I have watched you a long time. You are not like the other girls, silly and frivolous. They think of nothing but dress and nonsense. I have loved you longer than you know. I should not have dared to speak, but I cannot bear that you should remain any longer in that store. It was—is killing you. It is not the life for you. We will have a little home, and you shall be its queen. Will you be my wife—my dear wife?"

Ida gasped for breath, and for one

blissful moment she looked at him with ineffable love and joy, and then she sank fainting to the floor.

Charlie went away elated. This very fainting fit from excess of joy over his proposal seemed very right and proper to him. He was sincerely in love with her and would make her a good husband.

For three long days Ida kept her bed. She was on the verge of nervous collapse, the doctor said, but at last she was able to creep downstairs to the parlor to see Charlie, who came daily with flowers and fruit.

The other girls quickly understood the matter and were affected differently. Not one of the girls in that store but would have been glad of his attention.

"Oh, but ain't she the sly puss?" said Minnie, while Adeline replied:

"And she ain't pretty either. I don't see what he finds in her."

At that moment the senora came in just in time to hear Minnie say:

"I think what must have attracted him is her long reach. She can stand

Clean out the nest boxes often.

Hogs like variety as well as other animals.

Teach the calves to drink from the pail from the start.

Careless, shiftless methods never yet produced profitable pork.

Oil meal is worth about two-fifths more than bran as feed for cows.

Loosen up the mulch on the strawberry vines, if it has become packed down.

Variety of feed is essential to vigorous growth in sheep or other farm animal, for that matter.

Know exactly what it is that you want of the hired man and then be sure that he gets your idea.

As a rule, make it to the boy's interest to stay on the farm and he will stick. Of course there are exceptions.

A fourth of an acre of good land planted with a variety of small fruits will keep a large family supplied throughout the season.

The dirty stable, the dirty cow and the dirty milk is a triple combination of filth which is sure to tell on the quality of the milk.

Does your soil need any special fertilizer? Be sure the commercial fertilizer you contemplate buying contains elements which your soil lacks.

The most profitable gains with pigs is made when allowed a good run of clover or peas. The habit of shoveling corn out to pigs is too prevalent in the corn belt.

Don't let the low prices of hogs discourage you. There will come the swing in the circuit and again they will bring better prices. You cannot keep a good thing down.

Of course you have not forgotten that you promised yourself a garden for this year. Have a good generous variety of the vegetables you like. My, how good they will taste when the time comes.

It does seem as though it was impossible to get time to drag that road when the other work is pressing so hard at this season of the year, but if you will only take the time, before the summer is over you will feel that it paid.

You are paying a good round price now for having let the cows run down during the winter. It's a question in your mind after all whether the economy in feed is not more than offset by the run-down condition of the stock, now isn't it?

Moldy corn is dangerous feed if used very freely, especially with horses. There is lots of corn of this character this year, and the temptation is great to feed it up, but do not attempt to save it at the expense of some valuable horse or other animal.

As a rule farm tenantry works ill to the country school. The renter cares little or nothing about local improvements and the land owner takes advantage of the town school and to less country school run as cheaply as possible.

Be careful and not lay out more work for the spring than you can successfully do. This does not mean that you should cut out the garden which your wife has been asking you for these many years. Stick to your promise and give her a good one. You will enjoy it as much as she will when the time of harvest comes.

When a boy labors on the farm all through his minority and comes to manhood's estate and feels that he has nothing that he can really call his own it is no wonder that he has a yearning to get out into the world and shift for himself where he has the chance to work for himself and has the chance to know how money of his very own feels.

Soll that because of its nature and location can be used for but little else than pastureland can be improved by the sowing of blue grass and red clover seed. Even if the land is scattered among rocks and stumps it can be improved by dragging a harrow over the thin spots and scattering on chemical fertilizers and seeds of mixed grasses. The permanent pasture is the most neglected part of our farms. It is worthy of attention and improvement.

Not at Home.

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?" inquired the caller.

"No, ma'am, she isn't," replied the maid.

"Then it was you who was singing so dreadfully out of tune when I turned the corner," said the caller.

"No, indeed, ma'am," cried the indignant maid. "That was missus's."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Plenty of Company.

"Loan shark, is he?"

"I should say not! There are whole schools of him in this town."—New York Press.

## NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



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### Here is The Plan:

Buy \$25 worth for cash, all at one time, or part at one time, and part at another, within three months from any of the merchants named below. Not necessary to buy all at one store. Get Rebate Book with first purchase, have each purchase recorded and when \$25 worth is entered in Book take or send book to Secretary of Retail Merchants' Association for amount of Railroad Fare.

### Buy From Any of These:

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Barr's Dry Goods.

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C. D. Stradley & Co.

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## Greenville Retail Merchants Association, JOHN WOOD, SEC'RY.

Office over Smith & Bristow. Cor. Main and Washington Streets.

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lie better, have better sub-soil and are much cheaper, per acre, than your lands. The reason of the latter is that we haven't a practical farmer in the county. They don't plow deep and 200 pounds of fertilizer to the acre would scare most of them. Many of them use only acid. I have all kinds and size farms for sale. Some rare bargains if sold before rented for another year. Delays are dangerous. Don't take time to write—come and see for yourself. Wire me when you start.

Calhoun, (County Seat of Gordon County) is a fast-growing town of 2,000 people. Located 80 miles north of Atlanta. I refer you to the following men of your county. I have shown them the goods.

J. R. Keith, W. M. Chastain, Pickens, S. C., R. F. D., 4.

CALHOUN, GA. - T. M. BOAZ, - CALHOUN, GA. P. O. Box, 82. P. O. Box, 82.

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