

UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

CHAPTER XXXV.

After subsidence of her laugh, Mrs. Seton-Carr said—
"I have said good-bye for ever to the Chantrelles. They have left Ivy Cottage. I shall never see them again—"
"I thought—"
"I loved him!" she interrupted gleefully, "I didn't—I just hated him—"
"Yet you—"
"Pretended I did because I wanted to annoy you! There! I wanted to annoy you because—I... Don't, Prince Charlie! You're making me look so untidy!"
She explained to him that she had loved him from the first. She confessed why she had not told him she was Mrs. Seton-Carr at first: because she was a leader of London fashion, and she knew he hated London Society and everything connected therewith. The newspaper people chattered her movements and she was much talked about; she had thought he would not fail to recognize her name.
It would naturally be supposed that seeing how late it was they would have hurried home. Not they! It was nearly eight o'clock when they reached Ivy Cottage. Dick was waiting for them.

"This is a pretty idea, upon my soul!" His greeting. "A nice way to treat your brother! Dinner has been waiting hours!"
"Never mind, Dick dear," replied his sister. "It doesn't matter, it really doesn't matter in the least."
"Doesn't it! It matters to me! Am I supposed to be a fasting man, giving a seaside exhibition of myself! You're flouncing around grinning all over your face as if you'd picked up sixpence. What have you been doing?"
"There—sit down—like a good boy. Now start and try to keep off for lost time."

She ran to her room and threw off her hat and mantle. Then she crept softly into Gracie's room; the child was not yet asleep, though sleepy. Bending over the cot she kissed the little rosy face, and Gracie's arms went up and around the neck of her "Dear Miss Mivvint." Mrs. Seton-Carr had not been away from the dining room more than two minutes; when she returned to take her place at table mischievous Dick was waiting for her, said—
"What I want to know is, what the deuce you two have been sitting out on that blessed seat all night for? Why couldn't you come in like rational beings and sit in chairs and talk?"
"Never you mind, Dick; don't ask questions. Have some more soup!"
"Oh, you can't stop my mouth with soup! I expect it was some of that tommy-rot Prince Charlie was always flooding my ears with. About your eyes and hair and—"
"Now, Dick," interrupted Masters, "drop that please. It is a forbidden subject."

"Is it I am not to talk about what you said?" He turned to his sister and continued; "What have you had to say then, Sir? Been telling him how you begged and prayed of me not to let him—"
"Dick! If you don't be quiet, I'll never forgive you!"
"Now, look here," Dick assumed an aggrieved tone. "Am I supposed not to talk at all? Is this house run on the silent system? I might just as well be having dinner in a deaf and dumb asylum."
"Talk sensibly then," said his sister patronizingly, "and we'll listen to you with pleasure."
"Well! Oh, it's reached that stage, has it: plural! 'M' very well. Let's take up a serious subject: horribly serious. Have you lunatics decided when your two throbbing hearts are going to be mangled into one; when you are to be married?"

"Dick! Don't you want—let me pass you some more vegetables!"
"Don't stoy his thirst for information," interposed Masters quietly. "He's got to be best man, so he may as well know. It is settled that we are to be married by special license on New Year's Day."
"Oh, Prince Charlie!" she cried. "I never said—indeed I didn't—"
"No, dear," he replied calmly. "I know you did not. But you said that that woman I made love to on the boat; what was her name? Amy—pass the sauce, Dick—alleged that I said it rested with me, so far as the naming of the day was concerned."
"How can you—"
"It occurred to me that that was a capital idea. I am not one of those superior persons; am never above taking a hint. By way of compensation I am going—thanks to you again—to have a most happy beginning of one."

Dick viewed the consternation displayed on his sister's face to the accompaniment of a broad grin on his own, said—
"That's right! Start quarrelling now, even before you are tied up! Goodness knows what it will be like after, when you are sentenced to—mean when you are linked for life. Miserable wretches! You have my sincerest sympathy; all my pity."
"It takes two to make a quarrel."
"Prince Charlie uttering the aphorism. Then holding out his hand to Mabel, he continued—
"You agree with me, don't you, darling! Just by your action convince this headstrong youth that we are in accord about the first of January—if we are to be married on that day, put your hand in mine."
"There's one thing about this affair—having long been an acute sufferer from my headstrong sister's temper," said Dick, grinning all over his face, "about which I am distinctly displeased."
"You are going to make one of your terrible jokes, Dick!" she said. "I can see it in your face!"
"Oh, let him run loose," interposed Masters. "It's Christmas time, you know. What's the joke? If it's going to give us pain, out with it—as the boy said to the dentist."
"If you labor over one of your usual atrocious puns, Dick," warned his sister, "I'll throw you down and pummel you black and blue!"

"I was merely going to observe," said her brother, regardless of the threat, "that I was glad that at length you had found your master!"
He had to howl for mercy before she let him up.
CHAPTER XXXVI.
Gracie had to be reckoned with. Prince Charlie was looked on as her exclusive property. Considerable diplomacy and tact would have to be brought to bear; that exacting atom of humanity needed careful handling.
Gracie gave up all rights in Prince Charlie. Indeed, viewed his changing into the character of a new papa with curious equanimity. Curious, that is to say, to any one ignorant of her knowledge of the doings of fairies. The literature upon which she fed was of the divided syllable type. A story without a fairy in it was beneath her contempt.

So it was that on Christmas morning she viewed the matter complacently. Having disposed of Prince Charlie to her mother, she gave him Miss Mivvins as a Christmas box. Borrowed his fountain pen and in a large round-hand wrote—
"With best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Putting this into Miss Mivvins' hand, she gracefully led that lady to her former prince; was rejoiced when she saw how glad he was to accept her gift!

And the wish was realized too: their Christmas was of the merriest. Gracie said she had never spent so happy a one, in all the years of her life; was of opinion that the harlequin had been at work with Uncle Dick; he was so different from what he used to be. Uncle Dick was, and he knew it. Looked back at his past with eyes full of horror, at his prospective brother-in-law with love in them, because he felt, knew, to whom his reformation was due.
Gracie's other wish was granted: the new year was a happy one. It commenced with the actual transformation of Prince Charlie into Gracie's new papa. The child said she had never made a change which pleased her so much.
As Gracie wisely observed, it was not now a matter of occasional calls, he was always there. So much better, wasn't it? She really thought they had all been quite foolish not to think of arranging it so before.
As to Uncle Dick—well, as Gracie said, he was changed. And it was a permanent change, too; he feared no relapse. Just sometimes the memory of the old evil times would return, and a suspicious moisture come into his eyes. He could not help thinking of what might have been, and what was. Thanked God from his heart for the present condition.
As to Miss Mivvins—well, of course she no longer exists. She merged into Mrs. Masters on the first day of the new year.
Another change which had Gracie's full approval.
THE END.

Kicking ceases to help when it becomes a habit.

COST OF WILD ANIMALS

THOSE WHICH BRING THE HIGHEST PRICES.

The Lion Sold From \$375 to \$500—
Polar Bears Always Maintain Their Price.

Wild animals from the Gizeh Zoological Gardens in Egypt, delivered during the years 1896-1908 at London, Marseilles, Hamburg, and Rotterdam, realized the following prices.

The "king of beasts," the lion, sold comparatively cheap, mainly because the cost of feeding made buyers shy of the investment. Fine wild-born lions realized from \$375 to \$500.

Menagerie-born animals cost on an average \$50. A lioness has even sold for under \$20; while, on the other hand, \$1,200 to \$1,500 is not too big a price to ask for an exceptionally fine specimen of lion.

Pumas—occasionally described as lions—are not in such demand; \$35 will often buy one; fair average specimens fetch \$75, \$100, and a few \$150. The tiger is, however, a high-priced animal; \$500 is the lowest figure at which he sells, with \$400 for the tigress.

A specialty of value is the European lynx. A young one cannot be had for less than \$100, and the full-grown animal is worth from \$125 to \$175.

WOLVES ARE A WEAK MARKET

\$10 is their average per head, \$5 the minimum and \$25 the top price. Catch a fox young, and the cub may realize \$7.50, or only just \$1.25; full grown, its value is \$10.

Very rarely does a polar bear change hands at less than \$150; but other kinds of bear come cheaper. A sea-lion costs \$100. The beaver is good for \$100, a price due to the animal's destruction for bounty in the Rhone Valley.

Hippopotami have no quotation in some markets. When in supply this prehistoric-looking beast is worth from \$3,000 to \$3,750. Elephants are much more widely dealt in. A young one may be purchased for from \$1,000 to \$1,250.

But most considered of wild animals is the giraffe. Previous to 1898 it was impossible to buy one for less than \$5,000; in 1903-4 the price had shrunk to \$1,250, which did not repay the cost of importation. The actual market value of a young giraffe in good condition may now be quoted at anywhere from \$2,500 to \$3,000.

AS TO THE MONKEY MARKET,

the chimpanzee varies a good deal in price, a young one in condition fetching from \$250 to \$350. Other big apes are more expensive, although at times there goes begging a good chance, as in the Suez market, where a young orang-outang, almost full grown, was on offer at \$40 recently—a real bargain. Barbary apes, of the kind which still inhabit Gibraltar Rock, sell at \$15 to \$40. Bombay and South-West China monkeys are not held of much account; \$5 will buy one. Baboons cost more—generally from \$10 to \$100, according to the specimen.

The salt tax in China yields a revenue of nearly \$10,000,000 a year.

"My youngest boy, 3 years old, was sick with fever last June, and when he got better the doctor prescribed Scott's Emulsion, and he liked it so well that he drank it out of the bottle, and is now just as plump and strong as any child of his age anywhere... two bottles fixed him O.K."—MR. JOHN F. TEDDER, Box 263, Teague-Freestone Co., Texas.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the greatest help for babies and young children there is. It just fits their need; it just suits their delicate, sensitive natures; they thrive on it. Just a little does them so much good and saves you so much worry. You owe it to them and yourself to make them as strong and healthy as possible. Scott's Emulsion will help you better than anything else; but be sure to get Scott's. It's the best, and there are so many worthless imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS
Mr. Tedder has just written us another letter about his brother-in-law's children. Let us send you his letter and other information on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE
120 Wellington St. W. Toronto

The Farm

THE STRAINER.

Straining milk does not purify it. Milking should be done with such attention given to cleanliness that it would be unnecessary to use the strainer. This utensil is of value chiefly because it removes the visible indications of impurity in milk, not because it really has any purifying effects. Small particles of manure, hairs, pieces of dead cuticle from the cow's udder and body, and dirt from the milk's hands find their way into the milk pail during the first manipulation of the udder; these impurities are churned around in the pail by the force of the streams as the milk is drawn, and by the time the pail is full this filth is all but dissolved, and no strainer yet produced can remove anything but the coarser and more insoluble substances which settle to the bottom of the bucket.

Millions of these impurities are untouched by the strainer and go on their way rejoicing to carry ill health and disease, maybe, to all who drink the milk or use the butter made from it. We use the milk strainer because we do not like the looks of small particles of dirt and refuse in the bottom of the milk can or perhaps in the drinking cup. It does no harm to remove these, but gives us a sense of relief in thinking that the milk is clean because it looks clean. We seem to have discharged a moral obligation in using the strainer, forgetting that the real harm comes from the dissolved materials, the filth that goes into solution and carries its nauseating effect concealed in the pure white fluid.

RAISE GRAPES ON THE FARM.

Good grapes in abundance can be had on any farm by a careful selection of a few good varieties, and by careful planting, and care of the vine after it is planted. The time that is required to take care of a few vines would not amount to very much and would be worth more in the home and in the life of the family than the inconvenience it would be.
There is plenty of time between sun and sun for all the care necessary to be bestowed on tree and vine, besides what is necessary for the farmwork, if farmers would only try the experiment. Plant trees and vines on the farm. There is solid enjoyment and inspiration in caring for them and in seeing them grow and bear fruit, and there is solid educational help and stimulus in devoting a small part of the time to them, to say nothing of the great advantage to the entire household of having abundance of fine apples, pears and grapes to enrich the too often monotonous fare of meat and potatoes.
Farms can be made more attractive and productive of comfort and satisfaction by cultivating a variety of the best kind of fruit, and he who plants a few good trees now will enjoy them during his own lifetime, and his children will be grateful to him for them after he has passed on to his reward.

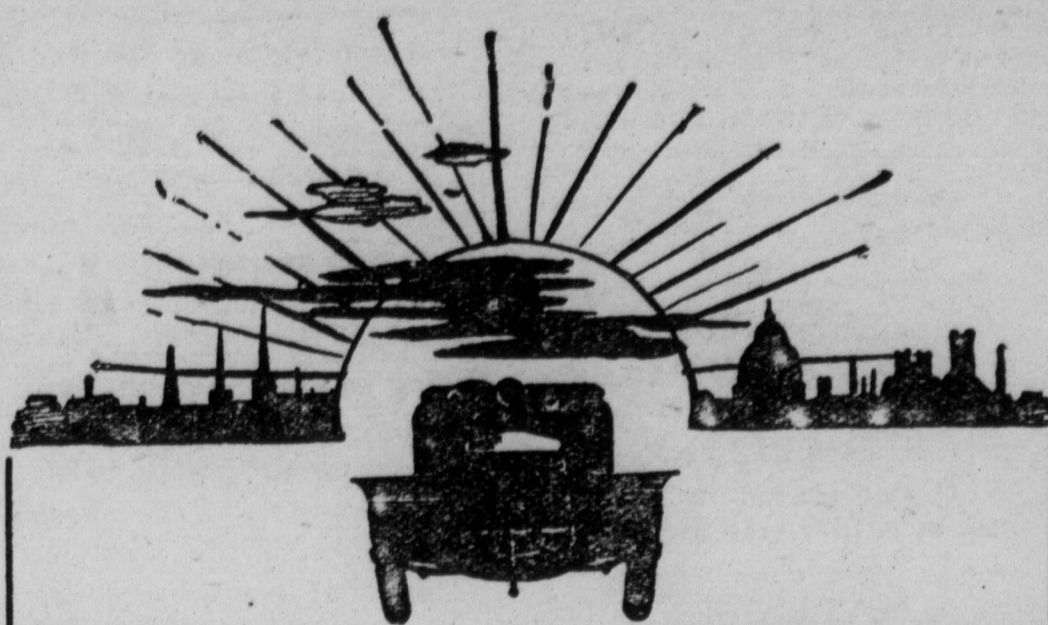
LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Sheep feel the effects of cold, and the average farmer must be converted in the care of sheep before he can make a success of winter lambs.
The spring cow rapidly increases the fat content of her milk, beginning about five months after calving; the summer cow starts in about the third month, while the fall cow maintains fairly even quality throughout lactation, seldom improving it more than five-tenths per cent.
Ewes that are nursing lambs require to be well fed in order that they may have an abundance of milk for their lambs. Good wheat bran mixed with warm water, ground oats or boiled whole oats are all good feed for milk. In every sheephouse a place should be made where the lambs can be by themselves and eat feed, such as wheat bran wet, and not be disturbed by the ewes—a small hole through the partition into a different room—the lambs will soon learn to occupy it when they want a play spell, and to eat a little food, and in this way they will grow rapidly.

TALKING POSTCARDS.

Talking postcards have been spoken of for some time past. They have now become an accomplished fact in Europe, though they are hardly likely to come within reach of the million just yet. Happily they have not reached such perfection that on coming down in the morning one's correspondence will hail one in various voices. It is ghastly to think of everybody's postcards shouting around the table. So far the phonographic message card can only be made to "speak" by taking it to a postal center, where it is placed in a machine which sets it in motion.

A whale is capable of swimming twelve miles an hour.



The New DAIMLER

Extracts from a few of the letters received by the Daimler Co. bearing out the claims made for the 1903 engine.

CHAS. E. MARTIN, ESQ. 12, 12, '03

"I have never experienced such a delightful feeling as when gliding along silently and smoothly on the New Daimler."

THE RT. HON. LORD BURTON. 20, 12, '03

"She runs very quietly and smoothly, even on very bad roads, and she pulls beautifully up hill. It is a real pleasure to ride in her."

MONSIEUR GIRARDOT. 8, 1, '03

"I have noted that its chief qualities are its extraordinary flexibility, its absolute silence, and its marvellous efficiency, in comparison with tappet valve engines."

CHAS. HAY WALKER, ESQ. 28, 12, '03

"The way she crept along on her top speed at about 3 miles an hour was marvellous."

The Daimler Motor Co., (1904) Ltd.
COVENTRY, ENGLAND.



CHILD WIVES OF INDIA.

Restoration League Striving to Alter a Cruel System.

In India a girl must be married before she reaches the age of 12, or she and often her whole family is ostracized and suffers under the loss of caste. Caste enforces rules and regulates marriages.
A man may be infirm, insane, loathsome, diseased, cruel and utterly reprobate, says the National Congress of Mothers Magazine, yet he can receive into his power through marriage and deal with her as he will a little girl of any age under 12 of the caste relations between them are according to the laws of that system.
Accepting these sacrifices to be duty and suffering under caste compulsion themselves, the parents place and often even drive their helpless little daughters into the most cruel unions.
The census of 1891 gives these returns of early marriages in British India:

Females under 4 years of age, 258,760; females from 5 to 9 years of age, 2,201,404; females from 10 to 14 years of age, 6,016,759, and these to men of all ages.

In 1901 two women travelled through India investigating these dreadful conditions. With hearts rent with what they had discovered they returned to the United States and spread their knowledge wherever opportunity permitted.
Thus they succeeded in enlisting practical sympathy, which has been embodied in the Indo-American Woman's Restoration League. The purpose of this organization is to aid in bringing about the enactment of a special law to protect the little girls of India until they are 16 from child marriage.
Great Britain in its treaty with India agreed never to interfere with the customs of the Hindu people. No change in laws can therefore be made until India petitions that such laws be passed. The Indo-American Woman's Restoration League is working earnestly to organize the sentiment of the most thoughtful and advanced men of the Indian race thus to petition Great Britain.
Race pride and the conviction that child marriages are causing the deterioration of the Indian race may cause a change. The status of woman in India is so low that such a change must be made for other reasons than pity for helpless childhood. The movement is one that must be kept distinct from missionary work, for the Hindu would not co-operate in any effort which savored of interference with his religion.

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BIGGEST FARM ON EARTH.

Said to be David Rankin's in Missouri—He Guesses It's True.

Nearly forty years ago an Illinois farmer discovered that land on one side of a State line was selling for \$20 an acre while he might buy any amount on the other side of the imaginary dividing mark for less than a third that amount. Real estate men told the farmer that no railroad would ever go near the Missouri lands, but he sold his farm in Illinois and bought all he could of the land at \$6 an acre.
Not long ago David Rankin, who is the man that bought the cheap acreage, took an inventory of his possessions in the neighborhood of Tarkio, Mo. The inventory showed 55,640 acres, 12,000 fattening hogs, 9,000 cattle, 800 horses, more than 100 cottages, in which the employees of the big farm were housed, great quantities of farm machinery and the like.
The total figures up to something like \$4,000,000 in value, says Hampton's Magazine. That didn't include the 1,000,000 bushels of corn produced annually or the 150 miles of tiling and ditches, some of which had been draining the marsh lands of forty years ago.

"They say I'm the biggest farmer in the world," Rankin says, "and I guess it's true. Lots of men have more land than I, but they use it for cattle ranges only. Mine is a farm."

Rankin never raises cattle or furnishes range. He buys the raw steers from the plains and fattens them until worth twice what he pays for the "feeders," as they are called. He never sells corn because by feeding it to cattle, according to a minute calculation of his own, he gets more ample returns. It is forty miles from the nearest to the most distant of his farms.

Mr. Rankin is Scotch-Irish. He was born in Indiana in rural poverty. He made his start trading a colt for calves and raising the latter into steers. To-day he owns an implement factory, a municipal water system, a telephone company, a bank and other enterprises in addition to his farm. When the notion takes him he adds \$50,000 or so to the endowment of Tarkio College, a Presbyterian school in his home town which has known his generosity to the extent of \$250,000.