

Four of A Kind

Two American Gentleman Make Love to Two Peasant Girls in Britany With Serious Results.

By ALLAN WRIGHT.

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One summer day two maidens of Britany dressed in the costumes worn by the peasant classes, walking along a country road, came upon two young art students sketching. One was seated on a stool beside a bridge crossing a brook, at work before his touring easel, while the other was lying on his back on the grass near by smoking a cigarette. The two girls as they crossed the bridge gave a sidelong glance at the canvas on the easel. The artist was putting on the finishing touches and had succeeded in making a very pretty picture. One of the girls stopped for a moment and exclaimed under her breath, "How beautiful!" and was proceeding on her way when the artist stopped her.

"Will you not tell me," he called, "what it is in my picture that you like?" "Certainly, monsieur," she replied in a very sweet voice. "It is the sunlight, filtered through the leaves of the trees, dancing on the water."

These two young men were George Allison of Chicago and Gilbert Wallace of San Francisco. It was Allison who addressed the girls. Wallace arose and joined the other three. "It seems to me," the girl added, "something wanting under the cottage on the bank in the background." Allison looked up at her surprised. "You are right," he said. "I have omitted to put in the reflection of the house in the water."

This was the beginning of an acquaintance between the two Americans and the two girls. Their conversations were carried on in French, which the young men spoke fluently. Both the girls were lovely, and it seemed to the men that there was something about them to render them superior to their class. Having examined their names, they gave them Allison and Fanchette. Fanchette, the same who criticized Allison's painting, was a brunette, Fanchette's blond.

Nothing can be more delightful than a flirtation between two girls sitting on the bank and two men standing on the other, especially when there is something in preference. Allison and Wallace paired; Allison and Fanchette were the best of friends. They sat and walked and chatted, most of their intercourse being in company of the whole. The girls, who were circumspect, were not to be found by the young men separated, though when all met they would at times stroll in pairs in different directions.

The time came when the two Americans who had entered upon this association with two peasant girls for a bit of pastime began to find that there was a serious side to it. Their communications grew more and more lively, and the girls gave a willing ear. In time the expression of pleasure and amusement gave way to a thoughtful cast. Were they falling in love? Were the girls giving away their hearts? The men could not marry French peasant girls. Yet would it be honorable, having won their hearts, to desert them?

is to be especially interested in the stripes on their petticoats. "And if either of them cut above yellow band she'll regard the matter as beyond a doubt. Fancy you, will an income of a thousand, being caught by a dowry of two hundred a year."

"And fancy you, heir to a big property, being caught by a couple of white stripes representing \$20 a year each."

"Do you know what I think we deserve?" said Wallace. "We deserve to be roasted over a slow fire."

"You mean you deserve that. You made eyes at Fanchette the moment you saw her."

"You began it yourself by asking her to criticize your picture."

"Let's cut this fete and take the evening train to Paris."

"We'll take the train in the morning."

"Is that a go?"

"Yes, here's my hand on it."

These words were spoken as they entered the dancing room. There were the two girls waiting for them.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Wallace. "Your girl has a double yellow stripe—four hundred a year. That with your thousand would enable you to live in this beautiful country and dabble at your inclination."

"Tours is a but a single white stripe. But it's just as well since you have a cool twenty thousand a year."

Each man walked up to the girl he was entangled with and asked her to dance. As Allison approached Jeanne he looked down to adjust the fall of her skirt and gazed proudly upon her two yellow bands. Fanchette, however, looked upon her single white one dependently.

The music was not bad, the girls looked very pretty, and between the dances there was moonlight outside. Somehow it seemed to each of these two young men that it could not be possible that the girl he was with was a peasant. There was just enough of his own thinking left to make him understand that he was looking through rose colored glasses. Each man danced inside, then strolled with his girl out into a flower garden. The flowers, lighted by a full moon, did not appear more heavenly than the girl whose warm hand rested on his arm. When the ball was over and the two men friends went away together neither spoke for some time. Then Allison said:

"I've made an ass of myself."

"Same here."

"I wish we could meet the fool killer on the way home."

White Specks in Butter.

Mother in butter and "white specks" are sometimes confounded, and by some are considered the same, but there is a difference. Mottled or streaky butter has been explained as being caused by an unequal distribution of the salt, but white specks have a different cause or cause. Sometimes when the milk is set in shallow pans they result from the cream drying on top, so there are small portions that are so hard they do not churn into butter. These particles do not take the color like the rest of the butter, and the specks are thus caused. This may be remedied by carefully straining the cream when it is put into the churn.

Another cause of white specks is this: When some milk is skimmed off with the cream, as is usually done in the case of deep cold setting, this milk settles to the bottom, gets over-ripe and forms a curd, which will be so hard as not to break up in churning and will not run off with the buttermilk, but will remain with the butter as white specks, or dinks, as they are sometimes called. This can be remedied by not letting the cream stand so long before churning or by frequent and thorough stirring of the cream during the process of ripening. These hard white particles can also be taken out by straining the cream—United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin.

Sunlight a Disinfectant.

It ought to be clear to every farmer that the best, cheapest and surest method to keep his stock healthy is to let the sunlight into the stables and pens and let the animals out into the open air enough to invigorate and cleanse them as no disinfectant can.

There are cloudy and rainy periods when our animals are short of sunlight, when dampness increases in pens and beds and conditions favorable to increase the microbes and disseminate trouble us. Some resort to disinfectants and exchange the musty smell of the damp quarters for the loathsome smell of coal tar. That may be the thing to do, but it is not the thing to do to keep the disinfectant and neglect to let in the sunlight as soon as the clouds go by.

Clean out damp bedding, and all the corners where fine dirt is crowded and loaded with microbes and let in more sunlight and put in dry bedding if the stable or pen is so built that the sunlight cannot pour into every nook and corner, then spend money to change the structure to let the sunlight in.

The Yearling Colt.

A yearling may be kept well, which means kept growing, at not so much as \$2 to \$200 per month while in stable and for much less when at pasture, says the Farm Journal. A favorite ration is a pint of ground oats, the same of bran and half a gallon of alfalfa, twice a day, made into a thin gruel with water and spread on the hay feed. If hay is high, feed on straw in its place if bright and clean. Do not give the colts any dairy food, and see to it that they do not become constipated. Linseed meal, corn, wheat and apples are useful to prevent this danger. The main thing is to keep the youngster growing and to see that he has no backlet. Stunted colts like stunted children, will carry the effects of early malnutrition as a handicap all through life.

Rearing Colts by Hand.

It occasionally happens that the foal must be reared artificially or perhaps if the young animal has never received any of its mother's milk the udders should first be moved by a dose of castor oil. Cow's milk to which at least one-fourth of its volume of water, together with some sugar, has been added makes a fair substitute for mare's milk and should be given at blood temperature. Gruels may be made by boiling beans or peas and removing the skins by passing the gruel through a sieve. Oilmeal made into a jelly by boiling and short prepared in the same way are excellent for the motherless foal.

Sheep Notes.

Sheep furnishes an excellent food to be used as a variety for sheep during the winter months. Gratifying the appetite adds growth to the credit of the flock. Once a week is not enough to raise sheep. Every day is best. Then they will not get so much, and it will act as a medicine. Sheep quarters should be musted dry, both summer and winter. Freeding ewes should be kept as better flesh than the average farmer usually keeps them.

Toe nails should not be allowed to grow too long. Clip them off.

Grain Ration for a Dairy Cow.

The rule is to give a dairy cow many pounds of grain per day as she produces pounds of butter fat for a week. If this rule is followed she will be fed too much grain. It is a decidedly uphill job to restore a cow to a full flow of milk after she has once failed.—T. K. Bryant, Kentucky Experiment Station, in Breeder's Gazette.

Care of Goslings.

Newly hatched goslings should be removed after nightfall and kept in a warm place in flannel until the hatch is over and they have strength in their legs. Then move the goose and be coop to a sunny pasture and confine her and the goslings a few days. The will then care largely for themselves.—New England Homestead.

White Specks in Butter.

When the gold chase of 1849 was at its height I was following the life of professional gambler and general crook at D., one of the largest mining towns of the west. I had secured a couple of miners of a snug mine at Round Hole, a small mining camp a few miles north of D., and had promised to give them a chance to win back their (lost) money.

Their names were Dodson and Mowyer. The former was a little fellow, white his partner was tall and powerfully built and spoke with a peculiarly rather pleasant drawl.

Early on the appointed Sunday morning I set out for Round Hole and when I arrived stopped at the Big Strike saloon, where I was to meet my two victims. Presently they came riding up to the door and dismounted. As they came in I struck me they acted rather formal. Dodson nodded.

Shortly after we were seated at a table, and it was Dodson's deal. The deck we had belonged to the saloon. The night before a desperado had been shot in this same room, and when Dodson picked up his cards a fresh blood stain on one of his cards was found on one of his cards a fresh blood stain.

"I don't think there is anything that wouldn't happen to me," he said, "if we use these cards." So we threw down our hands.

Seeing in this a golden opportunity, I quickly produced a deck from my pocket and gave it to Mowyer, as it was his deal next in order. For a moment he hesitated and then, looking at me from under his shaggy brows, drew out, "Well, partner, I guess this deck's all right, but we've got to be a-goin' to play here directly. I reckon 'twon't do us harm to make sure." So he began carefully to suit them, one by one.

The only mirror Round Hole could boast of was over the bar in the Big Strike saloon, and while he was busy with the cards I noted how plainly you could see his reflection in the glass. Ah! I could make use of that glass later on, for it would tell me whether he held any ace to spell the effect of those I had in my sleeve, for we were playing poker.

Before we commenced a stranger came in and asked leave to join us, and soon we were four. "What's the name of this game?" he asked. "Well, partner, I guess it's the 'game of bluff.' Before the first hand had been played I became conscious of Mowyer's eyes following my every move. He was watching me like a cat, and stealing a glance in the mirror. I saw his big six shooter was lying in his lap. So he was suspicious! Very well; I would risk nothing with big money was at stake.

I played for an hour. Dodson and I were holed, and then the stranger, whose name—nearly everything on the table was in his bet. Mowyer had bet his last dollar and "called" me. In the excitement I worked in a "cold" ace at the jack of my life, played it safe and won the pile on a show-down. "If the ace had come out last time, there would have been another tragedy at the Big Strike.

Mowyer was out. I held most of the "nut," but Dodson and the stranger were not ready to quit, so another hand was dealt. It was the stranger's deal. I had noticed he was very high fingered, and as he shuffled the cards I saw him slip one up his sleeve, but I said nothing. I was playing in luck, and after he and Dodson had staked everything I "called" them and won the pot again—fair and square enough this time.

Well, we separated, and I repaired my bronchus and started back to D. \$2,000 ahead. But I had barely got out of sight of the camp when, looking back over the road, I saw a cloud of dust, with now and then a glimpse of horsemen. When they came nearer I saw they were headed by Mowyer, and I drew rein. In a moment they had come up land, formed a circle around me. Mowyer dismounted and, stepping forward, drew his ugly looking six shooter and commanded me to dismount also. He simply said:

"Would you be so good as to let us see them there same cards, partner?" The others were grinning silent.

I complied reluctantly, with a gambler's nerve, but with a plinking confession at my heart.

"Now, partner," he resumed, "we're a-goin' to count these cards again. If they're all straight, well and good. But if there's one card more'n there ought to be you can say yer prayers. I reckon you're know." He added significantly, "whether there is or not 'bout us countin'." And he proceeded, laying each card out by itself on the hot, dusty road.

If I had only put that "cold" ace out of the way I thought now "was no good as 'done for'."

We were all watching Mowyer. He had come to one ace and now another—diamonds and spades. "Bumme, stufte, shuffle, every one is intently watching now only a few cards left, now only seven—six—five. Ah, another, the ace of hearts! A slight tremor through the crowd and then silence again. Slowly now—shuffle, shuffle, see and four gone. Now only three left, now two—two—then it was the last card in the pack. And now the last card—and it was the deuce of diamonds!"

That fifth ace had not been found, and I was the most surprised man in the party. Again we parted, and as I resumed my way it suddenly came to me like a flash—about the stranger at the Big Strike saloon and the card I saw him slip up. Yes, I knew now where the fifth ace was.

The Beautiful Rainbow.

We all love to see the rainbow, and we know that it is formed by the sun shining through the moisture in the atmosphere, but mythology has given a fanciful origin by which the gods passed on and on. It was supposed to speak down at the last day. Children are still sometimes told that if they will wait to the spot from which the rainbow springs they will find a pot of gold. There was an idea that the rainbow drew up water by means of two golden dishes, which it sometimes let fall and which were secured by lucky finders. A black forest legend asserted that the rainbow drew its water by a golden goblet and that a child thrown into a rainbow would return filled with gold.

In Berlin the folks used to say that to pass beneath a rainbow changed the sex—made a man a woman or the reverse.

The Scandinavians when there is a double rainbow say that it is the devil trying to imitate the work of God.

Of course we are all familiar with the story of the rainbow in the Bible, where it symbolizes God's promise to Noah that mankind should never again be visited with so terrible a flood.

A Thinking Game.

At the top of slip of paper write "men's wives" and distribute these among the company. Explain how the question should be answered by giving an example—"What should be the name of a chemist's wife?" Answer—Anna Ellen (analysis).

1. What should be the name of a gambler's wife? Bettie.
2. Of the wife of a civil engineer? Bridget.
3. Of a clergyman? Maria.
4. Of a shoemaker? Peary.
5. Of a porter? Carrie.
6. Of a gardener? Flora.
7. Of a life guard? Carolina.
8. Of an upholsterer? Sophie.
9. Of a doctor? Patience.
10. Of a salesman? Nettie.
11. Of a peasant? Mary.
12. Of a lion tamer? Annie.

Back paper should have ten heavy numbers, one in each corner, and should be answered, and the loser should read out the question in which he failed, a stated number of wrongs being given for writing the answer. A prize should be given to the having the greatest number of correct answers.

Fun in the Street.

Choose a street where you can see a lot of people. The street should be about the width of a road. The people should be of all ages and colors, and should be of all classes. The street should be about the width of a road. The people should be of all ages and colors, and should be of all classes.

A Noble Game.

Searching by which is a very pleasant and interesting game. One of the company retires from the room, and a handkerchief, ring, picture, bracelet, or other small article is hidden. Then some one sits at the piano, and the rest of the party is called in and told to watch for the missing object. The question is to indicate by the number given the place where the handkerchief, picture, bracelet, or other small article is hidden. If the number is low and the answer is high, the number is low and the answer is high.

The Shifty Eye.

A game for which a large number of small slips of paper are prepared. Each slip has a number written on it, and the numbers are from 1 to 100. The game is played by drawing a slip of paper, and the number on it is the number of the next player to draw a slip of paper.

With Your Eyes Shut.

If you have never tried you will be surprised how difficult it is to judge the distance of the whereabouts of an object with your eyes shut. Place a piece of paper on the floor about five feet from the door, and shut your eyes, or if you wish, shut them first, and then try to pick it up without groping along for it.

A Bold Bad Burglar.

Who once upon a time Decided he would rob the store And thus this little rhyme:

And so, with meek and timid He started out one night. But he had scarce commenced to walk When he got an awful fright.

For it was an alarm clock, And it went off with a bang. He ran as fast as he could go, And quickly joined his gang.

He's never since been seen, The clock in any way He never could get back, For he's a bold bad burglar.

Geo. Han

Press Printing Co. 561 State St.

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