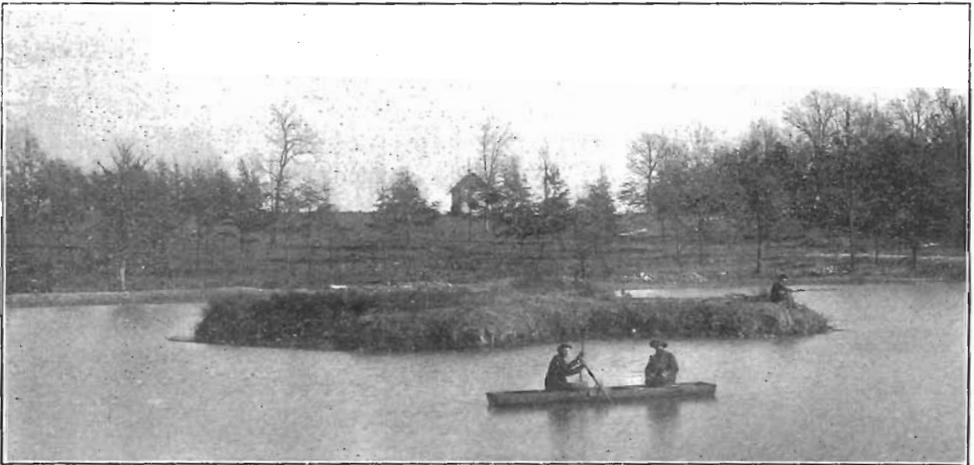


the more stalwart hands of the wheat harvest.

Horticulture is the poetry of husbandry and the fruit grower ranks highest in point of intelligence and refinement among the tillers of the soil. To attend a meeting of the fruit men of the Ozarks, listen to their scientific discussions, see their wives and daughters participating in these industrial parliaments, and then at noon share the bountiful and elegant dinners spread in the public hall, is to realize what a noble pursuit the horticulturalist follows. All over Southwest Missouri the fruit raisers have

busy gathering the luscious harvest the sight is one worth going many miles to see.

From Cedar Gap, the highest point of the Ozark plateau, on the railroad, down to the edge of the Arkansas swamps, the prospect that invites the eye of the traveler is a panorama of delight. This is indeed a fair-land of wholesome industry. At Cedar Gap the tributaries of White river and the Gasconade are parted by a narrow watershed not much wider than the railroad track. On either side of the summit of the mountain range the spectator has a view over many miles of country. A thousand blue peaks



Redmond's Artificial Lake and Fish Pond, five miles north of Sarcocic, Mo.

their societies, and these periodical meetings furnish a great deal of social entertainment as well as diffuse the latest scientific knowledge about the business of taking care of trees and plants.

The Frisco System traverses with two main lines and several branches this great fruit region of Missouri. From the car windows the passenger can behold in the springtime thousands of acres of blooming trees. The perfume of apple, peach and plum blossoms fills the air. Later on in the season the ripening fruit makes a picture of beauty and wealth which no artist can adequately portray with pencil or brush. When the big peach orchards south of the summit of the Ozarks are bending with ripe fruit and the armies of pickers and packers are

of the Ozarks dot the landscape and many of these little mountains have peach orchards up to their very crests.

But the Ozark country has other sources of wealth than its diversified agricultural and fruit products. Without any other natural advantages than its fertile soil the region would be a land of thrift for industrious people. Added to wealth of the grain fields and orchards are the richest mines of useful ores on the continent. The mineral district of Southwest Missouri has been but partly developed because much of it lies beyond the reach of present railroad transportation. The world of commerce knows something about the wealth of the Joplin district. The output of these mines has been reported by the daily papers for

years. But there are hundreds of good prospects in Southwest Missouri which lack only transportation facilities to make them profitable mining camps. The White river counties abound in lead, zinc, copper and other valuable ores that will some day be successfully mined. In north Arkansas there are mountains of mineral wealth that have not been touched because of the remoteness of these great deposits of ores from railway traffic. Besides the undeveloped mines of the Arkansas section of the Ozarks the marble quarries of the country would supply building material for a thousand cities. This beautiful stone, of which eight or ten distinct varieties have been discovered, will some day constitute an important element of the resources of the White river region.

The timber of the Ozarks is abundant and valuable. The largest forests of hardwood

in the United States lie between Springfield, Missouri, and the cotton belt of Arkansas. Most of the big pine forests have been cut over, but the supply of oak timber is large enough to furnish a constant traffic for many years. Aside from the material wealth of this country, yet new in its resources, there are many attractions to invite people who have money to invest in picturesque homes. As has been said, the scenery in the Ozarks has a grandeur of its own. Some of the enthusiastic admirers of the White river region have called the border of Missouri and Arkansas "The Switzerland of America." In the fall of the year when mountain woods are aglow with the tints of the fading leaf the picture is one of indescribable charm and Indian summer casts a spell of beauty over the country that makes it a dreamland for weeks.

DEATH TO THE PEACH MOTH.

The peach moth has long been the bane of peach growers everywhere, and how best to destroy the pestiferous insect, a problem that horticulturists and scientists have devoted much time to solve. It is an insidious insect that buries itself under the tender bark of the twigs, and at its appointed time bursts forth to do its worst upon the orchards. Just what time of year was best to forestall the ravenous moth before it could begin its destruction has been a long mooted question.

But it seems that Prof. Warren T. Clark, assistant entomologist of the University of California, has at last solved the problem and suggested the weapon for a successful warfare on the peach moth. Prof. Clark gives his discovery in a concise bulletin that cannot fail to be instructive to peach growers everywhere as well as in the fruit belt of California, to which it is mainly directed.

Believing that the most successful fight against the pest could be carried on in the first flush of the Spring's modified temperature, Mr. Clark undertook to simulate the balmy breath of May by carrying about on

his person an assortment of twigs containing larvae of the destructive insect.

The unsuspecting anarsia lintella, believing that it was time to begin business operations, burst from their coverings of bark and thus betrayed to the keen scientist the secret which is to be their undoing.

From these strictly personal investigations Mr. Clark is now enabled to announce in his bulletin that the time to catch the pestiferous insects is at the budding time in early Spring.

By the application of an emulsion of lime, salt and sulphur, at this time, he guarantees that the former loss of 75 per cent will be reduced to 1 per cent.

Prof. Clark's bulletin has attracted the special attention of the Secretary of Agriculture, who feels that after the many costly experiments the government has made in this direction a satisfactory solution of it is at last at hand. The remedy suggested is simple and trifling in cost, and no doubt will be hailed with the thanks of peach growers in every section of the country.

MINETTE'S EYES.

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

She sat at the dining room table alone. Her gown was bright in the morning light that filtered through the lattices and laces. He stood in the door, drawing on his gloves, and looked at her. She looked up at him from her cup, and the great brown eyes were soft with tears. There was a perceptible quiver of the lips, a tremor of the cheeks, and he almost felt a temptation to kiss them. He flung a letter on the table, strode through the parlors and out on the street.

Duykin had broken with Minette forever—the Minette he had met in Paris, had brought with him over-sea, and had loved with tireless, if illicit, devotion for five long years. He stood at the corner and looked at the house. He made as if to come back again, but he mastered himself and boarded the next car down town.

Minette, at the window, saw him disappear, leaned her white, low brow against the cool pane, and simply gasped "Oh!" Then she went in the parlor, sat in a rocker, and closed her eyes. His crayon portrait smiled down on her.

Duykin had done "the proper thing." There were no two ways about that. Everybody told him so, and what everybody says must be true. It was one of those attachments that had to be broken sometime, and now was the time to subscribe to the universal law. He was about to marry the beautiful heiress, Miss Boulder. She had I know not how many millions in her own right even if she did not possess Minette's subtle grace, the pervading perfume of her, the everlasting sensation she gave one of a desire to let her nestle on his breast, the eyes—the eyes of Minette.

Those eyes! As he remembered them, they seemed like sobs coined in soft light. Their helplessness reproached him, and he felt somehow as if there was a film of cotton around his heart and chocking it, as he thought of them.

When did he not think of them? Even at the altar, as the marriage ceremony made Miss Boulder Mrs. Duykin was being performed, he thought of them. He felt himself nervous because of a desire to look around and see whether Minette was not in some corner of the church, with those eyes fastened upon him. He looked for her as he walked out of the Church of the Holy Pyx, but he did not see her. She was not there.

She had left town three days before and it was a bit of laughable gossip all around town that her house on Elvin Street was being sold out at auction while Duykin was being married. Boulder pere had to subscribe \$500 to the stock of a sensational publication to keep the interesting account of the auction and the marriage out of the sheet in question. It had been in type and was headed "Two Sales." In the language of that charming piece of suppressed literature, "Duykin had the blood and Boulder had the 'bood', and between them they made a bargain."

The reporter who wrote the article was so disgusted at its non-appearance that he got drunk and was discharged, and told the whole story.

"By God," he exclaimed, "I just let myself out on a description of Minette's eyes. If it had come out, Dana would have sent for me and given me \$75 per week on the Sun."

I, the chronicler, regret that I could not get him sober enough to reproduce this description of the eyes for me. I might have used it and got the job from Dana myself.

No one knew what had become of Minette. After his marriage, Duykin used to allude to her, now and then, in an off-hand sort of way, in the hope of learning of her, but he heard never a word. Mr. and Mrs. Duykin led the social world in everything. Duykin blossomed forth

as a capitalist, a director in several companies and a general man of affairs.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. George Duykin were in Paris. They cut quite a figure there in the American colony and were much exploited in the local papers because they were the first St. Louisans who had ever risen from obscurity in that strange company of exiles, more or less temporary, who want to go to Paris while they live and don't care where they go when they die. The splurge they made was somewhat noted even in Paris. There was only one subject that divided with it the honors of conversation among the chroniclers and flaneurs.

That subject was the new light among the Parisian horizontales. Her name was Minette—Minette of the beautiful eyes. De Maupassant had declared, just before he began to think he was being smothered in roses, that he would write a novel about her beaux yeux. Catulle Mendes had perpetrated a satanically beautiful pastel in prose on the subject, and even M. Aurelien Scholl had touched upon them illustratively in a critique that delighted the boulevards for two days.

Of course, Mr. George Duykin heard of this, and, of course, being a cad, he having determined that she was the same Minette he had known, boasted that he had taken her up as a grisette, and "taught her all she knew."

If all report said of "Minette of the beautiful eyes" was true, then what George Duykin had taught her made him the most ineffable wretch in creation. He met her. She received him graciously without a reference to their former connection. She checked him when he would have reminded her of it. He became her slave but he was kept at a distance.

He smiled when he heard his younger brother, Tom, talking of Minette, and with a humorously sage wagging of the finger in his brother's face, he said, "Tom, I've had the experience. Beware of Minette."

Tom was just turning twenty. He had

never heard of his brother's attachment at home. The constant chatter about Minette inflamed him in his desire to see the woman. He had more money, thanks to his brother's generosity, than brains. He was living a wild life in Paris, under the pretense of being a student. He managed to meet Minette—but it was only after he had had a "tip" that he had "better not be too free there; he might be treading on old family preserves."

So he was introduced as Mons. Thomas Filters of Chicago, and he conducted himself as such—in the usual brutally bourgeoisie fashion. The old Duykin blood had gotten mighty thin by the time it had gotten down to Tom. The Minette took him in. The money he spent! The way he spent it! He soon found that his brother was also in her train, and he kept from the salon of Minette when he knew his brother was to be there.

When, one day, Mr. George Duykin informed his bankers that a check for 60,000 francs, signed by him, and paid by them, was a forgery, there was talk. The check had been paid to the faultlessly attired souteneur who posed in a filthily brilliant background as Minette's husband. To Minette recourse was had for information as to the utterer of the paper.

Mons. Thomas Fidler had given it her, she said, as a birthday present.

The Department of Justice soon established the identity of Mons. Thomas Fidler and Mr. Thomas Duykin. The fact reported to Mr. Thomas Duykin stunned him temporarily. He seized the check from the hand of the officer with whom he was consulting and tore to the Maison Minette. He stormed his way into her presence. She arose and looked at him. He put his hand out as if to shut out her eyes.

"Harlot!" he screamed.

"Yes!" she said simply as if answering her name.

"This is your revenge. You strike at

me through my brother—through a boy. You fiend!"

He struck her. She fell and lay stretched out on the floor, a stream of blood issuing from a wound in her head, where she had struck upon the corner of an onyx lamp-table.

* * * * *

Minette lay white in her little bed that looked too spotless for the shames it knew. Mr. George Duykin stood by it, his face hard set. He had come reluctantly on a summons.

"I wish to speak with you," she whispered, opening her eyes, at which he glanced only to turn away.

"Well!"

"I forged that—that check to—to—to stab you. Your little brother is guiltless."

"Thank God!"

"Do you, George, dear George, do you forgive me?"

"Yes," he said, at a nod from the doctor. Then he went out of the room. She sat up to listen to his retreating footsteps. Then she lay back and smiled once more.

* * * * *

The gamins crying the evening papers announced the death of Minette of the beautiful eyes, and mots on her were in

the making in all cafes before sundown.

George Duykin, upon reaching his hotel, found his brother there. He said: "Have you heard the news?"

"I have."

"It is well she confessed before she died. It showed there was some good in her."

"Confessed! What?"

"That she forged the check herself."

Tom arose bolt upright. He lurched back again upon the divan, and George, bending down to help him, heard but a gasp:

"She lied! Not for me though! For you."

While Tom Duykin lay unconscious in his room, his brother George went out on the streets that the air might cool his brain. He walked and walked, as one in a trance might walk. He found himself before Minette's.

He stood and looked up at the stars and said something to himself. Then he pulled out his handkerchief, wiped his face and entered the house.

Into Minette's room he went and gazed upon her there, dead.

The little hands he had often toyed with were crossed upon her breast.

He bent over and kissed her on her beautiful eyes.

A DEED.

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN.

He did a deed, a gracious deed—
He ministered to men in need;
He bound a wound, he spoke a word
That God and every angel heard.

He did a deed, a loving deed;
Oh, souls that suffer and that bleed,
He did a deed, and on his way
A bird sang in his heart all day.

—The Argosy.