

GREEN FANCY

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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Tragedy and Mystery.

Synopsis.—Thomas K. Barnes, a wealthy young New Yorker, on a walking trip in New England near the Canadian border, is given a lift in an automobile by a mysterious and attractive girl bound for a house called Green Fancy. At Hart's tavern Barnes finds a stranded troupe of "barn-storming" actors, of which Lyndon Rushcroft is the star and "Miss Thackeray" the leading lady. They are doing hotel work for their board. He learns Green Fancy is a house of mystery. That night two mounted men leave the tavern under odd circumstances. A little later one of the two riders is brought back dying, the other having been killed. Both have been shot. The whole affair is most mysterious.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"They was hitched jest about a hundred yards below Mr. Curtis' property, on the off side o' the road. I hadn't any more'n got to our front gate when I heard some one running in the road up there behind me. 'Fore I knowed what was happenin', bang went a gun. I almost jumped out'n my boots. The runnin' had stopped. The horses was rarin' an' tearing' so I thought I'd—

"Where'd the shot come from?" demanded Jones.

"Up the road some'eres, I couldn't swear just where. Must'a been up by the road that cuts in to Green Fancy. So I thought I'd hustle in an' see if pa was awake, an' git my gun. Jest then pa stuck his head out'n the window an' yelled what the hell's the matter. You betcher life I sung out who I was mighty quick, 'cause pa's purty spry with a gun an' I didn't want him takin' me fer burglars sneaking around the house. While we wuz talkin' there one of the hosses started our way lickety-split, an' in about two seconds it went by us. It was purty dark, but we see plain as day that there was a man in the saddle, bendin' low over the hoss' neck and shoutin' to it. We waited a couple o' minutes, wonderin' what to do, an' listenin' to the hoss gittin' furdur and furdur away in the direction of the cross-roads. Then 'way down there by the pike we heard another shot. Right there an' then pa said he'd put on his clothes an' we'd set out to see what it was all about.

"Well, pa come out with my gun an' his'n an' we walks up to where I seen the hosses. Shore 'nough, one of 'em was still hitched to the fence, an' t'other was gone. We stood around a minute or two examin'in' the hoss an' then pa says let's go up the road a ways an' see if we c'n see anything. An' by gosh, we hadn't gone more'n fifty feet afore we come plumb on a man layin' in the middle of the road. Pa shook him an' he didn't let out a sound. He was warm, but deaden'a tombstone. I wuz fer leavin' him there till we c'd git the coroner, but pa says no. We'd carry him down to our porch an' lay him there, so's he'd be out o' danger. I jumps on Polly an' lights out fer here, Mr. Jones, to telephone up to Saint Liz fer the sheriff an' the coroner, not givin' a dang what I run into on the way. Polly shield some thin' terrible jest afore we got to the pike an' I come derned near bein' thrown. An' right there 'side the road was this feller, all in a heap. Thinks I, you poor cuss, you must 'a tried to stop that feller on hossback an' he plunked you. That accounted fer the second shot. The thing that worries all of us is did the same man do the shootin', or was there two of 'em, one waitin' down the cross-roads?"

"Must have been two," said Jones, thoughtfully. "The same man couldn't have got down there ahead of him, that's sure. Did anybody go up to Green Fancy to make inquiries?"

"Twasn't necessary, Mr. Curtis heard the shootin' an' jest before we left he sent a man out to see what it was all about. The old skeezicks that's been drivin' his car lately come down half-dressed. He said nothin' out of the way had happened up at Green Fancy."

"It's most mysterious," said Barnes, glancing round the circle of awed faces. "There must have been some one lying in wait for these men, and with a very definite purpose in mind."

"Strikes me," said Jones, "that these two men were up to some kind of dirty work themselves, else why did they say they were goin' to Spanish Falls? They were queer actin' men, I'll have to say that."

His eyes met Barnes' and there was a queer light in them.

"You don't happen to know anything about this, do you, Mr. Barnes?" he demanded, suddenly.

CHAPTER V.

The Farm-Boy Tells a Ghastly Story and an Irishman Enters. Barnes stared. "What do you mean?" he demanded sharply.

"I mean just what I said. What do you know about this business?"

"How should I know anything about it?"

"Well, we don't know who you are, nor what you're doing up here, nor what your real profession is. That's why I ask the question."

"I see," said Barnes, after a moment. He grasped the situation and he admitted to himself that Jones had cause for his suspicions. "It has occurred to you that I may be a detective or a secret service man, isn't that the case? Well, I am neither. Did you know any more about these two men, Mr. Jones, than you know about me?"

"I don't know anything about 'em."

"What was their business?"

"Mr. Roon was lookin' for a place to bring his daughter who has consumption. He didn't want to take her to a reglar consumptive community, he said, an' so he was lookin' for a quiet place where she wouldn't be associatin' with lungers all the time. That was his business, Mr. Barnes, an' I guess you'd call it respectable, wouldn't you?"

"Perfectly. But why should he be troubled by my presence here if—"

Miss Thackeray put an end to the discussion in a most effectual manner.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, cut it out! Wait till he's dead, can't you?" she whispered fiercely. "You've got all the time in the world to talk, and he hasn't more than ten minutes left to breathe unless that rube doctor gets here pretty soon. I think he's going now. Keep still, all of you. Is he breathing, Mr. Barnes? That awful cough just now seemed to—"

Her eyes were fixed on the still face. "Why—why, how tightly he holds my hand! I can't get it away—he must be alive, Mr. Barnes. Where is that silly doctor?"

Barnes unclasped the rigid fingers of the man called Andrew Paul, and, shaking his head sadly, drew her away from the improvised bier. He and the shivering Mr. Dillingford conducted her to the dining room, where a single kerosene lamp gave out a feeble, rather ghastly light.

"Would you like a little brandy?" inquired Barnes, as she sat down limply in the chair he pulled out for her. "I have a flask upstairs in my—"

"I never touch it," she said. "I'm all right. My legs wobble a little but—"

Sit down Mr. Barnes. I've got something to say to you and I'd better say it now, because it may come in pretty handy for you later on. Don't let those women come in here, Dilly.

"This afternoon I walked up in the woods back of the tavern to go over some lines in a new piece we are to do later on—God knows when! I could see the house from where I was sitting. Roon's windows were plainly visible. I saw Roon standing at a window looking toward the cross-roads with a pair of field-glasses. Every once in a while he would turn to Paul, who stood beside him with a notebook, and say something to him. Paul wrote it down. Then he would look again, turning the glasses this way and that. Suddenly my eyes almost popped out of my head. Paul had gone away from the window. He came back and he had a couple of revolvers in his hands. They stood there for a few minutes carefully examining the weapons and reloading them with fresh cartridges. Just as I was about to start down to the house—it was a little after six o'clock, and getting awfully dark and overcast—Roon took up the glasses again. He seemed to be excited and called his companion. Paul grabbed the glasses and looked down the road. They both became very much excited, pointing and ges-



"I Think He's Going Now," She Whispered.

tulating, and taking turn about with the glasses."

"About six o'clock, you say?" said Barnes, greatly interested.

"It was a quarter after six when I got back to the house. I spoke to Mr. Bacon about what I'd seen and he said he believed they were German spies, up to some kind of mischief along the Canadian border. Then about half an hour later you came to the tavern. I saw Roon sneak out to the head of the stairs and listen to your conversation with Jones when you registered. That gave me an idea. It was you they were watching the road for."

Barnes held up his hand for silence. "Listen," he said in a low voice. "I will tell you who they were looking for." As briefly as possible he recounted his experience with the strange young woman at the cross-roads. "From the beginning I have connected this tragedy with the place called Green Fancy. I'll stake my last penny that they have been hanging around here waiting for the arrival of that young woman. They knew she was coming and they doubtless knew what she was bringing with her. What do you know about Green Fancy?"

He was vastly excited. His active imagination was creating all sorts of possibilities and complications, deceptions and intrigues.

Bacon was the one who answered. "People live up there and since we've been here two or three men visitors have come down from the place to sample our stock of wet goods. I talked with a couple of 'em day before yesterday. They were out for a horseback ride and stopped here for a mug of ale."

"Were they foreigners?" inquired Barnes.

"If you want to call an Irishman a foreigner, I'll have to say one of them was. He had a beautiful brogue. The other was an American, I'm sure. Yesterday they rode past here with a couple of swell-looking women. I saw them turn up the road to Green Fancy."

The arrival of four or five men, who stamped into the already crowded hallway from the porch outside, claimed the attention of the quartette. Among them was the doctor who, they were soon to discover, was also the coroner of the county. A very officious deputy sheriff was also in the group.

Mr. Jones called out from the doorway. "Mr. Barnes, you're wanted in there."

"All right," he responded.

The doctor had been working over the prostrate form on the tables. As Barnes entered the room, he looked up and declared that the man was dead.

"This is Mr. Barnes," said Putnam Jones, indicating the tall traveler with a short jerk of his thumb.

"I am from the sheriff's office," said the man who stood beside the doctor. The rest of the crowd evidently had been ordered to stand back from the tables. "Did you ever see this man before?"

"Not until he was carried in here an hour ago."

"What's your business up here, Mr. Barnes?"

"I have no business up here. I just happened to stroll in this evening."

"Well," said the sheriff dourly, "I guess I'll have to ask you to stick around here till we clear this business up. We don't know you an'— Well, we can't take any chances. You understand, I reckon."

"I certainly fail to understand, Mr. Sheriff. I know nothing whatever of this affair and I intend to continue on my way tomorrow morning."

"Well, I guess not. You got to stay here till we are satisfied that you don't know anything about this business. That's all."

"Am I to consider myself under arrest, sir?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that. You just stick around here, that's all I got to say. If you're all right, we'll soon find it out. What's more, if you are all right you'll be willin' to stay. Do you get me?"

"I certainly do. And I can now assure you, Mr. Sheriff, that I'd like nothing better than to stick around here, as you put it. I'd like to help clear this matter up. In the meantime, you may readily find out who I am and why I am here by telegraphing to the mayor of New York city. This document, which experience has taught me to carry for just such an emergency as this, may have some weight with you." He opened his bill folder and drew forth a neatly creased sheet of paper. "Read it, please, and note the date, the signature, the official seal of the New York police department, and also the rather interesting silver print pasted in the lower left hand corner. I think you will agree that it is a good likeness of me. Each year I take the precaution of having myself certified by the police department at home before venturing into unknown and perhaps unfriendly communities."

"Yes," said the sheriff dubiously; "but how do I know it ain't a forgery?"

"You don't know, of course. But in case it shouldn't be a forgery and I am subjected to the indignity of ar-

rest or even detention, you would have a nasty time defending yourself in a civil suit for damages. I shall remain here, as you suggest, but only for the purpose of aiding you in getting to the bottom of this affair."

Standing on Jim Conley's front porch a little after sunrise, Barnes made the following declaration:

"Everything goes to show that these men were up here for one of two reasons. They were either trying to prevent or to enact a crime. The latter is my belief. They were afraid of me. Why? Because they believed I was trailing them and likely to spoil their game. Gentlemen, those fellows were here for the purpose of robbing the place you call Green Fancy."

"What's that?" came a rich, mellow voice from the outskirts of the crowd. A man pushed his way through and confronted Barnes. He was a tall, good-looking fellow of thirty-five, and it was apparent that he had dressed in haste. "My name is O'Dowd, and I am a guest of Mr. Curtis at Green Fancy. Why do you think they meant to rob his place?"

"Well," began Barnes dryly, "it would seem that his place is the only one in the neighborhood that would bear robbing. My name is Barnes. Of course, Mr. O'Dowd, it is mere speculation on my part."

"But who shot the man?" demanded the Irishman. "He certainly wasn't winged by anyone from our place. Why, Lord love you, sir, there isn't a soul at Green Fancy who could shoot a thief if he saw one. This is Mr. De Soto, also a guest at Green Fancy. He will, I think, bear me out in upsetting your theory."

A second man approached, shaking his head vigorously. He was a thin, pale man with a singularly scholastic face. Quite an unprepossessing, unsanguinary person, thought Barnes.

"Mr. Curtis' chauffeur, I think it was, said the killing occurred just above this house," said he, visibly excited. "Green Fancy is at least a mile



"Bedad," Said O'Dowd, "It Beats the Devil."

from here, isn't it? You don't shoot burglars a mile from the place they are planning to rob, do you?"

"I'll admit it's a bit out of reason," said Barnes. "The second man could only have been shot by some one who was lying in wait for him."

"Bedad," said O'Dowd, "it beats the devil. There's something big in this thing, Mr. Barnes—something a long shot bigger than any of us suspects."

"You'll find that it resolves itself into a problem for Washington to solve," said De Soto dourly. "Nothing local about it, take my word for it. These men were up to some international devilment. There'll be a stir in Washington over this, sure as anything."

"What time was it that you heard the shots up at Green Fancy?" ventured Barnes.

"Lord love you," cried O'Dowd, "we didn't hear a sound. Mr. Curtis, who has insomnia the worst way, poor devil, heard them and sent some one out to see what all the racket was about. The man, it seems, made such a devil of a racket when he came home with the news that the whole house was up in pajamas and peignoirs."

"I think I have a slight acquaintance with the chauffeur," said Barnes. "He gave me the most thrilling motor ride I've ever experienced. Gad, I'll never forget it."

Barnes, having been forced into this unsolvable combination of mystery and violence, finds himself getting in deeper and deeper.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FAIRM STOCK

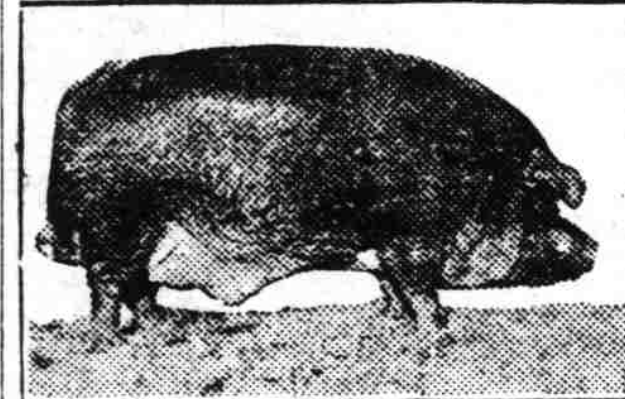
DO NOT NEGLECT HERD BOAR

Management is Important Part in Raising Strong, Healthy Pigs—Deserves Best Care.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The management of the boar is a very important part in the raising of strong, healthy pigs, and one which is sometimes neglected. He should be the most valuable animal in the whole herd, and as such deserves the best of attention. The boar should be purchased from a breeder of pure-bred hogs when between eight months and one year of age. Many breeders, however, purchase a boar when a weanling pig, but to be successful in this choice requires a wide experience and sound judgment. Aged boars which have proved their worth can sometimes be purchased at a reasonable price. It is much safer for an inexperienced breeder to buy an old, active boar than a young untried boar. If possible, the farmer should visit the herd where the boar was raised and note the conditions under which he was bred. At any rate, it is always possible to obtain from the breeder notes on the health and kind and amount of feeds used, so as to serve as an index to his subsequent treatment.

Upon arriving at the farm the boar should be unloaded as soon as possible and placed in quarantine to guard against the introduction of disease into the herd. If he is lousy it is well to treat this condition at once. His feed should be a continuation of that to which he has been accustomed, feeding rather lightly the first few days until he recovers from the strain of shipping and becomes accustomed to his new surroundings. If it is not feasible to continue feeding as previously indicated, the change to a more convenient ration should be made very gradually in order not to disturb the appetite or health of the animal.



Champion Duroc-Jersey Boar.

As a rule, a pig 8 to 12 months old will be in proper breeding condition when received unless he has been very heavily overfed. In purchasing an older boar, particularly one which has been in the show circuit, it is often necessary to reduce his condition before attempting to breed. With some animals the breeding power is permanently impaired by too high condition at some time in their life. The boar should be well fed but not fat, as a too high condition makes him inactive, a slow breeder, and a rather uncertain sire.

After the breeding season the boar should not be fed so heavily, and should have a wider ration, that is, one containing less of the protein concentrates and relatively more corn. The ration at this time is practically the same as that fed the brood sow when she is not producing a litter of pigs. He should have the run of a pasture a quarter of an acre in area in connection with his paddock. Here he can exercise and obtain much of his feed from the forage, or in the winter when the forage is consumed he may be fed on alfalfa or clover hay in connection with the grain ration. Keep the boar healthy, give him exercise, plenty of rough feeds, and keep him in condition by varying his supply of grain. Under such conditions little trouble will be experienced in getting a normal boar to produce large litters of strong, healthy pigs.

PIG CLUB MEMBERS PROSPER

Some Have Been at Work Long Enough to Have Porks for Sale and Make Money.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Pig club members in Florida are working up an industry among themselves. Some of the members who have been in club work long enough to have some pigs for sale are disposing of their stock to other club members. One club boy has sold \$100 worth of pigs to club members this year. Another, who joined the pig club two years ago, is now furnishing pigs to other members, and says he is glad he went into the club work, and believes that every boy and girl who can do so should join.

ATTENTION TO BROOD SOWS

After Weaning Her Pigs She Should Be Kept on Pasture and Fed Gaining Grain Ration.

The sow having weaned her pigs, should be kept on pasture and fed a gaining grain ration to build up her system and flesh for re-breeding, and provide nourishment for the oncoming fall litter.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. P. D. HATZEWATER, D. D. (Teacher of English Bible in the Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR AUGUST 3

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

LESSON TEXTS—Rev. 7:12; John 10: 10, 19, 24; Matt. 6: 7, 9, 10; 23: 1-12; Luke 11: 20; 13: 10-17; 14: 1-6; 17: 20-22; 24: 46; Acts 17: 22-31; Rom. 12: 1-2; 1 Cor. 14: 1-5; 2 Cor. 13: 14; Eph. 5: 19-20; Col. 3: 16; 1 Tim. 2: 8; Heb. 10: 1-10; 12: 1-2; 13: 1-6; 1 Pet. 2: 1-5; 3: 7-17; 4: 7-11; 5: 5-14; 2 Pet. 1: 5-10; 2: 1-18; 3: 1-18; 1 John 1: 9-10; 2: 18-27; 3: 1-9; 4: 19-21; 5: 20-21; Revelation 7: 1-12; 10: 1-11; 14: 1-5; 19: 1-6; 21: 3-4.

1. What is Worship? (Rev. 7: 12.) It is the attitude of the soul toward God, which recognizes him as the Supreme Being of the universe and benevolently inclined toward his creatures. It is the outgoing of the affections toward him and the aspiration of praise and adoration to him as the one from whom all glory and honor should be given, the one who is all-wise and powerful.

2. Whom to Worship (Rev. 7: 10-12; John 17: 28), and from him every good and perfect gift cometh (James 1: 17), we should worship and adore him.

3. Jesus Christ the Lamb of God (John 1: 29). We should worship him because he is God and because he, in the incarnation, linked himself with humanity and on the cross made an atonement for us and is now our high priest, through whom we have access to God (Heb. 10: 21).

4. Qualifications for Acceptable Worship (John 4: 1-10, 19-21). This is a fine example of personal evangelism. Christ "must needs" go through Samaria to find this poor, sinful woman. He skillfully discerns his identity to her. He knew the deep need of her soul, even the inward unrest which was hers while practicing sin. He made the point of contact by that which was uppermost in her mind, namely, water, and passed from the water of earthly to the water of everlasting life which was in himself (John 4: 14). In order to worship God acceptably there must be—

1. Knowledge of Christ (v. 10). Must know him as a prophet from God (v. 19)—the one sent of God (Acts 7: 55; cf. Deut. 18: 15) to make known to lost men the way to God. Must know him as the Messiah—the one anointed of God to save lost men (John 4: 42).
2. A new nature (vv. 23, 24). Only the regenerated can worship God in spirit. Jesus declared "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit" (John 3: 6). "Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3: 3). The natural man has not the capacity to "see" God, therefore he cannot worship him. God is spirit, therefore only the one whose spirit has been quickened can enter into fellowship with him in worship.
3. A sanctified life (Heb. 10: 22). The life is sanctified by the Spirit (1 Peter 1: 2); through obedience to the Word of God (John 17: 17).
4. Faith in God (Heb. 11: 6, cf. 10: 22). Pretended worship without vitalized faith is an abomination to God.
5. Men of every nation and kindred (Rev. 7: 9). God is the God of all nations.

IV. Where to Worship.

1. In secret (Matt. 6: 5, 6). The soul shut up with God, with the world and its cares shut out, really worships. Every Christian ought to have a secret chamber.
2. In the assembly (Heb. 10: 24, 25). While the private prayer is of first importance, there is value in joint worship with fellow Christians which should not be overlooked. The actions of others are helpful in conducting a frame of mind for worship.
3. Everywhere (John 4: 20-24). God is the Omnipresent Spirit, therefore wherever there is a person whose nature is spiritual he can worship. Christianity is unlike every other religion in that without ritual or temple the individual may worship God anywhere. John as truly worshipped God in Patmos as in the assembly at Ephesus, or Paul in the Roman prison as well as with the beloved saints at Philippi.

To Those Who Seek. It profits little to know Christ himself after the flesh; but he gives his spirit to good men that searcheth the deep things of God.—John Smith.

How Can One Forget? God living in us, and with us, and under us! How then can a man forget God?

The True Christian. He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayward Christian.—John Milton.

Finds More of God. The deeper one digs in nature the more of God he finds.

Beauty Made by God. How much more beauty God has made than human eyes can see.