

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER



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Readers in the Carolinas, Virginia, Georgia and Florida should always address their letters to

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, Raleigh, N. C.

Prizes for Letters from Boys and Girls

OUR series of articles for farm boys will be a regular weekly feature hereafter, and we hope every Progressive Farmer boy is preparing to take advantage of them. We want your help, too, boys, and will give prizes for the best letters submitted.

Mail us by February 5 letters on "Potassium (Potash): What It Is and How to Supply It," and by February 12 on "Lime (calcium): What Are Its Uses and How to Apply It."

For the best letter on each subject received from a boy 14 or over and not yet 19 we will give a prize of \$1.50, the letter not to exceed 400 words; and for the letter from a boy

under 14 a prize of \$1, the letter not to exceed 200 words.

Then in our "Wide-awake Girls Learn Good Housekeeping" series, we offer our Progressive Farmer girls prizes as follows: Mail us by February 5 letters on "We Learn What It Takes to Make Good Bread," and by February 12 on "We Learn How to Cook Vegetables."

For the best letters on each subject received from a girl 14 or over and not yet 19 we will give a prize of \$1.50, the letter not to exceed 400 words; and for the best letter from a girl under 14 a prize of \$1, the letter not to exceed 200 words.

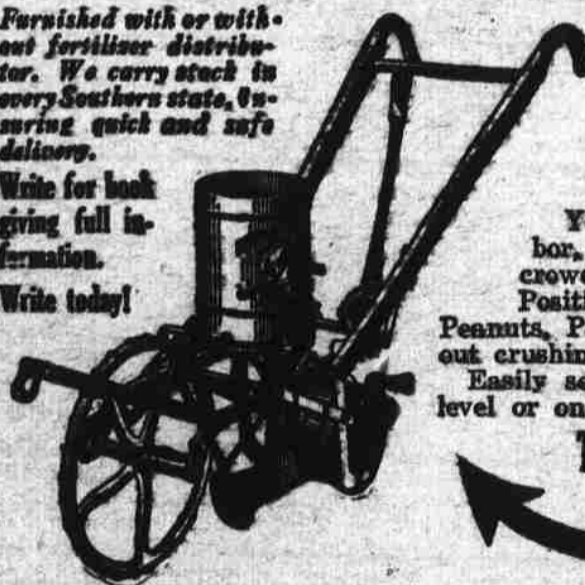
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Managing Editor The Progressive Farmer

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The Prisoner of Zenda

(Continued from page 20, this issue)

He looked at me with a mocking smile; but suddenly he rode near to me.

"I'm unarmed," he said; "and our old Sapt there could pick me off in a minute."

"I'm not afraid," said I. "No, curse you!" he answered. "Look here, I made you a proposal from the duke once."

"I'll hear nothing from Black Michael," said I.

"Then hear one from me." He lowered his voice to a whisper. "Attack the castle boldly. Let Sapt and Tarlenheim lead."

"Go on," said I. "Arrange the time with me." "I have such confidence in you, my lord!"

"Tut! I'm talking business now. Sapt there and Fritz will fail; Black Michael will fall—"

"What!" "Black Michael will fall, like the dog he is; the prisoner, as you call him, will go by Jacob's ladder—ah, you know that?—to hell! Two men will be left—I, Rupert Hentzau, and you, the King of Ruritania."

He paused, and then, in a voice that quivered with eagerness, added: "Isn't that a hand to play?—a throne and you princess! And for me, say a competence and your Majesty's gratitude."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "while you're above ground Hades wants its master!"

"Well, think it over," he said. "And look you, it would take more than a scruple or two to keep me from yonder girl," and his evil eyes flashed again at her I loved.

"Get out of my reach!" said I; and yet in a moment I began to laugh for the very audacity of it.

"Would you turn against your master?" I asked.

"He gets in my way, you know. He's a jealous brute! Faith, I nearly stuck a knife into him last night; he came most cursedly mal apropos!"

My temper was well under control now; I was learning something.

"A lady?" I asked negligently.

"Aye, and a beauty," he nodded. "But you've seen her."

"Ah! was it at a tea party, when some of your friends got on the wrong side of the table?"

"What can you expect of fools like Detchard and De Gautet? I wish I'd been there."

"And the duke interferes?"

"Well," said Rupert meditatively, "that's hardly a fair way of putting it, perhaps. I want to interfere."

"And she prefers the duke?"

"Aye, the silly creature! Ah, well! you think about my plan;" and, with a bow, he pricked his horse and trotted after the body of his friend.

I went back to Flavia and Sapt, pondering on the strangeness of the man.

"He's very handsome, isn't he?" said Flavia.

Well, of course she didn't know him as I did; yet I was put out, for I thought his bold glances would have made her angry. But my dear Flavia was a woman, and so—she was not put out. On the contrary, she thought young Rupert was very handsome—as, beyond question, the ruffian was.

"And how sad he looked at his friend's death!" said she.

"He'll have better reason to be sad at his own," observed Sapt, with a grim smile.

As for me, I grew sulky; unreasonable it was, perhaps, for what better business had I to look at her with love than had even Rupert's lustful eyes?

"Unless you smile, Rudolf, I cry. Why are you angry?"

"It was something that fellow said to me," said I; but I was smiling as we reached the doors and dismounted.

There a servant handed me a note; it was unaddressed.

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"It it, for me?" I asked. "Yes, sire; a boy brought it." I tore it open:

Johann carries this for me. I warned you once. In the name of God, and if you are a man, rescue me from this den of murderers! A. DE M.

I handed it to Sapt; but all that the tough old soul said in reply to this piteous appeal was:

"Whose fault brought her there?" Nevertheless, not being faultless myself, I took leave to pity Antoinette de Mauban.

(Continued next week)

The Wide-Awake Girls Learn Good Housekeeping

(Concluded from page 18, this issue)

strong I shall not touch alcohol, cigarettes or tobacco in any form. If I take anything between meals it shall be plain and nourishing, like bread and butter, raisins or fruit, instead of pie or cake. I shall eat three good meals a day, but be especially careful about having a nourishing breakfast."

"Edith, you are four years old, what diet are you having?"

"Oh, just plenty of milk and eggs, cereals, fruit and vegetables. Of course, I do not eat fried foods nor those that have very much grease in them. My mother does not like to give me very much meat, especially pork and ham, nor does she like me to have many coarse vegetables, like cabbage, collards, turnips, etc., but she gives me plenty of soup, lettuce, baked potatoes, rice, custards, and other good foods.

Diet for Tubercular Sufferers

"ALICE," said Miss Margaret, "you have a hard time looking like a consumptive, but since you are supposed to have tuberculosis, what shall I give you?"

"A liberal supply of easily digested food, known as the 'stuffing process.'" "And what may that be?" asked two or three of the children at once.

"Fat, in the form of cream, butter, olive oil, breakfast strip, and beef fat because their caloric value is great in proportion to their bulk; many proteins, among which are eggs, raw and cooked in many ways. I begin with three eggs a day, increasing the number until I eat eighteen. I must be very careful then to keep myself from becoming bilious. I eat a great deal of beef, lamb, chicken, duck and game. I take milk and wafers, raisins and nuts between meals.

John laughed and said, "Well, I call that consumption—of food!"

"Now, I have heard from every one of you," said Aunt Margaret.

A Convalescent From Typhoid

"NO," SAID the thin little voice of Mary, "I am just recovering from typhoid."

"To be sure, and what does the nurse give you to eat?"

"When I first took any food it was liquid diet but now I am having the soft diet. Whatever I take, it must contain flesh-building material because I am thin,"—here everybody laughed. "It must contain energy-producing material but must not ferment readily, like poorly cooked starches, and must not be hard to digest."

"This was my fluid diet," she said,—"broths, beef juice, beef tea, tea and coffee, which supply very little nourishment, and then milk, cocoa, fruit beverages, barley and rice waters, toast water, albumen drink, gruels and milk soups for real food; and this is my soft diet now—broths and soup with grains, eggs, every way but fried, cereals, cereal puddings, custards, jellies, junkets, ice-cream and ices."

"Now, children," said Aunt Margaret rising, "I wonder if after all these wonderful foods, you are well enough to indulge in ice-cream and cake? Do not forget that next time we are going to learn how to economize in preparing foods. Perhaps we shall all go to the kitchen and try our hand there."

Save your papers and get binder.