



ADDRES

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## DANDELION Butter Color

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Butter Color for 50 years. Purely vegetable. Meets all food laws, State and National. Used by all large creameries. Will not color the buttersilk. Tasteless termilk. Tasteless.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Burlington, Vt.



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The Progressive Farmer Company

of this dark, foreign-looking man who had been part of other lives, a citizen of a continent whose very name lay like a shadow across her world. John's expression at times was so stern that it repelled her, and although his manners were gentle with her ne was uncompromising and hard with others. He mystified her. and she dreaded and secretly longed to hear his history.

The first night after dinner, when they went to the parlor, he had asked her if she played chess. She surprised herself by replying that she did, and he opened the board and they played several games, in which she was the victor; and from then on they played each evening. As she moved her men on the squares of the board between them, she would ask herself what were the names of the distant places which had been familiar to him? What kind of people had been his friends? What had been his pleasures? What were his anxieties and his history during the long, silent years? If she had not been so absorbed in her elder son when the two were children, she might have been more sympathetic with this one, but believing what she did about him, nothing could have surprised her. Had he told her of new dishonors and new disgraces, she would have taken them for granted.

As she confronted him across the chess board, she put to herself questions which he would have answered in a moment, had she spoken them aloud, but that she would never do. What part had women played in the life of her son?-a question that every woman thinks, first of all. He was married, perhaps; possibly he had children, sons like himself-sons whose father had been a thief. How could she know? He told her nothing.

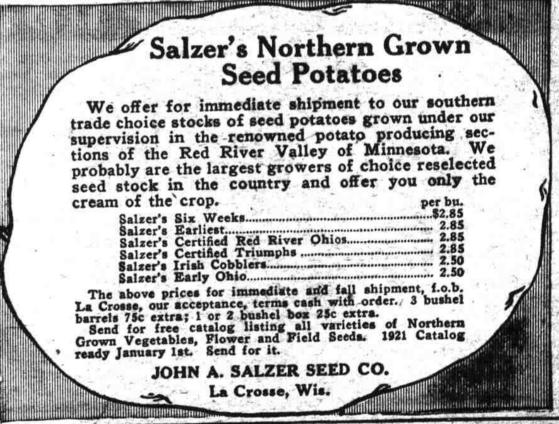
John, facing her, was too subtle not to follow her thoughts. Her hand paused over her pawns, giving apparently a more fixed attention to this game than she had ever given to his game of life or to his chances. He understood that she judged him and condemned him, and he knew that if he had told her that a prison had sheltered him in the interval she would not have been surprised; men had gone to prison for lesser crimes than his. And he in his turn wondered what would arouse her pity, what would arouse her mercy. That she had tenderness he knew; he had seen her tender to others; he had seen her lean on his brother's arm; he had seen his brother kiss her, as he would have been glad to do. He had seen on her face the light that a son likes to remember.

On one occasion when her hand touched his over the game she asked herself: "Is it possible that this is the hand of a thief?" and raised-her eyes, when he was not looking, to discover in his face signs of weakness, moral turpitude or failure. In that keen, indifferent countenance, in those eyes, cynical as they were, on that grave mouth, she saw only signs of those qualities any woman might love. She was so intent in her study of him that she forgot to move her men, and John, glancing up, reminded her and flushed as he met her scrutinizing eyes.

When Tremaine had once conceived a plan, he was not at rest until he had put it into execution. Immediately on arriving he set all the Negroes he could hire to work in the fields and stoning the pastures, and by the end of the first week he had forty Negroes at work on the property, while old Hanny had neighbors in the stalls for the first time.

He worked his changes rapidly and with a master hand. Things were accomplished very quickly on the Tremaine plantation. Money was no object to him, and he himself superintended everything. He tramped daily over the property, making him-







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