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FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XIV.

Mary returned home a few days later was solicited to take charge of a small select school. But Mrs. Mason thought it best for her to return to Mount Holyoke and accordingly she declined Mr. Knight's offer, greatly to his disappointment, and that of many others.

One morning about a week after her return she announced her intention of visiting her mother's grave. "I am accustomed to so much exercise," said she, "that I can easily walk three miles, and perhaps on my way home I shall get a ride."

Mrs. Mason made no objection, and Mary was soon on her way. She was a rapid walker, and almost before she was aware of it reached the village. As she came near Mrs. Campbell's with naturally arose that Ella should accompany her.

Looking up, she saw her sister in the garden and called to her. "What-a-?" was the very loud and uncivil answer which came back to her, and in a moment Ella appeared round the corner of the house, carelessly wringing her straw hat and humming a fashionable song.

On seeing her sister she drew back the corners of her mouth into something which she intended for a smile, and said, "Why, I thought it was Bridget calling me, you look so much like her in that gingham sunbonnet. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you," returned Mary. "I was going to mother's grave, and thought perhaps you would like to accompany me." "Oh, no," said Ella, in her usual drawing tone, "I don't know as I want to go. I was there last week, and saw the monument."

"What monument?" asked Mary, and Ella replied: "Why, didn't you know that Mrs. Mason, or the town, or somebody, had bought a monument, with mother's and father's and Frank's and Allie's names on it?"

Mary, hurrying on, soon reached the graveyard, where, as Ella had said, there stood by her parents' graves a large, handsome monument. William Bender was the first person who came into her mind, and as she thought of all that had passed between them, and of this last proof of his affection, she seated herself among the tall grass and flowers which grew upon her mother's grave and burst into tears.

She had not sat there long ere she was roused by the sound of a footstep. Looking up, she saw before her the young gentleman who the year previous had visited her school in the River. Seating himself respectfully by her side, he spoke of the three graves, and asked if they were her friends who slept there. There was something so kind and affectionate in his voice and manner that Mary could not resist her tears, and she snatching up her bonnet, which she had thrown aside, she hid her face in it and again wept.

For a time Mr. Stuart suffered her to weep, and then gently removed the gingham bonnet, and, holding her hand between his, he tried to cheer her mind by talking upon other topics, asking her how she had been employed during the year, and appearing greatly pleased when told that she had been at Mount Holyoke.

Observing that her eyes constantly rested upon the monument, he spoke of that, praising its beauty, and asking if it were her taste. "No," said she. "I never saw it until to-day, and did not even know it was here."

"Someone wished to surprise you, I dare say," returned Mr. Stuart. "It was manufactured in Boston, I see. Have you friends there?"

Mary replied that she had one, a Mr. Bender, to which Mr. Stuart quickly rejoined. "Is it William Bender? I have heard of him through our mutual friend, George Moreland, whom you perhaps have seen."

Mary felt the earnest gaze of the large, dark eyes which were fixed upon her face, and coloring deeply, she replied that they came from England in the same vessel.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Stuart. "When I return to the city shall I refresh his memory a little with regard to you?" "I'd rather you would not," answered Mary. "Our paths in life are very different; and he, of course, would feel no interest in me."

"Am I to conclude that you, too, feel no interest in him?" returned Mr. Stuart, and again his large eyes rested on Mary's face with a curious expression.

But she made no reply, and soon rising up said it was time for her to go home.

Vacation was over, and again in the halls of Mount Holyoke was heard the tread of many feet, and the sound of youthful voices as one by one the pupils came back to their accustomed places. For a time Mary was undecided whether to return or not, for much as she desired an education she could not help feeling delicate about receiving it from a stranger, but Mrs. Mason, to whom all her thoughts and feelings were confided, advised her to return, and accordingly the first day of the term found her again at Mount Holyoke, where she was warmly welcomed by her teachers and companions.

Still, it did not seem like the olden time, for Ida was not there, and Jenny's merry laugh was gone. Patiently and perseveringly through the year she studied, storing her mind with useful knowledge, and when at last the annual examination came, not one in the senior class stood higher, or was graduated with more honor than herself. Mrs. Mason, who was there, listened with all a parent's pride and fondness to her adopted child, as she promptly responded to every question. But it was not Mrs. Mason's presence alone which incited Mary to do so well. Among the crowd of spectators she caught a glimpse of a face which twice before she had seen in the school room at Rice Corner, and once in the graveyard at Chicopee. Turn which way she would, she felt rather than saw how intently Mr. Stuart watched her, and when at last the exercises were over, and she with others

across to receive her diploma, she involuntarily glanced in the direction whence she knew he sat. For an instant their eyes met, and in the expression of his she read an approval warmer than words could have expressed.

That night Mary sat alone in her room, listening almost nervously to the sound of every footstep, and half-starting up if it came near her door. But for certain reasons Mr. Stuart did not think proper to call, and while Mary was confidently expecting him he was several miles on his way home.

A day or two Mary returned to Chicopee, but did not, like Ella, lay her books aside and consider her education finished. Two or three hours each morning were devoted to study, or reading of some kind. For several weeks nothing was allowed to interrupt this arrangement, but at the end of that time the quiet of Mrs. Mason's house was disturbed by the unexpected arrival of Aunt Martha and Ida, who came up to Chicopee for the purpose of inducing Mrs. Lincoln and Mary to spend the coming winter in Boston.

At first Mrs. Mason hesitated, but every objection which either she or Mary raised was so easily put aside that she finally consented, saying she would be ready to go about the middle of November.

CHAPTER XV. "Come this way, Mary. I'll show you your chamber. It's right here next to mine," said Ida Selden, as on the evening of her friend's arrival she led her up to a handsomely furnished apartment, which for many weeks had borne the title of "Mary's room."

"Oh, how pleasant!" was Mary's exclamation, as she surveyed the room in which everything was arranged with such perfect taste.

Mary was too happy to speak, and, dropping into the easy-chair, she burst into tears. In a moment Ida, too, was seated in the same chair, with her arm around Mary's neck. Then, as her own eyes changed to fall upon some vases, she brought one of them to Mary, saying, "See, these are for you—a present from the one who bade me present them with his compliments to the little girl who nursed him on board the Windermere, and who cried because he called her ugly!"

Mary's heart was almost audible in its beating, and her cheeks took on the hue of the cushions on which she reclined. Returning to her seat, she, bending close to her face, whispered: "Cousin George told me of you years ago, when he first came here, but I forgot all about it, and when we were at Mount Holyoke I never suspected that you were the little girl he used to talk so much about. But a few days before he went away he reminded me of it again, and then I understood why he was so much interested in you. I wonder you never told me you knew him, for, of course, you like him. You can't help it."

Mary only heard a part of what Ida said. "Just before he went away?" Was he gone, and should she not see him after all? A cloud gathered upon her brow, and Ida readily divined its cause, replied, "Yes, George is gone. Either he or father must go to New Orleans, and so George, of course, went. Isn't it too bad? I cried and fretted, but he only pulled my ears, and said he should think I'd be glad, for he knew we wouldn't want a school-teacher dominating over us, and following us everywhere, as he would surely do were he at home."

Mary felt more disappointed than she was willing to acknowledge, and for a moment she half-wished herself back in Chicopee, but soon recovering her equanimity, she ventured to ask how long George was to be gone.

"Until April, I believe," said Ida; "but anyway you are to stay until he comes, for Aunt Martha promised to keep you. I don't know exactly what George said to her about you, but they talked together for about two hours, and she says you are to take music lessons and drawing lessons, and all that. George is very fond of music."

The next morning between 10 and 11 the doorknob rang, and in a moment Jenny Lincoln, whose father's house was just opposite, came tripping into the parlor. She had lost in a measure that roundness of person so offensive to her mother, and it seemed to Mary that there was a thoughtful expression on her face never seen there before, but in all other respects she was the same affectionate, merry-hearted Jenny.

"Just this minute heard you were here, and came over just as I was," said she. After asking Mary if she wasn't sorry George had gone, and if she expected to find Mr. Stuart, she said, "I suppose you know Ella is here, and breaking everybody's heart, of course. She went to a concert with us last evening, and looked perfectly beautiful. Henry says she is the handsomest girl he ever saw, and I do hope she'll make something of him, but I'm afraid he is only trifling with her."

If there was a person in the world whom Mary thoroughly detested it was Henry Lincoln, and her eyes sparkled and flashed so indignantly that Ida noticed it, and secretly thought that Henry Lincoln would for once find his match. After a time Mary turned to Jenny, saying, "You haven't told me a word about—about William Bender. Is he well?"

Jenny blushed deeply, and, hastily replying that he was the last time she saw him, started up, whispering in Mary's ear, "Oh, I've got so much to tell you—I must go now."

Ida accompanied her to the door, and asked why Rose, too, did not call. In a few moments she returned, saying, "You know why, Rose is so queer."

Ida understood her, and replied, "Very well; but tell her that if she doesn't see fit to notice my visitors I certainly shall not be polite to hers."

This message had the desired effect, for Rose, who was daily expecting a Miss King from Philadelphia, felt that nothing would mortify her more than to be neglected by Ida, who was rather a leader

among the young fashionables. Accordingly, after a long consultation with her mother, she concluded it best to call upon Mary. In the course of the afternoon, chancing to be near the front window, she saw Mr. Selden's carriage drive away from his door with Ida and her visitor.

"Now is my time," thought she; and without a word to her mother or Jenny she threw on her bonnet and shawl, and in her thin French slippers stepped across the street and rang Mr. Selden's doorknob. Of course she was "so disappointed not to find the young ladies at home," and, leaving her card for them, tripped back highly pleased with her own cleverness.

Meantime Ida and Mary were enjoying their ride about the city, until, coming suddenly upon an organ grinder and monkey, the spirited horses became frightened and ran, upsetting the carriage and dragging some distance. Fortunately Ida was only bruised, but Mary received a severe cut upon her head, which, with the fright, caused her to faint. A young man who was passing down the street, and saw the accident, immediately came to the rescue; and when Mary awoke to consciousness Billy Bender was supporting her and gently pushing back from her face the thick braids of her long hair.

"Who is she? Who is she?" asked the eager voices of the group around; but no one answered until a young gentleman, issuing from one of the fashionable saloons, came blustering up, demanding "what the row was."

Upon seeing Ida, his manner changed instantly, and he ordered the crowd to "stand back," at the same time forcing his way forward until he caught a sight of Mary's face.

"Whew! Bill," said he, "your old flame, the pauper, isn't it?" It was fortunate for Henry Lincoln that Billy Bender's arms were both in use, otherwise he might have measured his length upon the sidewalk. As it was, Billy frowned angrily upon him, and in a fierce whisper bade him beware how he used Miss Howard's name. By this time the horses were caught, another carriage procured, and Mary, still supported by Billy Bender, was carefully lifted into it and borne back to Mr. Selden's house.

Many of Ida's friends, hearing of the accident, flocked in to see and to inquire after the young lady who was injured. Among the first who called was Lizzie Upton from Chicopee. On her way home she stopped at Mrs. Campbell's, where she was immediately beset by Ella, to know "who the beautiful young lady that Henry Lincoln had so heroically saved from a violent death—dragging her out from under the horses' feet—was."

Lizzie looked at her a moment in surprise, and then replied, "Why, Miss Campbell, it is possible you don't know it was your own sister?"

It was Henry Lincoln himself who had given Ella her information, without, however, telling the lady's name; and now when she learned that 'twas Mary, she was too much surprised to answer, and Lizzie continued: "I think you are laboring under a mistake. It was not Mr. Lincoln who saved your sister's life, but a young law student whom you perhaps have seen walking with George Moreland."

Ella replied that she never saw George Moreland, and as he left Boston before she came, and then as she did not seem at all anxious to know whether Mary was much injured or not, Lizzie soon took her leave. Long after she was gone Ella sat alone in the parlor, wondering why Henry should tell her such a falsehood, and if he really thought Mary beautiful. Poor, simple Ella! She was fast learning to live on Henry Lincoln's scale, to believe each word that he said; to watch nervously for his coming, and to weep if he stayed away.

(To be continued.)

MAKING GIRLS HAPPY ON FARMS

Mrs. Meredith Tells About the School for Farm-wives in Minnesota. What the West is doing in the way of training girls to live happy lives on farms was very ably shown at Huntington hall, Boston, recently by Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, preceptress of the school of agriculture of Minnesota university.

Mrs. Meredith has herself conducted a successful stock farm for many years, and she believes thoroughly in the farm life for young women. "The farm home," she said, "is to my mind the ideal home, and I am glad to say the thought in our school is always to educate the girl for the life she will have to live."

"At first we had only boys in the school, but when these, noticing that their sisters and sweethearts needed to learn just what they were learning, begged us to take girls, too, we did so, and now for four years we have been training farmers' daughters to make happy farm homes."

"Our girls study side by side with the boys the different breeds of live stock and the various developments of plant life. A farmer's wife needs to know how to tell a shorthorn from a longhorn, and what season is best for planting corn."

"We have been hearing in the past much about the man's desire to get away from the farm. The reason for his restlessness lies in the dissatisfaction of his women folk with farm life. They needed to be taught that it was interesting to make a farm home."

"We give our girls special work adapted to women in the home, such as cooking, which extends through the three years, dairy chemistry, and plant life. Butter-making is not drudgery to the girl who understands the why of it, and sewing is rapidly ceasing to become a lost art now that girls see that patterns are comprehensible things and not Chinese puzzles."

"The girl is taught, too, about textiles, a most interesting subject from the farmer's standpoint; and she attends lectures on household art in which suitability is shown to be the desideratum of a purchase of furniture. "The application made in our school of mechanical drawing—that of designing model farmhouses—will have a great influence on the coming farm home of Minnesota. When the present generation build houses they will be convenient ones."



Children's Corner

A Short Talk to Boys. If it becomes necessary for you to leave school for a time and go to work, do it gracefully. Work is honorable. Don't be afraid of it. It would be an excellent idea for everybody to learn a trade. The old Jewish law made it obligatory, asserting that if a man neglected to teach his son a trade he did the same as make him a thief.

The Emperor of Germany is a bookbinder. The fact that you have a trade need not make you a worker at it, but with a good trade at his fingers' ends and good health to back it, a man is seldom forced, no matter where he finds himself. If you start to learn a trade, remember that the harder you work, and the more closely you apply yourself, the sooner you will outstrip all your chums and land on the top of the ladder where situations are many and wages are high. Don't be afraid of work. Don't be content with merely putting in the allotted time, but try and find out the best way to accomplish the work you have to do in the nearest and most expeditious manner.

You may think that effort of this kind is not appreciated, but it is, and when some fine day there is a chance for promotion, and when you find yourself singled out from half a dozen of your chums, and sent up a step higher, don't attribute it to luck, but to the fact that your employer saw and appreciated the fact that you were careful and painstaking and took this method of rewarding your efforts.

On the other hand, if you go fooling along, doing just as little as you can, and not even that until you are told repeatedly, and then in a slipshod and slovenly manner, don't attribute it to luck when some other fellow is allowed to go several rounds above you on the ladder, at better pay. The employer has seen the difference between your way of doing things and the other boy's, and prefers his to yours, that's all.—The American Boy.

Thirty Little Travellers. Two little travellers are Teddy and May. Long journeys they take in their morning's play. Exploring the brooks, the garden and lane. They range through the pasture and fields of grain; They visit parts of the greatest renown Without so much as a shilling or crown. Their forests are stretches of waving grass. Their ocean the meadow, and there, alas!

They often are shipwrecked among the daisies and flowers for long, sunny hours. But though to marvelous places they fare, Their wanderings have but one end, for this pair Always return with a hop, skip and jump. To refresh themselves at the dear old pump.—Youth's Companion.

Egg Inside of a Rot. Most young people think it would be impossible to put a hen's egg into a bottle without breaking the shell. It looks harder to explain than the king's question how the apple got into the dumpling, and for this reason the secret of the trick will please young people who love to make their friends wonder. Like many other curious things, it is easy enough when you know how. This is the way it is done: Soak a fresh egg for several days in strong vinegar. The acid of the vinegar will eat the inside of the shell, so that, while the egg looks the same, it will be soft and capable of compression. Select a bottle with a neck a third smaller than the egg. With a little care you will have no trouble in pressing the latter into the bottle. Fill the bottle half full of lime water and in a few days you will have a hard-shelled egg in a bottle with a neck a third smaller than the egg.

Of course you pour off the lime water as the shell hardens. How the egg got into the bottle will be a conundrum that few can answer.

Tommy Was Tricky. Tommy, aged 5, had a pony and a dog, and while he liked them both, he liked the pony best. One day a visitor, to test his generosity, asked him if he would not give him the dog. "No," replied the little fellow, "but I'll give you my pony." This surprised his mother very much and she asked him why he didn't give the dog instead. "Don't say a word, mamma," whispered the little schemer, "when he goes to get the pony I'll sic the dog on him."

A Puzzling Question. "Mamma," said little Elsie, looking up from her Sunday school book, "there's one thing I can't understand about Adam and Eve." "What is it, dear?" asked her mother. "I know

where their meat and vegetables came from," said Elsie, "but where in the world did they buy their groceries?"

Wanted Her Foot Wakened. Bessie, aged 4, had been sitting in a cramped position for some time playing with her doll. By and by, when she attempted to get up, she dropped back on the floor and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, my foot's asleep! Won't you ring the breakfast bell, please, and wake it up?"

Grandpa and the Golden Rule. "Would you like me to give you a quarter, grandpa?" asked 5-year-old Johnny. "Certainly," replied the old gentleman. "Very well," said the little diplomat, "then you should do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

Not All Kinds. Big Sister—Oh, I do hope papa will take me to the concert. He is so fond of music. Little Brother—Huh! Then why don't you never let me play my drum in the house?

Thought He'd Better Be Mended. Small Johnny, on being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, said: "Don't you think I had better be mended?"

NEWSBOYS' TRADING CENTERS. One of Their Principal "Exchanges" North of Union Square. There are newsboy centers, as well as news centers, in New York. The north side of Union Square is an important one, and there, at that hour of the afternoon at which the newspapers arrive from down-town, a crowd of small boys, of all the various ages and sizes, which come under that classification, gathers daily. The Subway company has built a high wooden fence around its power house there and against this fence are a number of small square shelves, says the New York Evening Post. On these shelves the newspapers are piled as fast as they are thrown out of the delivery wagons and the boys rush around them, each one trying to get his stock of papers first.

The whole scene has the air of a diminutive stock exchange. They may not be picturesque, these small boys, but they are unquestionably alive. As soon as one gets his bunch of papers he tucks it under one arm, like a half-clipped wing, and flies to waylay the crowd of men that pour up from down-town along Broadway and 5th avenue at that time of day. A certain number, though, seem to prefer hanging around Union Square to argue and dispute in their shrill little voices and to write derisive remarks, referring to each other's past and future, with chalk on the fence.

At the south side of the square, on a pile of dirt and stones, and just beneath the equestrian George Washington's outstretched hand, there is another knot of boys grabbing papers from the delivery wagons of one or two newspapers which only deliver their papers there, and not at the upper end of the square. The boys who have already received their papers scramble up on top of the pile of stones, and, sparrow-like, perch there with their heads on one side, looking down and jeering at the hustling crowd below.

There are other newsboy centers at 6th avenue and 23d street, and indeed at many other points up town, but none so lively and exciting as the one at Union Square. Quotations of prices may not vary much there, but trade is always lively.

The Suburban State. New Jersey may be called a suburban State, for its population has been distributed largely under the influence of two great and crowded centers just beyond its limits. Of these New York is much the more important. Nearly half the population of New Jersey resides within eighteen miles of New York, and a large proportion is directly suburban. One hundred thousand more live within twelve miles of Philadelphia. Six of the ten largest cities in the State—Newark, Jersey City, Hoboken, Elizabeth, Bayonne, and Orange—are largely tributary to New York, as Camden is to Philadelphia. In the other three, Paterson is on the finest water power in the State, Trenton is at the head of navigation on the Delaware, and has obtained some water power from the river, and New Brunswick is at the head of navigation on the Raritan, the largest river in the State.—From Ecological Studies.

How the Brahmin Cleans His Teeth. When the Brahmin cleans his teeth he must use a small twig cut from one of a number of certain trees, and before he cuts it he must make his act known to the gods of the woods. He must not indulge in this cleanly habit every day. He must abstain on the 6th, the 8th, the 9th, the 14th, the 15th, and the last day of the moon, on the days of new and full moon, on the Tuesday in every week, on the day of the constellation under which he was born, on the day of the week and on the day of the month which correspond with those of his birth, at an eclipse, at the conjunction of his birth, at the equinoxes, and other unlucky epochs, and also on the anniversary of the death of his father or mother.

Any one who cleans his teeth with his bit of stick on any of the above-mentioned days will have hell as his portion.—From "Hindoo Manners," the Abbe Dubois.

A Pound of Spiders' Webs. It has been calculated that if a pound of thread made from spiders' webs were required, it would occupy nearly 28,000 spiders a full year to furnish it.

The author's train of thought is a construction train.



Farms and Farmers

was what we were taught to do when young, and I thought it the proper way until we saw the results of a trial made by the late Dr. E. Lewis Sturtevant, while Director of the New York Experiment Station at Geneva. He planted several rows of corn, placing the kernels in the drills just as they grew in order on the cob, also strips in which one had seed from eight but kernels in each row, another from eight tip kernels in the rows, and the third eight kernels from each row as near the middle of the ear as possible. We think in every test the kernels from the tip gave earliest ripening corn, and in more than half also produced a larger yield than those nearer the middle of the ear. In every case the yield was at the rate of several bushels less per acre from those kernels near the middle of the ear.—American Cultivator.

Dairying in Iowa. The report of Dairy and Food Commissioner Norton, of Iowa, contains a number of statistical facts which are of general interest. The total number of cows in Iowa is 1,295,990, or an average of 23 to the square mile, in the less populous portions of the State to 55 in the more populous. The value of these cows is \$38,358,503, or nearly \$30 per cow. The number of cows to each 1,000 population is 576. The average price of butter has decreased over seven years ago, but has increased over last year. The average price in 1893 was 27 cents; in 1894, 24 cents; in 1895, 21 cents; in 1896, 20 cents, and in 1900, 22 cents. During the year ending July 31, 1900, there were but three licenses issued for the sale of oleomargarine in the State. All of these have since expired, and no renewals have been taken out. Of the 936 creameries in the State 842 are operated on the separator plan, 71 on the gathered cream plan and 50 on a combination of the two plans. Five hundred and one creameries are owned by individuals, 349 are operated on the co-operative plan, 116 on the stock company plan. There has been a notable increase in the past year of the number of farm separators in use in the State, in 1900 there being 3,332 as against 1,707 of the previous year and 904 of 1898.

Red Top Hay and Pasture. It used to be a custom to sow red top along with clover for meadows or pasture land. It did not reach its best condition until the clover had been cut for two years, and even until timothy had passed its greatest yield, but as it was fit to cut for hay about the same time as the timothy they were often sown together. It would grow on low moist lands where the clover or timothy were likely to winter kill, it made a strong, smooth turf, and the fine hay, when cut early, was relished by all the animals. Seedsmen tell us that the sales of red-top seed are growing less, and we are very sorry if it is so. As a pasture grass a mixture of June grass or Kentucky blue grass (poa pratensis) and red top (agrostis vulgaris), leaves but little to be desired, the first being early and the red top enduring until the late fall. One bushel of each seed per acre gives good results for pasture land, though some of the clover may be added to improve the field the first year or two.—Exchange.

Goose Farming in England. Goose farming and goose fattening have fallen off greatly in England. From old accounts we read that it was not uncommon for a man to keep a flock of one thousand, each of which might be expected to rear on an average seven goslings. The flocks were regularly taken to graze and water the same as sheep, and the man who herded them was called a gosherd or gozard. The birds were plucked five times in the year, and in the autumn flocks were driven to London or other markets. They traveled at the rate of about a mile an hour, and would get over nearly ten miles a day. When geese are to be traveled a distance in Europe they are driven through warm tar and then through sand, which "boots" them for the journey.

Horse for the Farmer. Draft horses of good form sell almost according to weight, except that as weights increase prices rise at a much greater ratio, so that extreme weights bring enormous prices if only the bone is satisfactory. Prices range from \$125 to \$300, with an occasional one higher and with an increase of about 10 per cent when matched in teams. These prices are sometimes exceeded, and dealers insist that prices were never so low that a span of draft horses would not bring \$900 if only they were good enough.

Farm Brevities. A simple way of keeping trace of the age of a fowl is to put a ring made of wire on one of her legs for each year of her life.

The output of the 175 canneries in Maine is \$5,000,000 annually. In ordinary years \$350,000 is paid to farmers for sweet corn alone.

The disappearance of the "old-fashioned apple" is a frequent lament. The modern fruit is fair to look upon, but genuine favor is too often absent.

Raspberry and blackberry plants are benefited by continuous cultivation during the time of fruiting, and to accomplish this they should be tied to wires.

Sugar beet factories are now in successful operation in California, New Mexico, Utah, Nebraska, New York, Oregon, Minnesota, Illinois, Washington, Colorado and Michigan.

Insect Enemies of Growing Wheat. There are many insects which feed on and injure growing wheat, but the greater proportion of the losses to wheat fields chargeable to insects is due to the attacks of less than half a dozen species. The most destructive of these pests is the chinch bug. The great damage to farm crops by this insect is due to its wide distribution, its prevalence more or less every year, the enormous multiplication in favorable seasons, and to the fact that it attacks all the cereals and most forage plants. The next in importance is the Hessian fly. It is estimated that the damage to the wheat crop by this pest is about ten per cent of the product in the chief wheat-growing sections of this country, which indicates an annual loss of forty million bushels and over. Next in importance are the wheat-straw worms, the wheat-bull worm, wheat worm, cut-worms and various sawflies.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

To Aid in Dehorning. A correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman describes a tie he uses for holding a cow's head at the station while dehorning. The accompanying cut shows how it is made. When the cow's head is fast in the station, the loop is dropped over the neck, the rope is

caught on the under side and the rope, doubled, is put through the loop and placed around the nose far enough up not to shut off her breathing. The rope is then pulled back to a post at the side of the station, and one turn is made around the post. A man holds the end, and by placing his weight on the rope can hold the cow's head quite secure while her horns are being removed. The rope is quickly removed by slipping it off the nose and pulling it out from the loop.

Whole Corn Silage. The corn for silage while should be one of the small flint varieties, planted at the rate of not over twelve quarts of seed per acre, says Hoard's Dairyman. Put the corn in the silo when the seed is in milk and take extra precautions that it is well and solidly packed, without holes or empty corners. Cover with hay as suggested. If the work is well done, there should result a fair quality of silage, but as it takes more work to handle it and less corn of the flint varieties can be grown per acre than the large ensilage corns whole corn silage costs more per ton than the cut silage. Good ensilage will not injure the milk in any way.

Butt and Tip Kernels for Seed. Professor Shamel, Instructor in farm crops at the Illinois College of Agriculture, says that it is a good plan to shell off and discard both the tips and butts of the corn ears selected for seed. That

per members of the hay sections, and over the pulley a hoist rope is carried. The end of the hoist rope, if it be so desired, may be connected with a sling, a platform or with any device necessary in hoisting material of different kinds. The device is described in the Scientific American, from which the illustration is reproduced.

Insect Enemies of Growing Wheat. There are many insects which feed on and injure growing wheat, but the greater proportion of the losses to wheat fields chargeable to insects is due to the attacks of less than half a dozen species. The most destructive of these pests is the chinch bug. The great damage to farm crops by this insect is due to its wide distribution, its prevalence more or less every year, the enormous multiplication in favorable seasons, and to the fact that it attacks all the cereals and most forage plants. The next in importance is the Hessian fly. It is estimated that the damage to the wheat crop by this pest is about ten per cent of the product in the chief wheat-growing sections of this country, which indicates an annual loss of forty million bushels and over. Next in importance are the wheat-straw worms, the wheat-bull worm, wheat worm, cut-worms and various sawflies.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

To Aid in Dehorning. A correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman describes a tie he uses for holding a cow's head at the station while dehorning. The accompanying cut shows how it is made. When the cow's head is fast in the station, the loop is dropped over the neck, the rope is

caught on the under side and the rope, doubled, is put through the loop and placed around the nose far enough up not to shut off her breathing. The rope is then pulled back to a post at the side of the station, and one turn is made around the post. A man holds the end, and by placing his weight on the rope can hold the cow's head quite secure while her horns are being removed. The rope is quickly removed by slipping it off the nose and pulling it out from the loop.

Whole Corn Silage. The corn for silage while should be one of the small flint varieties, planted at the rate of not over twelve quarts of seed per acre, says Hoard's Dairyman. Put the corn in the silo when the seed is in milk and take extra precautions that it is well and solidly packed, without holes or empty corners. Cover with hay as suggested. If the work is well done, there should result a fair quality of silage, but as it takes more work to handle it and less corn of the flint varieties can be grown per acre than the large ensilage corns whole corn silage costs more per ton than the cut silage. Good ensilage will not injure the milk in any way.

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