

CHAPTER III .- (Continued.) places her hands to her pretty mouth, music had rushed as a chorus to her and, with a simple eloquence that cannot words. be too highly commended, cries "Hi!" to

he never stirs or lifts himself from his need not have given you all this trouble. task, whatever it may be. Nothing daunted, Griselda returns to the attack. "Hi!" cries she again, with a sharper, by," she says, gently. freer intonation. And still nothing comes "Oh, not good-by, I hope," returns he, straighten his back, and things remain as holding it as warmly as he dares, perbefore. It is really too bad. Getting haps more closely than he is quite aware. down from her mound she clambers up on "I shall see you again?"

"Hi, my good man!" This does it. As not permit us to know our neighbors." if compelled to acknowledge this tribute He lifts his hat and Griselda, giving to his virtues, "my good man" uprears him a rather solemn little salute, turns ery point but the right one first, and at she finds him again beside her.

twenty knots an hour. she very nearly falls off her high bank, shall say that rain might not fall the day and then grows very charmingly rosy, after?" and as charmingly confused. It is none other than the young man who had helped

CHAPTER IV. "It is really you?" cries he, with unaffected delight, coloring warmly. "It is you, too," replies she, reflectively,

and as though it is a little unfair to and feels herself at last at home. throw all the personalities at her.

wanted me? I hope you had not to call "Very often," smiling, too, and jumping turned," says she. "Dear! but master down off her pedestal. "I thought I will be main glad to hear of it. He was should never make you hear. know the road to Greycourt? I don't."

plicated. But if you will permit me to go be sure to tell you himself how glad he is with you and show it to you, Miss Dy- to see you back safe and sound." "Oh, no. No, indeed. It is giving you quite too much trouble, and how do you know my name?" asks she, with a shy glance at him from under her long lashes. "I asked somebody in the village," confesses he, honestly, "and he told me you were Mr. Dysart's niece. You don't mind

that, do you?' "No. I, too, heard of you," she says, "but then I didn't take for granted everything that was told me." "What did you hear of me?"

"That you were a young man 'down from Lunnon town, an' as full o' tricks as a egg's full o' mate," replies she, demurely, evidently quoting somebody, and with a glance so "full o' tricks" on her own account that he laughs in spite of

"Well," says he, "I'm not from 'Lunnon town,' certainly, and I hope I'm not a greater wretch than my fellows. As to my 'tricks,' I don't believe I've one."

'If not from London, from where?" "Rather close to you. My sister lives just over the border of this county, a matter of twenty miles or so; and I spend most of my time with her."

"It was a very good thing for my sister and me that you came fishing," says Griselda; "or I suppose we should both be now either dead or dying." Here she looks round her. "Have we very much further to go? "About a mile."

"I wish it was less," nervously. "I am afraid Vera will be frightened at my long absence, and-and that my uncle will be

"Perhaps he won't hear of it," says Mr. Peyton, hopefully. Griselda shaker her "He looks just like a person who would

hear everything," she says. "I've heard a good deal about him off and on. People will talk, you know, and

he's eccentric, isn't he?" "If you mean weak in mind you were never further out in your life," says Griselda, mournfully. "He is all mind, in

my opinion. There isn't a weak spot in him. By the by, have you ever been to "No. I've often thought I should like to go on some Wednesday or other." Some Wednesday! What Wednesday?

tinctly puzzled, but hardly likes to ask a question on the subject. "and might be lovely, I think, if the trees in my pocket. I tell you," with increas

positively empty." "Surely you forget the galleries?" says not know that those pictures of your an- ing fluster you? Surely," with a mock cestors are absolutely priceless? Pure ing air, "your occupation was an inne Lelys and Knellers, Gainsboroughs and cent one; you were but refreshing your Reynolds. Why, those galleries at Grey- self with a glimpse of-" court, I've often heard my father say, are about the finest in England. Your uncle cries he, lifting his arms like one in mor is good enough to open them to the pub- tal fear. lic every first Wednesday in the month

at the very trifling charge of half a "Why!" cries Griselda, flushing so hot a color that the tears grow within her

"Oh, you can't mean that." Well, why not?" says the young man, boldly, preparing with a stout courage to defend a vile cause. "It is to improve the tastes of the multitude that he does his tone. it, of course. And if he chooses to repay himself for the wear and tear of his car-

sonse on his side?" At this moment the chimneys of Grey court shone through the interstices of the all. When first I saw them I felt as the princess had sense enough not to trees on her left, and, with the knowl- though, if power were given me, I could take it ill. edge that she had gained her home, have blasted as they stood those insolent comes, too, the sound of running water, hussies upstairs."

and the thought that all through her re-Standing upon a mound near her, she turn walk through the leafy woods that

"Ah! now I know!" cries she, stopping him, at the top of her fresh young voice, abruptly, and looking full at her com-Whether the breeze has played traitor, panion, who grows somewhat guilty in or whether the bending figure is of so appearance. "That noise of running watgross material as to be deaf to this bril- er .- that is the river that flows beneath iant appeal, who can say. At all events, Greycourt. If I had only followed it I

"It is no trouble," says he, plainly. She holds out to him her hand. "Good-

The bending figure refuses to anxiously, taking the slim little hand and

a higher bank, and once more sends out "Oh, no. No, indeed," softly. "You must not think that. Uncle Gregory does himself, looks vacantly round him-at ev- away from him. A second later, however,

last sees Griselda. The effect produced is "It-there is all the appearance of comnot only instantaneous but marvelous, ing rain in the sky," he says, gravely. Down goes his rod, his cast, his choicest "Don't you think so? I fear we shall fly-an admirable orange grouse-and he have a perfect storm before long. I comes steaming toward her at about thought I'd tell you, so that you might get as much good out of these woods as His eyes, ever since they first lighted possible before—the deluge. This week upon Griselda, have seemed to grow to now, might be fine, but I should not anher, and now, as he draws nearer, she swer for the next; and, indeed, if you will too sees and recognizes him. The knowl- permit me to advise you, I should recomedge thus gained so surprises her that mend you to take a walk to-morrow. Who

Who, indeed? It seems the soundest reasoning. So to restore the carriage to its legitimate Griselda, having shown herself impressed by it, inclines her head to him once more, and, a turn in the path hiding him at last from view, takes to her heels, and hardly draws breath until, having found the small iron gate that admits to the garden at its lowest end, she enters by it

On the hall doorsteps, as if lying in "So it is," says he, smiling gayly, "You wait for her, stands Mrs. Grunch, the housekeeper. "Dear me, miss, and so you have re-"I do. It is a tedious way, and com- selda's blood grows cold. "But now he'll

> CHAPTER V. Mrs, Grunch, as Griselda left her, turn ed aside, and with darkened brow made for the library, Mr. Dysart's usual abiding place. Not finding him here, she hurries onward down the hall, until she comes to a heavy curtain, once handsome now moth-eaten and dingy, and pushing it aside, reveals a long flagged passage, with a high, narrow door at the extreme

> end. Stooping as she comes to it, she peers through the keyhole, and finding it emp ty, tries, with a cautious, quiet grasp, the handle of the door to find the latte locked. Still very cautiously she slips he hand into her pocket, draws out a key well oiled, and inserting it in the keyhole, softly opens the door.

> A grim smile overspreads her face a she looks toward the further end of the room. There, on his knees beside a cabinet, kneels Mr. Dysart. It is open, and Mr. Dysart, in his worn and shabby old coat, is kneeling before the secret opening, gloating openly upon its contents Piles upon piles of yellow sovereigns are so built one on the top of the other tha they reach from one narrow resting place to the other above, and so on. Dull, heavy gold that scarcely glitters, save in the eyes of the wretched miser bending over

Yet it is not so much on the money a on a paper he holds in his hand that his attention is concentrated. He is so bent on the perusal of it that he hears neithe the turn of the key in the lock nor the woman's entrance. And now, as a malicious chuckle breaks from her, it so startles him that he springs to his feet as if shot, and a sharp, horrid cry, that is almost a shriek, escapes him. His face has grown deadly white, great drops of sweat stand out upon his brow.

"Comforting yourself with a look at it says she, with a malignant leer. As she speaks she points not at the gold, but at he paper he has tightly clutched in his hand.

"How did you come Mere, woman?" de mands he, in a shrill tone. He is trembling, and with nervous fingers presse he paper into the secret recess in the cab net, and shuts to the oaken woodwork. "Why, through the door," retorts she "How else? You should rememsullenly. And why Wednesday? Griselda is dis- ber to lock it when engaged on work like

this. "I could have sworn I locked it," says "It's a quaint old house," she says, he, still shaking. "See! here is the key were cut away and some sunlight let into ing agitation, "I did lock it. Are you s it, and-a little furniture. It's empty, fiend that you can follow me through bolted doors?

"Hush! Don't give way to foolish fan-"Is it indeed possible that you do cies. And after all, why need my com-

"Re silent, woman! Are you mad?

"You're but a poor sort after all," she says, contemptuously. "Too poor for faith or trust of any sort. What! can you not even believe in me, who has served you and yours long and faithful for forty years? Is it likely I'd betray you now for his children?"

"Ay, he served you falsely once," says Gregory Dysart, a savor of pleasure in

"He took my best-my life, my soulthe heart of everything," says she, slowpets, who shall say he has not common ly beating one withered hand upon the other. "Though years have rolled by I have not forgotten: I shall not forget at

Something out of the goodly past, some days when he was young and happy, and when honor was still a word to which he clung with all his might, renders this coarse epithet, as applied to the pretty orphans committed to his care, insupport

"You hardly remember, perhaps, that you are speaking of my nieces," he says with an angry frown.

"Hoity toity! None of your airs with me," says she, sternly. She advances a step nearer to him. "Remember, Dysart, that I can either make or mar you. L. and I only. "I would I were sure of that," says he,

moodily. "But- Have you forgotten Sedley? He knew." and more, and no sign of him, and I ask

you was he the one to remain quiet, if he

saw a way to forcing a sovereign out of

"Ay, and I in mine! I know you," says she, with an evil look. "You fear

"I fear nothing," says he, coldly.
"What," says she, slowly, regarding him closely; "not even that your son should know?"

beaten hound. The life goes out of him, he seems to shrink into himself, and puts out his hands as though to ward off some fatal blow.

"Not that. Anything but that," he mutters, feebly. "Well, don't drive me to it," says she,

sulkily. "Remember, it was for him I did it," cries he, sharply. "After all my love, my care, my secrecy, to have it now laid bare to him! I tell you"—his fingers working convulsively-"rather than that he should know, it seems to me that it would be a sweet and simple thing to murder him who would betray me."

"I'm not going to betray you," says "And as for saying 'twas for him

"For him. For his sake only." "Partly, I think," says she, dryly. "Entirely; altogether. What other creature had I to love me-to love? His

mother, as you know, hated me; and when she died I was glad," says he, crushing his fingers together. "Yet the deed was scarcely necessary if done for him." says Grunch, holding her ground. "That old aunt of his-the mother's sister-put want out of the ques-

"I knew nothing of her desire to make him her heir-then."

"You know it now, anyway," says she, with a nasty sneer. "And it is never too late to mend-to find by accident that paper you have just locked up." "I have thought of it," says he, with prow and eves fellen? Who would have husbanded it sound. "But it is all for him, for him," he says, in a dying tone.

"He believes in me. He trusts me: he with these hands," holding them out before her, trembling with passion, yet strong and lithe, "before the words could

pass your lips." "I'm not going to play traitor. told you that," says she, frowning. "I've had a chance before this if I wished to do it; and I'm not going to help his children. Her brow grows whatever happens." black and her eyes lighten. "May curses follow him wherever he be, even through the gates of death!"

"Amen," says Dysart, carelessly. Then, in a different tone: "Seaton is coming home to-morrow."

"You have a design," says she, fixing her sharp eyes on him with a searching "True; and I think well of mentioning

it to you," says Dysart, slowly. "After long and careful thought I have decided on abandoning more ambitious schemes and wedding him to my elder niece,

(To be continued.)

There is one point in which Chinese etiquette, so often absurd, is much more sensible than ours. That is in its failure to regard the imputation of mature age as a discredit to either man or woman, or, on the other hand, the imputation of youthfulness as a compliment to persons of either sex. An example of Chinese politeness, connected with the visit of the Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia to Shanghai, is amusing, as it reflects on our own false

notion of the complimentary in such matters. The German prince and princess were visiting a notable mandarin, one of whose first questions to the princethis being an invariable matter of Chiiese politeness-was:

"How old are you?" "A little more than thirty-six," answered the prince, smiling. "Indeed!" said the mandarin, "Your

highness appears fifty."

manded:

The mandarin then turned to the in terpreter-Herr Voight, a Germanand inquired the princess' age. She an swered, "Thirty-two." The interpreter interpreted, and the mandarin made a remark in Chinese evidently intended to be complimentary. The interpreter blushed uneasily, and hesitated to

"Out with it Voight!" "He says," the interpreter then translated to the princess, "that your highness looks like sixty!"

translate the remark. The prince saw

the difficulty, and laughingly com-

He had meant it well, and of course

The sweetest type of heaven is home

Children's

The Birthday Presents The Boy was on his way to the grocery, and he was thinking so hard that he came near going by the shop. He recollected in time, but while the man was griding the coffee that the Moth-

er wanted he went on thinking. How disappointed the Twins would "Pish! He's dead; let him rest. What be when their birthday came and there one you are to worrit! Twenty years was no bookcase and no doll-house for them! The Father had said only this morning that he had no spare money to spend for presents, and the Boy him-"True, true," says Dysart, eagerly self had less than a dollar. Yet he catching at this suggestion. "And yet I knew that the Brother was expecting would give much to know that he was in a bookcase, and the Sister had confided to him her hope that her dolls

would soon have a home of their own. A customer inquired for little biscuits, and a clerk started to open a fresh box. As he did so he pushed aside the empty box, and it stopped near where the Boy was standing. His She pauses, pleased with her work. All eyes fell on it with indifference—then at once, as it were, on hearing this ques-tion, the old may qualls before her like a said he was always having inspirasaid he was always having inspirations, and one came to him now. He thought a moment longer, and then walked straight across to the clerk.

"How much do you get for your empty cracker-boxes?" "Ten cents aplece when the covers are good."

"Yes; but without covers?" "Split 'em up for kindling-wood or

give 'em away. You want one to carry home? "I'd like about six of those, but I'd rather pay for them. They are worth

something to you for kindling-wood, and I'm willing to give a quarter for half a dozen." "All right. Don't believe we have so many just now, but we empty 'em pretty fast, and I'll save 'em for you." The Boy thanked him, and hurried

home with his coffee, his head full of his new scheme. For the next three weeks his room was shut to the Twins, greatly to their wonder and sorrow. Such a thing had never occurred before, and they could not understand it. There were also queer, painty smells in the air, and the Boy was locked into his room after school and before school, and for hours at a time on Saturdays. It was very

mysterious. But the secret was out when the the birthday morning came, for there were ble the baskets wherein such flasks ground, "dreamed of it; and all my as convenient a bookcase and as dainty dreaming has but convinced me that a dollhouse as the Brother and the Sisthings had better stay as they now are. ter had ever dreamed of. For each, three boxes had been placed on their sides, one above the other, and every all like me? You know the care, the trouble, the sleepless days and nights I bit of printing had been washed or have devoted to the management of-of sandpapered off. The bookcase was it. You know whether it has ever been stained and polished, making it look a joy to me-rather a grief, a wearying of almost like oak, and as for the dollthe flesh, a curse!" The word comes from house-oh, how the Boy had worked to between his lips with a little hissing make that dollhouse! The outside was painted white, with green blinds, and the three rooms inside were finished and furnished just as rooms should be. The walls were papered, the floors

alone—now! But if ever he were to learn were stained and polished. There were the truth he would spurn me from him. pretty rugs and muslin curtains-those I swear to you"-he turns and fixes his were the Mother's gift; there were burning eyes on hers-"I'd strangle you chairs and tables and a bedstead, and so many other beautiful things that the Sister could only say, "Oh, how darling!" and "Isn't that lovely?" and give little sighs of delight and giggles of rapture for a whole hour.

The Brother began almost at once to place his books in the new case, and it took so long to arrange them to his satisfaction that he was still at the happy task when the Boy started for school.

The Boy looked back as he closed the door. The Sister's dolls were eating breakfast in the new dining-room, and the Brother was trying to decide whether "The Jungle Book" would look best on the first or second shelf.

"They couldn't be better pleased," he said to himself, "if those things had cost fifty dollars instead of fifty cents!" -Youth's Companion.

Carlo and Bruno. Carlo and Bruno, one a St. Bernard. the other a Newfoundland, are claimed by their owner, Mr. Peter Gruber of Rochester, to be the two largest dogs in the State of New York. But they are entitled to consideration in other respects. They are famous snake killers. Mr. Gruber is known through the East, and, in fact, in the South and West, also, though not to the same

extent, as "Rattlesnake Pete." It was

he, who, seven or eight years ago, ap-

peared on the floor of the New York



NOTED SNAKE-KILLING DOGS. Stock Exchange arrayed from head to foot in clothes made from snake skins. The tie he had round his neck was a snake skin, and even the ornament that generally fastens a tie in front was a snake's eye. When he goes into the wilds of Pennsylvania and other States bunting snakes, be is invariably accompanied by Carlo and Bruno, who, from long practice, have become dexterous in the game. The dogs are very fond of each other, and the cat seems to like their company.

Julia Knew. "Now, Julia," said the teacher to a small kindergarten pupil, "suppose I

divide this apple into four equal parts. What would one of the parts be called?"

"A piece of apple," was the prompt reply.

Would Return the Favor. One evening little Clara, having repeated her regular prayer, surprised her mother by adding: "I'm ever so much obliged to you, Lord, for all you have done for me, and I'll do as much for you some time."

Class Had an Idea. "What is the feminine of tailor?" sked the teacher of the juvenile grammar class.

"Dressmaker," promptly answered the class in chorus.

Wanted the Old Kind. Small Mabel was dining with her mother at a neighbor's one day, and not being accustomed to silver knives and forks, she queried: "Mamma, why

don't we have tin knives?" Boy Wanted Information. "Mamma," said a little boy of 4, approaching his mother with unmistakable symptoms of stomach trouble, "do

they make plum puddin' in heaven?" SOME CURIOUS CHIMNEYS.

One in London Built Like a Coffic Another Is in Form of Skeleton. In the neighborhood of Stamford street, in the southeast of London, there is a chimney shaped after the likeness of a huge coffin. It is made up of dark-colored bricks and presents an appearance which is gloomy to the point of depression. This quaint erection, curlously enough, is well-nigh unnoticed by the inhabitants of the disaware of its presence in their midst.

of France is decorated with a chimney sues in great black clouds, and so realfirst sight the spectator is led to believe that a fashionably attired gentleman is enjoying a weed on the theater roof. Curious chimneys abound in all quarters of the globe. In several American cities it is no uncommon occurrence to encounter chimney stacks constructed on the lines of wine flasks, the base of the erections being swathed in straw-colored woodwork to resem-

Perhaps, nowever, one of the most peculiar chimneys of the world, says the London Tit Bits, is that which is to be seen in a Roumanian township, and which is known by the name "Death Funnel." It represents a skeleton some fifty feet in height, and is built throughout of gun metal. The shaft is conveyed upward through the spine of the figure and the smoke Issues from the apex of the skull. Veritably, ghastly chimney, and one would have imagined that the eccentric millionaire who thus adorned his roof-top might have hit upon some less gruesome extravagant whimsicality.

BY-PRODUCTS OF COKE

Gas Is the Principal One-Ammonia and Tar.

In a coal like the Connellsville coking coal, containing from 29 per cent to 35 per cent of volatile matter, there is from 8.000 to a little over 9,000 cubic feet of gas per short ton, writes W. G. Irwin in the Engineering Magazine, On is basis the 30,000,000 tons of coal coked in the United States last year would produce more than 250,000,000,-000 cubic feet of gas. Allowing onehalf of this production for consumption in the oven, we have remaining over 120,000,000,000, or about one-half the annual natural gas production dur- thing to pick up a wrapper of thin ing the height of that excitement. To paper from a pile without missing one convert this fuel gas into illuminating occasionally, and in doing this the men gas involves a change in the operation adopted different schemes. A new of the oven so that gas produced with the recuperation of air and gas may every wrapper. One who had been be burned in the flues instead of the longer in the business and found that rich coke-oven gas.

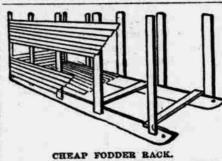
is the most valuable of the by-prod- lemon beside his pile of wrappers and ucts of coke making, it having a market value of about \$20 per ton. The fore picking up a wrapper. The scheme yield of this by-product from each ton worked well, but he did not know of coal coked is about 20 pounds, or s whether the acid of the lemon would total yield of over 300,000 tons for the make his thumb sore or not. A third 30,000,000 tons of coal coked in the man had a thin rubber thump stall on States last year, which would make his thumb and could pick up wrappers the value of this by-product over \$6,- all day long and never make a miss. 000,000. The yield of tar is about 60 He was an old hand at the business .pounds per ton of coal coked. By New England Farmer. product tar is superior to tar that comes from the gasworks. It contains a less amount of pitch, and its fuel

Senatorial Book Collector. Senator Heitfield, of Idaho, is a noted collector of rare editions. He is the possessor of more curious and interestman in the Senate.

Tobacco for State Institutions The Minnesota Board of Control recently bought two tons of chewing tobacco and half a ton of smoking tobacco for the inmates of the State Institutions.

Postage stamps are egotistical when they get stuck on themselves.

Inexpensive Fodder Rack. A correspondent of the American Agriculturist describes a very cheap and entirely satisfactory fodder rack. The basis for this rack is two 2x8 inch boards, each ten feet long. These are counded at the ends like sled runners. Five 2x4 inch boards, each 5 feet 4 as shown in the illustration, every four feet. There are several 2x4 inch boards, each four or five feet long, spiked to the bridge boards in an upright position. These complete the frame. A tight floor is placed on the crosspiece, and boards are nailed to the sides and ends



up to a height of eighteen inches. A space of sixteen inches is then left trict. many of whom are quite un- without covering. The sides and ends can be boarded up the remainder of the A small music hall in a southern city distance. These upper boards can be placed together or space can be left beshaped to resemble a man. The figure | tween them as seems best. Hay, straw is attired in frock coat and silk hat, or fodder thrown into this rack cannot while a huge metal tube, painted be trampled and lost because of the brown and representing a cigar, re- tight bottom and sides up to a height poses in the lips of the queer appara- of eighteen inches. There is no loss of tus. From this "cigar" the smoke is food. Grain feed can be put into this rack if desirable. The rack can be istic is the whole contrivance when re- transferred from one part of the field garded from the street below that at to the other simply by hitching a team

Using Mineral Fertilizers. When liberal applications of potash and phosphoric acid are to be used, it is better to put them on as early in the spring as possible, and work it well into the soil, even two or three weeks before the seed is put in. Upon a heavy clay soil it would probably be By the early application it becomes ter distributed through it, and there is no danger of its injuring the germination of the seed as it might do if it was put on when the seed was put in, and they came in contact. When tankage is used for nitrogen this may be put on at the same time as the other fertilizers, as in the cold ground it will take some time for it to decay enough to make its nitrogen available. There would be very little if any loss of nitrountil the seed is put in, or even until of farmers and poultrymen. the plants are up, and then scatter it around them, not getting it on them means of enhancing his reputation for when they are wet lest it should burn. For a crop that needs the whole season to grow it is often better to make two light applications of nitrate of soda, the last when the plans are shout half grown, than one heavy one.

-American Cultivator. A Wrinkle in Apple Packing. "There is a knack in doing everything" is an old saying, and the truthfulness of it was brought to mind yesterday, says the Oregonian, by a gang of men engaged in wrapping and packing apples. Each man had a full box of apples, a pile of thin paper cut into wrappers, and an empty box. An apple was taken from the full box, a wrapper put around it, and it was put in the other box. It is not an easy hand wet his thumb on his tongue for it was unwholesome to be wetting his Ammonia, that is ammonia sulphate, thumb on his tongue, had a slice of moistened his thumb in the lemon be-

Feeding Sheep Profitably. After several years of experience in value is about \$5 per ton, which would the use of corn fodder for sheep it has give a value of nearly \$5,000,000 for been found profitable when made a this product from the coal consumed small part of the ration and fed after in coking last year. In their primary shredding. Fed without cutting or State, says the Black Diamond, the shredding it is simply wasted. In combined by-products of cokemaking some sections sheep men have have a value of close to \$1 for each used shredded corn stover entirely as ton of coal coked. After passing roughage, but this plan has not althrough the complex processes of mod- ways worked well. By using good hay, ern chemistry these have a much great- clover or timothy, every alternate day. with the shredded corn stover the results have been satisfactory, especially when the sheep had roots once a day and were on a varied ration of grain, oats, bran and cornmeal. It is not intended that the corn stover, even ing books centuries old than any other if shredded, shall supply more than the roughage, for the grain and root feed must be liberal to carry the sheep through the winter in good shape. The cost in money or labor in shredding the corn stover for any stock is considered offset by the added value in marare.

> Housing Farm Implements. The good farmer is supposed to clean and house all farm implements as soon

as he has finished using them each day, but many do not do this. They should devote at least one day to the work of collecting them, rubbing the rust off, oiling the iron work, and putting in good order for another year's work. When well housed it will pay to go over the wood work with a coat of paint. When the tools are wanted for use again and they are found all ready and in good condition, this will prove one of the best day's work done this year, as it will save several days' time and bother with them in the busy season, save strength of men and teams, and prevent many of the accidents that unlucky men are so apt to have, in breaking down just when most in a hurry.

Eggs by the Pound. There has been much talk about selling eggs by the pound. In and around inches long, are bolted to these boards, some of our larger cities there are many sold in that way, but they are not sold in the shell. Cracked eggs and the larger ones among the dirty eggs, if fresh, are broken out, and the walte and volk well beaten together. Some packers use a churn to thoroughly mix them, which is important, as if they are put up just as they come from the shell the yolk becomes dry and mealy. They are then frozen solid and kept in cold storage until wanted. They are packed in tins of from ten to forty pounds each. and of course the demand for them comes principally from the bakers, for cakes and similar uses. It is said that a pound of the frozen egg is equal to ten eggs of the average size. They will not keep sweet long after they are thawed out, so that it is important that the user knows how many pounds be needs at one time, and opens no more than that. Packers who are careful to avoid putting in any tainted or spotted eggs get about 12 to 13 cents a pound, while other grades not as carefully selected have to be sold at 10 cents. We are wondering whether this plan could be used successfully in putting up smaller cans for family use. If it can we expect some one will try it.-Massa-

Guinea Fowls.

chusetts Ploughman.

Guinea fowls have many good qualities. We should find them among every flock of poultry. The guinea fowl cannot, of course, supplant or even rival the chicken, but there is no more dellclous or palatable dish than a young guinea fowl, and the eggs, though small, are very rich and delicate. The greatest objection to them is their wild nature, which prompts them to seek the woods in search of nests. The young even better to put it on in the fall. birds will leave the nest almost as soon as dry, and unless the mother and young are confined in a tight coop the tiny things will stray off and die. They are tender until two weeks old, after which time, if protected at night, they grow rapidly, and require practically no attention. They must have free range, and when given it will gather all they require to eat, and during winter weather they need no special care, since they do not begin to lay until spring, anyway. They are not subject to any of the many diseases which afflict gen. But in using nitrate of soda wait | chickens, and really merit the attention

Good Care of Hogs Pays.

Too many are afraid of a little work and trouble, says an Iowa farmer, I clean the pens twice a week. Hogs are supplied with plenty of water and charcoal to prevent disease. Air slaked lime is used for a disinfectant. With proper care there is very little danger of disease. There are preventives, but no cure, for cholera when it gets a start. I always plant a patch of potatoes for feeding hogs in the fall to get them to market quick. I started a bunch of hogs on potatoes, fed them sixty days with chop and cooked potatoes with a little whole grain, and the hogs made a gain of two and a half pounds per day, or 150 pounds per hog. Care should be taken in starting hogs on potatoes. They should be fed sparingly at first, increasing a little every time they are fed, not feeding more than they will clean up. The best market for hogs is at 200 to 250 pounds weight.

Business Not Overdone. The poultry business is not overdene. It is like any other business in that it must be properly conducted. There is always a ready market for poultry and eggs every day in the year, and there is a demand above the market prices for high grade stock and eggs. We are speaking now from the standpoint of the market poultryman. Conditions are the same, however, with the fancier, If you will show us a poultryman who is unable to dispose of his stock at profitable prices, we will show you one who does not take advantage of his opportunities and conduct his business upon a business basis.-Reliable Poul-

try Journal. Oats Best for Horses. A horse will be able to do more hard work when fed on oats than when fed on corn.

Farm Notes. Never mix fresh milk with that

which has been cooled. Peas make one of the very best feeds for sheep in the winter.

Poultry and swine do not relish or do well on cotton-seed meal. The broom corn crop is estimated at 1.500 tons less than last year.

Keep the lambs growing. They will never recover from a setback. One breed of fowls well kept is more satisfactory than several that are poor-

Poultry houses and yard should always be situated on high, dry land; a sandy hillside is the best of all.

ly housed and fed.

It is reported that there has been an increase in the output of canned corn in Maine of 20 per cent over that of