

CHAPTER XII.

Griselda, darting homeward through the twilighted garden, after another stol- but terrible voice. en meeting with Tom Peyton on the garden wall, stops as she reaches the summer house, a favorite resort of Vera's, not to go further. notwithstanding the father unpleasant in her head to find Vera there.

"I've come back," she cries, breathdone as you desired me, I have said goodby to him forever!" "What did he say? Was he very much

upset?" with burning interest. "He said he'd manage to see me in a heavy sigh.

"Oh, well-come now, that's not so" you a-a sort of a person who would be herself ostracised." difficult to baffle. I think I should put "Compromised." faith in that declaration of his if I were

"Oh, he said more than that," cries Griselda. "Why, it appears that Tom-Mr. Peyton-knows Seaton quite well, and likes him, too. Mr. Peyton says of such petty scandal. You forget, that he. Seaton, is engaged to be married to a Miss Butler, a friend of Lady Riv-

For a moment there is a dead silence, during which the pretty crimson on Vera's cheek dies out, leaving her singutarly pale. No doubt the surprise is

"Is that true?" she says. "I should not be surprised, though I confess I am; it is only what I might have expected from my first judgment of him. And one should not condemn him, either; it is not his fault that he calls Uncle Gregory

A footstep upon the gravel outside makes them both turn their heads.
"What is it, Grunch?" Vera calmly asks as the housekeeper appears on the ton, with great emotion.

Dysart, in the library." There is an ex- sart, looking from one to the other with

Vera had gone into the library with a pale face, but it was with one paler still she came out of it half an hour later, white as death, and with a strained look into an engagement, his expectations are of passion on every feature not to be sub- now on the instant destroyed by his son. dued. She might perhaps have given way "Understand me, once for all, that I shall to the blessed relief of tears if she had not marry Vera," says he, white with had time to escape Griselda; but as she anger, and some strong feeling that he is finds herself looking at Seaton Dysart. who has at this moment entered the inner hall leading to the room she has just her hand in mine, and say she was willleft, all her being seems to stiffen into a ing so far to sacrifice herself, I should re cold horror of contempt. She stops short and fixes her heavy

eves on his. "So you betrayed me!" she says, in

low tone that vibrates with scorn. "Betrayed you?" echoes he, starting. There is that in her face not to be mistaken, and a presentiment of coming evil sends a hot flush to his brow.

"You are a bad actor," says she, with a palesmile; "you change color, at a crisis; you have still a last grain of honesty left in you. You should see to that; kill it quickly, it spoils your otherwise perfect role.

"You are pleased to be enigmatical," says he, with a frown. "I am, however, at a loss to know what you mean.' "Oh, are you ashamed to keep it up -the deception?" cries she with a sud-

den outbreak of wrath. "Oh, how could you do it?" "Great heaven! how can I convince you that I have done nothing?" exclaims he.

growing pale as herself. "There was no one else awake, there was no one to see me," says she, trying

to stifle her agitation. "What, then, must I think but that you were the one to tell your father of that unlucky night when was locked out in the garden?" "He has heard that?" Seaton, as thunderstruck, looks blankly at her. "Why do you compel me to tell you

what you already know?" says she, with a little irrepressible stamp of her foot "If you will listen to what is already no news to you, learn that your father sent for me just now-a long time ago, hours ago, I think," putting her hand to her head in a little, confused, miserable way, "and accused me of having spent the whole night alone with you, purposely, in the garden." "And you think that I-"

"I don't think," with a condemnatory glance. "As I told you before, I know, Your father has insolently accused me of an impossible thing; but even if I had stayed in the garden with you that night,

of my own free will, I cannot see where would lie the disgrace he connects with "You are right, no one could see disgrace where you were," says Seaton. calmly. "My father is an old man, he-"Is old enough to know how to insult a woman," coldly, "when," with a terri-ble glance at him, "shown the way. Oh," laying her hand upon her breast in a paroxysm of grief, "it was abominable of

you, and you said-twice you said it," coming closer to him, and lifting accus-ing eyes to his, "'Trust me,' I remember it as though you uttered it but now, and I believed you. "Trust me,' you said."

'I should say it again," says Dysart, "a hundred times again. Come," he says, and leads her back again to the library she has just quitted.

Gregory Dysart still sits in his usual chair, his arms on the elbows of it, his face is set, as though death had laid its seal on it, save for the marvelously. horribly youthful eyes, so full of fire and

"You will be so good as to explain to Vera at once," begins Seaton, in a dan-gerous tone, "how it was you learned of to see me again." her being in the garden the other night." "What night? She may have been out every night, for aught I know; she tells me she is fond of moonlight," replies the old man, impassively. "You understand perfectly the night of

which I speak," says Seaton, his face now livid. "Who?" he repeats, in a low

"Grunch," replies Mr. Dysart, shortly; something in his son's face warned him approaching through the laurels.

"You hear?" says Seaton, turning to associations connected with it, and pokes Vera. "It was Grunch who betrayed you. You are satisfied now?" "On that point, yes. I suppose I should lessly, sinking into a seat and looking at offer you an apology," says she, icily. Vera with despair in her eyes. "I have "But," with a swift glance at his father, "how can I be satisfied when-

"Sir," cries Seaton, addressing his father with sudden passion, "why did you speak to her of this? Why have and breadth. These rooms are well some way or other," says Griselda, with you deliberately insulted your brother's child?"

"There was no insult. I may have told bad," says Vera, cheerfully, forgetful of her that if she chooses to do such things prudence at sight of her sister's grief. as society disapproves of, she must only "He seems from all I have heard from submit to the consequences and consider

"'Compromised,' you said." "Well, it is as good a word; you are welcome to it."

"Pshaw!" says Seaton, with a quick motion of the hand, as if flinging the idea far from him, "let us have no more sternly, "that when you seek to compro mise Vera, you condemn me, your son.' Dysart shrugged his shoulders.

"The man is never in fault; so you world rules," says he, lightly. "You persist, then, in your insult," says Seaton, going a step nearer to him, the veins swelling in his forehead. "You

still say that she-"I say that, and more," replied the old man, undaunted, a very demon of obstinacy having now taken possession of his breast. "I feel even bold enough to suggest to her the advisability of an immediate marriage with you, as a means of crushing in the bud the scandal that is sure to arise out of her imprudence."

"Go, Vera; leave the room," says Sea-"Why should she go? It seems to me "The master wishes to see you, Miss you give her bad advice," says Mr. Dypression of malignant amusement in the a satirically friendly glance. "Let her marriage with her."

> If he had been so foolishly bligd as to hope by this bold move to force Vera almost powerless to suppress. "Were she to come to me this moment and lay fuse to listen to her."

Vera, for the first time since her enrance, lifts her head to look at him. Was he thinking of Miss Butler? Was he true at last to her? A little bitter

smile curls her lip.
"I thank you," she says, with a slight inclination of her head toward her cousin. and with a swift step leaves the room.

CHAPTER XIII. Four long days have crept languidly into the past, four of the dullest days Griselda Dysart has ever yet endured, as she is compelled to acknowledge even to herself. Slowly, with aimless steps, she rises and flings aside the moldy volume she had found in one of the rooms below. and which she has been making a fruitless effort to read, and looks out upon the sunless pleasure-ground beneath her window. She becomes suddenly aware of an unfamiliar figure that, kneeling on the grass before one of the beds, seems to be weeding away for its dear life. It is certainly the new gardener. Poor

creature, whoever he is, what could have induced him to come here? Uncle Gregory had evidently found no difficulty replacing his former employe. Had he secured this new gardener on the old poor terms? Unhappy creature! poverty indeed must have been his guest before he and his clothes came to such a sorry pass! At this moment the "unhappy creature" lifts his head, turns it deliber ately toward her, and-she finds herself face to face with Tom Peyton!

A little sharp cry breaks from her; she stifles it, but turns very pale. "You! you!" she says. "Don't look like that!" he says, in

low tone, but sharply. "Would you be tray me? Remember, it was my only chance of getting near you. Don't faint I mean, or do anything like that." "Oh, how could you do such a thing?" says she, in a trembling voice, "And-

and how strange you look, and what

dreadful clothes you have on!" "Well, I gave a good deal for them," says he, casting an eloquent glance at his trousers: "more-four times more-than I ever yet gave for a suit. I'm sorry you don't approve of them; but for myself, I think them becoming, and positively glory in them; I would rather have them than any clothes I've ever yet had, and I think them right down cheap. It's rather a sell if you don't think they suit

my style of beauty." He is disgracefully unalive to the hor ror of his position. He is even elated by it, and is plainly on the point of bubbling over with laughter. Given an opportunity indeed, and it is certain he will give mirth away; Griselda, however, declines to help him to this opportunity.

"It's horrid of you-I don't know how you can laugh," says she, beginning to "I can't bear to see you dressed like that, just like a common man"

"Well-I think you're a little unkind." says he, regarding her reproachfully, "1 did think you would be glad to see me. I thought, I fancied-I suppose I was wrong-that when we parted on that last "Well, that was all true," says Gri-

selda, sobbingly. "Then what are you crying about?"

"I am unhappy that because of me you must be made so uncomfortable." "If that's all," says he, beaming afresh,

"it's nothing. I'm not a scrap uncom-fortable. It strikes me as being a sort of a lark-h'm-a joke, I mean. I feel as jolly as a sand soy, and," with a tender, earnest glance, "far jollier, because I can now see you.'

"But how long is it to last?" says she nervously. "It can't go on like this forever, and Seaton comes down here some times, and he knows you." "I dare say I shall manage to avoid

him. Though I have often thought lately that it would be a good thing to take him into our confidence." "Oh, no, no indeed," cries she; "he might tell his father, and then all would

be up with us." 'Well, there's my sister, Gracie-she's very good-natured woman, and clever, too. If I were to tell her all, she would tell Seaton, and between them they might manage something. There's a step! Go away, and try to see me to-morro if you can.'

They have barely time to separate be fore the gaunt figure of Grunch is seen

CHAPTER XIV. To-day is wet; a soaking, steady downpour that commenced at early dawn is still rendering miserable the shrubbery and gardens,

Vera, depressed by the melancholy of the day, has cast her book aside, and, Oh! come and see the fairies' work! with a certainty of meeting nobody in the empty rooms and corridors, wanders And while we slept a carpet spread and breadth. These rooms are well A covering for the bare, brown earth, known to her, and presently wearying of To shield it from the storm, them she turns aside and rather timidly And pinned the edges down secure pushes open a huge, faded, baize-covered To keep the daisies warm. door that leads she scarcely knows whith- Then hung their sparkling jewels rare er. She pushes it back and looks eagerly inward.

It is not an apartment, after all. long, low, vaulted passage reveals itself, only dimly lighted by a painted window at the lower end. It appears to be a completely bare passage, leading nowhere; but presently, as she runs her eyes along the eastern wall, a door meets them, an old oaken door, iron-clasped and literally hung with cobwebs.

Curiosity grows strong within her. Catching the ancient handle of this door, a mere brass ring sunk in the woodwork, she pushes against it with all her might. In vain. But not deterred, she pushes again and again; and at the last trial of her strength a sharp sound-a ring of something brazen falling on a stone floor -crashes with a quick, altogether astounding noise upon the tomblike silence that fills the mysterious passage. At the same moment the door gives

way, and she, unexpectedly yielding with it, steps hurriedly forward into a dark and grewsome hole. The poverty of the light has perhaps

dimmed her sight, because after a little while a shadow on the opposite wall, that resolves itself into an opening, becomes known to her. It is not a door, rather a heavy hempen curtain, and now, resolutely determined to go through with her adventure, she advances toward it, pulls it aside, and finds herself face to face with Gregory Dysart!
He is on his knees, next that peculiar cabinet described in an earlier chapter. and as he lifts his head upon her en-

trance, a murderous glare, as of one hunted, desperate, comes into his curious The side of the cabinet is lying wide open, and, as he involuntarily moves, the chink of golden coins falling one upon another alone breaks the loud silence that oppresses the atmosphere. In his hand

"I-I am sorry," murmurs Vera, terrified; "I did not know; I--" "What brought you here, girl-here

he is holding an old and yellow parch-

where I believed myself safe? Go, gothere is nothing-nothing. I tell youthey lied to you if they told you anything-go, I say!" He has entirely lost his self-possession. and is still kneeling on the floor, now

hugging, now trying to hide beneath him the paper he holds with his sinewy, nerbeside himself. He is in a perfect fren- gives a graphic description of how a zy; all dignity is gone; to the girl standing trembling there it is a loathsome sight to see this old man on the brink of the grave thus crouching, abased, dishon-

"I am going," she says, faintly. horrible fright, cringing thus upon the (To be continued.)

Mutually Surprised.

ting rich. Anything that would float was at a the police interfered.

most popular pattern.

plied by the wheezy sawmill, but went it; but in the meantime the man had in for whipsawing on their own ac- two offers-one was a certified check count. One man stands on top of the for \$600 and the other \$400 cash, and, log, and the other below, and the saw knowing nothing about checks, he sold is then pushed up and down along a for the cash, whereupon the man with chaik mark.

his place in the pit, disappeared. The owner will make a fair profit. sawing proceeded until the uppermost "pardner," all unconscious that he was working with an entire stranger, bethought him of a device to rest. Making some ordinary explanation, he got down from the log and quickly hired an Indian to take his place at the saw. The "pardners" were mutually surprised to meet each other shortly after-

ward in an adjacent saloon. A Certain Way. toadstools, little boy?"

"Easy! If de guy dat eats 'em toadstools."





They surely came last night, Of pure and spotless white

On every rock and ledge



And heaped their pearly treasures high On fences, trees and hedge. With cunning, skillful touch they've

O'er all the window panes Quaint scenes from their bright fairy land



And here are dainty pictures, too, Of birds and trees and flowers. And glens with silvery rivulet. And ivy-grown old towers. low out beneath the hemlock boughs The fairies, in high glee,

Are hiding, I am very sure, Come, let us go and see. Good Investment. A boy of 17, living not far from Montreal, in a private letter to a friend yous fingers. "Go, go, go!" he shrieks, of the editors of the Woman's Journal,

whale strayed into the river. He says: My Dear Aunt Belle: * * There has been quite an excitement up here for the last week. A forty-foot whale managed to make his way up the St. is ghastly pale; the sight of him in his Lawrence River as far as here, and had been careering around for a few ground, has so unnerved her that she ac- days. All the sportsmen went out to tually grasps at the curtain for support. hunt him with rifles, shot guns, and all kinds of weapons, without any apparent damage to him; but two or There must have been about four three fellows got bullets in different hundred people at Lake Bennett, writes parts of their bodies. One fellow went Mr. Secretan, in his entertaining book, out with a muzzle-loading shot gun. "To Klondyke and Back," making four rammed it with powder, put in a lot of hundred different varieties of death- bullets, and pulled the trigger; and came to hand during one of his autumndealing conveyances, for each had to when he woke he found himself on a construct his own boat for descending cot in the hospital, with his face all to the Yukon River. The owner of a done up in cotton. The doctor informlittle wheezy, portable sawmill, which ed him that he would be able to take names of their estates. Thus Mr. and was puffing away day and night, tear- the bandages off in a month, but his ing spruce logs to pieces for one hun- face would be powder-marked all his dred dollars a thousand feet, was get- life. Another got a shy in his leg, and one other a bullet in his arm. Then

premium. Once in a while you would All went well with the whale until not often. As a general rule, the soap- floating belly up in shallow water, full box and coffin combination was the of holes. He towed him to land and made the fact known that he had cap-Some men could not wait to be sup- tured the whale. People flocked to see the \$400 who had bought the whale A story is told of two "pardners" quickly sold it to the other for \$600. who commenced whipsawing. After Now there is a tent over the whale's working a while, till his tired muscles body, and tickets are sold at 10 cents almost refused duty, the lower one ex- a peep. He made \$27 Friday and \$100 cused himself for a moment, and hav- Saturday, and people are mad to see ing hired the first man he met to take him, so that it is expected that the

Appearances Sometimes Deceive. The old saying that "all is not gold that glitters" does not apply to the precious metal alone. A good many things are not what they seem to be. And although in their present form they may be straight, honest goods through and through, without any deception whatsoever, you cannot tell from their appearance what they were in some previous stage of existence. "How can you tell mushrooms from Take tissue paper for instance. There are few things finer and softer and more delicate than that, yet what do alive next day deys mushrooms. If you suppose it is made of? The ends he's shifted off de mortal coil den deys of old ropes. If any boy upon reading this article resolves to straightway go | children is a flat failure.

into the business of collecting rope ends for a paper factory, let him not discriminate against any piece because of its soiled condition. The dirtier and placker it is, the better the quality of paper it will produce. Indeed, if you can get any old scraps that have been used in coal pits or yards until they are saturated with coal dust and grimy particles and sticky with tar-the more tar the better-you will be fortunate, for it is from such material that the very finest grade of tissue paper is made. So sheer and fleecy is this quality of tissue that a ream of 144 sheets will tip the scales at only two and one-half pounds, and this weight includes the wrapping and string in which it is inclosed for shipment. This tarred-rope paper is very tenacious, numerous tests having demonstrated that a sheet of it twisted ropewise would easily sustain a weight of 100 pounds. It is used principally in potteries, being superior to any other substance for transferring the patterns of earthenware.

Torne Mountain Legend. There is a Washington legend connected with Torne Mountain in Ramapo County, New Jersey, says the New York Tribune. Half way up the mountain there is a deep cleft in the rocks. at the bottom of which is a spring. From some hidden point water falls into the spring with a steady drop-

ping not unlike the ticking of a watch. "Listen and you will hear George Washington's watch," say the old settlers. "He dropped it into the spring when he came up the mountain to watch the British leave New York." "Tick-tick-tick-tick" is the sound

which comes out of the rocks. "It is going yet," says the guide. 'Must have been a good watch, don't you think so?"

IS GALLANTRY LANGUISHING?

Observations on the Decline of Street Car Manners in the South. It cannot be concealed that there is

growing tendency, even in the South, where masculine gallantry has held out longest, on the part of men to let women in the street cars shift for themselves. It has not come to that point yet, but the movement is growing in that direction. It is a fact that men are rapidly fail-

ing in the courtesy which was once uniformly shown to women, and the realitical, and physical, and are declaring more and more their independence. The effect on the next generation will be very marked and peculiar. The men and women of the present are affected to an overpowering extent by the influence of old ideas and training, and that is the reason they talk about street-car manners and social ethics in their relations to the sexes; but in the year 1935, just thirty-three years or the period of one generation from the present time, people will no longer concern themselves about such manners.

The greater the number of women at work in proportion to the men, the more stringent the competition, and it can easily be seen that, according to the figures shown, the day might come when there would be no street-car manners, but every individual would look out for himself or herself, as the case. may be. But even should chivalry be extinguished from human manners. there will always remain the Christian grace of charity; so, in the time to come, able-bodled young men and women who have seats in the cars will rise to give their places to old men and women, and to others who may be sick or disabled.-New Orleans Picayune.

A Brilliant Advocate. The late Sir Frank Lockwood, one of the most brilliant advocates of the English bar, was famed alike for his witticisms and his professional acuteness. An instance of his ready wit which the Manchester Gardian gives,

al visits to Scotland. It is a custom with Scottish territorial magnates to be known by the Mrs. Cameron, of Lochiel, the immediate predecessors of Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood at a social function, were announced as Lochlel and Mrs. Cam-

The wily Yorkshireman promptly see something resembling a boat, but Thursday, when a poor man found him gave in his own name and his wife's, soil or local conditions is not a correct as 26 Lennox Garden and Mrs. Lock-

wood. Touching a remark as to the extraordinary duliness of certain men who greatest quantity of nitrogen from the have occupied the judicial bench, Sir air when they have reached maturity. Frank Lockwood related in the following words an instance within his own cowpeas and velvet bean has a value experience.

A man had stolen a spade, and was green manure, and this is especially tried before a stupid but well-meaning the case on light, rather sandy soil, and thoroughly conscientious magistrate. He carefully looked up "Archihald's Criminal Law," to find a prece- red to the most profitable plan would dent on which he could convict and punish the man. "I can't find anything under the word

'spade,' " said he, "although I see that | vantage that would come from the man was convicted and severely pun- green manuring, under such circumished for stealing a shovel." Then looking at the culprit severely over his sides. Again, there is danger of sourspectacles, he added, "You have had a ing the soil by too much and too frevery narrow escape, but you may go quent green manuring, so that one

Quick Winks.

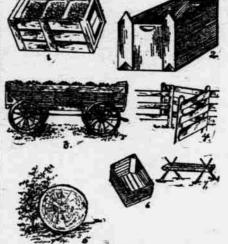
Experiments have been going on with an ingenious machine which shuts over a man's eye so that the eyelid as it winks opens and closes a chronograph. So far the quiskest wink on record is about a sixth of a second.

From the landlord's point of view the man with a large family of small



Illustrated Suggestions. The first Illustration is a Georgia peach carrier, holding six small baskets of peaches, which we re-engrave 'rom a cut in Country Gentleman. The next, No. 2, is a bushel box from the New York Tribune. Notice that the end pieces of this box are notched at the bottom and pointed at the top, so that a lot of crates may be stacked one over the other for sorting apples, potatoes, etc., in the cellar or for carrying to market. The third illustration is a wagonload of bushel crates, illustra-

tions copied from American Agriculturist. Notice the lower tier of crates, then the retaining board, which holds in position the second tier of crates placed over the first. The fourth illustration represents an opening in the fence through which people on foot can readily pass, but which cows and horses cannot get through, copied from



SUGGESTIONS ILLUSTRATED. Farm and Fireside. The fifth cut represents a new method of protecting half hardy or tender trees in winter by bending them over a log rolled close to the tree, and firmly fastened there by son, to a large extent, is that men are bundles of cornstalks thrown over the meeting women as competitors in all tree. A barrel or hogshead can be used fields of labor, and this fact vastly in place of a log, with much saving of changes the social relations between labor. Picture No. 6 shows a peculiar the sexes. Women are claiming all way of making a strong bushel crate. tensively by farmers who gather from apples, etc., placing them into these crates, then placing the crates directly into the wagon, from whence they are carried to cellar, without dumping them into wagon boxes, and shoveling them out again, as was done in old times. This cut is from American Agriculturist. The last cut is from Earm and Home and represents an easily constructed sawbuck

Beet Sugar and Cane Sugar. Dr. Wiley, who is one of the most earnest advocates of sugar beet culture in the United States, said at a farmers' meeting in Ontario that the Rhode Island Greening, Spitzenburg sugar cane growers in the tropics had a decided advantage over the sugar beet growers of the Northern States in the cost of production of sugar. If the labor of the South was as effective as that of the North and as much enterness was shown in developing the fields for cane and in other branches of the industry as must be shown on Northern farms in beet growing, the canea crop would win in the race every time. We believe this to be true, and therefore we are unable to understand why he and others so earnestly urge the growing of sugar beets here. It cannot be that the best crop has proven gives opportunity to fully wash the a profitable one to those who have been engaged in it. Few of the crops that we have seen reported have shown a yield of over \$60 worth to the acre, and the majority fall below \$40, while the manure and labor required is about half as great as that required to grow 500 bushels of potatoes, and either of these is a more certain crop on good land well cared for than are the sugar beets.-Massachusetts Ploughman.

Plowing Under Green Crops. That there is merit in green manuring, adding humus to the soil, no one will deny who has tried it on moderately heavy soils, but that it should be generally practiced without regard to principle. Most of the plants used for green manuring are leguminous in character, hence have absorbed the and, in most sections, the hay of clover, too great to warrant one in using it as where the green manuring is of the least use. Under the conditions referbe to let the crop mature and feed it for roughage, using the manure on the farm; in this way one has all the adstances, and the hay for feeding beshould know his soil thoroughly, or, better still, experiment carefully and note results, before going into green manuring too extensively.-Indianapo-

Wheat as a Hog Food. Results obtained at the Wisconsin experiment station show that there is practically no difference in the quantity of pork produced from the same weight of wheat or corn. In four trials an average of 499 pounds of ground with her blooded sister.

wheat were required to produce 100 pounds of gain in live weight. In two trials with cornmeal 498 pounds were required to produce 100 pounds of gain. When a mixture of equal parts of wheat and corn was fed, better results were obtained than when either wheat or corn was fed alone. It required 485 pounds of mixed wheat and corn. half and half, by weight to produce 100 pounds of gain in live weight.

Chicks Need Grit. The chicks will be benefited by having some kind of gritty material mixed with their first feed. Coarse sand or

egg shells dried and run through the coffee mill is probably as good as anything for this purpose. The supply houses keep in stock what is known as "chick grit," but we do not believe that it is any better than what has been above suggested. Next to the ravages of lice, bowel troubles lead to the heaviest loss of chicks, and the grit tends in a great degree to prevent such troubles If a chick is killed at the end of the first day that it has run with the hen its crop will be found to contain a considerable quantity of sand and fine gravel, and if the weather is such that the ben can be turned loose the day following that on which the brood is taken from the nest, and be allowed to select the food, the owner will generally be safe in relieving himself of any concern regarding their health The hen sees to it that the chicks get something which is not usually thought of by the owner, and that is grit.-Drovers' Journal.

Clover in the Rotation Crops. It is now generally understood that the rotation of crops is practiced so that the plant foods in the soil may be drawn upon about in equal quantities instead of using heavily of one and little of the others, as is the case when' one crop is grown several years in succession. There is another point about the rotation of crops that is not so well understood by farmers, and that is the value of using clover or some plant of a similar character as a part of the rotation crops, and simply because it returns more plant food to the soil than it takes out of it. Thus is one reason why authorities on-legumes have urged so persistently that farmers use them more freely and have shown where cowpeas, Canada field peas and the velvet bean can be used to advantage on farms where it does not seem possible to get a good stand of clover.-Indianapolis News.

Growing the Best Apples. Nurserymen report an unusual derieties of apple trees, such as Rhode Island Greening, King, etc., and those who have fruited these old favorites are encouraging the demand for them, Growers have paid much attention to the later introductions and lost sight of the good things at hand. The writer remembers buying several barrels of King apples some twenty years age in New England which were superb in quality and size, far superior to the majority of the varieties of recent introduction, and where this variety can be grown it may be safely said that it has no rival. At this season of the year the good old varieties like King, and Northern Spy bring more money than the newer sorts.-Exchange.

A Correct Cellar. A cellar can be kept as pure and dry as any other part of the house if it but have a reasonable amount of attention. Unless the ground be low, so as to make water collect in the cellar, it is not necessary, although desirable, to cement the walls and floor. Bricks set on edge and laid with tight joints form a clean and satisfactory floor. Slope the floor so that a drain will carry off any water that may collect. This cellar, for cleanliness is as necessary here as in the other rooms. Light, cleanliness and pure air make the perfect cellar, as they do the perfect liv-

Stick to One Breed. If farmers would take one good breed of fowls and carefully study their characteristics, they would make more profit than if they keep trying to originate some new breed. It sounds well to hear yourself spoken of as the originator of some new and valuable breed, but very few ever succeed in starting a variety of fowls that ever amounts to anything.

Dairy and Creamery Notes. Do not allow any person or dogs to worry the milk cows.

The neglected cow neither fills the pail nor the farmer's pocketbook. Never stop nor let the work be interrupted when milk is "coming."

Milk dry! Milking dry develops the ndder and consequently the power of giving milk. If there is any one thing that needs a dalryman's personal attention more

If there is a little milk left in the udder each time it will cause any cow to decrease in her milk flow and finally cease giving milk at all. Knowing how means much in butter

than any other, it is milking.

ter is quoted at 20 cents a pound, while another's from just as good milk, will bring only 8 cents. A cow should be milked three or four times a day if she is suffering from

making. This is why one person's but-

any disease of the udder. There should be no loud, bolsterous language permitted while doing the milking, for the cow is a nervous creature, and any uncalled for excitement affects the quantity and quality of

milk unfavorably. It is the little attentions that go to make up the successful management of dairying, and he who does not study the needs of the common cow and her environment need expect no success