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CHAPTER XIX.

Of that night's fatal work the countryside remains in complete ignorance. Of man's pale, earnest face. Mr. Dysart's sudden death it hears the following morning with a feeling of strong curiosity, but with none of regret. The funeral that takes place on the third day is small, certainly, yet, considering all things—the dead man's open hostility to his neighbors, and the dearth of hosbeen expected, and at all events select. in. Among others Lord Riversdale attended "I am sorry to disturb you," says Dyout of compiment, it was supposed, to Seaton, as he and the old man had never was so necessary that I should come, so much as seen each other's features.

But it was found impossible to conceal the existence of Sedley from the two was anxious to see you," says Vera, a girls. Peyton had undertaken to give touch of nervousness in her tone. "Ihad happened; and in truth, when all should stay here any longer. Our uncle, was told, he was almost as much at sea who was our guardian, is gone and"about it as they were, as the stranger re- she has risen to her feet and is looking

locks the secret spring.

The door falls back, the hudden shelves and their contents lie all unconcealed. Seizing upon a fast yellowing parchment, Sedley draws it out, and overcome by house." fatigue and excitement, drops upon his knees. Eagerly he opens and scans it, and then holds it out to Dysart.

"Compare that," says he, in a high tone of triumph, "with the will of your grandfather, that left all to Gregory Dysart, cutting out the elder son. Compare it, I say, and you will see that this was executed three years later than that other-that other which is now in force, and has been these twenty years."

Mechanically Dysart takes it. No word escapes him. Speech, indeed, is impossible to him, so busy is his mind trying to take in all the miserable dishonor of the story that as yet has but the bald outlines laid before him.

"No one knew of it but me," says Sedley, feverishly, yet with an undercurrent delicious excitement in the recital. "But me an! prouch. What she made out of it uo one can tell, as the old chap's gone, but she's as knowing a file in my opinion as you'd meet in a day's walk. You can see our two signatures. Eh, can't you read 'em? We witnessed it. We alone knew, and he bought us over, Well, 'twas worth a quid or two; 'tis a

fine old place.' Dysart makes no answer. He has supported himself against a table near him, and is gazing blankly, hopelessly, through the window at the dull landscape outside. He sees nothing, heeds nothing, save the voice of the man who is speaking.

'Twas felony, mind you, besides the fact of having to give up the money, and property, and all, so I knew I could turn on the screw as tight as I liked. But,' he laughs, "you see, I counted without my host. I never dreamed the old man would show fight like that. He took it hardly, my return-guess he believed me dead, and resented the breath in meand I shouldn't wonder if, after all these years, he had got to believe the place, money and everything, was legally his

Still Dysart says nothing. He has indeed withdrawn his dull eyes from the scene without, and is now staring with unseeing eyes at the parchment that tells him how the property was never his father's, but was left to his uncle, and how his father suppressed the will, and kept the property in spite of law and honor, and all things that go to give a sweet savor to man's life on earth. It had never been his father's, all this huge property, it never would be his. And if not, whose? Vera's? He starts as if shot. "Is that all?" he asks.

"Well, no. Not quite. Your face says very politely that you'd be glad to see my back, but business first, pleasure afterward." He grins. "It is as good for us to come to terms now as later. "Terms?" repeats Dysart, gazing at

"Ay, why not? D'ye think you'll get out of it scot free?" Dysart stares at him as if scarcely

comprehending. Want time to think it over like your respected parent?" with a sneer. "Not for me, my lad. We'll settle now or never. You see you're in my power, and

I'm not the one to-"Sir, I am in no man's power," says "through which my uncle and his daughter have been-been fraudulently"-he with her hands and cries as if her heart says the word with difficulty-"kept out is broken. of their property for so many years, shall be at once restored to its proper owner."

A yellow tint overspreads Sedley's face. As if entirely overcome, he sinks upon a

"You'll surrender?" he says with a gasp. "And your father's memory? How will you like to hear him branded as a common swindler, whom death alone saved from the law's grip?"

Dysart blanches. Involuntarily he puts him and clings to it as if for support. No. no, that he could not endure.

"I will give you £500 the day I see man," his words coming from him slowly. several carriages, and give her verdict mechanically, in a dull, expressionless thereon. way. "I can offer you no more."

"Double it," says Sedley, "and I'll leave the country to-morrow." "I haven't it at this moment, but I dare say I shall be able to manage it," and beating into the sodden earth such says Dysart, in the same wornout, indifferent manner. "In the meantime, while have dared to show their faces. Vera

speech with no one save Grunch."

"Well, I guess I'll chance it," says Sed-

ley after a long glance at the young

CHAPTER XX.

With the fatal will clasped in his hand, Dysart goes straight to the small morning room, where he knows he will be sure to find Vera. Twilight is beginning to fall, and already the swift herald pitality that characterized his sojourn of night is proclaiming the approach of among them—larger than might have his king. She starts slightly as he comes

> that-"I am glad you have come. I, too,

them a rather careful account of what you must know it is impossible that we mained a stranger to him. Sedley had at him in sore distress-"I have wanted determined to reveal the secret hold he to speak to you about it for a long time; had had on Mr. Dysart to Seaton, thinking the latter would make good his father's promises.

It is in the old man's private den that he does this. Going up to the old-fash- demand his assistance. "We must leave foned bureau he, by a subtle touch, un- this, and at once," says she, stammering a little, and with a slight miserable break

"You will not have to look for another home," says he; "this is your own "Oh, no!" drawing back with a haughty

gesture; "I have told you it is impossi ble. I shall certainly not stay here. "As you will," quite as haughtily. "It will be in your power for the future to reside exactly where you please, but if the fear of seeing me here is deciding you against this place, pray be satisfied or that point; I have no longer the smallest claim to consider myself master here." Warned by a change in his manner, Vera looks at him.

"Something has happened?" she says, abruptly. "Yes; something I find it difficult to explain to you."

which his father had suppressed all these years.

"But this is horrible!" she says, faint ly, when he had finished. "I won't have it!" She throws out her hands as though in renunciation. "Why should I deprive you of your home? Give me enough to live on elsewhere with Griselda, but-

"You are quick to fall into error," says he, grimly. "I have begged you already to try to grasp the situation. It is I, it appears, I who"-he hesitates, and after finding it impossible to speak of his father, goes on-"who have deprived you of your home. You must see that. I beg," slowly, "that you will not permit yourself any further foolish discussion on this subject."

He turns away abruptly. There is omething so solltary, so utterly alone in his whole air, that without giving herself time for thought she springs to her feet and calls to him.

"Where are you going? To sit alone? To brood over all this? Oh, do not. Why," going swiftly to him and standing him with downcast lips and trem bling fingers and quickened breath, "why not stay here with me for a little while and let us discuss all this together and try to see a way out of it?" 'My way is plain before me; it wants

no discussion," says Dysart, resolutely, refusing to look at her.
"You mean," tremulously, "that you will not stay?" One white hand hanging

at her side closes upon a fold of her soft black gown and crushes it convulsively. "I mean," in an uncompromising tone, that I fully understand your mistakes kindness—the sacrifice of your inclinations you would make—and decline to profit by it."

"You are disingenuous. What you really mean is," in a low tone, "that you will not forgive.

"There is nothing to forgive, save my presumption." He opens the door deliberately and

closes it with a firm hand behind him. Vera, left standing thus cavalierly in the middle of the room, with the knowledge full upon her that she has been slighted. spurned, her kind intentions ruthlessly flung back upon her, lets the quick, passionate blood rise upward, until it dyes cheek and brow. She presses her hand upon her throbbing heart, and then all at once it comes to her that she is no longer poor, forlorn, but rich, one of the rich est commoners in England. And with Dysart, calmly. "I trust I never shall this comes, too, a sense of deeper desobe. This will," striking it with his hand, lation than she has as yet known. Dropping into a chair, she covers her face

CHAPTER XXI.

Three months have come and gone. Great changes have these three months brought. They have unhoused Seaton Dysart and given his inheritance into the hands, the most unwilling hands, of his cousin. Hands too small to wield so

large a scepter. But Mr. Peyton has nobly come to he rescue. It is to him that most of the out his hand and seizes the chair next innovations owe their birth. The handsome landau, the pony trap, the single brougham, all have been bought by him. He has perfectly reveled in the choosing you on board a steamer sailing for Aus- of them, and has perforce dragged the retralia," says Dysart with dry lips and a luctant Vera up and down to town, aidheart that seems dead within him. "I ed manfully by Griselda, now his wife, am now, comparatively speaking, a poor who has also been reveling, to view the

To-day is rich in storm and rain. The beavens seem to have opened. Down from their watery home come the heavy drops, deluging the gaunt shrubberies, presumptuous anemones and daffodils as I try to get it, I shall require of you that has just ensconced herself cosily before you stay within this house and hold the leaping fire, book in hand, having resigned all hope of seeing visitors to-

day, when the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel outside the window, the echo of a resounding knock, startle her out of her contemplated repose.

And now there is a little quick rush

through the hall, a springing step up the staircase, the rustle of silken skirts in the ante-room beyond, a voice that makes Vera start eagerly to her feet, and pres-ently Mrs. Peyton, looking supremely happy, and, therefore, charming, flings

herself into her sister's arms.
"Oh, I am too glad to be surprised," says Vera, fondly.

"You're an improvident person," says
Mrs. Peyton, beaming on her from out
the masses of furs that clothe her dainty form. "Grace telegraphed for us, to help her with a dinner party that is to come off to-night; so come we did. And, being so close to you, I felt I should see you bushy tail did not even hint a wagging,

"It's selfish, I know, but I'm so glad to have you. Let me take off your furs. What a delicious coat! You hadn't that when I was down with you, eh?" "No. It's a new one. Tom gave it to me. He's absurder than ever. But I bite us." haven't braved the elements to talk

"Seaton? To come out such a day as this to talk of Seaton! But why? It must be something very serious," says

Vera, changing color perceptibly. "Vera, I cannot help regarding us—you and me as in part criminals. Poor, dear fellow, it must have been a blow to lose verything in one fell swoop. And yet what more could we have done than what we did do? To the half of our kingdom we offered him, but, as you know, he would none of us!"

"I know all that. We have discusse t a thousand times." "The face is, Seaton is leaving Eng and forever, and he has a desire, a longing he cannot subdue, and, I'm sure, a most natural one, to see his old home before

he goes."
"Well?" says Vera, coldly. "Well," in exactly the same tone, with little mockery thrown in, "that's the whole of it. He wants to get a last look at the old place before leaving it for-ever. At least, that is how he puts it. Can he come? that is the question. I really think it would be only decent if you were to drop him a line and ask him. It would be the most graceful thing, at all events.'

An hour later Griselda drives back to the Friars with the coveted note from Vera to Seaton in her hand. (To be continued.)

BREAD 1.800 YEARS OLD. Loaves that Were Being Baked When

Pompeli Was Destroyed. Sufferers from indigestion are advised to eat stale bread; the staler the

better, they are told. There is in the D. in one of the curlous to be seen at Pompell. More than eighteen centuries, there-

fore, have elapsed since it was drawn oven. So it may claim to be the oldest bread in the world. You may see a mistake, it seems." it in a glass case on the upper floor of the museum. There are several loaves of it, one still bearing the impress of the baker's name.

In shape and size they resemble the small cottage loaves of England, but not in appearance, for they are as black as charcoal, which, in fact, they closely resemble. This was not their original color, but they have become carbonized, and if eaten would probably remind one of charcoal biscuits. When new they may have weighed about a couple of pounds each, and were most likely raised with leaven, as is most of the bread in oriental countries at the present time.

The popular idea that Pompeli was destroyed by lava is a fallacious one. If a lava stream had descended upon the city the bread and everything else in the place would have been utterly destroyed. Pompeli was really buried under ashes and fine cinders, called by the Italians lapilli. On that dreadful day in August, when the great eruption of Vesuvius took place, showers of fine ashes fell first upon the doomed of fifteen and even twenty feet.

Other comestibles besides the bread were preserved, and may now be seen in the same room in the museum. There interesting is a dish of walnuts, some cracked ready for eating, others whole. | meant for him." Though carbonized, like all the other eatables, they have preserved their characteristic wrinkles and lines.

expect after all these years, the latter | terian. certainly no longer "juicy." But perhaps the most interesting relic in the room is a honeycomb, every cell of which can be distinctly made out. It is so well preserved that it is hard to realize that the comb is no longer wax, nor the honey, honey.

A piece of the comb seems to have been cut out, and one can imagine some young Pompelian having helped himself to it and sitting down to eat it, when he had to jump up and fly for his life. One cannot help wondering what became of the piece-whether the young fellow took it with him and ate it as he ran, or whether he left it on his plate, intending to return for it when the eruption was over.

Made It Herself. "Did you dream on Amy's wedding

cake?" "Mm-yes; I thought it was safer to put it under my pillow and dream on it than to eat it and have the nightmare."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

The royal crown of Persia, which dates back to remote ages, is in the form of a pot of flowers, surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hea's

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence; else who could bear it .-



When the Cap Fitted. Duke looked up from the bone he was gnawing and glared at his little there was a fierce light in his eyes, and a low growl rumbled down in his

throat. Ruth caught Marian by the arm. "Oh, let's run!" she cried. "He's going to

"No, he won't if you don't touch his about him. It is about Seaton I want bone." Marian felt ashamed of her dog, and vainly tried to think of some excuse for his conduct. "I don't know what makes him act so," she said, as the two walked on.

"Is he always as cross as he has been since I came," asked Ruth.

"He didn't use to be," returned Marian, sorrowfully. "But now he's getting crosser and crosser all the time."

They had reached the front porch by this time, and behind the woodbine stood Marian's brother Paul. His face was red with anger, and his fists were clinched. "I'm going straight to mam-ma, miss!" he exclaimed, as he saw Marian. "We'll see if she lets you talk that way!"

"What way!" asked Marian in astonishment; and Ruth thought of her own brother and felt very glad he was not as ill-tempered and unreasonable as Paul. Paul paid no attention to his sister's question, but he went into the house, slamming the door very hard. A few moments later mamma's sweet voice called, "Marian dear, I want to see you." Marian obeyed quickly. Mamma was

waiting for her in the sewing-room, and her face looked puzzled and sad. Paul sat by the window, and it was plain he had been crying. Marian looked looked from one to another in astonishment.

"How is this my daughter?" mamma began. "Paul tells me he heard you saying to Ruth that he is growing crosser and crosser all the time."

Marian stared, then broke into museum at Naples some bread which hearty laugh. "Why, mamma, we ought to be stale enough for anybody.

It was baled one day in A word 70. Still he manages to tell her all and to show her her grandfather's will—the will lt was baked one day in August, 79 growled at us, and Ruth asked me if he growled at us, and Ruth asked me if he growled at us, and while it may be admitted that always acted so cros ; and then I sai he is getting crosser all the

"Oh!" said mamma, and then she, too "all hot" and indigestible from the laughed. "Run back to your play, dear," she said, cheerily. "It was only

When Marian had left the room, mamma looked over at Paul. His cheeks were redder than before, but now i was shame that colored them instead of anger. "I just heard them talking about being cross, and I s'posed that

meant me," he explained. "It was a rather queer mistake, wasn't it?" mamma asked. And Paul made on answer.

"If your father had overheard that conversation," mamma continued, after waiting a moment for Paul to speak, "would he have thought the girls were

talking about him?" "Of course not," said Paul, indignant

"But why not?" persisted mamma. "Because he isn't ever cross, and they couldn't have meant him." Paul spoke earnestly, though be could not help smiling as he met his mother's mean

ing look. "Exactly," said mamma, nodding her head. "And it was easy for you to make the blunder, because you have been cross and ill-natured through almost all of Ruth's visit. The cap fitted city, then showers of lapilli, then more you, and you put it on without waiting ashes and more lapilli, until Pompeli to see whether it was meant for you was covered over to a depth in places or not. Uneasy consciences, my boy, make people very sensitive about what they happen to overhear.

"A boy who tries his best to do right, doesn't need to worry over what people are various kinds of grain, fruit, vege- say about him. And that sort of boy tables and even pieces of meat. Most will not be likely to think that all the unpleasant things he overhears are

Paul went back to his play a wiser boy, and let us hope a better one. He had made up his mind that when the There are figs, too, and pears, the cap fitted himself and ill-natured Duke, former rather shriveled, as one would it was time for a change.-The Presby-

> Two Little Optical Illusions. The accompanying figures show a complete little optical illusion. The top line of figure A seems longer than the top line of figure B, which seems longer than the top line of figure C, which seems longer than the top line of figure D. Yet the four top lines are all of the

THEY DECEIVE THE EYE. same length. The explanation lies in

the varying slopes of the side lines. To show how much depends on the point of view, look at this circle. Two of its sections, top and bottom, appear a good deal lighter in tint that the other two. They look, in fact, as if they were tinted gray and not black. Yet give this page a half turn so as to get the horizontal shading into a vertical

black and the black gray. The Sweetest Thing. Beneath a small window A dear little bird

Kept singing this song (And I heard every word): 'Oh, sweet are the berries, The red and the white, And sweet are the crumbs That you gave me last night: And sweet to the squirrels Are nuts in the wood! But there's nothing so sweet As a child that is good!" "Oh, jam is much sweeter!"

Said dear little Nell; "And there's treacle and honey And jelly as well. Here's a big piece of bread And some crumbs for your tes. Don't you think these are sweeter Than Maggie or me?" But Robin made answer As loud as he could,

"There's nothing so sweet

As a girl that is good."
-Illustrated Home Journal. Too Many Things to Do. "Now, dear," said a mother to her mall 4-year-old daughter, "you have chatted long enough. Hold your tongue, close your eyes and go to sleep." "Why, mamma," queried the little miss, in surprise, "how can I do three things at once?"

Wanted to See Some. Willie's father was cleaning fish for dinner when the little fellow asked; 'Papa, have fish got any sense?" "Of course they have," was the reply. "Well, please cut some out and let ne see them," said Willie.

Needn't Worry Her at All. Visitor (teasingly)-When are you go ing to get married, Elsie? Elsie (aged 5)-Oh, don't trouble yourself about it. You'll not get an invita-

An Unappreciated Ceremony. Little Mabel had attended a church christening, and upon her return home her grandmother asked what they did. "Nothing much," replied Mabel, "except wash a little kid's hair."

LONG WATCH FOR A SON.

Rev. William Miller's Door Left Un locked for Twenty-eight Years. The death of the Rev. William Miller, of Clifford, ends a long and fruitless

watch for a runaway boy. Elder William Miller, as he was known, was one of the best known Baptist preachers in Northeastern Pennsylvania. He officiated at more weddings and funerals than any other clergyman in Susquehanna County. He was 81 years old when he died.

He was strongly opposed to games of all kinds. One day twenty-eight years ago he discovered that his youngest The father gave the boy a severe scolding and finally positively forbade him ever again to play croquet. John told a companion afterward

that he would "show father a trick." That night, while the other members of the family were asleep, he ran away. The only things he took with him besides his clothes were the pictures of his mother and sister removed from the parlor album. No trace of him could be found from the time he left the house. His par-

ents were firm in their belief that he would slip into the house some night as cautiously as he had slipped out. They accordingly always left the door unlocked for him at night. When a year had passed they were

sure that he would return on the anniversary of his disappearance; and when she retired that night his mother left on the dining-room table those articles of food of which the boy had been most fond. The custom was kept up on every

anniversary of the day for five years. So certain were the parents that he would return when he had been gone five years that they planned to have a party for him, to which they invited the young people of the neighborhood. Then ten years was the time toward which they looked forward, for they

said "Johnny" will surely come home when he has been gone ten years." The fifteenth and twentieth anniversaries of the boy's disappearance were as anxiously awaited by the parents. Three years ago they counted much on the twenty-fifth year since their boy ran away, at which time they were especially sure that he would return; and the mother was ready to greet him with an abundance of the delicacies of which he once was fond.

Since the night he disappeared not a thing had been heard from the missing son. But never for on instant would the parents entertain the belief that he at least, of the hybrids from this was dead. Up to the hour of his death this week, William Miller expected his

The aged mother, now alone, has years past, in her sleepless nights, she of the profitable branches of fruit cullistens for the opening of the door ture. which for more than twenty-eight years has never been locked.

A Scarce Article. A Parisian restaurant-keeper who had the honor of entertaining a Russian grand duke felt that the opportunity was one not to be neglected.

he found a charge of twenty francs apiece, or nearly four dollars, for hothouse peaches. "What!" exclaimed the astonished nobleman. "Are hothouse peaches so scarce, then, even in midwinter?"

"No," replied the host, naively; "but

When the duke came to settle his bill

grand dukes are." Fishing for Pink Pearls. One of the most important industries of the Bahama Islands is the gathering of pink pearls. It is the only place in the world where these pearls are found. The pearls, when perfect, bring very high prices, it is said, rang-

position, and you will find the gray turn ing from \$50 to \$5,000. / Nine times out of a possible ten close inspection.



Gate for Pasture Fence. It is always desirable to have some sort of a gate in the pasture field fence, but it is not always easy to build one that is at once stock-proof and easy to operate when necessary. The arrangement as shown in the illustration is not in reality a gate, but a passageway, so placed that the stock cannot get through, but through which a person may readily pass. No explanation of the plan is needed, for it is plainly shown by the illustration. This fence may be arranged so as to provide a double gate by hinging the open portion



in the foreground so that when closed the post will come in snugly against but said that he was not so strong on the fence post, and be held in place by a wire loop dropped over both posts; then the gate in the background should also be placed on hinges, so that when ured that he would be reimbursed for closed it will lap over against the fence his expense in a single purchase of ferabout two feet, and be held in place by tilizer, for the knowledge gained would a staple and hook.

Dehorning Cows and Calves. There has always been more or less argument over the question of dehornand, in the case | beams off and fasten a couple of hooks of an adult animal, causes a shock to the nervous system, it is not at all likely that the young calf suffers more than momentary pain, and the process certainly does not injure the animal in any way. The process of preventing the growth of the horns on the young calf is to take the animal when it is three or four weeks old, and after locating the embryo horn with the finger, rub the spot for a minute or two, or until it gets quite red, with a stick of caustic potash, which may be bought stout bench or cutting box. Take two at any drug store. The potash should be moistened slightly, but not enough so that it will run, for it will take off | ened and made to the hair wherever it touches it. Wrap act on the same the end held in the hand with a cloth, principle as a pair to prevent burning the hand. The of shears. One can work is quickly done, and if thoroughly be fastened to the done, the horns will not grow. It is generally considered that the age

named—about a month—is nearer the and it is possible to do fairly good work right time than earlier, and the work | with one lay. should never be attempted with potash after the calf is six or eight weeks old or after the button has assumed much prominence.

A Promising Plum. Many plum growers are disappointed that no varieties of hybrid plums are on the market this year that originated



as yet unnamed-NEW PLUM. from Golden, one of the best of the hybrid plums. It is said that Mr. Burbank is experimenting with crosses which will produce varieties suited for the far North. Two. source, the Golden and the Wickson, have proved valuable in any section where the plum can be grown successfully, and if this list can be extended, again taken up the watch. As for plum growing will again become one

tremely promis-

Artificial Ice. Few people who are not in the busi-

ness, and some who are, have but a faint idea of the great increase in the it over the surface of the ground and manufacture and sale of artificial ice letting it lie two months during the in the decade from 1890 to 1900. The winter, the former method proved a census bureau says that in 1890 there were 222 manufactories in the United that it would be so on certain soils, and States, with a production valued at do not feel sure that it would prove so \$4,900,983 on an invested capital of on all. But we think the lesser labor \$9.846,468. In 1900 there were 786 ice of drawing out in winter, and the gain manufactories, producing \$13,839,554 by having so much work done before worth, with a capital of \$38,159,324. the spring planting begins, more than But we think this does not reduce the equals the loss where the winter mademand for the natural product of our nurs is not washed away by spring waters as do the many cold-storage plants which do not use ice, but cold air. We have not been able to find any statement of their number or increase -American Cultivator.

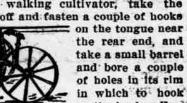
Cow Peas for the Orchard. While the usual plan of intelligent orditions—that of the shallow cultivation between the trees during the summerthere are times and certain conditions woman's indignation will not bear where the cowpeas would be of the ucts secured and the stable smells and greatest value. Take, for example, soil tastes wholly eliminated.

adly run down; here cowpeas, sown late in May or early in June, would be nore valuable to the soil than summer cultivation, for they would add muchneeded nitrogen to it and conserve the moisture in the soil quite as well as the summer cultivation. Then, if the tops were cut in the fall, early, the stubble and roots turned under and the ground sown to a cover crop, the result would be seen the following season. It is true that it might be necessary to cut the cowpeas green, in order to get in the cover crop early enough, but even then the growth during the hot weather will have done the soil an immense amount of good.

Farmers at College. A number of agricultural colleges report that many of the students taking the short winter course are men who are operating farms, many of them men who own the farms they work. This indicates that farmers are beginning to realize that they must keep up with the modern methods. It is frankly admitted that some of the more advanced methods in some lines cannot be adapted to all cases, but there is not a farmer in the country but who would give considerable if he had some knowledge of agricultural chemistry. Further, it is hardly probable that any intelligent man could attend one of the colleges for this short course and not learn enough on general lines to pay him well for the expense. One of the best fruit growers in New York State, a man who has made a comfortable sum for his work during the last dozen years, is taking the short course at Cornell College. He agreed that he knew considerable about fruit growing, agricultural chemistry as he should be and wanted more knowledge in this direction that he might know better now to use commercial fertilizers. He fig-

enable him to buy more intelligently. Two Farm Conveniences.

A handy way to carry swill is to take



in which to hook on the hooks. Fas? swill carrier. ten the barrel, and one can either push or pull to where it

is wanted. A very handy fodder cutter and corn topper can be made by using a light, old plow lays and

have them sharp-

lever and one to the bench or box. The illustration shows only one plow lay.

Winter Butter Making. Cream for churning must at all times be kept above the freezing point or there is difficulty getting the butter. For small churnings, where the milk is kept in pans, the method of a New York State prize butter maker is a good one to follow. Have a few extra pans and in each put a half pint of boiling water; then strain the milk into this pan, and so on with the other pans. These pans of milk should have the cream removed in ten or twelve hours is, however, a va- and when a churning is ready set the quantity over a boiler of hot water and stir it occasionally. Keep it over the hot water until it tests 75 or 80 degrees by the thermometer. One of the other troubles in winter butter making comes from trying to churn the product of cows that are near calving, and this is particularly hard to overcome, indeed, unless a decided change can be made in the feed given the animal it will be useless to expect anything but trouble in churning. An increase in the bran portion of the ration and the addition of some green food will likely improve

the consistency of the milk. Spreading Manure in Winter. The Agricultural Department reports that its experiments with fodder beets followed by wheat in plowing under manure as soon as spread, or spreading saver of plant food. We never doubted

thaws or rains. Sanitary Cow Stables.

As soon as the stables are cleaned sprinkle a quart of dust behind each cow, then add the absorbent, and if the owner will prevent the wet places about the stable and attend to keeping chardists is the best under normal con- the bedding dry there is no reason why the stable should not be so sanitary that the finest and best milk in the world can be made in it, the best prod-