

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

I had made up to keep quiet, but I did manage to hold my tongue. I had my eyes fixed on him, however; as he again turned to go, his eyes encountered mine, and, I thought, fell before them. In a moment we heard the door slam behind him, and Louise sank sobbing into a chair. It took all Birley's efforts and mine to calm her. I think I must have become very much engrossed with my own efforts, for when at length Louise sat composed and I turned to Birley, Birley was gone.

"You will not leave me," she said, laying her hand on mine, "till he comes back?"

That touch precipitated feeling in me, and the confession which I had not intended I should make for some time yet. Considering the highly wrought condition of the nerves of both of us, I do not think it is surprising that we should then have opened our hearts to each other.

"I wish," I said, "that I need never leave your side again."

On an impulse of shyness she tried to withdraw her hand, but I kept it and she let it stay.

"Louise," I said, "do you know what that man meant when he accused me of seeking to marry an heiress?"

"Yes," said she, with hanging head (the beautiful head), "I think I do. He said something of the same to me at Blackpool."

"And do you think," I urged, "that if I told that heiress how I loved her, how I had loved her and thought of her from the first moment I had seen her, before I guessed that she might be an heiress—do you think if I said that, it would not be because I expected she would be rich one day?"

"Oh, I do not think that at all! But," she said, smiling up with a bright, uncertain smile (which was so winning—so ravishing!) "but I am not an heiress."

"You guess, then, it is you I would say this to—that it is you I love and have ever thought of?"

She trembled violently (dear fluttered heart!) but I still held her hand.

"I did not guess," she murmured, "until he made me think of it at Blackpool. Then I understood why you had been so very good to me, and I—"

"What, Louise? What, dear?" I urged.

"Then I—I think," she faltered, "I began to—Do not make me say it!"

"To love me a little?" I asked.

"Do, do say it."

"Yes," she whispered. Her face was hid against my shoulder, and my arms were about her before she added—"but not little—very much!"

It was some moments before either of us spoke again.

"Do you think," she said at length, "it is right that we should have said these things at such a time—when we do not yet know anything certain about my dear, dear father?"

"Louise," I answered, "darling, I would, you know, save you the smallest pang of pain. But I think I ought to say at once, dear, that you must give up the hope that you have clung to, I know, in secret, that you might after all find your father alive. He does not live, I am sure now—indeed I may say I am sure now—where he lies buried, though I must not tell you more at present. All we can hope to do then, darling, is to give him a decent resting place. Then we shall go away out of this terrible region of money grubbing, of horrible toiling and moiling in smoke and steam and poisonous vapors, where the eye cannot rest upon one single spot of nature unobscured—we shall go away to a place where the people are poorer and milder, where we may see clear skies and pure water, and trees and flowers bright and wholesome. Won't that be a welcome change?—and to get away from the constant talk of 'brass.'"

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "that will be sweet. Let us go—do let us go as soon as ever all things are settled, and we have done something for our dear uncle Birley! We shall do something for him—shall we not?"

We were thus talking when "dear Uncle Birley" came in. He probably suspected the understanding we had come to, but, like a kind and discreet old gentleman as he is, he said nothing then.

"Wondered where I've been, have you? Well, lad, I've just walked down to thy lodgings to tell th' old woman she may go to bed, for thout'r to stay here the rest of this night—the last night but one, very likely, that I shall be here myself!"

A tear glistened in his eye, and a lump rose in his throat; but, after a momentary pause, he talked on, and these signs of emotion disappeared. We soon went to bed, but I think no one of the three slept much.

CHAPTER XV.

As I recall the final episodes of my story so far as they concern the arch-villain Steinhardt, I am so affected with a shuddering horror that I scarce write legibly. Yet they have such a fascination that I am drawn to the description of them, to the risk of omitting one or two matters of quieter interest, which are yet vital to my story. These I must dispose of. Wednesday and Thursday passed away, and the Friday arrived, which to think of even now makes me tremble. It was a daring experiment we were about to attempt, and so very little would make it ridiculous! I had taken partly to my confidence the big son of the landlady (a staunch Lancashire lad of the old school). With him I went through the slides of my story several times, and showed him how to manage them with effect.

The evening came and I was almost sinking under excitement. The place of entertainment was that public hall in which Freeman had delivered his famous lecture. The kind of thing was rather new in the village, and there was a crowded attendance of work people, especially of Steinhardt's own. Steinhardt, with his wife and son, sat right in front, where the reflection from the sheet fell full upon him. When the lights were turned, some out and others low, Freeman and I crept up behind the sheet, where I waited with trembling pulse and sudden creeping chills till the, to me, uninteresting part of the entertainment came to an end. The curate acted as lecturer, and explained with fluency what the views meant, or told something about the places represented. I cannot tell what it was about. At length his series of views and his lecture were finished. There was a moment's pause—to me a wild throb of anxiety—and then the bass voice of the manager of the lantern boomed forth the announcement: "A Lancashire Mystery." Without another word the first picture came upon the screen (I think). It was two men in an attitude of quarrel, surrounded by colored vapors. The second followed quickly without a word of explanation; the same two men—the one half suffocated, struggling to get out of a vat or bath of vapors, while the other, with mouth muffled, held him down. Still no word of explanation. Rapidly came the third picture—the man one lying dead and dyed before the other, and beside an open box. Awful whispers began to stir among the spectators, who were the more impressed no doubt by the silence amid which the pictures appeared. I ventured to peep at Steinhardt; he was gazing fixedly, with parted lips. The fourth picture called forth an instantaneous cry of horror; it was, perhaps, too realistic. The dead body lay stripped and quartered before the living man, who stooped over it. I fancied that at this sight I heard a low moan from the front bench, but on glancing at Steinhardt I saw him sitting as before, as if fixed as much by utter astonishment as by horror. The next picture rapidly blotted out the gruesomeness of the other; the portions of the body lay wrapped in three canvas packages, and the man stood by as if pondering. Quickly came the next; the man digging near a ruined building, with the three packages by him. "Th' owd spinning mill!" some one exclaimed aloud; I had not thought the resemblance was so recognizable. That was almost immediately succeeded by the same view of the mill, with the packages gone, the hole covered in, and the man standing as if pulling a rope which passed over the top of the wall.

"The devil!" exclaimed Steinhardt, starting suddenly to his feet. But he recollected himself, and sat down again.

At once the last picture of all flashed upon the sheet; the wall lay flat on the ground, and the man stood by with the loose rope in his hand!

Up started Steinhardt, and strode down the room, amid an ominous silence, to where the big Dick stood by his apparatus.

"Where the devil," I heard him exclaim, "did those horrible pictures come from? They were not among the lot I bought! Come, no d—d nonsense! You must tell me where you got them. Who gave them to you?"

There was now a wild hubbub of talk. Dick, I was sure, had refused to tell him anything about them. In the midst of this the lights flashed forth again, and the people began slowly to disperse, with hushed but earnest speech. Freeman and I slipped out by a side door.

I went straight to Jaques's cottage. There I found Birley. In low, anxious voices we began to discuss what would be (meaning Steinhardt) do now. Louise wished she had been there, and Birley had just said it was as well she had not, when a heavy foot rapidly approached, the latch was noisily raised, the door was dashed open, and Steinhardt stood before us.

"Soh!" he exclaimed, glaring at Birley and me, "I have found you, sneaks and cowards! You think with your fool's tricks and your pictures you will annoy me, and spoil me! Piff! You are nothing!—you are beggars!—you are dirt! I will have you, Sir Parson, arrested for making calumnious charges against me!" How in his fury had he committed himself!

"Herr Steinhardt," said I, at once, "the pictures, so far as I heard, were unaccompanied by a single word of comment, except what they drew from the people, and no one could say that the figures represented were likenesses. But your guilty, black heart has charged

you. As it says, I say: "You are the murderer of your partner, Mr. Lacroix, and his remains will now be found securely locked, whence you can't remove them, under that fallen wall!"

His jaw dropped, and his great body trembled for a moment, then as with a sudden impulse of fury he made as if he would crunch me with a bearish lung, when Birley came between us.

"Come," Manuel, none of that. As I told you, you're not yet done with law and Lancashire. You'd better go home, or go to our experiments."

"Fool!" he cried, still glaring at me. "Idiot! What scrap of proof have you of the ridiculous charge you make?"

"For one thing I have proof that Mr. Lacroix, before he went to you at the works, called here to see his old uncle."

"Soh! Has the old idiot found his tongue at last then?"

We were all amazed, Steinhardt as much as any, at the electrical effect of this upon the old man. I had casually noticed throughout the scene that he had eagerly though painfully listened. I was smitten with fright, as if I saw a dead man rise to his feet, when he now rose at once to his full towering height—a height which I could not have conceived he possessed as he reclined huddled in his chair—and, quivering with excitement, strove to give utterance. This he could not do, but with lightning gesture he pointed with outstretched arm to the door. Steinhardt stood and stared open-eyed, when he made as if he would himself compel him to go.

"Go," "Manuel; go, man!" urged Birley, holding the door open. Steinhardt went without a word, and the old man fell back in his chair—and was soon rigid in death.

CHAPTER XVI.

Birley remained that night at the cottage. When I left to return to my lodgings I was surprised, even for the moment terrified, to see lights across the stream, hovering about the spot which I knew was the temporary grave of Mr. Lacroix. In the moving lights I presently saw figures; I heard sounds, too—the sounds of a pickaxe.

"They are breaking into the grave!" I exclaimed to myself, and resolved I would go and see.

I hurriedly picked my way round to the place. About the fallen wall—the gigantic tomb-slab of Lacroix, which a brawny pickman, naked to the waist, was heaving at—there stood, in silent, stolid expectation, a crowd of thirty or forty men and lads, with two or three women with shawls over their heads. Many of the men were in the colored garb of the chemical works.

"Pick on that spot where you see the green," I called to the hewer; I had hastily come to the conclusion that since I could not hinder the operations I ought to help.

When I said this they all turned and looked at me.

"You know summat about this, do not you, parson?" asked one.

"Something," said I.

"I'm thinking, Mr. Urwin," said an old man, whom I recognized as the father of the man to whose death bed I had been summoned months before; "I'm thinking this that you've shown tonight in th' pictures is th' same business as my lad raved about."

So my connection with the pictures had been discovered.

In silence the hewer picked the bricks loose, pausing now and then to let a comrade throw the debris aside. A shovel was brought into requisition, and the earth and rubbish were thrown aside. And the old ventilating cowl overhead kept grinding stiffly and slowly about, with painful, long-drawn moans, as if it were oppressed with the spirit of the scene.

"I've struck on summat!" exclaimed the hewer, pausing abruptly and speaking in a hurried whisper.

Several hands were now tearing at the soil, and fearfully sounding it.

"I feel a clont," whispered one man, and he began to tug at it.

"Ah," I exclaimed in alarm, "you mustn't disturb them—not tonight, at least!"

"Yea, parson," said the man, "but we mun. We mun see which on it is he's done for like this. There's Jim Riley gone missing, and Job Kershaw."

(To be continued)

WANTED TO CLIMB THE GATE.

Story of Secretary Moody and Haughty Boston Woman.

They are telling a story in Washington about the new secretary of the navy. Mr. Moody was riding on one of the Boston surface cars, and was standing on the platform on the side next the gate that protected passengers from cars coming on the other track. A lady—a Boston lady—came to the door of the car, and, as it stopped, started to move toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the man standing before it.

"Other side, please, lady," said the conductor. He was ignored as only a born and bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate.

"You must get off the other side," said the conductor.

"I wish to get off on this side," came the answer, in tones that congealed the official into momentary silence. Before he could either explain or expostulate, Mr. Moody came to his assistance.

"Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked quietly. "The lady wants to climb over the gate."—New York Times.

Spread of Civilization.

The first Tagalog-English and English-Tagalog dictionary has just been completed. It is the work of Dr. Stomple of New York, who worked on the Tagalog grammar before our war with Spain.



A Short Story.

"Just a short one, Uncle Vance—a weenty, teeny, short one!" coaxed the children. And Uncle Vance laughed.

"Well, then, just a short one, chicks," he said. "Once there was a short boy who wore very short trousers indeed. He belonged to the Short family, and everybody called him 'Shorty' for short."

"He went a short distance to school, and, dear me, how fond he was of his pretty, short teacher! I expect that was because she gave him short lessons and held only short sessions of school."

"Shorty liked short things—so you see it ran in the Short family—unless it was something to eat. He didn't like short pieces of shortcake. He was very fond of shortcake. Sometimes he couldn't tell which he liked best—that or his pretty, short teacher."

"One day, a short time after this short story opens, something happened. Little Shorty missed a word in his spelling-class. He couldn't spell short. All the other short boys laughed, but Shorty cried."

"You must stay in at recess, I am afraid," the teacher said, shortly. "Short boys must study their lessons. There is no short cut to knowledge."

"Poor little Shorty! He was short-stop on the baseball nine, and they were short of substitutes. What would they do without him? There was a short shower, and then shortly it cleared off."

"I won't cry," Shorty said. "I'll learn to spell short. I guess that's the shortest way out, and it was. So the trouble was short-lived, for Shorty was so short-witted. That was not one of his shortcomings. In short, he could spell even a short word if he set about it. So in short order he was out 'short-stopping' a grounder from the Shortest Boy of All's bat. It takes a boy who is not short-winded to play baseball, you know, and Shorty could run as easily as a deer. But he was short-sighted—that was a drawback."

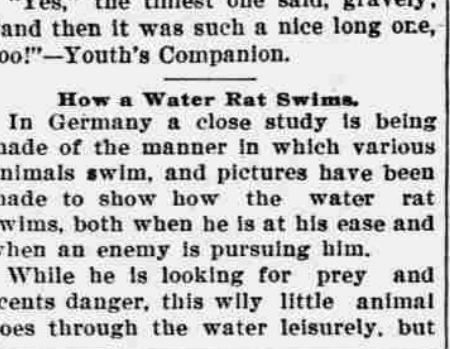
"When Shorty got home from school that night, Grandmother Short was just shortening a batch of doughnuts, and Mamma Short was giving Big Sister Short her lesson in shorthand. There was nobody to amuse him, so he decided to go upstairs and amuse the Short baby. He sang a short-meter hymn and danced a short-waisted rag dolly in short dresses up and down and round about until somebody—either he or the Short baby or the short-waisted dolly—was short of breath. And that is the end of my short story," said Uncle Vance.

The children clapped their hands with delight. The oldest child said it was a splendid "short story."

"Yes," the tiniest one said, gravely; "and then it was such a nice long one, too!"—Youth's Companion.

How a Water Rat Swims. In Germany a close study is being made of the manner in which various animals swim, and pictures have been made to show how the water rat swims, both when he is at his ease and when an enemy is pursuing him.

While he is looking for prey and scents danger, this wily little animal goes through the water leisurely, but



PERFECTLY AT HOME IN WATER.

the moment he sees or hears an enemy he changes his attitude and darts away, breasting the water at a great rate.

Moreover, it is a singular fact that not only water rats, but all other rats and mice which live near the water, are splendid swimmers and, thanks to their skill, are frequently enabled to escape from their enemies.

It was not easy to obtain good photographs of swimming water rats, but they were obtained at last.

A Young Kidd. I think I'll be a pirate, And sail the billows blue, And gayly brag of the dread black flag, With nothing else to do. A pocket full of yellow gold, Swords, guns and pistols manifold—Oh, yes! I'll be a pirate bold, And I'll find a berth for you.

We'll not be like those pirates, Preparing for a fight, Who stamp and swear to raise your hair; Of course that isn't right, We'll have no swearers in our crew, Although we'll fight for booty, too, And run our foes with our rapiers through.

When they do not die of fright, —St. Nicholas.

Delicacy of Smell. Very careful experiments have lately been made to test the delicacy of the sense of smell in human beings. A series of solutions of five different substances was prepared, each series being so arranged that every solution was of half the strength of the preceding one. These series were extended by successive dilutions till it was impossible to detect the odors. The order of the bottles containing these solutions was com-

pletely disarranged, and the test consisted in the attempt to classify them by the sense of smell alone. An equal number of male and female observers were selected from the best apothecaries' shops, and each was required to arrange the bottles. The males were able to detect the smell of the nitrate of amylin in the solution of one part to 783,000 of water, and the females were able to detect it in the solution of one part to 311,000 of water. The oil of wintergreen was detected in about the same proportion and to the same extent of dilution. There was, therefore, a very great preponderance in favor of the males as to the sensitiveness and discrimination of the sense of smell. This is certainly an astounding fact, explains the Gentleman's Magazine.

Do It Yourself. The boy who will make a success in life is not the one who is continually asking another to do his tasks for him. The boy who, as a boy, wants continued assistance, will continue to want assistance when he has reached man's estate.

He who attains success is he who has sufficient push, energy and pride to do for himself everything that he is capable of doing. It is well never to ask for assistance until such assistance is absolutely necessary.

Papa Found Out. Little Bobbie—I opened my drum the other day to see where the noise came from.

Little Ellis—Did you find out? Little Bobbie—Pa found it out—then the noise came from me.

Skin Off a Letter. One day little 3-year-old Stella's aunt received a letter and while reading it the envelope dropped to the floor. Stella picked it up and gravely said as she handed it to her: "Auntie, here's the skin off your letter."

Tommy Knew What He Was Doing. "Why did you pray so loud for a bicycle, Tommie?" asked his sister. "God isn't deaf."

"No," replied 5-year-old Tommie, "but papa can't hear very well."

WHAT TAILORS' RECORDS SHOW. It appears from them there has been a Physical Decline.

"The tailor who spends his life in taking measurements could probably tell an interesting story about the decline physically of men and women," said a man who takes a deep interest in physical culture and other processes tending to arrest deteriorating conditions. "I doubt if the measurements taken by tailors will show many perfect men and women. Too many men are wearing 14 collars and too many women are short on waist dimensions."

"I was glancing through Fourman's book a few days ago and I was struck by the dimensions agreed upon by the best and most authentic authorities for physical perfection in both men and women. Take the measurements, for instance, of the perfectly proportioned man, with a height of 6 feet 2½ inches; girth of chest, 46 inches; girth of waist, 38 inches; length of upper leg, 17½ inches; length of lower leg, 14½ inches; larger girth of thigh, 22½ inches; girth of calf, 16 inches; length of arm, 26 inches; and weight, 190 pounds. Go to the tailor and ask him how many men come up to this standard. I imagine that one would spend much time before finding the perfect physical condition in conjunction in a single man."

"The fact of the business is that these proportions are the result of idealistic theorizing. A man would be perfect, indeed, physically, who could even show a reasonable approximation of this standard. Our tailors' records would probably disappoint us badly, and we would likely become confirmed believers in the doctrine of physical degeneracy in so far as members of our sex are concerned."

"Man has been dwindling somewhat even in the range of one's own memory. One need not go to the tailor's nor to the vast wealth of statistics which have been compiled by persons who take a peculiar interest in man's physical aspect. One is conscious of being smaller than one's father, and less robust, and lacking in that hardness of temperament found in the sire and grand sire. Yet the tailor's record will probably show a few isolated instances where men have preserved the proportions in the physical measurements of the perfect man."

"And this, after all," continued the advocate of physical culture, according to the New Orleans Times-Herald, "is the goal toward which physical culture is drifting. It is not so much a question of larger men in stature, but rather a question of men more perfectly balanced physically—men whose parts will approximate at least the equilibrium found in the perfect measurements of the physical culture doctrinaire. If one must weigh 190 pounds, and stand up to a height of over six feet, one may as well give up on the start. But one may at least approximate the ideal proportions, and this is what physical culture proposes to do."

The First Motor-Car. A great deal has been written lately about the motor-cars of 1830 to 1840, and they seem to have been quite formidable machines. Most of them were the inventions of Englishmen, but an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon has discovered that long before the first English motor-car was so cruelly suppressed by a horse-loving government the first consul recommended to the attention of his academy the invention of a Frenchman named Aignot, who boasted that he could make a carriage go by steam. The vehicle, however, was not a great success, and the man would have died in poverty if he had not received a pension of one thousand francs from the government.



FARMERS' CORNER.

Remedy for Scaly Leg. The disease, scaly leg, is well known to all who keep poultry, and while it is considered that the presence of this trouble does not affect the health of the fowl, it is an objectionable trouble and ought to be removed. There is good reason to believe that the comfort if not the health of the fowl is affected, for the scaly leg is due to a parasite and the working of the mite must be more or less annoying to the birds.

The illustration shows how the scaly leg looks, and it will be seen that it differs from the other leg trouble known as tuberculosis. The penetrating of the mites beneath the scales causes them to protrude so that to reach the mites and remove the cause of the trouble the scales must be removed. Soak the legs in warm, soapy water until the scales are softened somewhat, then remove them with a

dull knife. If bleeding results, soak the legs a little while longer. Prepare an ointment of two drachms of balsam of Peru, mixed with two ounces of vaseline and apply this after the scales have been removed. The ointment should be applied by spreading it on a cloth and bandaging the legs of the fowls. Renew every two days until a cure is effected.

Pure Bred Cattle in Iowa. Iowa not only has the reputation of being the greatest agricultural State in the Union, but that it leads as well in the production of fine cattle. In the breeding of shorthorns it stands first, and the sale of these cattle clearly shows that the business is on a good paying basis. The average of the sales of Iowa shorthorns the last year has been from \$200 to \$725 a head, with the majority of sales ranging from \$300 to \$500 a head. The breeders of Hereford cattle in Iowa enjoy a good healthy trade in their favorites, breeding about one-tenth of all the Hereford cattle in the United States, and represented by over three hundred breeders, two hundred of whom are members of the association. Thus Iowa stands fourth in the production and sale of Hereford cattle, and the prices obtained at the public sales averaged from \$200 to \$300 a head. Although there are ten times as many shorthorns in the United States, and three times as many Herefords as Aberdeen-Angus, yet the farmers and breeders of Iowa are reaching out for the latter kind, and Iowa stands first in the breeding of Angus cattle, having nearly three hundred breeders raising one-third of all the Angus cattle in the United States, showing a growth and increase within the State of 800 per cent in the last ten years.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Watch the Hogs Carefully. A hog that does not care for its corn is an object of suspicion. It should at once be separated from the herd. Both the sick pig and the herd, which are as yet apparently well, should be thoroughly disinfected—themselves and their yards, nests and feeding troughs—and put on a laxative, cooling diet. On a failure of the off-its-feed pig to recover at once, or the appearance of further disorders in the herd, resort immediately to stringent measures to cure hog cholera—for the chances are that your herd has this fatal disease.

We are convinced that every farm on which swine are kept should be provided with a dipping tank for swine, in order to keep the stock free from lice and skin disease by an occasional dipping, and especially to disinfect the hogs in case of a threatened outbreak of cholera. The dipping tank is a comparatively cheap appliance.—Nebraska Farmer.

Thin Hind Sow. Won first premium at Kentucky State Fair in 1897; also sweepstakes premium in aged herd at Natchez, Miss., 1897-1898. Property of James S. Kiger, Maplebrook Farm, Charlottesville, Ind.

High Quality Strawberry. For large berries of high quality Marshall, William Belt and Sample are valuable, but for market berries, where quality is desired, Excelsior for early, followed by Warfield, Haverland, Clyde, Sample, William Belt and Burbach, will, with good culture, give desirable results. Some of the newer sorts are promising, but need further trial. Senator Dunlap, Rough Rider, Empress and Parson's Beauty are all berries of much promise, but every grower should carefully select such varieties as are suited to his methods of culture and environment.—Michigan Station Bulletin.

Trimming the Trees. No farmer should intrust the trimming of his trees to an inexperienced person. More harm is done by "tree butchers" than by leaving the trees un-

touched. To saw off limbs, right and left, without regard to the nature of the tree or its symmetry, and to simply cut away limbs that are in the way, should not be practiced. The trimming or pruning of a tree requires skill and judgment.

Don't Use Milk Preservatives. Several so-called milk preservatives are being offered this year that were not on the market a year ago, and the claim is made for at least one of them that it will not in any way injure the milk. It would seem almost unnecessary to advise farmers to avoid these preservatives, for the use of them will mean trouble. The local board of health in nearly every town in the country sufficiently large to have such a body of men, backed by the law, will make more trouble this year than ever before. Formalin and other chemicals used for the preservation of milk are very injurious to health, and laws against the use of them are rigorously enforced. Unfortunately, the farmer cannot control the milk after it leaves his hands, but as many farmers deliver the product of their dairies direct to the consumer this warning is meant for them. The writer has personal knowledge that the utmost precautions are being taken in many States, and there is no way of fooling these authorities. In some sections the law has been changed so that a term of imprisonment has been added to the heavy fine that was imposed a year ago. In other sections fine and imprisonment takes the place of fine or imprisonment.

Destroying the Weeds. One of the best methods of reducing the labor required in the destruction of weeds is to destroy them when they are just appearing above the ground. For a large field the weeder is the best implement, but for a garden there is no tool superior to the old time garden rake. If the surface of the soil is given a good raking after each rain there will be no weeds, as the rake keeps the top soil loose. A rake allows of performing considerable work between rows compared with using a hoe, and when the weeds are high enough to demand hoeing the work is more difficult and tedious. The principal injury done by weeds is that they rob the growing crop of moisture and plant foods. Weeds are gross feeders and they soon take possession of the soil. The rake will keep them down with the least labor and expense.

Good Wagon Jack. My Wagon Jack is made entirely of oak, except the pins and brace, which are of iron. The brace is of ½-inch round iron, flattened at ends and bent at an angle to fit the upright pieces, a and b. The upright, a, is 2x4x23 inches; base, b, is 2x4x18 inches; lever, c, is 1x4x40 inches, while the latch, d, is 1x1½x14 inches.

The iron brace is of ½-inch round iron and 18 inches long. The cut shows itself as to how it is made.—C. E. Likens, in Iowa Homestead.

Passing of the Public Range. According to a telegram from Helena, Mont., the cattlemen of the Northwest are buying land rapidly and settling down with their herds. They have begun to realize that the public range will soon be a thing of the past, and that the man who would continue in the business of raising cattle must have land of his own upon which to graze them. This is an encouraging feature of the live stock industry, for it means more cattle on the same number of acres and better cattle than have been produced by the ranges. At the same time it makes the cattlemen independent and no longer at the mercy of the seasons, compelled to move hither and thither with his herds in order to find sustenance for them.

Infertility of Eggs. One of the best plans of avoiding infertility of eggs, if it be really due to the forcing of eggs during the winter, is to have a number of selected fowls that are kept solely for the purpose of supplying the eggs that are to be hatched. While this plan would entail considerable labor and a separate pen, it would also enable poultry-raisers to utilize the valuable two and three-year-old hens that are not equal to the task of heavy winter laying.

It is advocated by some authorities that more heavy grain and less in the way of mash be fed to laying hens, the claim being that the vitality of the bird can be kept up longer by this method.

The Mare at Foaling Time. Much of the success that should attend horse-breeding depends upon the care and attention bestowed upon the mare toward and at foaling time, as then not only are her own health and safety at stake, but the welfare of her progeny is also a matter for serious consideration. It is therefore necessary that extra precautions be adopted in order that mare and foal may pass through this critical period in the most satisfactory manner.—Prof. George Fleming.

The Stable Floor. Undoubtedly the most convenient floor of a stable is of cement. The ideal floor is made of cement, with movable plank floors for the stalls. In localities where the soil is of a clayey nature the natural soil will make a very satisfactory floor if the stalls are floored with plank and plank gutters are provided for the manure. Such a floor makes an excellent temporary arrangement, and cement can be purchased and laid as time and funds will permit.