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A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

Sherlock Holmes seemed delighted at the idea of sharing rooms with me.

"I have my eye on a suite in Baker street," he said, "which would suit us down to the ground. You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco, I hope?"

"I always smoke 'ship's' myself," I answered.

"That's good enough. I generally have chemicals about, and occasionally do experiments. Would that annoy you?"

"By no means."

"Let me see—what are my other shortcomings I get in the dumps at times, and don't open my mouth for days on end. You must not think I am sulky when I do that. Just let me alone and I'll soon be all right. What have you to confess now? It's just as well for two fellows to know the worst of each other before they begin to live together."

I laughed at this cross examination.

"I keep a bullpup," I said, "and object to rows, because my nerves are shaken, and I get up at all sorts of ungodly hours, and I am extremely lazy. I have another set of vices when I am well, but those are the principal ones at present."

"Do you include violin playing in your category of rows?" he asked, anxiously.

"It depends on the player," I answered. "A well played violin is a treat for the gods; a badly played one—"

"Oh, that's all right," he cried with a merry laugh. "I think we may consider the thing as settled—that is, if the rooms are agreeable to you."

"When shall we see them?"

"Call for me here at noon, tomorrow, and we'll go together and settle everything," he answered.

"All right—noon exactly," said I, shaking his hand.

We left him working among his chemicals, and we walked together toward my hotel.

"By the way," I asked suddenly, "how the deuce did he know that I had come from Afghanistan?"

My companion smiled an enigmatical smile.

"That's just his little peculiarity," he said. "A good many people have wanted to know how he finds things out."

"Oh, a mystery, is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very piquant. I am much obliged to you for bringing us together. 'The proper study of mankind is man,' you know."

"You must study him then," Stamford said, as he bid me good-by. "You'll find him a knotty problem, though. I'll wager he learns more about you than you about him. Good-by."

"Good-by," I anwsered; and strolled on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

We met next day, as he had arranged, and inspected his rooms at No. 221B Baker street, of which he had spoken at our meeting.

They consisted of a couple of comfortable bedrooms and a single, large, airy sitting room, cheerfully furnished, and illuminated by two broad windows.

So desirable in every way were the apartments, and so moderate did the terms seem when divided between us that the bargain was concluded upon the spot, and we at once entered into possession.

That very evening I moved my things round from the hotel, and on the following morning Sherlock Holmes followed me with several boxes and portmanteaus.

For a day or two we were busily employed in unpacking and laying out our property to the best advantage. That done, we gradually began to settle down and to accommodate ourselves to our new surroundings.

Holmes was certainly not a difficult man to live with. He was quiet in his ways, and his habits were regular.

It was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably breakfasted and gone out before I rose in the morning.

Sometimes he spent his day at the chemical laboratory, sometimes in the dissecting rooms, and occasionally in long walks, which appeared to take him into the lowest portions of the city. Nothing could exceed his energy when the working fit was upon him; but now and again a reaction would seize him, and for days on end he would lie upon the sofa in the sitting room, hardly uttering a word or moving a muscle from morning to night.

On these occasions I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes, that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic, had not the temperance and cleanliness of his whole life forbidden such a notion.

As the weeks went by, my interest in him and my curiosity as to his aims in life gradually deepened and increased.

His very person and appearance were such as to strike the attention of the most casual observer. In height he was rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller.

His eyes were sharp and piercing, save during those intervals of torpor to which I have alluded; and his thin, hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision.

His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of determination.

His hands were invariably blotted with ink and stained with chemicals, yet he was possessed of extraordinary delicacy of touch, as I frequently had occasion to observe when I watched him manipulating his fragil philosophical instruments.

The reader may set me down as a hopeless busybody, when I confess how much this man stimulated my curiosity, and how often I endeavored to break through the reticence which he showed in all that concerned himself.

Before pronouncing judgment, however, be it remembered how objectless was my life and how little there was to engage my attention.

My health forbid me from venturing out unless the weather was exceptionally genial, and I had no friends who would call upon me and break the monotony of my daily existence.

Under these circumstances, I eagerly hailed the little mystery which hung around my companion, and spent much of my time in endeavoring to unravel it.

He was not studying medicine. He had himself, in reply to a question, confirmed Stamford's opinion upon that point.

Neither did he appear to have pursued any course of reading which might fit him for a degree in science or any other recognized portal which would give him an entrance into the learned world.

Yet his zeal for certain studies was remarkable, and within eccentric limits his knowledge was so extraordinarily ample and minute that his observations have fairly astounded me.

Surely no man would work so hard to attain such precise information unless he had some definite end in view. Desultory readers are seldom remarkable for the exactness of their learning.

No man burdens his mind with small matters unless he has some very good reason for doing so.

His ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge. Of contemporary literature, philosophy and politics he appeared to know next to nothing.

Upon my quoting Thomas Carlyle, he inquired in the naivest way who he might be and what he had done. My surprise reached a climax, however, when I found incidentally that he was ignorant of the Copernican theory, and of the composition of the solar system.

That any civilized human being in this nineteenth century should not be aware that the earth traveled round the sun appeared to me such an extraordinary fact that I could hardly realize it.

"You appear to be astonished," he said, smiling at my expression of surprise. "Now that I do know it, I shall do my best to forget it."

"To forget it!"

"You see," he explained, "I consider that a man's brain originally is like a little empty attic and you have to stock it with such furniture as you choose. A fool takes in all the lumber of every sort that he comes across, so that the knowledge which might be useful to him gets crowded out, or at best is jumbled up with a lot of other things, so that he has a difficulty in laying his hands upon it. Now, the skillful workman is very careful indeed as to what he takes into his brain attic. He will have nothing but the tools which may help him in doing his work, but of these he has a large assortment, and all in the most perfect order. It is a mistake to think that that little room has elastic walls and can distend to any extent. Depend upon it, there comes a time when for every addition to knowledge you forget something that you knew before. It is of the highest importance, therefore, not to have useless facts elbowing out the useful ones."

"But the solar system!" I protested.

"What the deuce is it to me?" he interrupted, impatiently; "you say that we go round the sun. If we went round the moon it would not make a pennyworth of difference to me or to my work."

I was on the point of asking him what that work might be, but something in his manner showed me that the question would be an unwelcome one.

I pondered over our short conversation, however, and endeavored to draw my deductions from it. He said that he would acquire no knowledge which did not bear upon his object. Therefore, all the knowledge which he possessed was such as would be useful to him.

I enumerated in my own mind all the various points upon which he had shown me that he was exceptionally well informed. I even took pencil and jotted them down.

I could not help smiling at the document when I had completed it. It ran in this way:

SHERLOCK HOLMES—His Limits.

1. Knowledge of literature—Nil.
2. Knowledge of philosophy—Nil.
3. Knowledge of Astronomy—Nil.
4. Knowledge of Politics—Feeble.
5. Knowledge of botany—Variable. Well up in bella donna, opium and poisons generally. Knows nothing of practical gardening.
6. Knowledge of geology—Practical, but limited. Tells at a glance different soils from each other. After walks has shown me splashes upon his trousers, and told me by their color and consistence in what part of London he had received them.
7. Knowledge of chemistry—Profound.
8. Knowledge of anatomy—Accurate, but unsystematic.
9. Knowledge of sensational literature—Immense. He appears to know every detail of horror perpetrated in the century.
10. Plays the violin well.
11. Is an expert single stick player, boxer and swordsman.
12. Has a good practical knowledge of British law.

When I had got so far in my list I threw it into the fire in despair.

"If I cannot find what the fellow is driving at by reconciling all these accomplishments and discovering a calling which needs them all, I said to myself, "I may as well give up the attempt at once."

I see that I have alluded above to his powers upon the violin. These were very remarkable, but as eccentric as all his other accomplishments.

That he could play pieces, and difficult pieces, I knew well, because at my request he had played me some of Mendelssohn's "Lieder," and other favorites.

When left to himself, however, he would seldom produce any music or attempt any recognized air.

Leaning back in his armchair of an evening he would close his eyes and scrape carelessly at the fiddle, which was thrown across his knee. Sometimes the chords were sonorous and melancholy. Occassionally they were fantastic and cheerful.

Clearly they reflected the thoughts which possessed him, but whether the music aided these thoughts, or whether the playing was simply the result of a whim or fancy, was more than I could determine.

I might have rebelled against these exasperating solos had it not been that he usually terminated them by playing in quick succession a whole series of my favorite airs as a slight compensation for the trial upon my patience.

During the first week or so we had no callers, and I had begun to think that my companion was as friendless a man as myself.

Presently, however, I found that he had many acquaintances, and those in the most different classes of society. There was one little sallow, rat-faced, dark-eyed fellow who was introduced to me as Mr. Lestrade, and who came three or four times in a single week.

One morning a young girl called, fashionably dressed, and stayed for half an hour or more. The same afternoon brought a gray-headed, seedy visitor, looking like a Jew peddler, and who appeared to be much excited, and who was closely followed by a slipshod elderly woman.

On another occasion an old white-haired gentleman had an interview with my companion; and on another a railway porter in his velveteen uniform. When any of these nondescript individuals put in an appearance Sherlock Holmes used to beg for the use of the sitting room, and I would retire to my bedroom. He always apologized to me for putting me to this inconvenience.

"I have to use this room as a place of business," he said, "and these people are my clients."

Again I had an opportunity of asking him a point blank question, and again my delicacy prevented me from forcing another man to confide in me.

I imagined at the time that he had some strong reason for not alluding to it, but he soon dispelled the idea by coming round to the subject of his own accord.

It was upon the 4th of March, as I have good reason to remember, that I rose somewhat earlier than usual, and found that Sherlock Holmes had not yet finished his breakfast.

The landlady had become so accustomed to my late habits that my place had not been laid nor my coffee prepared.

With the unreasonable petulance of mankind I rang the bell and gave a curt intimation that I was ready.

Then I picked up a magazine from the table and attempted to while away the time with it, while my companion munched silently at his toast.

One of the articles had a pencil mark at the heading, and I naturally began to run my eye through it.

Its somewhat ambitious title was "The Book of Life," and it attempted to show how much an observant man might learn by an accurate systematic examination of all that came in his way.

It struck me as being a remarkable mixture of shrewdness and of absurdity. The reasoning was close and intense, but the deductions appeared to me to be far-fetched and exaggerated.

The writer claimed by a momentary expression, a twitch of muscle, or a glance of the eye, to fathom a man's inmost thoughts.

Deceit, according to him, was an impossibility in the case of one trained to observation and analysis. His conclusions were as infallible as so many propositions of Euclid.

So startling would his results appear to the uninitiated that, until they learned the process by which he had arrived at them, they might consider him as a necromancer.

(To be Continued.)

The Marrying Age.

The marrying age, according to statistics, is steadily advancing. This accounts, perhaps, for another fact, that women are beginning to look younger and more girlish in the shady twenties and the early thirties than they used to do. Twenty-five years ago a woman of 32 who was unmarried would have been regarded as a hopeless old maid. Now she is quite a girl at that age and her marriage is still thought of. If we continue to grow old in this leisurely fashion the very name "old maid" will disappear from our vocabulary, if indeed it has not done so already.

First Woman to Win Scholarship.

Miss Helen E. Wallace, a brilliant student at the Melbourne, Australia, university, has been awarded the Shakespeare scholarship of 150 pounds. This is the most important scholarship in the gift of the university, and it has never before been won by a woman.

In Memory of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson's long association with the Strand, London, is to be commemorated by placing a beautiful stained glass window in St. Clement's Dane chapel.

Beth's Surprise.

Beth was delighted with her aunt's new changeable spring gown. "Oh, mama!" she exclaimed, excitedly, "the colors of Aunt Mary's new silk dress are all extemporaneous!"—Judge.

A Wise Girl.

Alice—How long should a girl know a man before becoming engaged to him?

Grace—Oh, long enough for him to propose.

For Boys.

About forty years ago, says the Ledger Monthly, a ragged little boy named "Tommy" used to sit on the piers at Glasgow and watch the boats skimming over the waters. He was neglecting the messenger service, for which he was paid 60 cents a week; but he could not help that, for the yachts fascinated him. One day he said: "When I grow up to be a rich man I'll have a yacht of my own, the finest and fastest that was ever built." Suddenly "Tommy" disappeared, and a letter postmarked New York told the old folks how he had run away to America to make his fortune.

Prosperity proved somewhat coy, but the young emigrant managed to save enough to pay his way home to Glasgow. That boy declares to-day that his first trip here made him, for it taught him "Yankee shrewdness and enterprise." His father had managed to amass a fortune of $400, and this whole amount was invested in a little provision shop.

This was the humble beginning of Sir Thomas Lipton's 450 stores in all parts of the world. He is the largest individual land owner in Ceylon, where he cultivates tea, coffee and cocoa; in London, among a hundred other lines, he is contractor for the British army and navy; he has warehouses in Colombo and Calcutta; in Chicago his packinghouse kills 3,000 hogs a day; he sells tea in New York, makes candy in London, runs a restaurant that cost $500,000, where 12,000 are fed daily at a halfpenny a head. Despite his $50,000,000 he manages to be busy and happy, but one of the happiest days of his life was during the late queen's jubilee, when 360,000 of the poor of London sat down as his guests.

Cloud Shadows.

A LITTLE GIRL'S WISH.

I wish I could ride on the shadows of clouds
That drift across the hill;
Over the meadows and out of sight
They sweep so smooth and still.

Over the daisy field they passed
And not a daisy stirred.
They moved like chariots grand and slow,
But never a sound was heard.

I wish I could ride on the shadows of clouds;
Could ride till, the journey done,
I'd find myself at the end of the world,
Where the earth and the sky are one.
—Harper's Bazar.

Schoolboys of Hongkong.

The model school boy is to be looked for in China. Eleven hundred college boys, all bound for Queen's College, Hongkong, and not one of them indulging in boisterous laughter, or even letting off his superfluous spirits by a run or a leap, is a sight to be witnessed any day in that Eastern city.

A correspondent stood in one of the streets crowded by these Chinese school boys and watched them as they passed. They did not hurry, but walked sedately along with their books under their arms. The utmost exhibition of youthful feeling was a reserved smile which lighted up the face of a boy here and there as he listened to the conversation of his companions.

Boisterous behavior would have been considered by those Chinese lads as undignified and quite contrary to all ideas of school-boy good form. The more sedate a Chinese boy is in his behavior the more he conducts himself like a little old man, the more aristocratic he is considered by his school fellows, and the more praise he receives from his schoolmasters and his parents.

There was little variety in the color and cut of their dress. They wore no hats. Some had brushed all their hair straight back into their long queues; while others had a fringe of stiff bristles dividing the shaven from the unshaven territory of their heads.

A Shorthand Letter.

A small boy known to the New York Sun was introduced by his teacher to the ditto mark.

Its labor-saving possibilities appealed to him, and he soon found occasion to turn his knowledge to account. While away on a short visit he wrote to his father. The letter ran:

Dear Father:
I hope you are well.
" " mother is "
" " sister " "
" " Dick " "
" " grandmother is well.
" Wish you were here.
" " mother was "
" " sister " "
" " Dick " "
" " grandmother was here.
" " you would send me some money.
Your affectionate son,
TOM.

Mother Not Much Help.

Mamma—When that bad boy threw stones at you why didn't you come and tell me instead of throwing stones at him?

Tommie (aged 6)—Pshaw! That wouldn't have helped any. You couldn't hit the side of a barn.

Why Adam Was Luckiest.

Little Johnnie—Solomon may have been the wisest man, but Adam was the luckiest.

Mamma—Why do you think so, Johnnie?

Little Johnnie—'Cause he was born a man and didn't have to go to school.

An Old Story to Him.

"Now, boys," said the Sunday school teacher to the juvenile class, "I'll tell you about Jonah and the whale."

"Huh!" exclaimed a bright little 5-year-old visitor; "ain't these kids on to that fish story yet?"

Taking a Horse's Picture.

"Trouble? Nothing but that," declared a photographer who has great success at snapping equine subjects. "And this is my busy season. Steeds capturing prizes must be photographed. So must those who expect to at future shows, not to mention the park steadies. Those who get left have their picture anyway, by way of consolation. It's a profession by itself.

"A delicate compliment makes a woman look pleasant and babies are usually glad enough to put on a look of intelligence while waiting to hear the little bird sing or watching for the monkey. Not so with Mr. Horse. First you warm him up, then you prance him past while I size up the effect. Then I shout out to bring him round at a good clip, for it's all right. But something's always wrong. Once the owner's hat bows off. Second time round another team whips up between and that's off. Next time the animal shies on general principles. Then a gust of wind blows his tail or if it's cropped he drops it flat.

"Next time he looks suspiciously at me and lays an ear back, perhaps two. Then he loses his temper and gets tired of the whole business and cuts capers generally. In vain does the groom show him a measure of oats or run ahead waving newspapers and emitting queer cries.

"After a half hour of endeavor, anxiety and perspiration," said the photographer, according to the Philadelphia Record, "the owner, hot and disgusted, tells me to snap the beast anyhow, and it's over."

Government Autograph Collection.

Uncle Sam is not especially interested in autographs, but in his big library at Washington he has a good many letters and papers signed by some of his most distinguished nephews. All these manuscripts, which were not well cared for until a few years ago, are now being intelligently classified and preserved. Harper's Weekly says there are twenty-five thousand documents of importance.

The Washington papers are the most valuable. They include documents written and received by the first President, the reports from the secret service agents during the Revolution, letters from Rochambeau and state papers.

The John Paul Jones papers fill eight volumes of the special kind of letter-file in which the national collection is being arranged. There are thirty-five volumes containing the proceedings of the commission formed for inquiring into the losses, services and claims of American loyalists. Another interesting colonial relic is of much earlier date, the record of the Virginia company covering the years from 1619 to 1624.

New England is well represented. Mayor Peter Force, of Washington, sold his great collection to the government. The West is represented by the literary remains of Schoolcraft, secretary to General Lewis Cass, and some papers and letters of Cass himself.

S'pose the Fish Don't Bite at Fust

S'pose the fish don't bite at fust;
What be you goin' to dew?
Chuck down your pole, throw out your bait,
An' say your fishin's threw?
Uv course you hain't, you're going to fish,
An' fish, an' fish, an' wait
Until you've ketched your basket full,
And used up all your bait.

S'pose success don't come at fust,
What be you goin' to dew?
Throw up the sponge an' kick yourself,
An' go to feelin' blue?
Uv course you hain't; you're goin' to fish,
An' bait, an' bait ag'in.
Bimeby success will bite your hook,
And you will pull him in.
—Houston Post.

A well-bred person is one who doesn't boast about it.

Treatment of Corn Smut.

The illustration shows the effect of the corn smut on the growing ears, and it is evident that the disease needs attention each season if the corn fields of following years are to be free from this troublesome difficulty. Probably the only way of getting rid of the trouble entirely is to gather the smut pustules before they break and scatter the spores. This work should be done as soon as the trouble is noticed, going over the field two or three times during the summer and gathering the pustules carefully, then burning them. In this manner the disease will be gradually stamped out. It must be remembered, however, that if the spores are scattered over the field the crop of smut next year will be correspondingly greater. Spraying with Bordeaux mixture has not been fruitful of results largely because the plants could not be sprayed at the proper time without danger to the pollen fertilization of the plant. Go through the corn field early and follow the plan suggested during the season, getting neighboring corn growers to do the same thing, and it will be comparatively easy to stamp out the disease in a section.—Indianapolis News.

CORN AFFECTED WITH SMUT.

Fattening Old Cows.

There are those who think it does not pay to fatten old cows, but we do not agree with them. Given one fresh or farrow in the spring, a good pasture, and a regular grain feed every day during the summer, and they can be made to pay for their grain until fall, and they will continue to gain in flesh all the season. Then a little succulent food, as soft or immature corn, waste vegetables, pumpkins and such stuff as seems to cost nothing on the farm, and they will be in condition to take on fat very rapidly when the grain feed is increased. We know this because we have tried it. Beef that is made in that way may not bring the highest price when sold to the slaugherer, but when put on the bench to be retailed out it will be as good as much of the steer beef that the marketmen handle, and it will be sold at the same prices.—American Cultivator.

Typical Dairy Cow.

An Agricultural Department bulletin shows an illustration of a dairy cow, whose general features, it is claimed, are almost perfect. She has a medium sized head and neck and a well defined shoulder and neck vein. The body or barrel is medium to long, but with a great depth through the digestive region and with a long, well developed hind quarter and a nicely shaped udder. She is short legged, close to the ground, angular and free from fleshiness. Her body shows symmetry, quality, correlation of parts and therefore stamina and great digestive capacity, and she exhibits every indication of the power to give a large quantity of milk. It is rare that any person purchasing a cow having such apparent constitution and conformation, and yet being a rangy, open jointed animal, will be disappointed in her as a money maker. There are exceptions to all rules, however, and no type can be described that will meet every contingency and pass every swirmish line unchallenged.

AN IDEAL DAIRY COW.

Watch Growing Chicks.

If one is in the poultry business in earnest, with a view to making a profit from it, due attention must be paid to the growing chicks; not only to keep them in the best possible condition, but to know which are the most promising for future work, and to treat them accordingly. If one has a number of chicks that are of better ancestry than the others, or chicks that are showing good growth, and bear the earmarks of good layers, they should be marked in some way to identify them.

Irrigating the Garden.

The usual method of watering plants of any kind is by surface watering and in normal seasons this seems to answer the purpose, although it involves considerable labor. In dry seasons or in any season where it is possible to carry on the plan at moderate cost, a plan of irrigation which will carry the moisture under the surface of the soil so that the plants may use it as desired will be found most advantageous. Such a plan can be carried out by a system of tiles, as it is done in arid sections, but when small areas are to be watered a number of trenches will answer the purpose if the water can be pumped into them at small expense

Waste Products on the Farm.

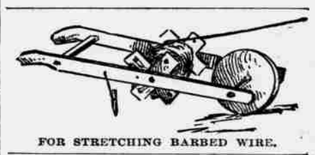
The work done on the farm just before the busy spring planting begins is very important, if proper consideration is given the matter of saving that which is usually lost by inattention to details. The great waste of unsalable farm products amounts to millions of dollars annually, for farmers do not seem to understand that it is not always necessary to send produce away from the farms in order to find markets. The farm is the best market, in fact, that a farmer can have, for if he keeps live stock he will be able to sell his raw products by converting them into the forms of meat, milk, butter and wool. The difficulty is that the waste products on the farms are not properly utilized. One product, that of corn fodder, has been wasted for years, though now it is being put to use with the aid of the shredder, but it is in the manipulation and handling of the manure and weeds that the lessening of expense occurs.

Feeding Bran.

With me stock always thrives when bran is fed in conjunction with grain. I had a young mare that got out of condition during summer, and I tried to fatten her on corn. I gave ten ears three times a day. She did not do well at all. I cut the corn down to six ears, with a quart of bran, three times a day, and I saw improvement at once. I drove her to buggy right along, and in three months she was fat and in splendid condition. I am careful never to use stale feed. That is what does the mischief. Young stock do better on a mixed feeding in which bran plays a one-third part. I have known a great many extravagant feeders who are careless about watering stock.—Cor. Rural New Yorker.

To Stretch Barbed Wire.

Barbed wire is uncomfortable stuff at the best. One of the easiest ways, perhaps, to handle it when placing it upon posts is with the device shown in the accompanying illustration. This frame can be quickly made and from it the wire can be unreeled as rapidly as a man can walk, pulling the framework after him. When his companion is ready to staple the wire to a stake, the pin is put through the side of the frame, locking the reel, when the wire can be pulled up as taut as desired.—New England Homestead.



FOR STRETCHING BARBED WIRE.

Swindling the Farmer.

Still another signature swindle is reported from Indiana. Sharpers from Chicago went through country districts, representing themselves as hunters. They would approach a farmer, tell him they wished to hunt on his land, and cheerfully pay $5 for a permit to do so. The farmer would sign a receipt for the money, and this turned up later as a promissory note for $500. It is said that the swindlers secured $5,000 in one county by this process. It is noticeable that most of the swindling schemes now worked to the detriment of the farmers, begin with the payment of a small sum, which disarms the suspicions of the victim.—Rural New Yorker.

Cover Crops in Orchards.

Instead of the usual cover crops in orchards some farmers prefer to have the land cultivated in summer, thus killing weeds and permitting moisture and air to enter the soil, the stirring of the soil protecting the roots of trees. Late in the summer, about August or after danger of drought is over, clover is seeded and left until spring, the scarlet or crimson clover being preferred. If the land is left in sod as a cover crop it is claimed that the demands of the grass crop for moisture and plant food in summer injures the trees.

Rust in Wheat.

Rust in wheat may be prevented by destroying the spores in the seed. One plan is to soak the seed in a solution made by dissolving a pound of sulphate of copper in ten gallons of hot water, allowing the seed to remain in the solution twenty-four hours, then drying the seed with fine land plaster and sowing or drilling as soon as dry. Wheat that showed indications of rust last year should be avoided, however, and new seed procured. It should also be planted on a different field from that on which wheat was grown last year.

Feeding Lambs Beet Pulp.

During the past season the feeding of lambs on beet pulp has been very satisfactory. At Lansing, Mich., some 3,000 were fed. Although at first the pulp was not relished and several died from eating it, later they did well. It seems that the pulp gives the best satisfaction when fermented a little.