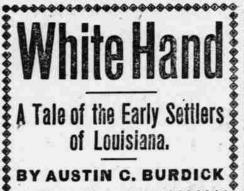


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CHAPTER XIII.

Several times had Louise suggested to Loppa the idea of her looking out about the town, but she had been informed that it would not be safe. The old negress was firm and uncompromising, but yet kind and considerate as far as her care of her charge's welfare was concerned. Louise had made some examination of the house in which she was confined, and she was satisfied that she could not escape from it without much labor and trouble. It was on the fifth day of her sojourn there that she was aroused from a fit of dcep thought by the entrance of Simon Lobois. He came in with a warm smile upon his face, and after some remarks upon Louise's improved looks, he took a seat by her side. She did not shrink from him, nor did she seem afraid of him, but with a keen gaze she fixed her deep blue eyes upon him.

"Sweet cousin," he said, in a tone of extreme softness, "why was it ordered that I should be the one to save you from the jaws of death? Why was I singled out?"

"Surely, Simon, it was because you, of all others, were in duty bound to save me," replied Louise.

"Ha! how so?" the cousin asked, with a slight start, but quickly recovering himself.

"Why, because to you my father gave me in charge. Because you have received a handsome salary for taking care of me.

"I should say that you had shown an early disposition to throw off the yoke of my authority." "Ah, how so?"

"Your own sense will tell you how," Simon responded, somewhat bitterly. "O, I meant no play upon the past, my cousin. But then you are my near relative, you know-and hence you ought to save me.

"And this is the gratitude you feel for the service I have done you."

"Now, Simon, you did not ask me how I felt. You only asked me why it was you were singled out to save me. Most truly, for all of good you have ever done me do I feel most duly grateful. For all your acts of kindness to me, you have

you are my wife! Do you understand door on the street, but no window. This door was opened, and the girl led in. "If-if-I thought you could mean it. Straight on she went through a long, Simon, I should begin to be alarmed." | narrow passage, a distance of over a hunsaid the maiden, in a tone that would dred feet, and then she was stopped beseem to indicate that she did not really fore a door not more than two feet wide. credit the statement she had heard. formed of three pieces of solid hewn tim-

"I do mean it!" he replied, slowly and ber bolted together with iron. This was meaningly. opened, and Louise was pushed in, and "Simon Lobois, look me in the eye, and the door closed upon her. She listened assure me solemnly that you mean what you have said." Louise spoke this in an ductors' footsteps no more, and then she ductors' footsteps no more, and then she searched around for some place in which earnest, eager tone, with her hands clasped and half raised towards her dark to lie down, or, at least, upon which she cousin, and her lips firmly compressed. could sit down. At length she found a It was some moments before Lobois low pallet with some bedding upon it, replied. There was something in the and on this she rested.

deep blue eye that was fixed so earnestly She slept some, for she was astonished upon him, and in the calm, earnest feawhen she opened her eyes and found a tures that met his gaze, that moved him stream of sunlight struggling into the more than he had counted upon. But then place. She looked up and found that he was not the man to break down now. there was a small aperture near the top He was not the man to give up the fruiof the wall, about a foot square, but tion of a hope that he had cherished with she could not look out from it. The his very life for years. He was playing coom was small, with walls of hewn timfor a golden stake of immense value, and ber, and evidently built for a prison. now that he held the leading hand, he Louise knew how easily money could hire meant to use it promptly, and without official assistance in the colony, and hence she wondered not that Lobois had been able to obtain the use of this place.

"Louise St. Julien," he at length replied, "I mean just what I have said. The forenoon passed slowly away, and You go not from this house until you are noon came. Hunger and thirst began to afflict the helpless prisoner, and the hands my wife! From this purpose I will not were oftener clasped in silent supplica-

compromise of any kind.

swerve.

thing?"

tion. At length, towards the middle of A quick-flush passed over the girl's face, and her lip quivered. A moment the afternoon, the door of the cell was opened and Simon Lobois entered. the thought of spurning the wretch was "Simon," uttered the prisoner, "what present with her, but the thought, most means this?" probably, of her defenseless position kept "Can you not guess?" was his calm

her tongue under guard. reply. "Simon," she murmured, after a while "Do you mean this as a means of forcof silence, "you will not be so cruel?" ing me to marriage?" "And is it cruel to want a beautiful "You've hit it." girl, whom one loves, for a wife?" Louise sank down upon the pallet and "But what can you want with a wife clasped her hands. who can never love you in return?" "I cannot stand this," she said.

'I'll teach you to love me." "Then become my wife." "As well might you teach me to love "Is that the only alternative?" the great crocodile I saw the soldiers playing with in the street this morning." "It is." "And in no other way can I get clear "Then I'll teach you to fear me!" "You've done that already, monsieur." of this place?" "So much the better then; you'll mind "In no other." "Bring me water." ne the quicker."

"Will you be mine?" "But why-why should you do this "I will allow the marriage to be sol-

"I'll tell you," spoke Simon, turning emnized." "And you will go before the priest and with sudden emphasis upon the girl. be legally married to me?" "There is no need that I should pretend "I will!" to deceive you, nor could I, probably, if Simon Lobois started with demoniac tried. For many years I have had elfish joy. the charge of your father's books and "You shall have food and water now!"

business. You know he is wealthy-more wealthy than any other ten men in the he cried. "And you shall have a faithcolony. When he came here into this joyful, loving husband. O, Louise, youforsaken wilderness. I came with him to help him. The thought came to me, as 1 beheld your mind expanding under my care, that at some future day I might possess your heart and hand, and thus

he returned with some cold milk and bread. "You take it more calmly than I had the half of your father's fortune would expected, Louise," Simon said, as he be mine. So I strove to make you all I gazed inquiringly into her calm, pale face.

"But I am famishing now, Simon."

Away flew the man, and in a short time

There was a deep, touching pathos in

"Pooh!" he uttered. "There is no need

A look of utter contempt stole over the

(To be continued.)

London Is Improving.

A Cever ?cheme,

Harold-Can't-but while I'm pre-

Promeditated Disability.

Applie | the Wrong Word.

"Some people say," remarked the

talkative barber. "that barbers are too

"We've all eaten some of it."

fond of conversation."

ald.

Little Stories and

still. Porch floors and steps had en-Butterflies in the Bottle. Get a wide-mouthed bottle and into tirely disappeared under deep, white it fit a cork with the center hollowed drifts, and the streets were called imout enough to admit the stem of a passable by those accustomed to pay small glass funnel. Having put the little heed to the weather.

funnel in place, make the whole thing But that morning, in all the widely air-tight by putting melted sealing scattered homes of the town, the local wax all around the stem of the funnel, morning paper was delivered as usual. and also all around the cork in the That meant that the newsboys had mouth of the bottle. broken their way through the untrod-

Pour water into the funnel until the den streets, plunging breast-high bottle is half full, and that part of the through drifts in the cold and darkwork is done. Now get several pith ness before the dawn, and had toilballs or cork balls and paint them difsomely made their long routes at the

ferent colors. To one or two of them cost of an exposure and fatigue that glue a piece of tissue or cigarette pastay-at-home humanity could scarcely per, cut in the form of butterfly wings. realize. They were schoolboys, almost Now drop separately into the bottle without exception from comfortable

> teerd rooms to brave the storm that had stopped all traffic; but there seems to have been no question of being excused, in the minds of any of them. for the newspaper office reported not one absent.

The incident is no mean commentary on the American boy-his courage, reliability and fidelity to obligation.

Incidents that Will

Interest and Enter-

tain Young Readers

Why Cats Wash After Eating. You may have noticed, little friends, That cats don't wash their faces Before they eat, as children do, In all good Christian places. Well, years ago, a famous cat, The pangs of hunger feeling, Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse Who said, as he ceased squealing, All genteel folks their faces wash Before they think of eating!" and, wishing to be thought well-bred. Puss heeded his entreating, But when she raised her paw to wash

Chance for escape affording, The sly young mouse said good-by, Without respect to wording. A feline council met that day, And passed in solemn meeting A law forbidding any cat To wash till after eating. -The Outlook.

mother.

Her Hearing Was Acute. Little Lillian, who lives in a large

Lamps of Faith.

A Diet of Chestnuts.

Agreed.

-London Tit-Bits.

en through the sky."



Economical Fertilizing.

GAZETTE.

There are many farms throughout the country whose owners cannot af-

farmer; in other words, the crops are time to cut it for hay if the weather is drawing too heavily upon the stored- dry; otherwise let it stand a few days up fertility of the soil just as men longer-for its better to let it grow sometimes draw too heavily on the than to get it wet in the swathe. It stored-up or surplus vitality of their does not ripen fast in rainy weather, bodies.

Any soil to do the work required of Do not begin mowing until the dew it should be fertilized so that it will has gone off in the morning. Never be as nearly fertile after the crop is cut it when wet-or the hay will be taken from it as it was before, hence damaged. It is best to cut for only a fertilizers must be supplied in excess few hours and if the clover is not unof the needs of the growing crop. To usually heavy it can be raked late in bring up a rundown farm is not an the afternoon in windrows and shockeasy task, especially when one is ham- ed, when it can stand several days bepered in the free use of fertilizing fore stacking. This is the best way, material, but it may be done and in- if the weather is favorable, as the hay expensively by the combination of cures brighter and better. Otherwise green manures, commercial fertilizers, let it stand in the windrow and spread stable manure and tillage. Rely mainly on the legumes such as cow peas, crimson clover and the vel-

vet bean for humus and nitrogen; use. stable manure scattered thinly over is almost as bad on it as a rain.

especially the volatile portions. Moreover the roots in the ground cannot get hold of this decaying vegetation and we see little chance of their benefiting by it. We believe that the crop should be turned under. The soil will then grow more perfect in mechanical structure and the roots will always be able to get into touch with the humus and the fertility and moisture contained in it.-Farmer's Review.

How to Harvest Clover.

The proper way to harvest clover is ford to fertilize them heavily or even the proper way and there is but one to give them the quantity needed to proper way. In the first place do not keep them in fair condition. As a re- cut it too green, nor allow it to get too sult such farms are running down be- ripe. When about half the top blooms cause the crops consume more fertiliz- get ripe and brown and some of the ing material than is supplied by the leaves begin to brown then it is the but continues to grow.

> out the next day to cure, and stack in the afternoon.

By putting it in the windrow it saves it from getting wet by the dew, which

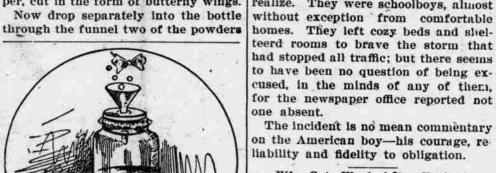
the ground, and for commercial fer- Should it rain on it, spread out and tilizers use mainly those richest in dry thoroughly-never stack it green, potash and phosphoric acid. Supple- as it will mold. Remember to have it ment these fertilizers by frequent and cured as thoroughly as it is practicable thorough tillage and the farm will to handle it without the leaves falling gradually improve. In growing any off. A gallon or two of salt to the load crop one should have all the knowl- sprinkled over it at the time of stackedge possible of what plant food that ing improves it in color and prevents



ter; one of them is tartaric acid and the other bicarbonate of soda. The action of the acid on the soda liberates carbonic acid gas, and that makes a pressure on the bottle, and will seek to escape through the funnel.

But you must prevent its immediate escape by dropping the balls into the funnel, when the pressure of the gas will make them dance up and down

in the liveliest fashion. The balls with the butterfly wings attached will fly city, was spending a few days with



deep acknowledgment.'

Lobois seemed for the moment nonplussed by the off-hand manner in which he was thus far met, but his forces were soon in order again, and he renewed the

"Louise, you remember the conversation we once had in the study?"

"Perfectly, Simon. And you remember the answers I gave?" replied the girl.

"Yes-I do remember them; I have remembered them ever since. And now let me assure you that I look upon this strange event as an opportunity granted by heaven itself for me to ask those questions over again."

'Simon Lobois! Are you in earnest?" "I am. A love such as mine cannot be cramped by the result of one interview. It has been cherished too long, and has become too deeply rooted. From one less loved I might have turned away under such a rebuff, but not from you. No. no. Louise; I have come now to ask that one question again. Remember now the debt you owe me; remember the double claim I now have."

"Double claim. Simon ?"

"Ay-a double claim. First, the claim resulting from the care I have held for you since early childhood; and, second, this last claim founded in the very saving of your life."

"It was curious that you should have been the one to save me-wasn't it?" said Louise, looking into her companion's face with an expression he could not analyze, though he tried hard to do so. "It was," he replied.

"And that you should have landed just in that place, too?" pursued Louise, without removing her close gaze from her dark cousin's face. "And how strange that they should have camped dire thy by the boat landing, where the whites would be sure to come if they crossed the lake-wasn't it?-especially when we consider what a repute they have for shrewdness and cunning?"

Simon Lobois winced at this, and a perceptible tremor ran through his frame. But he recovered himself with

an effort, in a few moments. "It is strange," he said, "and I have often said so since. But I can see in it only the opportunity of pressing my claim to your heart and hand now with more hopes of success. I must ask you now if you will accept the heart and from me after the church has bound you hand I offer you?"

sion?

"Simon Lobois, you know I cannot do it," uttered Louise, in a firm, frank tone. "Beware, Louise! I ask you kindly now. I confess my love and I beg of

you to accept it." "A husband's love from you I never

can accept, Simon.' "Think carefully ere you speak." "But what mean you? I have thought

carefully, and have equally as candidly told you that yours I can never be. Now what more can you ask?" "I shall ask but little more," returned

Simon, through his set teeth. "I am now in a position to command."

"Speak plainly, monsieur." "Then, plainly-you must be my wife!"

"But I shall simply apply to the Governor." "That will help you none, for Perier

is my friend, and has pledged me his assistance." "But he will listen to the prayer of a

helpless girl."

"Not when that prayer is prejudicial to the interest of his friend. He is anxious that all the marriageable fema'es should be married as soon as possible. In short, my dear cousin, he has pledged me his word as a man, and as an officer. that you shall be my wife. Now what say you?"

"I should certainly say that he was a great scoundrel," returned Louise, regarding her companion with a fixed look. "You are cool, mademoiselle?"

"Because I do not believe that you can be in earnest, monsieur."

could, and the property I multiplied as fast as possible. The wealth has grown cause I am happy. I find myself in your in bulk under my care, and now I am not power, and I have assured myself that ready to give all up. I am not willing to see the hopes of a lifetime blasted just | reflected and pondered deeply upon this, from the mere whim of a capricious girl." "But do you think my father will allow am not the woman, or the girl, to make his property to fall into your hands when myself uselessly miserable. But, monhe knows that I married you from abso-

lute compulsion?" asked the fair girl, earnestly. "He cannot well help it. He cannot cut me off without cutting you off, too." "But he will demand a dissolution of the union between us."

"Ha! he cannot gain it if he does. 1 am prepared there, and I know the emancipated spirit; you know best ground on which I stand. The king has whether you can do the same." empowered the company to frame domes tic regulations to meet the wants of the this speech that moved the hard-hearted colony, and they have already passed a man more than he dared acknowledge resolution that every sane, sound girl, of even to himself, and he tried to banish seventeen years or upwards, shall marry, the emotion. if proposal is made from a respectable of your speaking so, for you shall be as source.'

happy as a princess. I will always love "Ay-but the payment of a hundred you-always be faithful." ivres can remove the obligation." "So it can. But no power can annul

fair girl's face as she gazed into the evil the marriage tie." features of the bad man, for she knew "Then mark me, Simon Lobois! I will how hollow all his pretensions were; and bid my father that he let me live in penshe knew now, too, what wicked means ury and want, for, as your wife, my sorhe had used to bring her within his powrow will have reached its climax; so you er. shall not thus gain the gold you covet."

"And mark me, Louise St. Julien! While your father withholds the half of his fortune from you, I will reduce you Year by year London becomes not to such suffering as shall force me to bin ! only more and more a city of flowers, you to prevent you from taking your own

life to end your tortures!" but also a city of doves. Around every A few moments of silence ensued, and building where it is possible to keep then Simon said, in a softer tone: pigeons one sees constantly increasing "But let us drop this profitless talk. flocks of these pretty creatures, and You will consider of this, and I know you there could not be a more ornamental will calmly settle down into a state of and delightful addition to town populareasonable acquiescence. Now give me tion. In the sunlit spaces where they a direct answer. Will you become my wife without any further act of compulalight and feed the soft rush of their wings and the peaceful sound of their "I should judge you had heard enough cooing make the most restful contrast

to know my mind." to the harsh noises of the streets.

"But I would know if I must compel you. Mind, now! My resolution is fixed. Making the Point Pl in. I have counted the cost, and am resol. ed "Why do you call your sister 'Misupon the throw. When we return, you ery.' Johnny?" asked Mr. Tarrier, the may tell your father, if you please, that little boy's big sister's beau. I compelled you to become my wife, but "'Cause," said Johnny, "she's your I shall not care. He cannot take you comp'ny." "Yes-er-but I don't see what that to me, and if he seeks otherwise to harm me, he will only heap suffering upon the has to do with it, you know."

head of his own child. Your father gave "Don't y'?" and the small boy grinned me permission to seek your hand." all over. "What! 'Ain't y' never heard "I do not believe it, Simon." 't 'Misery loves comp'ny,'-eh?"-Phil-"I care not for your belief. That h adelphia Bulletin. told me so is true, and now I have sought

you. Will you be my wife?" "Never!" Harold-I'm goin' around and sere-"We shall see." nade Miss Jones with this mandolin to-And with this, the wretch strode from night. the apartment. Jerrold-Didn't know you could play

CHAPTER XIV. It was nearly dark when Simon Lobois

left his captive, and the poor girl waited tending to tune it up, her dad will chase me off the lawn, and that'll make in vain for the coming of her supper. Some time during the night she was me solid with the girl, anyway.-Judge. startled from an Ineasy, dreamy slumber by hearing a heavy tread in her room. Then she looked around and found two "I'm afraid of this half-ripe waterstout, dark-faced men by her side.

melon." "Come," uttered one of them; "we are in a hurry." In a gasping voice, Louise asked what was wanted.

"Never mind-only get ready to follow us as soon as possible. We'l find better quarters than this for ye." "But-"

"O-come!" Louise asked no more questions, but quickly putting on her scarf and drawing it over her head, she announced her

readiness to accompany them. One of them took her by the arm, while the othfond of."-Philadelphia Record. er, who held the lantern, went on in ad-

vance. They descended the stairs to the street, and having passed the distance of

about like real butterflies hovering her grandma in the country. One day "If I am calm, monsieur, it is not beover a flower. The reason why the balls dance up fence corner, and turning to her I am powerless to escape you. I have and down is that the gas pressure throws them up and their own gravity and 'now that my mind is made up, I brings them back.

Who Told the Story? sieur, you do not see my heart; you do It was after tea. Aunty May sat not see the utter wreck you have made by the library window looking out into the little tot. there. A deep, dark sorrow, such as the the beautiful night. Morton ran in soul utterly crushed, and the heart all broken, can only know, is mine. If you from the dining-room.

can be happy in knowing the work you "Won't you tell me a story?" he have thus wrought, I shall not envy you. pleaded. I can look with hope to the life of the "I think it is high time you told me As this was something new to me I

story," answered aunty. "Think of was considerably puzzled, and after the hundreds I've told you!" "But I don't know any."

"Make one up out of your head, same the plates. /as I do," laughed Aunty May. "Oh, I never could," replied the little

boy. on any of dese pates." Across on another street shone light from the window of a house. Every now and then somebody would

cross the room between the window and the lamp, and for an instant the ger for his inspection. light would seem to be gone. Then it would show again.

"I wonder who lives in that house?" said Aunty May. replied:

"Perhaps a little boy about as big as I," guessed Morton. "What do you suppose his name is?" -prised and said 'Oh!""

"Maybe it's Willie; and, oh, what if

he's got a little baby sister like Toot-Mamma was baking pies one day sie!" said Morton. "And p'r'haps he and was interrupted by company. Not has a grandma and an aunty, 'sides a wishing to leave her guest, she sent papa and mamma!" her little girl to look in the oven. Lit-"I wouldn't wonder a bit," replied the May came running back saying, "Oh, mamma, the pies are all getting aunty.

"I guess he's just got through sup- rusty." per, and is playing on the floor with his building blocks-yes, he's making intently at the stars one night, and a church, 'way up high! Now his little

sister is knocking it over-my, how finally said to her mother: those blocks did scatter!" "Mamma, I know what the stars are

"I hope Willie isn't cross about it," ventured aunty. "No," said Morton. "He's just as pleasant. He's going to build it up again. Now his mamma is taking Baby Annette-that's her name-up-

stairs to bed, so she won't tumble the rye and rice. Chestnut groves are church down any more." "Willie must be glad," said Aunty May.

to bed. His mamma's come after him."

aunty remarked.

ton. "Now Willie's said his prayers, and hopped into bed. Now he's kissed his mamma, and now he's fast asleep." "Dear me, he must have been very tired!" was aunty's comment.

stand up," said Morton. "He'd played

"Then perhaps I'd better undress you," ventured aunty. "That is a good

"Oh, it's a beautiful story!" said argument. Morton. "You do tell such lovely sto-

Companion. The Boys We Are Proud Of.

Last winter some localities in the West were visited by a snowstorm of "Oh! that's all wrong," replied the almost unprecedented severity. In one man in the chair; "it's soliloquy they're city where the storm had continued all day and all night people awoke in the five times. morning to find themselves shut in. All

If all hearts were frank, just and street car lines had been blocked before honest, the major part of the virtues midn oht cahs and drays had s

she heard a hen cackling out in the grandma, she said:

"Oh, grandma, there is an egg out by the fence." "How do you know?" asked her

sults from the farm. "Oh, I heard the hen laying," replied

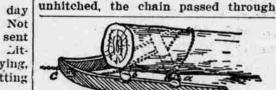
Clever for Logging. A very convenient logging arrange-

Unwritten Thanks. ment for use in the wood lot in the When I was a very little boy, my winter time is a travoy. It is made of Uncle Jose came to visit us, and at dinner was asked to "return thanks." ir ches in diameter, 6 feet long. The

crooked ends are bolted together, as shown in the cut. The bent or bolster dinner was over my mother found me is bolted about two-thirds of the way in the pantry carefully looking over back. This piece should be strong and nested a little in the center to form "What are you doing?" she asked. a hollow for the log to rest in. The "Why, mamma, I tan't find weadin log is held on by a chain, which is

booked around one end of the bolster Mama Would Have Known Better. at a, passed over the log and under the bolster at the other side of the Willie's papa was very busily writing when the small boy came running travoy. From there it is carried over in to him, holding up a pinched fin- the front crosspiece, b, then under the crook at the point, c.

"Run away, Laddie, papa cannot make it any better," said papa. Willie looked disappointed, and then "Oh, yes, you could have looked surhitched on, drawing sideways. This comes up on top. The team is then A Timely Warning.



A little four-year-old tot was gazing HAULING LOGS MADE EASY.

under the point and rehitched to the double tree and the log is loaded ready. to haul to the skidway.-H. L. Smith, for; they are so that we can see heavin Farm and Home.

Nail Punctures.

We are frequently asked the best In many districts in Italy and Spain, treatment to pursue for nail wounds in the chestnut takes the place of oats, the foot of a horse, says an exchange. When the nall has been removed, folabundant in all the mountain districts low the puncture through the sole or of Italy and Spain, and the season of frog to the soft tissues, then fill the chestnut gathering is the harvest festival of those countries. In the old cavity with a solution made of equal times chestnuts were the common ra parts of gum camphor and carbolic acid tion provided for the soldier, and when and pack with cotton. This treatment should be repeated daily until recovthere was a probability that a castle ery is complete. Where this treatment was likely to be besieged, out went is promptly and properly carried out the soldiers and laid violent hands nail wounds in the foot of the horse on all the stores of chestnuts within rarely result in abscess and suppuraeasy reach. Chestnuts in Italy, dourra tion. Where abscess of the foot has in Egypt, sweet potatoes in many in- occurred remove all loose horn and for several years. land districts in Africa, bananas, rais- dress with cotton saturated with the ins, dates, and figs, almost everywhere solution given. The cotton should be zones-these are staples where meat foot.

Humus in in the Orchard.

It is important to preserve humus in "If I were you, Moggs, I wouldn't the soil where there is humus, and to perature of the stable will have more be a fool," said Johnson, during an supply it where there is no humus. Humus has a value distinctive from

"You are right; if you were I, you that of the fertility it contains. It wouldn't be a fool," replied the latter. holds moisture in and holds some forms of fertility. To increase it in the orchard grow legumes of some sort and

The Month of February. February, 1903, began on Sunday, and each day of the week occurs four times. This happened only fifteen

You can almost see the cracks in the the ground. But this is an inferior way and then applying the manure, which

crop will take from the soil in the it molding. It should be stad greatest quantities, and in fertilizing barn, or, if outdoors, covered with apply that particular food in excess straw or something that will turn waof the needs of the crop at least to ter. If there are weeds in it, more the extent that is taken from the soil. time will be required to cure it. Never This is a complex study, but one put it in the stack until the stems are which surely needs close attention, for dry enough that you can't wring water upon it depends largely the future re- out of them. The hay should rattle .-Missouri and Arkansas Farmer and Fruitman.

The Stocky Wyandots,

In several Eastern States the Wyandots lead in popularity, as shown by two crooked tree trunks about 5 or 6 their great majority in the entries at poultry shows.

says, a writer in Farm and Home. They are good layers, have light plumage in the buff and white varieties, and are heavy enough to

make good market WYANDOT COCKEREL poultry. The blocky build, as shown in the illustration, gives compactness, abundance of breast meat, and a weight greater To load the travoy, it is laid bottom | than the apparent size. In the atup on top of the log, or leaned against tempt to produce extra large speciits side, according to convenience. The mens for the show room, some breedchain is put into place and the team | ers have developed a more rangy type at the expense of one of the most turns the travoy over and the log practical qualities of the breed; its blockiness, which also goes with early

maturity of growth, and adaptation to the broiler business.

Farm Notes.

Asparagus tops should be cut off close to the ground and burned. The soil should then be covered with rotten manure. This fall treatment will help to prevent the rush next year and to insure an early growth of grass. A spring dressing of nitrate of soda will be an additional help."

Lime, sulphur and salt make a deadly mixture for scale insects in climates so dry that the coating will not wash off. - In the California climate this wash slowly decomposes and gives off poisonous vapors, which destroy the insects under it. Rains spoil this effect and leave on the trees only a coat of ordinary whitewash.

Trenching is done in Ireland in this manner: Remove the top soil from a strip one yard wide and a foot deep; then spade the subsoil well and spread plenty of manure over it; throw the top soil from the next row on the surface soil of the first, and sow for seed until the whole plot has been trenched. It will produce heavy crops

A barn or stable should be kept between fifty and sixty degrees temperain the tropics, wheat in the temperate held in place by a bandage around the ture in order to derive the best results. In some cases this cannot be conveniently done, but as the animal

heat is about ninety degrees, the temor less influence on the quantity of food required, and hence, the warmer it can be made in the stable in winter the better.

It is sometimes cheaper to restore an old orchard than to plant a new one plow them under. Not only does the and wait for the young trees to grow. cultivator thus increase the humus in This may be done by judicious pruning the soil, but the nitrogen is increased and removing all of the dead wood, times in the last 132 years, and in the as it is caught from the air by these then manuring the ground in the fall next fifty years it will happen only plants. Some follow the practice of and applying fertilizers in the spring. not plowing or spading under the green The manure must be used liberally, crop, but of mowing and leaving it on first lightly stirring the surface soil

"Yes, he is. But now he's got to go "She undressed the baby quickly," "Oh, it doesn't take long," said Mor-"Oh, he was so tired he just couldn't

all day long! I'm 'most tired, too!" is a luxury.

story to go to bed on." "Well, I'll eat some too; I don't propose to be left in a condition to nurse the rest of you."-Chicago Record-Her- ries, aunty. I wish you'd tell me one just like it every night!"-Youth's

