THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"It will be expensive," he mused. "What of that? They would give a million to have him. He knows everything He is the mainspring of everything."

He finished his plans and went to a cheap upholsterer's. There he ordered a triple supply of everything he had noted down, one set to be sent to his own address in London, the two others to be packed separately in stout crates for transport by rail.

The tradesman thought the order curious; but the foreign gentleman who gave it having paid twenty pounds down, and undertaking to pay the rest when the goods were ready for delivery, he forbore to puzzle himself about it.

In three or four days' time the old furniture was removed from Mr. Zeno's apartment, and the new furniture, glossy, new, and sticky as to the woodwork, and flaringly vulgar as to pictures, carpet, mirrors, curtains and hearthrugs, was all arranged in its place. When everything was arranged, Mr. Zeno, whose landlady had begun to think him eccentric, did a thing even more curious than the wanton and unnecessary refurnishing of his rooms had seemed. He walked out one morning and returned with a pale young man, who, in obedience to his instructions, produced a water-color sketch-book, a tube each of Chinese white and sepia, and a camel's hair pencil or two, and began to make a stiffly accurate and ugly sketch of one of the walls of Mr. Zeno's chamber.

The pale artist made a drawing of every one of the eight walls, and when they were done and paid for the spy himself drew a plan of the two rooms, numbered the drawing in correspondence with the walls. When he had done this he made up the eight drawings and the plan into a neat packet, addressed it to a confederate in Calais, and registered it at the postoffice. One of the three sets of furniture, with wall paper, carpet, curtains, plaster casts, mirrors and chromos had been consigned to the same address three days before. The third set was consigned to a gentleman of Mr. Zeno's own profession in Vienna, and Austin Farley's plan was in a fair way to be realized.

CHAPTER XIX.

If Fraser had been given to the analysis of his own spiritual symptoms, he might have been a little surprised to discover how aromatic and tonic a draught he had imbibed in learning to hate O'Rourke.

"I've a bit of news," he said one day to Maskelyne. "Maybe ye'll be able to guess why I bring it. O'Rourke's going to be married."

"Yes?" said Maskelyne, quietly. Fraser's bit of news was like a stab to him, but he was not the sort of man to make a show of his pain.

"He's engaged to a friend of yours," said Fraser. "It was you that introduced him to her."

"I think not," returned Maskelyne.

"Ye did, though," cried Fraser. "I got the news from Mrs. Farley, and she got it from the lady herself."

"I introduced O'Rourke to an American lady here," said Maskelyne, rising from his seat involuntarily—"a Mrs. Spry."

"That's what I'm telling ye," said Fraser. "They're going to be married." Maskelyne sat down again without a word. "Hector O'Rourke is going to be married to the Mrs. Spry to whom you introduced him a month or two ago. There's no sort of humbug or nonsense about it, for it's a fact."

"I can hardly believe it," returned Maskelyne.

"Ye don't seem to be wolldly delighted," said Fraser, "after all. I thought ye'd skip like a young he goat upon the mountains."

"I am very much obliged to you, indeed," Maskelyne answered. "I will go and see O'Rourke," he added, with an air of sudden decision and awakening.

"Well," said Fraser, rubbing his hands and beaming, "the interview ought to be a pleasant one. I'll not keep ye from it a moment. I'll say good-morning."

The two shook hands on the pavement in front of the hotel, and Fraser stood there to watch Maskelyne as he stepped into a cab and drove away.

"Now," said Fraser, nodding and smiling to himself, "that's not moy oydoyal of an ardent lover. But there's spoke number nine in your wheel, Hector, me boy; and there's another or two in the course of manufacture."

Maskelyne wandered about in his own home-made labyrinth until he had quite made up his mind that there was no way out of it, or through it. But finally he packed up a portmanteau, took the tidal train and carried his cobwebs to Brussels. There they were just as strong and unbreakable as ever, and even when, a day or two later, he carried them to Janenne, they seemed to bind him in like strands of steel. But being actually at Janenne, he found that he had added a new perplexity to the old ones. He was still as far as ever from seeing his way to Houfoy, but he saw quite clearly that it was impossible not to go.

The day was inclining toward its close and there was a sense of ease in the wide fields to which he was not altogether insensible, foolishly broken up and down in spirit as he was. The fields were more inviting than the road in many ways, not least perhaps, because they offered fewer chances of encounter.

Sauntering in this downcast and irresolute mood, he found himself suddenly charged by a troop of half a dozen dogs, who all leaped and bayed about him, with demonstrations of welcome. Following them, a gun under his arm, appeared the major, and behind the major an attendant, who bore the dead bodies of a pair of well-grown foxes.

"Hillo!" cried the major cheerily, while yet a hundred yards away. "How are you, old fellow? Upon my word, I'm glad to see you. How's O'Rourke?"

"He was in health when I saw him last," said Maskelyne, on whose nerves the mention of his wicked rival grated.

The major had not many people to talk to at Houfoy, and the unrestricted use of his native language was like a treat to him. He did not notice Maskelyne's silence until he had exhausted his own budget of news and had made his final reflection upon its contents. By that time it began to strike him that Maskelyne's manner was unusually subdued and serious.

"I say," he exclaimed, stopping short and turning to face the young American, "you're not looking very bright, just now. Been ill?"

"No," returned Maskelyne, "I have been very well. Major Butler, I wanted to say a word to you upon a topic of great moment to myself."

"Yes?" said the major, facing him, and transferring his gun from one arm to the other.

"You are Miss Butler's guardian," said Maskelyne; and this time the major's heart bumped, for he saw what was coming. "I have to ask your permission to approach your niece with an offer of marriage."

"My dear Maskelyne," said Butler, almost as hurriedly as if he had feared the offer might be retracted, "I am delighted to hear you say so, and I wish you luck."

"I am right in assuming that Miss Butler is free?" asked Maskelyne.

"Certainly," said Butler, "certainly. She's only a child. Never had a proposal in her life. I thought you had something of this kind on your mind when you were here before. That is, I fancied you might have. Will you speak to her yourself, or shall I?"

Before Maskelyne could reply Angela herself appeared at the edge of her favorite pine wood—at the identical spot, if anybody had known it, at which O'Rourke had been detected by Dobroski in the act of embracing the pretty widow. Maskelyne raised his hat and Angela came forward to meet them.

"I will speak for myself," said the lover in an undertone, "if you will allow me."

"Of course," replied the major, "of course."

He began to beam with triumph and complacency. Angela, blushing and pale by turns, walked toward them at so slow a pace that Maskelyne thought her reluctant. She shook hands with enforced smile.

"You have finished your business in England?" she asked. "Welcome to Houfoy."

"Look here, Maskelyne," said the major; "you'll excuse me for just a minute, I know." With that he turned tail and bolted triumphantly, and Maskelyne stood holding the girl's hand in his own. She made a little attempt to withdraw it, but he insisted on retaining it, and she let it rest.

"I had no business in England," said Maskelyne; "but I was afraid to come back."

"Afraid?"

"I don't know how I found the courage to come at all," he answered. "But I had to come." Angela made another little movement to withdraw her hand, but he held it still. "Miss Butler, I love you; and I am here to ask you if you will be my wife."

Miss Butler bent her head and said nothing; but he was not to be beaten now by anything short of sheer defeat.

"I never thought of marriage until I saw you," he pursued; "and if you say no, I'll go away at once, and be no more trouble to you. I'm a worthless good-for-nothing sort of a fellow, and I've never done anything but loaf about and spend other people's earnings; but I think I should be a better man if you took me in hand. If I didn't believe so I should be too much ashamed to dare to ask you. Will you try me, Miss Butler? I should have one merit. I don't believe anybody was ever so dear to anybody else as you are to me."

Still Miss Butler bent her head and said nothing. He took her hand in both his own.

"Angela," he said, "do you send me away again? Am I to go back?"

"No," said Angela, in an almost inaudible whisper.

CHAPTER XX.

The question of settlements took the whole party to London, and in London Angela called upon the Farleys. Lucy was delighted with the news of the approaching marriage. She and Angela were very confidential together, and suited each other perfectly. Lucy had taken a peculiar and tender interest in the young woman's love affairs, and had brought her husband to a quarrel with his oldest friend concerning them. It was hardly in nature that O'Rourke should be left out of their talk.

"I saw from the very first that Mr. Maskelyne cared for you," said Lucy; "and I thought you cared for him. But I was afraid at one time that you would lose each other. The course of true love does not always run smooth, and Mr. Maskelyne is very delicate and rather self-distrustful.

"It was my own fault," said Angela, with a blush, "if we were in danger of misunderstanding each other."

"No, my dear," returned Lucy, with gentle decision. "It was the fault of a third person. Poor little Mrs. Spry ought to be saved from that mercenary wretch."

It was not easy to see what could be done but to leave the patriot to his base triumph and the poor little widow to her inevitable sufferings. But it happened that when Angela had gone away, Fraser strolled in; and since Fraser had begun to hate O'Rourke, nothing had pleased him so much as to talk about his enemy. He talked about him now, and Lucy, who was full of the new proof of O'Rourke's wickedness, related it, binding Fraser to solemn secrecy.

"You see," she said, "that nothing can be done; but everything shows how badly he has acted. Nobody can tell Mrs. Spry. You know perhaps what women are, Mr. Fraser. They are very blind about these things, and they do not thank anybody who tries to open their eyes. It would only make her very unhappy, and she would still go on her own way."

"'Tis like enough," said Fraser, but he smiled ineffably, and shook his head with a wonderful blending of complacency and pity. "Where's the poor deluded thing livin'?" he asked, smilingly.

Lucy told him, and he wagged his head up and down, this time with a smile that had a suggestion of anticipatory triumph in it. Very shortly afterward he took his leave, and all the way home he smiled. Home reached, he sat down at his desk and wrote this letter:

"My Dear Madame—If I leave this letter unsigned it is not because I desire to shelter myself behind the shield of darkness which the writer of libel occasionally finds useful. It is because I know enough of human nature to be aware of the fact that an unsigned communication is always read and remembered. If you will show this to Mr. Hector O'Rourke—if you feel that your happiness in any way depends upon it—why he resigned his pretensions to the hand of Miss Butler, of Houfoy, near Janenne. Ask him why he quarreled with his friend Mr. Maskelyne, and why he does not repay that gentleman the money he owes him. Ask him who wrote this letter, and why the writer is His Implacable Enemy."

"Postscriptum.—You may tell Mr. O'Rourke that if he chooses to seek an exposure in the law courts, I shall not shrink from the ordeal, or deny my handwriting, which he knows as well as I know him. You may ask him what that means, also."

"I'll teach the sneaking villain to play false with me," said Fraser. "There's nothing sneaking in that, anyway," he added, surveying his own work admiringly.

And with this conclusion he walked out and with his own hands posted the letter.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Spry had taken, for what remained of the season, a small furnished house in Park Lane. Fraser had written and posted his letter on a Wednesday afternoon, and on the evening of that same Wednesday Mrs. Spry had been dressed with unusual care and splendor. She had dined alone rather early, and after dinner had surrendered herself to the hands of her maid with full intent to look her best, for she was certain to meet Hector in the course of the evening, and was quite resolved to eclipse any possible rival.

While she was at the very flush of these fancies her maid brought her Fraser's letter. If the writer of the letter had known what he was dong he would certainly have spared her, for though he was thick-skinned, and upon occasion thick-headed enough, he was by no means a brute, and only a brute could willfully and knowingly have tortured anything, as Fraser now tortured his enemy's fiancee. He had shot his arrow at his foe without so much as thinking that it must pass through this feeble and tender bosom before it could reach him.

Mrs. Spry read the letter with a helpless terror and dismay. Her little white teeth clicked with hysteric passion, and her little white hands clinched and shook before her so dreadfully that the maid was scared, and retreated before her. She cast herself anew upon the couch with all her costly finery crumpled and disarranged, and cried herself into a mood of stony disregard for everything. It took nearly an hour to do this, and by the time it was done the big eyes were all puffed and swollen, and her cheeks were scalded with tears.

"When," gasped the little woman finally—"when did this come?"

"This afternoon, madam," responded the maid.

"Order the carriage!" cried Mrs. Spry, hastily gathering her opera cloak, fan and glasses in a reckless handful. She snatched the letter from the table and faced the maid, panting.

"The carriage is waiting," the maid replied; "but really, ma'am——"

(To be continued.)

MRS. SAVUM'S BANK ACCOUNT.

She Could Not, It Seemed, Find the Institution Open.

Mrs. Savum, after due consideration, determined to open a bank account and pay all her bill by check. She tested this decision on Mr. Savum one morning, and was rewarded by "That's a very commendable idea;" so a day or two afterwards Mrs. Savum dropped into a bank and started a check account. Her trophies of the day, a neat, clean bankbook and a packet of prettily engraved checks, were shown to Mr. Savum in the evening.

"To-morrow morning," remarked Mrs. Savum, "I am going shopping with Mrs. Buyley. Just think how convenient it will be to drop into the bank and get some ready money."

Mrs. Savum and Mrs. Buyley shopped the next day until late in the afternoon. The former finally decided that she would purchase a piece of dress-goods which had attracted her.

"I haven't the money with me," she explained to Mrs. Buyley, "and I haven't an account with this store. Would you mind going to the bank with me?"

Mrs. Buyley agreed. They got into a cab, and when the bank was reached Mrs. Savum stepped from the vehicle and gazed in amazement at the barred doors.

"Why," she gasped, "the bank is closed!"

"I could have told you that, ma'am," ventured the cab driver. "Most banks close at 3 o'clock, you know."

Mrs. Savum, determined to secure that particular piece of dress goods, hurried down-town with Mr. Savum the next morning. She arrived at the bank. It was locked up tight.

"Can you tell me if this bank is to be closed all day?" she asked a pedestrian.

The man took out his watch.

"It will be open in about half an hour," he explained. "A great many banks open at 9 o'clock. This particular bank doesn't start until 10."

Mrs. Savum confided to her husband the following morning that she intended to withdraw her account from the bank.

"A bank account is a very handy thing to have," she admitted, "but, for some reason or other, I've never been able to arrive at the bank when it was open. I am going down this afternoon and cash a check for the entire amount of my deposit."

Mr. Savum suggested that she give the bank another trial, but Mrs. Savum was obdurate. She reached the bank at 2 o'clock that afternoon and started up the steps. Then she noticed that strong iron gates barred further progress. The bank was closed. Mrs. Savum saw a policeman near by, and she appealed to him.

"Is that bank ever open?" she inquired, testily.

"Well, ma'am, you see this is Saturday," explained the policeman, "an' the bank closes at noon."

Mrs. Savum went home in an unsettled frame of mind. Monday morning she left home shortly after 10 o'clock, and reached the bank a little before noon. She stood in front of the building. From her eyes blazed the fire of a woman scorned, as she read defiantly:

LEGAL HOLIDAY
Bank Closed All Day.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

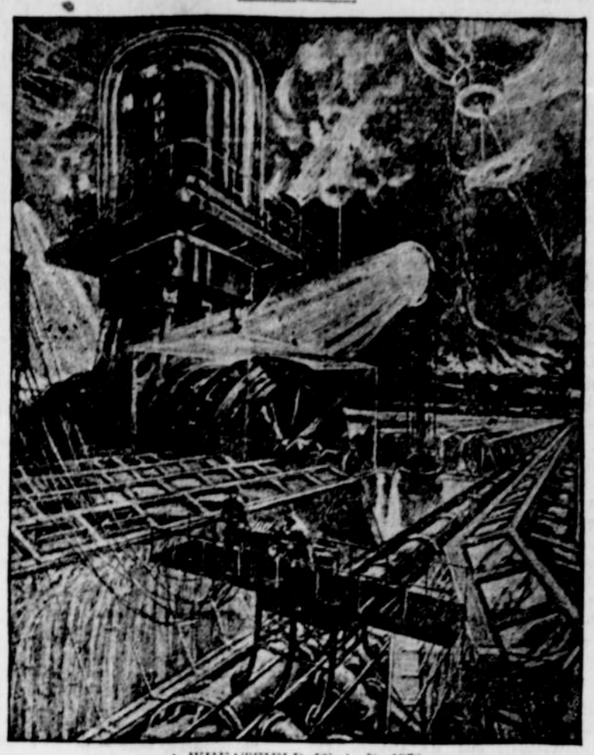
In After Years.

Anxious Mother—Little Bobbie cries for the moon every night. I don't know what to do about it.

Old Doctor—Oh, he'll outgrow that in time. When he grows up he will forget the moon and want the earth.

Bobbs—Did the prisoner really smile when the judge sentenced him to ten years in the penitentiary? Dobbs—Yes; he lived fifteen in a boarding-house.

HOW THE WORLD WILL BE SAVED FROM STARVATION.



A WHEATFIELD IN A. D. 1970.

Several distinguished scientists have recently pointed out that under the present conditions the world would in a short time be threatened with a serious bread famine. In a lecture at the Royal Institution, London, Professor Silvanus P. Thompson referred to this subject showing that as the demand of the white races for wheat as a foodstuff increases the acreage devoted to wheat-growing increases, but at a less rapid rate, and being limited by climatic conditions will in a few years, perhaps less than thirty, be entirely taken up. Then, as Sir William Crookes pointed out in his presidential address in 1898, there will be a wheat famine unless the world's yield per acre (at present about 12.7 bushels on the average) can be raised by the use of fertilizers. Of such fertilizers the chief is nitrate of soda exported from the niter beds in Chili. The demand for this has risen from 1,000,000 tons in 1892 to 1,543,120 tons in 1905, and the supply will at the present rate be exhausted in less than fifty years. Then the only chance of averting starvation lies, as Professor Crookes pointed out, through the laboratory. Cavendish, Crookes, Dewar, and Rayleigh had demonstrated in the laboratory that nitrogen could be obtained from the atmosphere by passing air through an electric arc flame. This process has now entered the commercial stage by the construction and successful operation of the Berkeland-Eyre works at Notoden in Norway, nitric acid and nitrate of lime being formed in large quantities. The latter is extremely useful as a fertilizer. Our artist has depicted the further mechanical and chemical means which the future may have to employ in the production of its daily bread. The huge ears of wheat can be seen growing in long glazed alleys while strange lights are blazing from many points.

AWAITING THEIR DOOM.

A Thousand Lepers Live Care-Free but Lonely Life in Molokai.

The announcement in Oakland, Cal., that Mrs. Col. French of the Salvation Army has decided to devote the remainder of her life to the spiritual and physical care of the 1,000 poor lepers of Molokai is likely to create more interest on the mainland than ever.

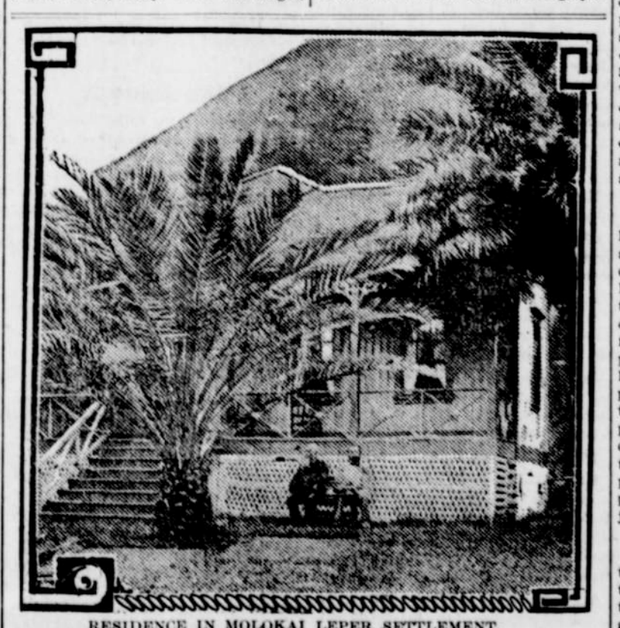
JOSEPH DUTTON.

No one in Honolulu feels that the lepers are in the slightest neglected either as to their spiritual wants or their physical. There are eight churches in the settlement now beside a Young Men's Christian Association. As to their physical care, there is probably not a village of a thousand people anywhere else in the world where the people are so generally well cared for. The disease itself, except in its last stages, does not usually interfere greatly with the enjoyment and comfort of the patient.

At Molokai all are provided with food, clothing and houses by the United States government, with medical attendance and physicians. Many of them have friends who send them money. The board of health provides work at fairly remunerative wages for all who are able to perform it and want it. The result is that the lepers have a care-free life in a delightful climate, with money for luxuries and enjoyment. There is plenty of pasturage in the settlement, and every leper is given free pasture for one horse. Every leper has at least one horse, so that he can go wherever he likes in the settlement. Horse races and other sports are indulged in freely. There are athletic organizations, shooting clubs, debating societies, political organizations. There are pianos and organs and other musical instruments without number in the settlement.

But every leper knows he is there awaiting his doom—the awful doom that makes death welcome. He knows he is an exile from home, from the world; that here he must stay, far as the ends of the earth from friends and loved ones, until the last summons comes.

The accompanying portrait is that of Brother Joseph Dutton, comrade of Father Damien, who died of leprosy. Brother Joseph has been in the colony twenty-five years, but has not contracted disease.



RESIDENCE IN MOLOKAI LEPER SETTLEMENT.

The Chameleon Goshawk.

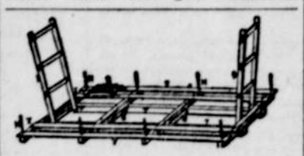
I know no bird which passes through so many changes of plumage and color of eyes as the goshawk. A young one which I have mounted is about the size of a small hen and is covered with white down. His eyes are pale blue. I colored the eyes exactly from life. When fully grown, the first plumage is dark brown above and the eyes are pale yellow. No one would be likely to suspect this being a goshawk who had seen only adult birds. Later it changes to the dark slaty blue of the adult, and the eye, after passing through all the intermediate changes in color from straw yellow, orange yellow and pink, finally assumes the deep rich red of the adult. I know no other hawk, adds Manly Hardy, writing in Forest and Stream, so handsome as the goshawk.

A girl never likes to be kissed unless she says she doesn't.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Handy Combination Hayrack.

The combination hayrack shown in the first illustration is a convenient one. TT are bed pieces of pine or other straight grained light wood fourteen or sixteen feet in length, eight inches wide and three inches thick; if of oak or other hard wood, two and one-half inches thick will give sufficient



COMBINATION HAYRACK.

strength. Four crosspieces, B, of hard wood one and one-quarter inches thick and six inches wide, are mortised and firmly secured to the bed pieces. This constitutes the frame or foundation and is shown in the second cut. It is frequently used separately to haul rails, boards, stones, manure, etc., and is a convenient, strong and handy arrangement for the purpose. In the first cut is shown the rigging complete, of which its four crosspieces or arms, P, are seven and one-half feet in length, five inches wide and two and one-half inches thick.

If designed for a "sectional rigging" and to prevent side movement a half inch groove is cut into the lower sides of the cross arms, P, so that they fit closely upon the bed pieces. To prevent a forward or backward movement eight strong iron hooks are attached by staples to the sides of the cross arms and when placed upon the bed pieces are readily hooked into the staples, A. Thus arranged one man can easily place the rigging upon or take it from the wagon; or, if desired, bolts may be used to fasten all together by passing them through the cross arms and bed pieces. There is not 25 cents difference in the expense.

Standards, D, can be either stationary or hinged so as to be quickly lowered, raised or removed by a small bolt, as shown at Y. The standards should be six and one-half feet high and quite strong to withstand the pressure of the load as well as to serve as a ladder. The boards, X, should be of the same length as the bed pieces and one inch thick and six inches wide of straight grained light wood. Wooden pins or stakes, N, are inserted as shown and should be only slightly sharpened. Should the hind wheels project above the boards, X, bridge

FRAME OF BED PIECES.

over them, as shown at S. Wash with petroleum and keep under shelter when not in use.—Country Gentleman.

The "Strength" of Flour.

Millers and bakers know that large differences exist among various sorts of wheat flour with regard to baking value, or strength, but it appears that only recently have complete chemical tests been made to determine why a given quantity of flour of one brand will produce a loaf and nearly one-third larger than the same quantity of another brand. According to experiments by the Department of Agriculture at Cambridge, England, the volume of a loaf of bread depends in the first instance upon the relative amount of sugar in the dough. The addition of sugar always increases the size of the loaf, or, as the baker says, makes the flour stronger. There are other differences affecting such things as texture and color of bread, the chemical bases of which are yet under examination.

Butter Contents of Milk.

As a reference for those who may desire to know how much butter to expect from milk, it may be mentioned that no correct average can be given, as milk from different cows varies. Milk containing 3 per cent of butter fat will make about 1 pound of butter from 20 pounds (about 13½ quarts) of milk. One quart of milk weighs 2.15 pounds. Milk containing 13 per cent of solids should contain about 4 per cent of fat, 3½ per cent of albumen and 5½ per cent of milk sugar, ash, etc. The average amount of butter fat in cream is about 22 per cent. The separator method of handling cream occasions less waste than by the old method. An ounce of salt is the allowance for 1 pound of butter.

Poultry as a Business.

Is there progress in poultry keeping? Read the market reports. Look at the amount of poultry advertising done today as compared with five years ago. How did the winter prices of eggs in the last five years of the nineteenth century compare with those of the first five years of this? Thousands of people are to-day making a comfortable living and many have become independent by raising poultry and eggs for the market. It has been proven by experiments that it costs no more to produce a pound of poultry than it does to produce a pound of pork or beef, yet poultry is always worth more per pound than any other meat and sells just as readily.

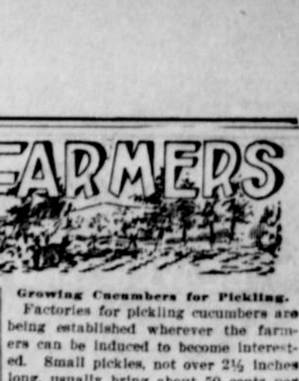
Green Food for Stock.

When the pastures begin to give out there will be a falling off of milk from the cows. This is due to the fact that the farmer does not supply the loss of green food from the pasture. A plot of corn fodder, used as green food, being given the cows at night, will materially assist in preventing the loss of milk. A change of food from green to dry substances will nearly always cause the falling off in milk, for which reason the change from green to dry food should be gradual and never suddenly.

Growing Cucumbers for Pickling.

Factories for pickling cucumbers are being established wherever the farmers can be induced to become interested. Small pickles, not over 2½ inches long, usually bring about 50 cents per bushel, a bushel containing about 800 pickles. The average yield is estimated at 100 bushels per acre, though several hundred bushels may be grown upon an acre. The mildew destroys the vines in some sections, but this is kept down by spraying. The striped cucumber beetle, which can not be destroyed by paris green or ordinary insecticides, is a formidable enemy where it makes its appearance. The long green varieties of cucumbers are used. Plenty of manure should be applied. A fertilizer consisting of one part nitrogen, one part phosphoric acid and two parts of potash is about the proper formula for cucumbers. Cucumbers are salted with two quarts of salt per bushel of cucumbers, packed closely in tierces or barrels, and enough brine added to cover them. The brine should be added daily, as evaporation lowers the water in the vessel and exposes the cucumbers, which may damage them. Growers can co-operate, form a joint stock company, and sell the pickles on the market, thus securing the largest profit possible from growing them.

Safe Stepladder.



Build your stepladder like this, and it will never slip.

The Peanut Trade.

Peanuts have become an important article of American foreign commerce in the last six years, especially on the import side, in spite of the fact that we produce about 12,000,000 bushels a year. Peanut imports have grown in value from $6,000 in 1900 to $500,000 this year, while our exports thereof will approximate $300,000. When this fiscal year closes we shall have to list peanuts for nearly $1,000,000 of our total foreign commerce for the year, according to the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The peanut acreage in this country increased 150 per cent and production 233 per cent between 1890 and 1900. There are under cultivation now 517,000 acres, producing 11,906,000 bushels. The crop is concentrated in a few Southern States, Virginia supplying one-third of it, North Carolina another third.—New York Sun.

Curing Hay.

A heavy crop of grass requires more time for curing than a poor one, as more water must be eliminated, and the hay should not be allowed to become dark. If cut as soon as the dew is off the ground, and "shook up" by the tedder in the afternoon, after the sun is well up the next day the hay may be bunched, not making too large bunches, which may remain from one to three days, according to the weather. It will not injure the grass if rain falls on it before it is cured after cutting, but after it has dried it should be gotten into the mow as soon as the hay is ready. Twist a bunch of hay, and if it breaks off well it may be hauled. The best hay is that which is air-dried rather than dried entirely by the sun; hence the use of the tedder, which keeps the hay loose and turned over for the air, is very favorable to the proper curing of the hay.

Timber on the Farm.

Every farmer should have his acre or more of timber. It pays in many ways—providing protection, fuel and shade. More than that, there is such a tremendous demand for wood that the timber division of a farm could be made in time to yield a monetary profit. Of course, it will take time to start a forest, but once started, it will be an asset and will certainly add to the market value of the farm.—St. Joseph News-Press.

Weevil Optimism.

There are people who believe that the advent of the boll beevil will ultimately prove a good thing for the country and who regard the little insect as a blessing in disguise. We hope they are right. It is argued that the boll weevil will bring about a readjustment of labor conditions; will break up the cotton system and substitute diversified farming, truck and fruit growing.—Homer (La.) Guardian-Journal.

Teaching Botany in Public Schools.

In country schools botany should be taught by devoting an hour or two each week, in the growing seasons, to excursions to the fields and woods, plants being selected, described and classified. By this mode of teaching, an interest in botany will be created on the part of the children.

The Southern Illinois Penitentiary is now preparing lime stone dust for distribution among farmers for fertilizing purposes. The dust is put up in sacks at the prison and is sold to farmers at 50 cents a sack. It is said to be one of the finest fertilizers known.—Chester Herald.

Good draft horses now bring from $200 to $300. It is little wonder, therefore, that well-advised farmers pay fancy prices for imported brood mares, when 3-year-olds bring such prices.—Bethany Republican.