

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER III.

"Then you think," said the mate, looking about him with doubt, "that we shall do no business here?"

He was a young fellow of two-and-twenty or so, a frank and honest-looking sailor, though his business was that of a cunning kidnaper. He was armed with a revolver, ready to hand, and a cutlass hanging at his side. Behind him were four sailors, also armed, in readiness for an attack, for Polynesians are treacherous. But there were no islanders in sight, only two Europeans—one a tall man, dressed in fantastic imitation of the natives; and the other, apparently an ordinary beachcomber, quite out of luck, ragged, dejected and haggard. A little way off the land lay the schooner. His business was to enlist, kidnap, procure or secure, by any means in the power of the captain and the crew, as many natives as the ship would hold, and to bring them to North Queensland, where they would be hired out to planters.

"It is an unlucky voyage," said the mate, gazing earnestly at the two men before him, whose appearance and the contrast between them puzzled him. "Two months out and five weeks becalmed; no business done. Say, how did you come here?"

"For my part," said the German, "I am a naturalist. I make butterflies my special study. I have, I believe, enriched science with so many rare and previously unknown specimens, that I succeeded in getting them to Europe, that my name will be certainly remembered in scientific history as one of those who have advanced knowledge. Can any man ask more?"

"How did you get such a big man?"

"I am a linguist," the Baron Sergius von Holstein went on to explain, "as well as a naturalist. I therefore learned the language before landing here, having found a native or two of New Ireland in the mission of the Duke of York Island. It is a great thing to know how to talk with these black children. I am also a surgeon and a physician, so that I can heal their wounds and their diseases when they get any. You see, further, that I am bigger than most men. I am also thorough. I adopted their dress, at least some of it, and therefore being able to talk to them, I landed among them without fear. When they came round me with their spears I shouted to them down from the sun. And as I know a little prestidigitation and conjuring, and am a bit of a ventriloquist, I am from time to time able to work a few of the simpler miracles; so that they readily believe me."

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"I know not; New Ireland is rich in new species; but I shall have to stop as soon as my means of collection and description come to an end. When that day comes I shall be glad to see a ship. But it will not be yet."

"They may kill you."

"It is possible," the baron shrugged his tall shoulders.

"Have you no arms?"

"I have a revolver, and my reputation for magic and sorcery."

"And how do you live?"

"The people bring me food every day. If they did not, I should afflict them with horrible misfortunes, as they very well know. I should tell them that in three days such a one would be dead, and then it would be that man's duty to go away and die in fulfillment of prophecy. I suppose his friends would never speak to him again if he refused to fulfill the words of the prophet, so great is their faith. They bring me the urine cocoon for its milk; there are fish of every kind in the sea, which they net and spear for me; there are kangaroo and cassowary on the hills, which they snare and trap for me; there are birds which they shoot for me; there are mangoes, bread-fruit, bananas, yams, sweet potatoes. I assure you we feed very well. Don't we, David?"

He laid his hand on the other man's shoulder. "We have also tobacco. There is, however—when you forget, David, don't you?—no rum on the island."

"Is your—your—chum also worshipped?"

He asked the mate, regarding David with an obvious decrease of interest.

"No; David is recognized as inferior clay. This poor fellow was wrecked upon the island; he came ashore on a plank, the rest of the ship's crew and passengers having given indignation to the sharks. He is not happy here, and he would like you to take him off the island."

"Yes," said David, eagerly, but still in his slow way, "anywhere, so that I can only get on my way to England."

"He was just getting off his plank, and the people were preparing to receive him joyfully, warmly, and hospitably, after their fashion; that is to say, into their pots—they have a beautiful method of cooking, in a kind of sunken pot, which would greatly interest you if you were a captive and expecting your turn—when I fortunately arrived, and succeeded, by promising an eclipse if I was obeyed, in saving him. The eclipse came in good time; but I had forgiven the people for their momentary mutiny, and I averted its power for evil. So long as David sticks close to me now he is safe. If he leaves me, his end is certain. But he is no use to me, and for certain reasons I should very much prefer that he was gone. Will you take him?"

"The ship doesn't carry passengers," said the mate; "besides—"

"He is harmless, and you can trust him not to make mischief. I will pay for him if you like."

"What does he want to go home for?" asked the mate, doubtfully. Indeed, the appearance of the man did not warrant the belief that he would be welcomed by his friends.

"He has to pay a pilgrimage; he has to deliver a message before a magistrate, and to be subsequently elevated to a post of great distinction," said the baron.

"Humph!" said the mate. "He looks as if he'd done something. Better keep in these latitudes, stranger, where no one

asks and no one cares. But about his fare; who's to pay his passage and his grub, if we take him?"

"You will return some time to Queensland. Take or send this note." He took his note book, tore off half a leaf, and wrote a few words upon it. "Send this note to Messrs. Hengstenberg & Company, Sydney. Tell them where you got it, and they will give you £20 for it, and will thank you into the bargain for letting them know that, so far, the Baron Sergius von Holstein is safe. If there is any money left after paying for your passenger, give it to this poor fellow. He is not such a bad fellow, though he looks a miserably, unless he begins to confide in you. When he does that, lock him up in a cabin. Perhaps he has done something, as you say; what do we know? As for doing things," he said, regarding his humble companion with the utmost severity, "a man who is tempted to commit a crime ought always to remember that he will some day, in all probability, be wrecked on a desert island, an island of cannibals, in the company of one, and only one, other European, and that man greatly his superior; and he ought truly to resolve that under no temptations will he do anything which may make him a nuisance and a bore to that companion through the vehemence of his repentance." David Leighton groaned. "Man," added the baron, sententiously, "does not live for himself alone; and he who rashly commits a crime may hereafter seriously interfere with the comfort of his brother man."

David hung his head. "I forgive you, David. I have protected you from the natives' spears and their pots and carving knives for six months, though it has cost me many foolish threats and valences. I have felt you and sheltered you. I have been rewarded by penitential groans and by outward tokens of fervent contrition. These have saddened my days, and have disturbed my slumbers. Groan, henceforth into other ears. I forgive you, however, only on one condition, that you return no more. If you do, you shall be speared and potted without remorse. As for the document in my notebook—"

"I shall get to England before you," said David; "and when I get there I shall go at once to Challacombe and make a statement just like the one you have in your notebook. By the time you come to England I shall be—"

"Exactly," said the baron, smiling sweetly. "You will have been a public character. Well, to each man comes somehow his chance of greatness. I hope you may enjoy your reputation, David, though it may be short-lived."

"CHAPTER IV.

The mate meantime was considering the note put into his hands. It was very short, and was a simple draft upon a merchant's house in Sydney—the shortest draft, I suppose, ever written, and on the smallest piece of paper.

"Messrs. Hengstenberg & Co., Sydney. Pay to bearer £20, New Ireland, 1884. Baron Sergius von Holstein."

"I will take him," said the mate. "I expect to be out another three or four months. He can come aboard with me. But, stranger," he said, persuasively, "can no business be done? Are they open to reason?" He looked round at the forest and deserted huts. "Can we trade for a few natives, you and me, between us? If I could only see my way to persuade 'em to worship me, I'd—"

"I would!" I would ship the whole island. There would be a fortune in it."

"They are open to no reason at all. In fact, if they were at this moment to come down upon us unexpectedly, it would be a painful necessity for me—if I valued my reputation as a prophet—to order them to attack and spear both you and your crew; otherwise I should be considered a false prophet. They are wonderfully handy with their lances, and they move in large bodies. Those popguns of yours would knock over two or three, but would be of no avail to save your own lives. Therefore, I would advise that you get into your boat and aboard your ship with as little delay as possible."

The mate took his advice and departed with his passenger.

"And now," said the Baron Sergius, "I am alone at last, and can enjoy myself without any of that fellow's groans. I never knew before how extremely disagreeable one single murder may make a man."

"That evening the rescued man, David Leighton, sat on the deck with his friend the mate. The island of New Ireland was now a black patch low down on the horizon, the night was clear, and the sky full of stars. David was off the island at last, and once more free to return to England; yet he did not look happier; on the contrary, the gloom upon his face was blacker than ever.

It proved a most unlucky voyage. They lost two men in an encounter with the natives; they had no success in trading; the captain continued to drink. The end came unexpectedly.

One night the watch on deck were startled by a bright light in the captain's cabin. The light shot into a flame, and the flames leaped and ran along the sides of the cabin and caught in the deck and licked the timbers of the ship. The old schooner was as dry as tinder, and caught fire like a piece of paper. In five minutes it became apparent that they must take to their boats. As to the drunken man who had done the mischief, he came out of the burning cabin and danced and sung until the flames dragged him down.

In the fierce glare of the burning ship the mate looked at David reproachfully, implying that this misfortune was entirely due to his presence.

"Even now," he whispered, "I will not tell the men you have ruined the voyage, burned the ship, killed the captain, and may be will kill us as well. What have you done that we should be punished like this for taking you on board? Is it—is it murder?"

"Masculine View.

Mrs. Shopp—I see Cutt & Slasher are advertising some lovely house gowns at a bargain.

Shopp—Well, our house doesn't need a gown, but it ought to have a coat of paint.

David nodded his head gloomily. "Then," said the mate, "whatever happens to us, you'll get safe ashore. You won't be drowned, and you won't be starved."

Three weeks later there were only two survivors in that boat. The other men had all drunk sea water, and so gone mad one after the other, and leaped overboard in their delirium. Only David Leighton was left with the mate, and they were lying one in the bow and one in the stern, as far apart as the boat would allow, and they were black in the face, gaunt and hollow-eyed.

When they were picked up the signs of life were so faint in them that the skipper, a humane person, took counsel with his mate whether it would not save the poor men trouble to drop them into the water at once. But in the end he hoisted them aboard and laid them on the deck, with their heads propped up.

For the rest of the voyage the rescued mate kept aloof from the rescued passenger. He would not speak to him; he avoided that part of the ship where he happened to be. As for the latter he found a place about near the helm, where he could sit upon a coil of rope, his head upon his knees. And there he remained, gloomy and silent.

There was trouble, too. First, the ship sprung a leak, and the pumps had to be worked. Next, there was a bad storm, and the mizzen mast went by the board. Thirdly, a fire broke out, and was subdued with difficulty. However, the ship at last sighted land, and arrived, battered and shattered, at the port of Sydney. When they landed, and not till then, the rescued mate spoke his mind.

First he went to the house of Hengstenberg & Co., where he presented the baron's draft, gave news of his safety and touched the money. He then led his passenger to a tavern and entered into a serious conversation with him.

"As for this money," he said, "you weren't a passenger more than a few days, and I can't rightly charge you much. Take fifteen, and I'll take five. With fifteen pounds you can get home, which I take to be your desire, and give yourself up, which I take to be your duty. It will be understood that the unfortunate David, in the extremity of his starvation and remorse, had been talking."

"A Providence it is," said the mate, "that where so many honest fellows were took, I was spared, else you would never have had this money, and you wouldn't, therefore, have been able to give yourself up, and you would never have been hung. A clear Providence it is, and you must regard it as such, and remember it when they take you out comfortably with the chaplain and the ropes."

David took the money, rolled it up in a rag and placed it in his pocket, but said nothing.

(To be continued.)

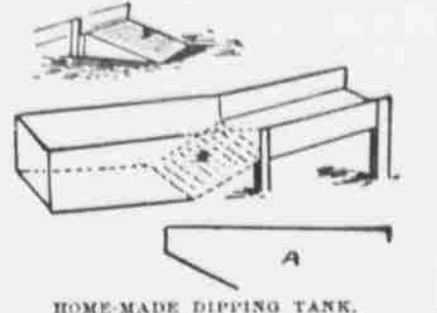
prizes to the farmer's wife bringing the most eggs, etc., and recently the plan was introduced of giving a prize to the farmer who brought the most women to town. When the women come in business picks up at all the stores. The plan worked, one farmer putting cushions on a hay rack and bringing over a hundred in the course of a day.—Denver Field and Farm.



Investigating the Soils.

For the sake of supplying definite and absolutely reliable information in regard to every square mile of land in the 3,622,333 which compose the area of the United States of America, Uncle Sam, through the Bureau of Soils of the Department of Agriculture, will spend eighteen years and at least \$6,000,000. When the work of the Bureau of Soils has been completed, it will be possible for a man intending to purchase a farm to write to the Department of Agriculture, and secure from that department a detailed map of the section in which his farm is located, together with a description of the section. Then by looking up his intended purchase on the map and consulting the descriptive booklet, he can determine to a nicety its value. The map will show by different colors the nature of the soil, while the descriptive booklet will tell its value which has been determined by examination of the soil, study of the railroad facilities, and the examination of the markets and other qualifying conditions. The soil maps and booklets will enable many farmers, who have been only partially successful, to learn wherein they have failed by trying to raise crops unsuited to the nature of their lands, and will instruct them as to what crops are best suited to their farms. It will instruct them also as to the best methods of cultivating soils of different kinds.

While the examination of soils has been carried on for perhaps a hundred years by laboratory methods, the present investigation is along entirely different and far more practical lines. The soils division was established as a separate bureau of the Department of Agriculture on July 1, 1901, and since that time its force has been increased more than twofold. Up to December 31, 1904, the bureau has mapped 88,855 square miles, in small patches scattered over the whole United States, and it is estimated that eighteen years more will be required to complete the work.



HOME-MADE DIPPING TANK.

ing, where the dip is squeezed out of the wool and the animal allowed to stand to drain. The illustration shows how this tank is built. B indicates the slatted walkway and A shows the exact shape of the side portion of the box; the little drawing above the tank shows a walk down from the end of the drainage box which will prevent the sheep from injuring their legs, which they would be likely to do in jumping.

A Fighting Cow.

No fewer than six persons are at present suffering from injuries inflicted by a cow, evidently of Texas fighting stock, which broke loose in the streets of an English town, a few days ago, creating extraordinary scenes. The animal was being led by a halter, but when near the slaughter house it suddenly rushed at the man under whose charge it was, and tossed him high in the air. Extraordinary excitement at once arose, as the animal bolted from street to street, attacking or frightening all it saw. A little girl, aged seven, was wounded in the thigh with its horns, and a man knocked down. Leaving the town the animal directed its course towards the village, whence it had been brought. A farmer who attempted to capture it was gored in the thigh, and finally the "casualty list" was brought to a close by a man in Jordan yard, which it had left two hours previously, having one of his hands run through by a horn.—New England Homestead.

Shade for Poultry.

It is easy to give the poultry the needed shade when the range is fairly well covered with trees or even small brush, but where it is entirely open poultry suffer so much from the heat of the sun that the freedom does them little good; indeed, it would be better for them to be confined in large yards, where they might have shade



SHADE-COOP FOR POULTRY.

during the day and a run on the grass after the sun goes down. However, it is not an expensive plan to arrange a number of tents on the open range by erecting a frame of light strips of wood and covering this frame with unbleached muslin. By sharpening the ends of the posts the frame may be secured to the ground, yet easily lifted and removed to another portion of the range when desired. The plan is worth the attention of all poultrymen.

Rich Milk Gave Lower Cost Butter.

The results obtained with 172 dairy herds in Denmark, aggregating 3,723 cows, were recently studied. The cows were arranged in eight classes according to the average per cent of fat in their milk, each class having about the same number of cows. In the case of Class 1 (richest milk), 70.8 food units were required for the production of one hundred pounds of milk, against 65.0 units in the case of Class 8 (poorest milk). One pound of butter required 19.83 food units in Class 1, and 19.52 in Class 8. The skimmilk obtained per pound of butter was 22.3 and 28.4 pounds respectively for the two classes. At ordinary prices of feeds and products it was found that a pound of butter was produced 2.8 cents cheaper by the cows producing rich milk than by those yielding milk low in butter fat.—American Cultivator.

Barn and Pasture.

Put the idle mare on the pasture. Wide tires save much horse power. A sandy or muddy road doubles the work. Axle grease pays 1,000 per cent profit.

The best drivers talk much to their animals. Aluminum horseshoes have been thoroughly tested by the Russian army. They have proved quite satisfactory, saving the horses' feet more than iron shoes do.

Good ventilation, clean bedding and plenty of light and comfortable stalls are also necessary in the cow stables. Dusty bedding and any feed that is dusty will seed it with millions of germs and these will develop talents and defects that are not desirable.

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Conquest of the Great American Desert

Has Nevada always been an arid and desert region? Its geological records, as indelibly carved in sandstone and granite, showing the shore lines of ancient lakes, proclaim that it has not, but that at one time a vast body of water, as great in area as Lake Erie, covered a portion of the State. Today, however, the aridity of the country is unquestioned and the 350,000 acres, to part of which Uncle Sam is to apply water, will practically double its well irrigated area and its agricultural population.

Nevada's ancient inland sea is known as Lake La Hontan; it was one of several great prehistoric lakes distributed over the Great Basin of the arid region, among them Lake Bonneville, of which the Great Salt Lake was the deepest portion. Its area was nine times greater than the Great Salt, or almost as large as Lake Michigan, and much deeper.

The contracted remains of Lake La Hontan in Nevada are found in Pyramid Lake and a number of other small enclosed lakes which were the deepest portions of the ancient lake. Since these large prehistoric lakes were land-locked and did not overflow, it follows that the rainfall which fed them was much heavier than it is today.

Should conditions revert, many of the important points situated in the Great Basin would be hopelessly flooded, such, for instance, as the Mormon Temple, which would stand in fifty feet of water, while 700 miles of railroad would be submerged.

These prehistoric lakes are said to be of very recent origin—that is, recent by the geologists' count—perhaps 80,000 or 40,000 years old. Fossils have been found showing the presence of primitive man along their ancient shores and embankments, which in many instances are as perfect in contour and as distinct as if the waters had receded only a few years since. These lakes included such arid and fear-inspiring localities as today as the Black Rock Desert, Skull Valley, Death Valley, and a score of other places where the bleached bones of man and animal attest to an awful lack of water.

When the State was admitted to the Union, in place of receiving the usual donation of alternate school sections—16 and 32 in each township—she secured a flat grant from the government of two million acres of public land to be located wherever her lawmakers saw fit. The State Legislature passed as much as desired of this great and valuable resource into private ownership of stockmen, at as low a figure as 25 cents an acre. These lands have been located up and down the sides of every river and stream and around every spring and water hole in the State, so that while Nevada has today some 60,000,000 acres of public land, there is not a quarter section of it upon which a homesteader could make a living. The land granted to the State for school purposes—disposed of by the State for a mess of pottage—controls the lands of the State.

The government's irrigation, when worked out, will immediately double Nevada's population; it will provide a new lifeblood of settlement and citizenship for a region of unsurpassed agriculture.

Irrigation in the East.

That irrigation may be employed as usefully in the humid portion of the United States as in the arid section is announced by the Department of Agriculture. A bulletin has been issued, showing the results of many experiments in this field, in which a steady water source was drawn on as an auxiliary to an irregular rain supply.

Near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where rain is ordinarily bountiful for the crops, a grower of strawberries has found that the addition of a plant for irrigation enables him to insure a perfect stand and rapid growth of new plants. Spraying and irrigation between the rows, put in fine condition for marketing a crop of berries which for lack of rain at the critical moment had colored and hardened without sweetening.

Market gardeners in many other parts of the East are having similar results. The experts at Washington believe that as the country becomes more compactly settled and more intense gardening is required it will be found necessary to depend more and more upon irrigation as an insurance against drought and consequent crop failure.

By Leased Cable.

The anarchist had just hurled the bomb.

Simultaneously the democratic head of President Loubet and the royal pate of Alfonso XIII. ducked to avoid the flying fragments.

"M. le President," muttered the boy king, "which one of us do you think that fellow was after?"

With true Gallic politeness, Loubet disclaimed the honor.

"After you, my dear Alfonso," he murmured, bowing deeply.—Cleveland Leader.

He Spoke Thoughtlessly.

"He said he'd never marry a woman for her money."

"That was before he knew what it was to need it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Flavor of Butter.

To a very large extent the flavor of butter depends on the kind of bacteria working in the cream. It is desired to have all of these of the species that produce lactic acid ferment, for then the flavor will be both clean and pleasant. But in too many cases the bacteria belong to the putrefactive order and set up putrefaction in the casein. There is generally a little casein left in the butter, in spite of the work of the best buttermaker, and this casein forms a base for the work of the putrefactive bacteria. There are other bacteria that cause decomposition of the fat itself, and if these are present the work of developing bad flavor goes on rapidly. Pasteurization can do little to remedy this, for the undesirable bacteria have been at work for a few hours. The problem is to keep them out altogether.

Eggs by the Million.

The western part of Virginia has been known for years as a great section for raising poultry, and the industry is increasing at a rapid rate. The shipment of Thanksgiving turkeys and chickens for all seasons brings in a considerable revenue. In Rockingham county last year, 30,000 crates were shipped to market, a total of 10,800,000 eggs sold from one county in a single year. This does not include many thousands consumed on the farms where they were laid. The lowest price of the year was 14 to 15 cents a dozen, and in December 32 cents was paid. The average for the last year was 22 cents. The profit from eggs alone to Rockingham county farmers was nearly \$200,000.

Pure Air in Stable.

Is the air in the stable pure and free from dust during milking? Would he be willing and glad to eat a plate of soup while he is milking a cow? If not, why not? Isn't milk a human food and isn't the milk pail that is under the cow being filled with food for his table?—Prairie Farmer.

The Growing Pigs.

The growing pigs may be helped along in two ways; one is by feeding sows liberally on those feeds that tend to produce milk; the other is by giving the pigs clean food of the right kind, such as clover and alfalfa.

Dressing for Tomatoes.

A tomato fertilizer very popular on the Pacific coast is made as follows: Nitrate of soda, one part; dried blood, two parts; superphosphate of bone meal, four parts; kainit, three parts, all by weight.

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