

CHAPTER XI .-- (Continued.) David sat doggedly. He had always It was clear that he must have gone been dogged and obstinate. His uncle down very low indeed in the social scale looked at him curiously, as if studying in order to get at those habits which his character.

"David," he said presently, "you were bad boy at school, where they ought America, where, as we afterward learnto have flogged it out of you. You were ed, David had spent his years of exile? a bad son to your father, who ought to I think in none of these places. He lost have cut you off with a shilling. You his manners because he had lost his selfwere a bad farmer when you got your farm. If I hadn't taken your land, a stranger would have had it. Now it's eration of taking his food he said nothkept in the family. Years ago I thought ing, nor did he reply if he was addressed; to give you a lesson, and if you reformed, to give it back to you in my will. I now perceive that you are one of those who never reform. I have left it-elsewhere."

"Go on," said David, "I like to hear you talk."

"The old house at Berry-your old house-is turned into two cottages. One years-with a pleasing result. of those cottages is empty. If you mean to stay in the parish, you can live in it if you like, rent free, for a time-that is, what it is; perhaps not. David was until you get into work again or I find a tenant. If you choose to earn money, you can; there are always jobs to be done by a handy man. If you will not that he was dead?" work, you must starve. Now that is all I will de for you. When you are tired doubt." of Challacombe, you can go away again. That is my last word, nephew." He turned away, and began to busy himself fit of laughing and crying-in the inn." again among his papers.

"After the accident and the loss of those papers you were senseless for three days. And after that you got paralysis. Why, what was all that, but a judgment on you for your conduct to your own fiesh and blood?"

"Rubbish !"

David said no more. Those best acquainted with him would have understood from the expression of his face that his mind was laboriously grappling with a subject not yet clear to him. He was, in fact, just beginning to be aware of a very fory game which he might play all, the old man will do nothing for him. with his uncle, though as yet he only dimly saw the rules of that game. It was a new game, too, quite one of his own invention, and one which would at of him. What will David do?" the same time greatly please and stimulate his ancle, whom he meant to be his adversary. He said nothing more, but he sat doggedly and tried to work out And he is not altogether a fool. There the rules of that game.

Presently Mary came home from church, and with her George Sidcote and thought. If you and Mary marry with-Will. They found David sitting with out old Dan's consent, her fortune goes his uncle, but the old man was reading to David. Does David know?" the paper, and David was silent, think-"Mary," said David, "you don't re-

plest rules of manners, the very simplest

he now exhibited. Were they acquired in the Pacific, or in Australia, or in respect, which is a very different thing from losing your money. During the opand he ate enough for six men.

After dinner George and I took chairs with us, and sat in the old-fashioned garden of Sidcote, under a gnarled and ancient apple tree. "Our David," I said, "was always in-

clined to be loutish. He has been developing and cultivating that gift for six

"There is something on his mind," never particularly open about himself. Strange that he should begin by looking for his uncle's grave! Why did he think

"He believed what he hoped, no

"In the evening, Harry Rabjahns tells me, he had a kind of fit-a hysterical

"That was perhaps because he had learned that his uncle was still alive." This was indeed the case, though not in the sense I intended.

"And this morning, the first day of his return, he begins with a row with his uncle. Well, there is going to be mischief at Gratnor."

"Why, what mischief can there be?" "I don't know. David went away cursing his uncle. After six years he comes back cursing him again. When a man broods over a wrong for six years, mischief does generally follow. First of Do you understand that? There was a solid obstinacy in his eyes while he list-ened to David. Nothing is to be got out

"He will go away again, I suppose, unless he takes farm work."

"David is as obstinate as his uncle. will be mischief."

"George, old man, I return to my old

"I should think not." h of the two day. He took what we gave him without word of thanks, and he did not pretend the least interest in either of us or our doings or our welfare. Yet he had known both of us all his life, and he was but five or six years older. A strange return! Knowing now all that I know, I am certain that he was dased and con-founded, first at finding his uncle allys, and next at the reception he met with. He was thinking of these things and of that new plan of his, yet imperfect, by which he could wreak revenge upon his uncle. This made him appear duller and more stupid than was his nature.

We sat waiting for more experiences,

but none came. How, for instance, one would have been pleased to inquire, came an honest Devonshire man to consort with a gang of fellows who had all "done something," and were roving and tramping about the country ready to do something else. Before David lost his head he used to drink, but not with rogues and tramps. Yet now he confessed without any shame to having been their companion-a tramp and vagabond what process does a man descend so low in the short space of two or three weeks as to join such a company? I looked curiously at his face; it was weather-beaten

and broused, but there was no further revelation in the lowering and moody look.

"I dare say," he once said, "that you were surprised when I came to look for his grave?"

"It is not usual," I said, "to ask for the graves of living men."

"I was so certain that he was dead," he explained, "that I never thought to been made. Writing to our contemank. Quite certain I was; why"-here he stopped abruptly-"I was so certain that I was going to ask what it was he died of. Yes; I wanted to know how he was killed."

"You said some one told you that he was dead. Who was that?"

"I will tell you now-not that you will belleve me; but it is true. He told me himself that he was dead."

"I do not say, David, that this is impossible, because men may do anything. Permit me to remark, however, that you were in America, and your uncle was in Bugland. That must have made it difficult for your uncle to talk with you." "That is so," he replied. "What I through my money-every night, after I went to sleep, his ghost used to come and sk on my bed. 'David,' he said, 'I'm dead.' A lot more he said that you don't want to hear. 'David,' come home quick,' he said. 'David, I'll never leave you in peace until you do come home,' he the reason why I came home. The ghost has left off coming now." "This is truly wonderful."

"What did hed o it for?" asked David, angrily. "He'd got my land. Well, as for-as for-what happened, my score wasn't paid off by that.'

"What did happen?" "Never mind. He'd got my land still;

and I was a tramp. What did he want to get by it?" "You don't mean, David, that your uncle deliberately haunted you every



Clean Water for Hogs.

How to provide clean water for the hog is one of the problems. It is difficult to devise any means by which water can be kept before the swine at all times and yet be so arranged that the hogs will not wallow in it. It appears, however, as though a valuable suggestion looking to the solution of this point has been made in a late issue of the lowa Homestead by a himself, and the associate of rogues. By Kansas farmer who suggests a planfrom which the accompanying cut has



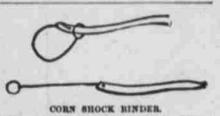
porary this man says:

"It is my opinion that many of the maladies and much of the fatalities among hogs is due to carelessness on the part of the owner by which the hog is compelled to take into his system large quantities of filth in his drinking water. I know where there are wallowing places it is indeed a problem to prevent this, because if there is one thing which a hog delights in more than another it is to bathe himself in mud and then try to dry it off in the drinking trough, and he generally succeeds quite well. And a mean is, that every night-it began af- bunch of them can usually put three ter I'd been in New York and got or four inches of mud in the bottom of a trough in a single week. I enclose you a drawing illustrating the plan that I have used for some time in trying to keep my troughs clean. The trough in this case is made out of two planks, one 2x8 and the other 2x6, a said. Every night, mind you. Not once piece of eight-inch plank 15 inches long now and again, but every night. That's nailed on each end. To this in turn two other planks are nailed, thus furnishing an agency for scraping off considerable mud from the hogs while they are drinking. I then nall on an upright, as is indicated in the illustration, mortised out so that a plank may

be raised or lowered directly above the center of the trough, the height depending upon the size of the hogs that have access to the trough. I acknowledge that it takes a little labor to

Corn Shock Binder.

I have seen two articles of late telling how to tie corn in the shock. Will give my way, which I believe to be more rapid than either the former articles teach. The accompanying cuts will give the idea at a glance. I take a curved stick (the end of a buggy shuft is best) about 30 inches long. Bore a half-inch hole 3 inches from the larger end and put through it a piece of rouse 12 inches long and the the ends together, forming a ring or loop. Into this loop tie a piece of rope 814 feet long, or longer if very large shocks are to be tied. To the other end of this rope tie a 4-inch ring made of 14-inch rod (I use an old breeching ring). This makes the compressor complete as shown at Fig. 1. In tying the shock take the stick in your right hand and throw the rope and ring around the shock. Catch ring in left hand and slip stick through it as far as you can, then bring stick to the right until other end passes through the ring, as shown at Fig. 2, when the shock is ready for tying and the compressor can be turned loose, as it will stay in place. This implement can be used for a two-fold purpose. In husking corn I use a shorter one like this for tying stover. Untie the shock and lay it down, then as you pull the ears off gather the stalks in your lap, have the binder lying straight out at your side, and when you get an armful lay the stover across the rope, pick up the ring in one hand and the stick in the other, allp ring over end of atick and allp down until entire stick has passed through the ring the same as in tying shocks. The twine around the bundle, which can then be reshocked if not ready to haul. This way takes a little more time at first, but saves time and



trouble when you come to haul, and the stover will take less room in the shed .- J. H. Freeman.

Sod-Bound Fruit Trees.

Sod-bound trees are not very common, but they are to be met with. When a tree has made a good growth and has spread out its top to cover its feet there is little danger of its becoming sod-bound, for the branches of the tree catch most of the sunshine and the grass growth below is meager.

The sod-bound condition comes when the tree is either very young or so old that the leaves are thin and few. The young tree that is set in grass ground and has never obtained a very good hold of the ground is the one most likely to become sod-bound, which means that the roots of the grass have possession of me soil and are taking most-of the plant food and moisture. Such a tree can be relieved ony by digging out the grass and giving its roots the entire use of the ground.

member me, I suppose?" "You are my cousin David. Of course I remember you, David, though you are altered a good deal." She gave him her after all?" hand. "All the people are talking about your return."

Then George and William shook hands with him cheerfully and brotherly.

"Why. David," said George, "we must rig you out a little better than this. Come home with Will and me."

David turned sullenly to his uncle. "I've one more thing to say. All of you may hear what that is. He offers me a laborer's cottage to live in, and a laborer's work to do, and a laborer's wage to pay, on my own lands-my own that he stole, this old man here, sitting struck by a judgment in his chair. The next the year." time I come here-you may all take notice and bear witness-the question may not be how little I may be offered, but how much I shall take.'

So far had he got in his understanding of the game that was to be played. "How much," he repeated, with a

chuckle-"how much shall I take." "Dear me!" said his uncle. "This is Will? When did you come down? And how is your writing business? Take David away, George; I am afraid you'll find him very tedious-very tedious indeed."

CHAPTER XII.

We took David away with us; but the old man was right; he was insufferably tedious. To begin with, his mind seemed absorbed; he answered our questions shortly, and showed no curiosity or interest in us, and pretended no pleasure at seeing us again; he was lumpish and moody.

"Mother," said George, "I've brought David Leighan to dinner. He came home last night."

The old lady gave him her hand, without the least appearance of surprise that David had returned in so tattered a condition.

"You are welcome, David," she said. "You will tell us after dinner some of your adventures. I hope you are come to settle again among your own people." "My own people," he said, "have been so kind that I am likely to settle again among them."

"I will take David upstairs, mother," said George, "for a few minutes; then we shall be ready.'

When they came downstairs David presented a little more of his old appearance. There remained a certain slopching manner which suggested the tramp, and the sidelong look, half of suspicion. half of design, which is also common to the tramp; but as yet we knew nothing of his past life and adventures.

When he was dressed he sat down to dinner. Then it was that we made a very painful discovery. Our friend, we found, had entirely forgotten the sim-

man prefer to hand over that money?" "To Mary, certainly."

"So I think. Then don't you see that some good may come out of the business

"It may come, but too late to save Sidcote. He means to have Sidcote. My days here are numbered. Well, it is a pity after five hundred years"-he looked around at the inheritance about to pass away from him-only a farm of three hundred acres, but his father's and his great-grandfather's-and he was si-

lent for a moment. "As for work, what would I grudge if I could keep the old place! But I know that over at Gratnor there sits, watching and waiting his chance, the man who means to have my land, and will have it before the end of

"Patience, George. Anything may happen."

"He is a crafty and a dangerous man, Will. We can say here what we cannot say in Mary's presence. He is more crafty and more dangerous now that he is paralyzed and cannot get about among his fields than he was in the old days. He cannot get at me by the same arts as he employed for David. He cannot persuade me to drink, and to sign agree ments and borrow money. But the bad times have done for me what drink did for David.

So we talked away the afternoon in a rather gloomy spirit. Life is no more free from sharks in the country than in the town; there are in Arcadia, as well as in London, vultures, beasts, and birds of prey, who sit and watch their chance to rend the helpless. "And so," he said, summing up, "I

shall have to part with the old family place, and begin in the world again; go out as David went out, and return, perhaps, as he returned."

'No, George; some things are possible, but not probable. That you should come back as David has come back is not posuible.

At that moment the man of whom we spoke came slowly out of the house, rubbing his eyes.

"When you are among the blacks," he said, "you never get enough to eat." "What are you going to do now you are come home, David?"

"I will tell you, George, in a day or two. The old man says he will do nothing for me-we'll see to that presently. He's turned the old farm house at Berry into two cottages, and the buildings are falling to pieces. Says I can take up

my quarters in one of the cottages, if I like; that is liberal, isn't it? And I am to earn my living how I can; that's generous, isn't lt?" "Try conclliation, David."

"No, Will; I think I know a better plan than conclliation."

CHAPTER XIII. This was all that David told us. We saw, indeed, very little of him after this

night? No one ever heard of a living man's ghost haunting another living man. A dead man's ghost may haunt a living

to back that statement with any experiences of my own. Perhaps, too, a living man's ghost may haunt a dead man; that would be only fair. Turn and turn about, you see. But for a live uncle to haunt a live nephew-no, David, no."

"He is crafty enough for anything, I don't care who done it," said David, "it was done. Every night it was done, And that's why I came home again. And since he's fetched me home on a fool's errand, he's got to keep me.'

"But it wasn't his fault that the ghost came. Man allve! he wanted his own ghost for himself. Consider, he couldn't get on without it!"

"He brought me home, and he's got to keep me," said David, doggedly. Then he slowly slouched away.

"He is going to the inn," said George. "Will, there is something uncanny about the man. Why should he have this horrible haunting dream every night?"

"Remorse for a crime which he wished he had committed, perhaps. An odd combination, but possible. If he had mur- Take a plece of plank, say 2 feet long, dered his uncle he might have been haunted in this way. Wishes he had murdered him, you see. Imagination supplies the rest."

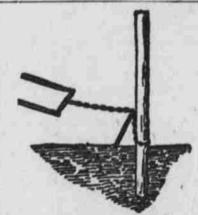
(To be continued.)

There lives a Western farmer who the post will come straight up." once received a note from a nephew to say he would visit the farm the following Thursday. Uncle and nephew had not met for fifteen years, and the old man drove to the station in his best and most uncomfortable coat that he might welcome his sister's only child in a worthy manner. But the youth failed to come. After waiting till the last passenger had disappeared the old man drove away disappointed. There lives also a book agent who arrived at this same farm the next morning. Looking over the fence of the barn-yard he called, "Hello, uncle!" farmer flung the gate wide open, selzed his hand, and pressed a whiskered kiss on his cheek; and the agent, following the farmer into the house, explained that everybody at home was as well as could be expected. Not till the agent had really enjoyed a good dinner and attempted to sell a book did the farmer begin faintly to understand. Charged with impersonating the missing nephew, the agent explained that he greeted all elderly strangers as "uncle," and knew nothing of a missagent was still running.

make troughs of this kind, but where one has a big bunch of hogs I believe that he can save the price of his mateman, perhaps, though I am not prepared rial and labor almost every day."

Way to Pull Posts.

S. W. Leonard says in Farm and Ranch: "I will give a plan for pulling up old fence posts. Take a chain and put it around post close to the ground.



A TEXAS POST-PULLER.

2 inches thick and 8 inches wide; set bottom end about 1 foot from post; let chain come up over plank and lean plank toward post. Fasten single-tree to end of chain and when horses pull

Feeding of Ducks.

All who raise ducks in large numbers for market find it necessary to feed a considerable quantity of rich food, chiefly meat, in some form. But it is a thing to be done with judgment. Ducks are hearty eaters and digest almost anything, but too much pushing with meat foods is almost certain to kill many of them. Pushing for early markets has to be done with caution.

Weak Bordeaux Mixture.

For the summer spraying of peaches and Japanese plums: Copper sulphate. That book agent never had such a re- 2 pounds; fresh lime (unslacked), 5 ception before in all his life. The pounds; water, 50 gallons .-- Rhode Island Formula.

Why Strawberry Plants Die.

Many strawberry plants die because they are kept too long after being dug before transplanting. Some die because set too deep and the crown-or center of the plant is covered. But in a dry time more plants die from a lack of pressure on the soil about the roots than from all other causes. In a wet season they will live if left on top of the soll with no earth to cover the roots. Plants out of the ground ing nephew. And it is said that when are like fish out of water. Therefore last seen by the farmer that book the sooner they are in their natural element the lower the death rate.

Doesn't Pay to Coddle Alfalfa.

If an alfalfa field is in bad condition it is usually best to plow up and re-seed. It scarcely ever pays, at least where irrigation is practiced, to coddle a poor stand of alfalfa. Many growers recommend disking every spring, even when the stand is good, and some have even found it a paying practice to disk after each cutting. Such disking will often prevent the encroachment of weeds. In the Eastern States alfalfa fields sometimes suffer a check in their growth, tend to turn yellow and otherwise show a sickly condition. Oftentimes this condition is accompanied by an attack of alfalfa rust or spot disease. The best remedy for such a condition is to mow the field. The vigorous growth thus induced may overcome the diseased condition.

Smut Attacks Late Bown Grain.

Early sowing of cereals when the soil temperature is low gave in experiments with barley, oats and spring wheat less smut than late sowings. In a similar manner, less smut will be found on those cereals grown on a cold clay soil than on a loamy soil, and, as a rule, the greatest amount of disease will be found in cereals grown on sandy humus soils. A high temperature of the soll during the first week after sowing favors the germination of the smut pores, and consequently the infection of the cereals. Cereals will germinate and begin their growth at a temperature below that at which the fungus can develop .- New England Homestead.

Lice on Hoge,

Make a lice killer by shaving onefourth pound of bar soap and boiling for ten minutes, or until the soap is all dissolved, in a half gallon of soft water, then pouring the boiling suds into a gallon of kerosene and stirring briskly until a creamy mass is formed. When wanted for use stir a pint of it in a gallon of warm water and spray them. If the pigs are not affected, give the sows a teaspoonful of sublimed sulphur once per day, also all the charcoal they desire to eat.