CHAPTER I.

lidified by some sudden paralysis of ing Colossus.

lurk in the valleys, two mounted fig- clasped around his thin knees. ures made no sound either, save when or saddle-leather creaked under the patient scrambling of their animals.

In front rode a battered mountaineer astride a rusty, brown mule.

This second mule bore a woman, riding astride. She was a young woman, breeches. and if just now her slender shoulders also drooped a little, still even in their droop they hinted at a gallant grace of carriage. The girl was very slender and,

though convoyed by the drab missionary, "Good Anse" Talbott, riding astride a lame mount and accoutered with saddlebags and blanket-roll, her clothes were not of mountain calico. but of good fabric, skillfully tailored. and she carried her head erect.

Indubitably this was a "furriner;" a woman from the other world of "down below." But who was she, and why had she come? As to that, word had gone ahead of her and been duly reported to the one man who knew things hereabout; who made it a point to know things, and whose name stood as a challenge to innovation in the mountains.

When at morning she had started out from the shack town at the end of the rails, "Bad Anse" Havey's .informers had ridden not far behind her. Later they had pushed ahead and relayed their message to their chief.

She had often heard the name of Bad Anse Havey. The yellow press of the state, and even of the nation, was fond of using it. Whenever to the lawless mountains came a fresh upblazing of feudal hatred and blood was let, it was customary to say that the affair bore the earmarks of Bad Anse's incitement. Certain it was that in his own territory this man was overlord and dictator.

Like one of the untamable eagles that circled the windy crests of his mountains, he had watched with eyes that could gaze unblinking into the sun all men who came and went perched. Those whom he hated, unless they, too, were of the eagle breed. fierce and resourceful and strong of talon, could not remain there.

This slender young woman, astride a mule, was coming as the avowed outrider of a new order. She meant to make war on the whole fabric of illiteracy and squalid ignorance which lay intrenched here. Consequently her arrival would interest Bad Anse Ha-

Once, when they had stopped by a wayside mill to let their mules pant at meant for her ears; a scrap laughingly and I don't use tobacco." tossed from bearded lip to bearded lip among the hickory-shirted loiterers at the mill door.

"Reckon thet thar's the fotched-in woman what aims ter start a school over on the head of Tribulation." her t'other day."

With a somewhat derisive laugh another had contributed:

"Mebby she hain't talked thet projeck over with Bad Anse yit. Hit paused in passing to jerk his head mought be a right good idee fer thet toward the house and added: "Ye gal ter go on back down below, whar mought ax thet woman ef ye've a mind she blongs at."

"We got to keep right on till we comes old man Fletch McNash's cabin a clamped on the stem of a clay pipe. leetle ther rise of a mile frum hyar.

till mornin'." "And if he doesn't?"

on a spell further." The girl closed her eyes for a me

ment and pressed her lip between her At last a sudden turn in the road brought to view a wretched patch of

bare clay, circled by a dilapidated paling fence, within which gloomed a down the road as ye rid along?" HOW GREAT INDUSTRY BEGAN | line Aniline had been obtained previ- | phuric acid-a cycle of operations | with zinc filings and produced alizarin, | this discovery gave me more pleasure; they have found them their fellow

squalid and unlighted cabin of logs. I At sight of its desolation the girl's ary, "I hain't skeercely as well ac- slips into the water. The leaves of poplar and oak hung heart sank. A square hovel, window- quainted hyarabouts as further up still and limp; no ghost of breeze less and obviously of one room, held Tribulation. What manner o' lookin' found its way down there to stir them up a wretched lean-to that sagged man air he?" into movement or whisper. Banks of drunkenly against its end. The open rhododendron, breaking into a foam of door was merely a patch of greater replied his wife morosely. "He's jest bloom, gave the seeming of green and darkness in the gray picture. Behind an ornery-lookin' old man." white capped waves arrested and so- it loomed the mountain like a crouch-

nature. Sound itself appeared dead, At first she thought it an abandoned The woman shook her head, then save for hushed minors that only ac- shack, but as they drew near the stile a grim flash of latent wrath broke in centuated the stillness of the Cumber- a dark object lazily rose, resolving it- her eyes. self into a small boy of perhaps Now, as evening sent her warning eleven. He had been sitting hunched stranger. Some triffin' fellers done with gathering shadows that began to up there at gaze with his hands sa'ntered past hyar with a jug of and by these tokens the "furrin"

As he came to his feet he revealed a hoof splashed on a slippery surface a thin stature swallowed up in a hick- is to hit, an' he hain't got no license butternut trousers that had evidently by now he's a-layin' drunk somecome down in honorable heritage from | whars." elder brethren. His small face wore The second figure came some yards a sharp, prematurely old expression through which drifted the distant behind, carefully following in the as he stood staring up at the new arriother's wake on a mule which limped. vals and hitching at the single "gal. Beyond the crests lingered only a lus" which supported the family

> "Airy one o' ye folks got a chaw o terbaccy?" he demanded tersely, then the brown, colorless woman across the added in plaintive afternote: "I hain't had a chaw terday."

"Sonny," announced the colorless mountaineer with equal succinctness. we want ter be took in. We're be-

"Ye mought ax Fletch," was the stolid reply, "only he hain't hyar. Hes airy one o' ye folks got a chaw o' terbaccy."

"I don't chaw, ner drink, ner smoke." answered the horseman quietly, in the manner of one who teaches by precept. "I'm a preacher of ther Gawspel. Air ye Fletch's boy?" "Huh-huh. Hain't thet woman got

no terbaccy nuther?"

Evidently, whatever other characture, he was admirably gifted with te- first day's march. nacity and singleness of purpose



Been Across the Stile.

the water trough, she had caught a Juanita Holland smiled as she shook scrap of 'conversation that was not her head and replied: "I'm a woman,

"The hell ye don't!" The boy paused, then added scornfully. "My mammy chaws and smokes, too-but she don't straddle no hoss." After that administration of rebuke

he deigned once more to recognize drawled one native. "I heard tell of the missionary's insistent queries, though he did so with a laconic impatience.

"I tell ye Fletch hain't hyar." boy started disgustedly away, but

The girl was thinking of all this. The travelers raised their eyes and now as she rode in the wake of her saw a second figure standing with hands on hips staring at them from In a moment of almost cringing de- the distance. It was the slovenly figspair she wished indeed that she were | ure of a woman, clad in a colorless "back thar down below whar she and shapeless skirt and an equally shapeless jacket, which hung unbelted Then, almost fiercely, drawing back about her thick waist. As she came her aching shoulders, she cast her slowly forward the girl began to take eyes about on the darkening scene in other details. The woman was and raised her voice in anxious in barefooted and walked with a shamquiry: "How much farther do we have bling gait which made Juanita think of bears pacing their barred inclos-The man riding ahead did not turn ures in a zoo. Her face was hard and his face, but flung his answer apa- unsmiling, and the wrinkles about her thetically backward over his shoulder: eyes were those of anxious and lean years, but the eyes themselves were the faint light revealed. The barrel

"'Evenin', ma'am," began the moun I 'low mebby he mought shelter us taineer. "I'm Good Anse Talbott. I gaping cracks, and overhead there was reckon mebby ye've heerd of me. This a vague feeling of low rafters, from lady is Miss Holland from down be-"Ef he doesn't, we've got ter ride low. I 'lowed Fletch mought let us shriveled peppers and a few crinkled

tarry hyar till sunup." "I reckon he mought of he war hyar -though we don't foller taking in strangers." was the dubious reply, -but he ain't hyar."

"Where air he at?"

"Wall, now-" drawled the mission- noiselessness with which a beaver

"He don't look like nothin' much,"

"Whither did he sot out ter go when he left hyar?"

"I'll jest let ye hev the truth, licker, an' thet fool Fletch hes jest done follered 'em off. Thet's all thar

For a moment there was silence, tinkle of cowbells down the creek. lemon afterglow as relict of the dead day. The brown, colorless man astride his mule sat stupidly looking down at stile. The waiting girl heard the preacher inquiring which way the master of the house had gone and surmising that "mebby he'd better set out in search of him:" the words seemed to come from a great distance, and her head swam giddily. Then, overcome with disgust and weariness, Juanita Holland saw the afterglow turn slowly to pale gray and then to black, shot through with orange spots. Then she grew suddenly indifferent to the situation, swayed in her saddle, and slipped limply to the ground.

The young woman who had come to conquer the mountains and carry a torch of enlightenment to their illitteristics went into this youth's na- ment and weariness at the end of the

The weariness which caused the fainting spell must have lengthened its duration, for when Juanita's lashes flickered upward again and her brain came gropingly back to consciousness she was no longer by the stile.

She was lying in the smothering softness of a feather bed. On her palate and tongue lingered an unfamiliar, sweetish taste, while through her veins she felt the coursing of a warm

Over her stood the woman who had been across the stile when she fainted, her attitude anxiously watchful. In one hand she held a stone jug, and in the other a gourd dipper. So that accounted for the taste and the glow, back. and as Juanita took in the circumstance she heard the high, nasal voice, pitched none the less in a tone of

"Ye'll be spry as a squirrel in a leetle spell, honey. Don't fret yoreself none. Ye war jest plumb tuckered out an' ye swooned. I've been a rubbin' your hands an a-pourin' a little white licker down vore throat. Don't worrit yoreself none. We're pore folks an' we hain't got much, but I reckon we kin make out ter enjoy ye somehow." have been the rocky confines of a mountain cavern, so formlessly did they merge into the impalpable and sooty murk that hung between them, obliterating all remoter outline. Only things in a narrow circle grew visible. and at the center of this lighted area was the slender figure of a girl bolding up a lard taper, its radius of light yellow and flickering.

of the strange and, to her, wonderful tions. woman from the great, unknown world on her, her own dark lashes fell timidly and the hand that held the taper trembled, while into her cheeks crept a carmine self-consciousness. Juanita, for her part, sensed in her veins a new and subtler glow than the hills had made her heartsick with path. their stolid and animallike coarseness Now she saw a slender figure in which the lines were yet transitory between the straightness of the child and the budding curves of womanhood.

It was to such children of the hills as this that Juanita Holland was to bring the new teachings. But even as she smiled the child-for she seemed to be only fifteen or sixteen-surrendered to her shyness and, thrusting the taper into her mother's hand. shrank out of sight in some shadowed corner of the place.

Then Juanita's eyes occupied them selves with what fragmentary details ter a dwellin'-house. I'm aimin' fer not unkind. Her lips were tight of a rifle caught the weak flare and glittered. The uncarpeted floor of rude puncheon slabs lay a thing of which hung strings of ancient and

"hands" of "natural leaf." "Dawn," commanded the woman. "take yore foot in your hand an' light out ter ther barn an' see ef ye' kin find some aigs."

As Juanita watched the door she "Don't know. Didn't ye see him caught a glimpse of a slight figure all." that vanished with the same quick

"I reckon ye kin jest lay thar a

on impetuously.

clar'

seek ter raise no hell when ther jedge

He Was Standing, as She Entered, a

Little Back From the Hearth.

ther pint. Some of Milt's fellers aims

which Juanita Holland was painfully

conscious of the quick beat of her own

the capable tones of a general officer

him to keep outen sight. Nothin'

won't break loose before midnight.

The speaker's voice broke off and

CHAPTER II.

unsteadily to the back door and let

been commented upon. A few min-

utes later she heard the voice of Mrs.

self, outwardly calm, making her way

When she entered the place Fletch

Juanita found herself unaccount-

ably eager to see the tall stranger

whose voice had reassured her; who

had appeared first as the Samaritan

inertia of dulled senses.

around the corner of the house.

"Did ve give warnin' in Peril?"

else?"

mockery of ther law."

Anse, don't they?"

giving commands.

ter fix things up."

spell," added the woman, "whilst I goes out an' sees what victuals I kin skeer up.' Left alone, the girl from Philadel-

phia ran over the events of the dayevents which seemed to smother her under a weight of squalor and fore-

At length from the road came loud shouts of drunken laughter, broken by the evident remonstrances of a Briar, aims to stand by an' not try companion who sought to enjoin quiet, ter hang or penitentiary kin of mine woman knew that the lord of the almost softly. squalid manor was returning, and that he was coming under convoy. She ory shirt and an overample pair of ter ack thetaway nuther. I reckon shrank from a meeting with Fletch McNash; but if she went out by the to confront him, so she lay still. Fletch was deposited in one of the

split-bottom chairs by the doorstep. "I jest went over thar ter borry a hoe," he proclaimed, "an' I met up with some fellers and thar was all manner of free licker. They had white none of hit didn't cost nothin'. Them fellers jest wouldn't hardly suffer me

ter come away." "An' whilst ye war a-soakin' up thet thar free licker them pertater sets was a-dryin' up waitin' ter be sot out," came the stern wifely reminder.

Between the strident voices came every now and then the softly modulated tones of the stranger whose words Juanita lost. Yet, somehow, whenever she heard them she felt soothed, and after each of these utterances the woman outside also spoke in softer tones. Whoever the stranger was, he car-

ried in his voice a reassuring quality, so that without having seen him the eracy had fainted from discourage | girl felt that in his presence there was an element of strength and safeguard-

At last from one of the beds she heard a scuffling sound, and a moment later a childish form opened a door at the back of the cabin and slipped out into the darkness.

That revealed an avenue of escape. Juanita had not known that these windowless cabins are usually supplied with two doors, and that the one into which the wind does not drive the weather stands open for light on wintry days. Now she, too, rose noiselessly and went out of the close and musty room. It was quite dark out there and she could feel, rather than see, the densely foliaged side of the mountain that loomed upward at the

time. At last she heard a voice sing | night." out from the stile:

A thick welcome from Fletch Mc-Nash followed, and then again silence settled.

After a while, as she sat there on the rock, with her chin disconsolately in her hand and her elbows on her knees, Juanita became conscious of The four walls of the cabin might footsteps and knew that someone was coming toward her. Then she caught the calm voice which had already impressed her-the voice of the stranger who had brought home the half-helpless householder.

"I reckon we're out of earshot now, I reckon we kin hev speech here; but heed your voice an' talk low.'

In the face of such a preface the girl shrank back in fresh panic. She had As the mountain girl felt the eves no wish to overhear private conversa-

She huddled back against the rock and cast an anxious glance about her for a way to escape. Behind lay the mountain wall with its junglelike growth, where her feet would sound an alarm of rustling branches and disturbed deadwood. But the men were that which the moonshine whisky had strolling near her, and to try to reach quickened. The men and women of the house would require crossing their

> Then the second shadow spoke, and its voice carried beside the nasal shrillness so common to the hills the "Thar's liable ter be hell ternight."

The girl thought that the quiet stranger laughed, though of that she could not be certain.

"I reckon ye mean concernin' Cal

"Thet's hit; when I rid outen Peril this atternoon ther jury hed done took ther case, an' everybody 'lowed they'd find a verdict afore sundown."

"I reckon"—the taller of the two was obvious that her absence had not about it as I feel." men answered slowly, and into his softly modulated voice crept something of flinty finality—"I reckon I can McNash singing out: "You folks kin creep into her voice; that she had tell ye what that verdict's goin' to all come in an' eat," and found herbe. Cal will come clear."

"Thet hain't ther pint," urged the messenger excitedly. "Thet hain't why I've rid over hyar like a bat outen hell ter cotch up with ye. I was aimin' ter fotch word over ter ther dance, but es I come by hyar I seen yore hoss hitched out thar in ther road, so I lit an' come in. I reckon ye knows thet cote an' thet jury. Thet's yore business, but thet hain't

it? | bringing home the helpless; then as | thinly with butter.

Talk out. What are ye aimin' to tell the man whose words gained prompt obedience-and finally as the self-"I met up with a feller in Job declared advocate of peace. Heath's blind tiger jest outside Peril.

He was standing, as she entered, He'd drunk a lot of licker an' he got little back from the hearth, with the ter talking mighty loose-tongued an' detached air of one who drops into the background or comes to the fore with The girl sickened a little as she felt equal readiness. She found that in that her fears were being realized, appearance as in voice he bore a rough and one hand went involuntarily up sort of impressiveness about him. In to her breast and stayed there. The the brighter light stood the messen young man with the shrill voice talked ger, a gaunt youth, in whose wild sharp features lurked cunning, cruelty "Ever sence the trial of Cal Doug- and endurance. But the other man, las started good old Milt McBriar who stood a head taller, fell into a

hain't been actin' like hisself. Him pose of indolent ease which might an' Breck Havey's been stoppin' at wake instantly into power. ther same hotel in Peril, an' yet Milt It was a face strongly and ruggedly chiseled, but so dominated by unfalhain't 'peared ter be a bearin' no tering gray eyes that one was apt to grudge whatsoever. When ther jury was med up Milt didn't seek ter chal- forget all else and carry away only s lenge fellers thet everybody knowed memory of dark hair-and those eyes. was friends of Cal's. Milt didn't even

Then, as they sat at table and the girl struggled with her discomfiture over each unclean detail of the food ruled favorable ter Cal right along. This feller what I talked ter 'lowed she raised her eyes from time to time thet Milt didn't keer ef Cal came always to encounter upon her the steady, appraising gaze of the dark stranger.

The listening man once more an-When they rose from the table the swered with a quiet laugh. "Do ye low that that old rattlesnake, Milt Mc- stranger drew Fletch, now somewhat sobered by his meal, aside, and the other men retired to the chairs in the for killin' kin of his?" he inquired dooryard. Then the girl from the East slipped away and took up her solitary place on top of the stile, where she "Thet's fust hit." The answer came sat thinking.

quickly and excitedly. "This feller At last she was conscious of a pres 'lowed thet Old Milt aimed ter show ence besides her own, as of someone ther world that he couldnt git no jesonly door she knew she would have tice in a cote thet b'longed to Anse standing silently at her back. Rather nervously she turned her Havey, an' then he aimed ter 'tend head, and there, with one foot on the

ter his own jestice fer hisself. He lower step of the stile, stood the 'lows ter hey hit homemade." "How is he goin' to fix it?" The young stranger himself. Once more their eyes met, and with a little start question was a bit contemptuous. "They figger that when Cal comes she dropped her own. "I kinder hate to bother ye, ma'am," clar he'll ride lickety-split, with a

licker an' bottled-in-bond licker, an' bunch of Havey boys, over hyar ter said the even voice, "but I can't hardly this dance what's a goin' forward at get acrost that stile whilst ye're settin on it." There was no note of badinage or

> levity in his tone, and his clear, drawn features under the moonlight were en tirely serious. Juanita rose. "I beg your pardon,"

she said hastily, as she went down the stile on the far side. "That's all right, ma'am," replied

the man easily, still with a serious dignity as he, too, crossed the road. While he was untying the knot in his bridle-rein the girl stood watching him. In the easy indolence of his

movements was the rippling some-

thing that suggested the leopard's frictionless strength. The very quality that gave this voung stranger his picturesqueness and stamped him as vital and dynamic in his manhood sprang from that wild roughness which he shared with his eagles and Dawn shared with her weedlike flowers. And yet it was voice was so calm, whose movements

were so quiet, whose gaze was so un-

challenge with every breath: "I am a man! Suddenly she wondered if in him she might not find an ally. She felt very lonely. To have counsel with someone in these hills less stupidly phlegmatic than Good Anse Talbott would bring comfort and reassurance to her heart. She must cope with the ter slip over thar, too, an' while Cal's powerful resourcefulness of Bad Anse she would find in him a tower of

"They aims ter tell the world thet strength. they let ther law take hit's co'se fust. Perhaps he had vielded to the unbut thet Bad Anse Havey makes a spoken appeal of the deep, rangeful For a moment there was silence, twice the same gray, and the sweetly and the quiet voice commenced, iron- sensitive lips so tantalizingly charmically: "My God, them fellers lay ing, because they were fashioned for a heap of deviltry up against Bad smiles and were now drooping instead. "I reckon," he said, "you find it right After a moment of silence, through different, don't you?"

She nodded. "But it's very beautiful," she added heart, she heard again the unexcited as she swept her hand about in a ges ture of admiration. voice of the tall stranger. Now it was

It was he who nodded at that, very gravely, and almost reverently, though at the next moment his laugh was

"No-I couldn't get to speak with short and almost ironical. "I reckon God never fashioned any Cal. He was in cote-and seein' as how they didn't figger on raisin' no thing better-nor worse," he told her "When you've breathed it an' seen it hell twell they git over hyar-I didn't turn backwards. I come straight an' lived it, no other place is fit to through. I lowed this was ther place dwell in, an' yet sometimes I 'low that God didn't mean it to be the habita tion of men an' women. It's cut out "You ride over to the dancin' party. Get the older fellers together. Keep for eagles an' hawks an' wild things It belongs to the winds an' storms an the boys quiet and sober-cold sober. bear an' deer. It puts fire into veins Watch thet old fool. Bob McGreegor. meant for blood, an' the only crop it Don't spread these tidings till I get raises much is hell." there. If Cal comes over there, tell

"You-you've been out in the other world-down below?" she questioned That's my orders. By God Almighty. "Yes; but I couldn't stay down there aim to have peace hereabouts just I couldn't breathe, hardly. I sick ened-an' I came back."

She turned to him impulsively the two men passed out of sight "I don't know who you are." she began hurriedly, "but I know that you brought this man home when he was not in a condition to come alone. know that you sent a man ahead of The girl rose and made her way you to keep peace at the dance. I know you have a heart, and it means herself in. She threw herself on the something-means a great deal-tc bed and lay there, rapidly thinking. It feel that someone in these hills feels

She stopped suddenly, realizing that she was allowing too much appeal to come to fight, not to sue for favor.

"I-1 thought maybe you would around to the shed addition which help me," she finished, a little falter served jointly as kitchen and dining- ingly. "Would you mind telling me your name?"

He had unhitched his horse and McNash was already seated, and stood with the reins hanging from one sagged over his plate with the stupid hand (TO BE CONTINUED.)

> To keep cheese from molding in a wet season spread the cut surface

than those I found in the protective searchers shall hear an exultant shout and they shall come together, and in the gracious discovery there shall be

To remove old putty from a window

WORKING FOR BETTER ROADS

Ways In Which Department of Agriculture Offers Advice and Assistance-Free Lectures Given.

Communities interested in the improvement of roads are recommended by the department of agriculture to apply for a lecturer on the subject. Lecturers will be sent at the government expense wherever there is reason to believe that audiences will be large enough to make the expenditure of time and money worth while. Whenever possible it is, of course, desirable for a number of communities in the same vicinity to make arrangements for lectures at the same time, since in this way the traveling expenses for each stop made by the lecturer are materially reduced.

The number of lecturers at the disposal of the department is limited, and it is not always possible, therefore, to comply with every request. When a



Roads-Filling the Joints.

lecturer cannot be sent, however, the department will loan a set of suitable lantern slides to any responsible local association or individual who will pay the express charges. The only requirement is that the slides be made of active and practical use in the community and that they be resomehow as though this man, whose turned in good condition in 90 days. In addition, a brief outline of a lecture to accompany the slides will be arrogant, was crying out in a clarion forwarded on request.

In addition to this educational work the department is always ready to respond to requests for practical assistance which may take the form of special advice and inspection, superintendence of county roads, road surveys, experimental road work, bridge work, or the development of a model system of highways for a county. To obtain such assistance local authori-In her brooding she lost account of celebratin' they aims ter git him ter- Havey, he of the untamed ferocity ties should secure a blank form from and implacable cruelty and shrewd in- the office of public roads on which to "Do they?" The taller man's voice telligence. If some native son could make applications. Requests from met, however.

Bridge work is one branch of road building in which the department may be of particular service to local aueyes that were always gray, yet never thorities. Typical designs have been prepared and copies of these can be furnished on request. A few minor alterations would probably make such a design suitable for special cond!tions, or an engineer may be assigned to inspect the site and offer suggestions. In some cases designs by bridge companies have been reviewed by the department for the benefit of local of-

Possibly the most important way. however, in which the department assists individual communities in the betterment of their roads is in laying out a model system of highways for a county which is about to expend a large sum of money on roads. In such cases the department assigns an engineer to make a thorough study of the district. He ascertains where the best road materials are, what roads are the most important, and, therefore, to be improved first, and provides for the location of each road so as to secure the best possible drainage and grade.

New Road Surfacing. It is reported that an experiment is being made with a material which heretofore has been a waste product of glass factories, for road-making. This is a thick, sirupy liquid that hardens when exposed to the atmosphere. forming a substance that somewhat resembles glass. A quantity of this material is mixed with crushed stone and used to surface a stretch of highway in Illinois, forming a surface that is as smooth as concrete. How this surface will stand up under weather and wear will be watched with inter-

Road Dragging. Good roads save money, because: They cheapen transportation to the markets; they reduce the drain upon capital invested in horses; they prevent waste of time, and "time is money;" they add to the joy of living. and joy adds to the effectiveness of life; good roads may be had by dragging; use the drag.

Sell Your Products. Sell your wool when the price is fairly good. Holding wool, or any other crop, very long is risky buisness.

Swing Stanchion Is Best. In regard to cost, convenience and cleaniiness, a good swing stanchion is the best form of tie-up for the dairy

Best of Greens. Swiss chard is one of the best greens. The leaves may be cut when six or eight inches high.

Keep Up High Standard. Close culling is the only means of keeping the floci > to a high stand-

Chemist May Be Said to Have Stum

bled Over a Discovery of Immense importance.

An experimenting chemist, endeavbass known as aniline, not only obtained coforing matter called mauve, but laid the foundation for the coal-tar and today almost every color and

ously from the indigo plant "anil." whose beginning and end was the uti-The discovery of mauve created a lization of waste. This method of prolarge demand for the artificial aniline ducing color was responsible for the base, and gave unexpected value to desolate madder fields of France and benzine. It yielded aniline by being Holland and for the loss to the Hindus treated with nitric acid and with the of their long-cherished indigo cultivaoring to reduce artificial quinine, us- borings of cast iron powdered into tion. Anthracene, one of the heavier dust. Having done its work in the oils of coal tar, caused the fall of the aniline still, the dust was used by the | madder-growing industry. The madder gas maker to cleanse his coal gas from produced violets, reds, blacks, purple color industry, which has developed sulphur, and then it passed to the and dark browns. Anthracene was manfacturing chemist, who burned the sold very cheaply for lubricating pur-

and then the secret of the madder chemistry displaced agriculture, one pound of alizarin having the coloring power of ninety pounds of madder. and the lubricating oil sold at a trifle as waste became a valuable coloring

Exploring Our Friends. One day I found an exquisite clump of sweet violets hiding in the very

plant was discovered. In this way company of the harmless ivy! That is what Froude tells us he found in Thomas Carlyle. That is what we should find in one another, if only we had eager, patient, and love-washed eyes. Human life is not all nettles: to affirm it is the perverted judgment of the cynic; they who have a passion for God will find the Godlike everywhere; they will find the violets of moral leveliness even in the midst shade of color is derived from ani- sulphur out of it and produced a sul- poses until certain chemists heated it heart of a bed of nettles! And I think of the noisome waste. And when moved.

J. H. Jowett, D. D., in the Christian Herald.

after the glass has been taken out. pass a hot soldering iron or poker over