

CHAPTER XVII.-(Continued.) White and silent, she returned his gaze as though spell-bound, as though uncer tain herself whether it had been so or not, and trying to read what was in his get him anything this afternoon. That's

face. Why did you ask me to come here? he inquired, at length.

Because I wanted to beg your silence An incautious word from you might be tray me; and I have an enemy here who that the housekeeper was speaking with is on the watch to make use of anything an object, remained silent, and presently

Not the Colonely had always been by conceit and love of

in her expression. are safe now; and, if ever you are in dan-

something important which I believe would help you, perhaps clear you altober only you and I as yet know of the jealous lover." is time I went back," she said;

of the day, and will wonder if I am late." and I don't imagine, Elaine, our paths

will ever cross in the future." nothing passed her lips. He stood for a moment pushing back

his dark mustache and staring at her curiously; then, muttering a somewhat gruff farewell, he turned and walked away rapidly.

other direction.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Colonel Severn returned from a walk which, without his knowledge, had extended for some miles, he found his guest had gone. He had returned, the servants told him, packed up his things, and driven away to the station in great haste, leaving a note behind which would, pain, how his strength seemed to be slowthey suggested, probably explain his sud- by leaving him with each paroxysm. den departure. Expressing no surprise at which was placed in his hands until he was alone. Then he read as follows:

"My Dear Colonel-You will think it of a piece with the rest of my strange conduct that, having come to stay a week with you. I should go at the expiration of I believe you will do me the justice to believe that this is from necessity not choice. If you wish to know more, perhaps Miss Ellen Warde will tell you. It is on her account I have gone. My own inclination would have kept me here. From the first I was attracted by your strength of character and unselfishness. perhaps because they were the attributes I lacked myself. I, who have ever been the sport of the winds, the slave of every idle fancy, and who have never hesitated to sacrifice another for myself, can yet appreciate such virtues in another.

The horses are waiting, and the horses must not be kept waiting, however melodramatic may be the situation. Good-We may never meet again, but I tope you won't forget one who will often remember your goodness, who, erratic and good for nothing as he may be, is still your sincere well wisher. "GERALD WEARE."

Mrs. Priolo hurried back after her unexpected interview with the Colonel, congratulating herself upon her escape and the ingenuity with which she had con-

It was with some elation that she entered the little room where Mr. Bowyer was seated.

What a long time you have been!" began querulously, looking up from his paper. "Ellen is not down yet. Poor said the housekeeper. "Now that Mr. Bow child. I am afraid she is in a weak state yer is safe, we can afford to forgive the of health, or she would not have gone off into such a deep swoon!"

"I don't fancy there is much the mat ter with her now, because I saw her, a couple of miles from here, talking to the gentleman who came last night," remark-

He was vexed that Ellen had not confided to him her intention of going to meet Gerald Weare. He changed the subject quickly to hide his annoyance. that moment the door opened and Ellen entered in her ordinary morning gown, presenting no sign, save the faint fresh color in her checks, that she had

left the house.

Mr. Howyer returned her greeting rather gruffly, and asked her if she was feeling better in a tone so palpably indifferent that her anxiety was aroused. Was he

Priolo had left the room on the girl's first entrance, and now was heard calling her from down stairs. A little d, Ellen obeyed the summons.

The housekeeper was in the kitcheu, and had a packet in her hand. The onsemald was also standing there.
"I beg your pardon for troubling you
lies Ellen; but it's this arsenic. I don'

wow how to use it."
"I am sure I don't," returned Elien.
"Shall I put it down plain like this?"
"You can if you like: but I should rot lisk any rat would se so idiotic as to a it so."

"See-I'll put it on the top shelf out of reach for the present. Mary, mind you tell the cook what it is. Just look, Miss Ellen, in case Mr. Bowyer asks you to

I declare it makes me quite nervous having such stuff in the house." Ellen, who could not help suspecting

is right out of the way at the back there.

went opstairs. In the afternoon she and Mr. Bowyer A deep blush suffused her cheeks, and were left alone again. He slept for some she shook her head. Blinded though he hours, and woke up in a better temper. She went across the room, and stood self, he could not fail to see the change behind his chair, talking to him gently about general matters. Presently he ask "Child, don't look so despairing. You ed for some tea, and she went to get it

ready. Coming back in a few minutes ger again, appeal to me. There is some-thing I know about that fatal night-cream as he liked it, and, putting it down cream as he liked it, and, putting it down on a small table beside him, was going to draw a chair closer to the fire, when gether;" then, meeting her eager, curious she remembered something that she had gaze, he added, impressively: "Remom forgotten to tell the servants, and ran downstairs again. As she returned, she existence of that other, presumably a thought she heard a stiffed cry and rushed on into the room.

Mr. Bowyer was writhing in terrible "Mr. Bowyer always dines in the middle agony in his chair, his face livid and drawn out of all resemblance to itself "Then we part again. This will be the with pain. Horrified and bewildered, feellast time, I think. I shall leave here at ing she was utterly useless in such a once by the afternoon train if possible—fearful emergency. Ellen ran back, screaming for help.

The servants flew upstairs, but Mrs. "I hope not," was in her heart, but Priolo, prompt and alert as usual, was on the spot. 'What is it?" she called out sharply.

"Mr. Bowyer is dying?" cried Ellen, wildly.

The housekeeper fell back against the wall as though shot. She had looked pale Ellen sighed wearily, and went in the and frightened before, but now she turn

ed almost gray, and gasped for breath. Ellen and the cook were trying to administer brandy. They managed to get a few drops between Mr. Bowyer's clinched teeth land then Ellen, recovering her presence of mind, sent the housemald for the doctor.

It was heart-reading to see how atterly overcome and prostrated he was by

Mrs. Priolo disappeared, but in about what looked like steaming punch. With something of her old composure and promptitude, though her face still maintained its ghastly pallor, she raised Mr. Bowyer's head on her arm and ordered him to drink what she had brought.

When the doctor arrived, they had managed to get him into bed, and he had sunk into a sleep from exhaustion.

CHAPTER VIV

It was Mrs. Priolo who explained exactly what had occurred, what the symptoms had been.

What caused the sickness? Did you give him anything?" asked the doctor, looking keenly from one to another of the women who were in the room. "Nothing but some hot brandy and

water," answered the housekeeper, quickly. "I thought it might be cramp, or something of that sort."

"Mr. Bowyer has taken poison!" said the doctor, severely. "Through some culpuble carelessness, arsenic must have been mixed in the tea he drank this af-

From Ellen Warde's lips burst forth : faint exclamation. It was she who had given that tea and made it; it had passed through no other hands. What did it all mean? Was she going

mad, or was this a repetition of the for mer terrible episode in her life? It was mnatural-appalling! She looked up. Both the servants, with evident distrust, were gazing in her direction. Mrs. Prioto kent her eyes fixed on the doctor's face,

"It is a most unfortunate accident." said the housekeeper. "Now that Mr. Bow carelessness which caused it; but I am sure it will be a long time before Miss Ellen will forgive herself. I bought the arsenic myself to-day, and placed it in the same cupboard where the sugar, sait and such things are all kept. I feel I am much to blame, too, for when you are in

a hurry it is so easy to make mistakes." When all that she could do was done. and Mr. Bowyer had sunk into a quiet refreshing sleep, Mrs. Priolo left the sick room and went in search of Ellen Warde. The girl was at her mercy now, and dared not refuse any terms she chose to dictate.

Entering the sitting room, she found it in darkness, the servants having been too busy to light the lamps; but the window curtains were still undrawn, and a flood of brilliant moonlight streamed across the floor. By its light she found the girl she sought. She was crouched upon the sofn in an attitude of utter opelessness. Mrs. Priolo coughed to attract her attention, and she sprung up instantly and faced her defiantly.

"That is what I came to ask you. I must beg to remind you of a fact you have hitherto forgotten. I am Mr. Howyer's sister-in-law as well as his house-keeper; and it is as the former that I shall question you now."

"What do you want to know?"
"I want to know how it happened that arsenic was given to Mr. Bowyer in his

certainly made the tes this afternoon. but I took the ten and sugar and milk from their usual places. If arsenic was as well as him. mixed with one of them I had, of course, no knowledge of it."

That has to be proved. Everything is against you; it was you who suggested bringing the poleon into the house; it was you who gave Mr. Bowyer the drink in which the poison was mixed; it was you who had the strongest reason to wish for his death. I know that he told you he would leave you twenty thousand pounds.

The pale silvery light that fell upon Ellen's face showed plainly its perplexity and pain. It seemed as though a net had been thrown over her and she was inextricably entangled in its meshes.

What is it you wish me to do?" she excluimed, helplessly. "I wish you to leave the house at once

-never to return, never to cross our paths here or anywhere again." "You cannot mean that. Don't you see it would be a confession of guilt were I to go away so?"

And was it not a confession of guift when two years ago you fied rather than stand your trial for the murder of your own sater?

The girl fell upon her knees, her hands clasped above her head, utterly broken and conquered.

"Oh, spare me, spare me-" she implored. "Why do you persecute me? Why do you Not a gleam of pity was in the woman's cold metallic eyes as she looked down on the bent figure before her. There was

only the triumph of gratified malice in manner and expression as she replied: "It is late too late for you to go now: the sugar, and that the sait; the arsenic but early to-morrow morning you must leave; the house has been contaminated have promised not to say what I know

if you keep away; that was pure charity. "Charity from you!" Trembling all over with suppressed excitement and anger, Mrs. Priolo heaped one invective on another, but without provoking a reply. Scarcely deigning a glance in her direction, Elaine turned and left he room.

The housekeeper could not help feeling uncomfortably aware that, though the victory was hers, all the dignities and honors of war which should have accompunied it were on the other side,

CHAPTER XX. A dull, foggy morning. Though there had been no rain the ground was quite wet, and showers of drops fell from the overhauging trees at every gust of wind. Colonel Severn shivered as he rode on quickly toward Greathaven. It was business, not pleasure, that took him out that morning; afterward he was half inclined o call it fare.

Presently, a few paces before him-for that ahead-he saw a girl struggling on inder the weight of a heavy bag, her satprated skirts clinging round her feet and golden hair assured him of her identity. "Miss Warde, is it you?"

A momentary impulse prompted her to affect not to know him, and to pass on inquestioned; but she was weak and yeary, and could not resist the temptation of speaking to him, though it were only to suy good bye.

She threw back her veil and disclosed a face pale and sad, but infinitely levely. Her deep gray eyes shone through the fog like two stars, while her red line quived piteously, like those of a frightened

"Yes, it is I," she said. "But what are you doing here at this

time? Where are you going?"
"Where?" she repeated vag ith a sudden sense of the desperateness

f her position, she added passionately: keeper, not my medical adviser, Ah. if I only knew!" Severn had got down from his horse e bridle was over his arm, and the bag but she held he had taken from her; with

his other hand he touched her lightly on makes me brave your displeasure by say the sleeve. "Let me tell you. Trust ing what I think." ourself to my guidance," he entreated. Believe me, it is very hard for a woman to face the world alone. Don't try it-

"First listen to my story." When their faces were turned toward Littlehaven, and while they were walking Witi Not Repeat It. along briskly side by side. Ellen blurted ut her story - the events of the day be

Put into plain words, and told in the light of day, the consciousness of inno cence pervading the recital, the whole thing sounded ridiculous and far fetched

She was not surprised when the Colonel laughed aloud as she finished. "Why, the woman must be mad as wel as wicked, to imagine you capable of suci crime! Pshaw-it is too absurd!

'But then you don't know all. The is a secret something that happened long ago-which she has discovered some thing which it would ruin me were she t tell It was that with which she threat

"My poor little girl!" She looked up gratefully into his face. She saw that no doubt existed in his mind as to her innocence, and felt it very sweet to meet with such sympathy.

"Has Mr. Bowyer any idea of-of this secret?" he asked. "Oh, yes; he knows it very well!" Then surely he has some influen

with his housekeeper to prevent her speaking against his wish? "But would be use that influence now Last night be looked at me as though—as

though he really believed me capable of

trying to harm him." Colonel Severn looked grave. A doubt assailed him whether he had done well in inducing her to return. His only course would be to leave her at the Abbey while he went and saw how the land lay.

A few minutes more brought them the Abbey. A pleasant looking elderly woman opened the door to them, and at Colonel Severn's command led the way to a room where a bright fire was burning.

"Now I will go and interview Mr. Bow-yer," said Colonel Severn. "Here is an easy chair, and here are some new maga zines. Mind the servants keep up a goo fire, and ask for anything you want. She was all alone in the house that was her lover's. Thoughts sweet and tender

made the blood mantle her pale cheeks and set her eyes a-glowing. She forgot the troubles of the present in day dream of a possible future, till presently she fell asleep.

There was no surprise in her expre sion, only unalloyed pleasure, when she awoke and found Severn at her side. He had come back and found her sleeping,

and involuntarily the name by which he thought of her escaped his lips, and the

"I know as little about it as you. I ing her to hear; but, when her eyes opened, he feit constrained to say something to break the spell which he saw held her

"I have come from Mr. Bowyer. He is ready to receive you back. Will you come with me now, or will you rest a

little longer?" "What did he say?" she asked, eagerly. "He is ill and fanciful, and that horrid oman had evidently poisoned his mind against you. But that he leves you still I am certain; and when he sees you the abourd suspicion will soon die a natural

When Ellen had resumed her outdoor clothing, they started for the Dower House.

The walk was over sooner than either ended, and Ellen shrunk back nervously as she remembered the ordeal to co "You are not frightened? Shall I so it with you?" he asked, his hand upon the gate.

"I think it would be better to go slope. "To-day Mr. Bowyer spoke of you as Elaine' by mistake, and the other day I heard you called so too. Is it your real mame?

She bowed her head in assent.

"Thank you for trusting me so far. am glad to know how to call you in my thoughts. That other name never fitted aever seemed appropriate at all; but Elaine-Elaine, the Ely-maid-it is the sweetest name that woman ever bore!

CHAPTER XXI

When Elaine crept in, Mr. Bowyer had mustered up sufficient courage to meeher with at least outward calm. He say the pride beneath the quietude and hu mility of her demeanor, and he knes that such was her gratitude for what h had done before, that, however unjust h too long already by your presence. I might be now, she would never rebel, bu

suffer mutely at his pleasure. "You are tired, child, and cold," h snid. "You would like to go to you room. There is a fire there, and Jane will

get you a cup of ten. Tears sprung to her eyes at the uner pected tone of kindness. She came for ward and knelt beside his chair looking yearningly into his eyes, as though granful for so much, yet wanting more more still.

Somewhat nervously be avoided meet

ng her gaze. "Go and rest, Ellnine. You are over tired. After dinner you shall read to me

if you are able." Disappointed, dispirited, the girl ros understanding now what the terms were on which they met. He believed her guilty, yet, for his word's sake, as he has adopted her cause at first, and promise Colonel Severn now to take her back, he would treat her well and kindly. Could she ever bear it, enduring with patience and good temper to the end?

The next morning she was too ill ! leave her bed; a low fever had seized her the fog prevented his seeing further than | due to the excitement of the past two day. and a chill taken on the previous morn ing. For nearly a week she lay prostrate happily too weak even to think, while impeding her progress. A gleam of light exhausted nature gradually recovered itself.

After a little while Ellen was down stairs again, but Mrs. Priolo was determined on one thing—the same roof should not shelter both. Mr. Bowyer had displayed more resistance than she had ex pected, but she would wear him out in

She had come into the sitting room one day and found him with his body bent hands.

"I wish you would let me speak, sir, she said, gravely. "You will never be happy and contented so long as that gir remains in the house. It is killing you by

"If I am in danger, the doctor will prob ably warn me of it. You are my house

"I am your brother's widow, the trus ed companion of the last ten years. Til Ellen Warde came we never had a disagreement. It is my loyalty to you that

(To be continued.)

A MOOSE STORY.

Telling stories is a fad now. A Star writer heard one spoffed by an inquisitive listener at Willard's.

"I was up in Maine last summer." said one of the loungers, "where I had Is an open furrow instead of an unbrok a most exciting chase after a moose." "What part of Maine?" asked the

listener. "Old Orchard," was the prompt reply "The nearest moose is 300 miles on an

air line from Old Orchard." "I said an old orchard," said the story-teller. "It was north of Waterville. I went hunting, not expecting to find anything larger than a jack rabbit "Hold on," said the listener, "there

are no jack rabbits in Maine." "Well, by jack I mean a male, just as we speak of male mules. Well, as I ! said, I did not expect to see anything bigger than a he rabbit, and had gone down into a stubble when I heard something squeal, and, looking up in an old apple tree, I saw a big moose sitting in the forks of a limb, ready to spring "

"See here; do you mean to say that a moose was in a tree? Don't you know that a moose is bigger than a bull and wears horns?

"Certainly. As I said, I saw in what I took to be an apple tree a moose and as I approached it, I saw that what looked to be the trunk of the tree was the animal's body, he sitting on his haunches, and the limbs of the tree were the moose's horns, while in the crotch of the borns was his mouth, which was open, showing his teeth, and he was squealing."

But the man's audience was gone and the story teller went away, muttering, "I seem to be kind of off on mooses I've got to try some other animal."

An Importation of Bumble Bees. The New South Wales department of agriculture recently received a consignment of bumble bees by steamer from New Zealand. They were liberated in the Botanic gardens and in the Linnean society's grounds at Elizabeth.

"Now, I play the plane, Would vo say I 'play it beautiful' or play it beau-tifully?" "Neither" "He "Neither." "How would you fix it, then?" "I'd say you play a 1 mu tiful plano," "-Chicago Record.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

Sixty Acres Carefully Managed Will Produce Enough for One Family-How to Make Straight Furrows Our Climate Not Good for Outs.

Living on a Small Farm.

The raising of choice fruit and vegetables and the producing of first quality milk and cream to be sold at retail. wished. Severn sighed for a pleasure is a growing business, and can be made a most profitable one. A farm of forty to sixty acres can be worked to advantage by the farmer and one man, with occasional help in the summer season. Upon such a place, ten cows can be kept, two or three female calves raised every season, two brood sows with their pigs, a pair of heavy horses and a large flock of chickens. The monthly sales would run from \$75 to \$100, with good management, yielding a profit of \$25 per month at the lowest. The farm should be located within five miles of a good market, and if possible upon a stone road. The farm should be so manager as to grow first the family and stock crops. Amateurs make the mistake of trying to farm too much land and to raise large market crops, thinking they can buy hay and corn cheaper than they can raise it-this is not the case and the man that follows it will come to grief. The editor has farmed and is farming now, and would most earnestly advise farmers to raise all their home supplies. The strongest and best marked female caives should annually be raised, and a litter of pigs. Let the raising of colts be given over to those that have many acres and cheap land. Commence in a small way, and feel your way. Remember you can spend your money quicker than you can make it. Especially is this so, if you side of the tree, turning the grass under do not understand the business. It is so that it will rot. When this is done much the wiser plan for one that is un- examine the tree trunk closely where skilled in the business to hire out for a season or two to a first-class truck farmer, fruit grower, dairyman or general farmer, and learn the business in a practical manner. A year or two so spent would be of very great value to will prevent futher trouble from the him. Our agricultural college is now controlled by practical experts in their various departments, and under their guidance an active young man would soon be well grounded in the rudiments

of agriculture. A sixty-acre farm should be laid out as follows: Fifteen acres in timothy and clover, fifteen acres in corn, ten acres pasture for stock, two acres outs and peas, to be followed with corn fodderforlate fall feeding; three acres corn fodder for summer feeding, to be followed by rye for next spring's feeding: ten acres garden and fruit crops; five acres, dwelling, roads, lawn, etc.

The pasture should be lined with forty bushels of lime to the acre, and divided into two fields. If the soil is a clay loam, the lime will bring in red and white clover and the natural grasstoward the fire and his head buried in his es. The corn land, if sod, should likewise be limed, using 200 pounds of

Making Straight Furrows and Rows. It requires not only a good eye in the teamster, but a strong, active team to do good work in marking out furrows and making straight rows across a field. If the team is not strong enough for the work, it will dodge from one side to another in order to relieve the excessive strain on its shoulders. This will make absolutely straight rows impossible, no matter bow correct the eye of the plowman may be. The first furrow across the field is harder on the team than any later one, especially if the field be in the sod. After it is cut each after furrow requires less lifting to turn it over, as on the plow side there en sod, so that only one slice of the soil has to be cut. But the first furrow for this reason should be shallower than those that follow it. This will make

less of a ridge where it lies.

The Feet of Western Horses. In the prairie States, where horse are driven mainly on soft dirt roads, their feet are not so tough and able to resist hard shocks on city roads as are those of horses grown where uniformly good roads prevail. The main roads of Kentucky are generally good. They were made solid originally, and, the soil being naturally dry, the road does not become miry even in spring time. It is quite possible also that the lime stone which underlies the whole Blue Grass region has something to do with making sound hoofs and sound limbs as well. There is great difference in individual horses in this respect, but there is enough likeness in all the horses from a district to make it certain that feeding and locality have something to do in producing this result.

Oats Running Out.

The climate of this country & not favorable to growing oats. Our North ern summers are too hot and dry. If such weather occurs as the Ats are filling the grain will be light. The same result will be found if the season is wet and warm. Then the out straw will rust, and not belag able to nourish the grain that will be defective. Between these two dangers there is rarely a year when ordinary oats will hold out standard weight. In the cool, moist climate of northern Europe and the Pritish Isles, oats grow u,uch heavier than here. It is a good plan every few years to buy imported ats for seed. The heavy grain will insure a stronger early growth and this will for a year or two hasten the ripening so that it will occur before the hottest weather is fully developed. Early sowing and the use of phosphate fertilizers will also greatly help in making choose their customers and secure the the oats ripen earlier and fill better. top price for their milk.

We have found that in most years a dressing of 150 pounds of phosphate paid better on the oat crop than op wheat provided the oats were sown early. It is no use to put phosphate on late-sown spring grain of any kind, It requires a good deal of moisture to dissolve it, and if sown after spring rains have passed it may not do any good

Baldwin vs. Greening.
The red color and the admirable shipping qualities enable the Baldwin apple to sell for 25 to 50 cents per barrel more than Greenings in most markets, says the Agriculturist. The Baldwin does not show bruises as readily as the other apple, and is less affected by scab or blotches. As an eating apple, it is greatly preferred; but for cooking, the Greening has points of superiority. The latter may yield more fruit than the Baldwin, taking one year with another, and is more likely to yield annually. The Baldwin has an upright growth that makes it easy to cultivate, whereas the Greening has a low, spreading habit that does not facilitate the cultivation which is now advised in the commercial apple industry. Each variety has its advantages; both are, therefore, worthy of being raised on any farm where they thrive, but the Baldwin is, above all, the commercial apple. Its proper culture in New York will pay better than oranges in Florida

Grass Around Tree Trunks. Nothing is more unsightly than to see a plowed orchard with a clump of grass growing up around the bodies of the trees. It is worse than unsightly, for it is a serious detriment. It is true that few or none of the feeding tree roots may be under the grass around the tree, but its growing makes a harbor for mice in winter and for the borer in early summer. It takes but a few minutes' work early in spring to spade the soil for two feet or more on each the grass has shaded it, and ten chances to one you will find a borer at work in it. He should be killed at once, and the trunk be washed with a dilution of carbolic acid with soap suds, which same enemy.

or California.

River Bottom Land.

There are some disadvantages in farming on land annually overflowed. One is that the sediment brought down is sometimes too deep, and completely destroys the grass in the hollows where most of it is deposited. A worse trouble occurs when the grasses run out on such land, and it has to be reseeded. It is very unsafe to plow it, as before the sod can be renewed the land may be flooded and gullied so that much of the most valuable soil will be lost. For this reason river bottom land is kept In grass as much as possible. It will produce a crop for years without loss of fertility, as the soil each year grows richer by the sediment deposited upon it.

Manuring for Roots.

Roots require a large amount of bene-phosphate in the hill to the acre to available nitrogen, but it is never advisstart the crop. The manure from the able to plow under large quantities of stock should be spread over the grass stable manure where they are to be and used upon the garden.-Baltimore grown. This makes the soil too dry for the best growth, and it also furnish es most of the nitrogen in the hottest wenther when the roots need it least. Turnips grow hollow and pithy when manured with stable manure. It is also likely to breed worms, which will attack the roots and make them worthless for marketing. Soluble commercial manures that will stimulate early growth will pay. Later in the season the soil, if fairly rich, will develop enough fertility without manura

Hens and Their Value. A great many farmers make a sad mistake in their estimate of the value of the hens on the place by not keeping an accurate account of expenses and receipts and in the receipts you must not forget to count the good fried eggs that go down so nicely these cold mornings with the slices of ham for breakfast, says Farm News. If the hen got half the credit she deserves, we would not hear so much talk about her unprofitableness. Try it once and see,

There is not much of a boom at present for growing sunflowers, but the time will come when they will be largely grown here, as they are in Russia, to press into oil. Even now a few should be planted every year to grow for poultry during winter. They are excellent for moulting fowls, because of the oil they contain, but when fowls are not moulting the sunflower seed should be fed sparingly, so as not to

fatten them. They are better feed for

Sunflower Seed for Fowls.

laying fowls than is corn. Mating Strawberry Plants. When planting strawberries in the spring it is important, if the pestilate varieties are used, that the staminate varieties, which will be needed to fertilize them, should blossom at the same time. There is a difference of two or three weeks in the time when strawberry placts blossom, and if an early

pestilate and late hermaphrodite va-

riety are tlanted side by sige it may

result in a great many of the stamens

aborting and producing no fruit. Keep the Stock Comfortable. Aside from any pecuniary gain or loss, it is a great comfort of a winter's night as I as between the warm blankets and laten to the storm without, to know that the horses, my companions in labor, are as comfortable as a clean, warm stable, good food and plenty of bedding can make them. George T. Petit

Certified Milk. Certified milk from certified cows will soon be demanded by all consumers. Those who place themselves in a position to furnish such an article can