THE LAPSE OF ENOCH WENT WORKS ENOCH WENT WORKS FINANCIAL GORDON CURTIS Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons" HUST PATIONS OF FLISH FOR WOLVER THE STRATEGIS OF FLISH FOR WOLVER THE STRAT

"What do you want, Miss Dorcas?"

the girl. "Do get in, please-out of the

Merry handed her in, then followed

and shut the door.. "I cannot go home

"Enoch is away. He's in Montreal,

to you," she cried appealingly. "We

can't talk driving through the streets

Merry stared at her for a minute

"I trust you now," cried the girl, her

The cab stopped in front of the

"Would you mind seeing Jason?"

quietly. "Jason and I are old pals."

Half and hour later Merry walked

waiting for him. It seemed as if the

mere resumption of clean, comfortable

clothing, even though hunger still

marked him, had given the man fresh

He laughed nervously. "It is a re

juvenation, isn't it?" he asked as he

glanced at himself in the mirror. "Ja-

son unearthed some duds I once left

Jason was an excellent valet, and a

hot bath, a shave, and fresh raiment

of fair hair which habitually fell over

boyish, although his face was pallid

"I have eaten nothing since morn

him to brave homelessness and hun-

he realized he had borne it as a man

an anesthetic. The misery of his mind

To Merry that supper was a festival,

not wholly because it was the satis-

fying of ravenous appetite, but because

"Miss Dorens," he began abraptly.

intruded on the present.

"Why did you-"

glad to see you as I am."

valor, new dignity.

here.'

cheerful.

mere existence.

with dogged obstinacy in his gaze.

on such a night as this."

and there is nobody at home except Jason and me. I have so much to say

with you," he announced stubbornly.

he asked quietly.

storm

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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SYNOPSIS.

Enoch Wentworth, newspaper man, and Andrew Merry, actor, after the guests at a poker party depart, play a last hand, the stakes to be abcalute control of the future of the loser. Wentworth wins and they decide to keep the matter secret. Dorcas, Enoch's sister, becomes interested in Merry. Knowing of his shortcomings from her brother she tries to arouse the actor's ambition. He outlines the plot of a play he has had in mind and the girl urges him to go to work on it. When he completes the play and reads it to Wentworth the latter demands it as the forfeit of the bond won in the peker game. Wentworth interests Oswald in the play and preparations for etasing it are begun. Dorcas is asked to play "Cordelia," the leading part in the play, She expostulates with her brother for taking all the credit for the piece and ignoring Merry. Dorcas recognizes Merry among the down-and-outs in a bread line.

CHAPTER VIII-Continued.

Dorcas glanced at the handful of men cowering in a shadowed corner. A sudden fear seized her, the feminine terror of midnight streets.

"You don't imagine," she whispered "that I shall have any trouble? It is possible I am making a mistake in the man. Are there dangerous characters among them?"

"Not exactly dangerous," said the officer slowly. "If they're dangerous it's from hunger. It ain't once a year you find a crook in the bread line. It's too easy to spot them, waiting as they do for an hour or two in that light."

"Thank you," said the girl. She crouched behind a half-drawn curtain in the shadow of the carriage, watching eagerly the gathering of homeless, hungry men. They began to creep toward the bakery from every direction, most of them with a shambling step that told of ill-shod feet or shamed reluctance to beg for food. The skies had been lowering for hours, and just before midnight the first storm of the winter came down. It began with keen, tiny needles of ice, but they stung and froze, for the wind drove them in merciless, piercing flurries. The loitering men crowded together and turned their faces sullenly from each furious cloud of sleet. Hunger was bitter enough without the storm. grance of boiling coffee across the street. She saw a man thrust a slim never to attempt to find you. I will sympathy. white-faced boy into a shelter between try to forget you."

The smell of food would madden me. I would batter a door down."

lived a lifetime of happiness and hor-She started suddenly, then for a moment she scarcely breathed. Down ror and remorse. One thing alone has Tenth street slouched a tall, stooping saved me from going over the brink figure. The man wore a shabby over- of the precipice, simply one thing. coat which covered his body almost He lifted his eyes to hers. "The one shadowed his face. Dorcas could see trusted me, that you believed in me, little between but a bristling beard, and were waiting for me to make The keenest detective searching for good." Andrew Merry would not have glanced twice at the figure; Dorcas' eyes fol- voice breaking into a sob. "I am still lowed it with grave perplexity. She waiting for you to make good. Won't had been startled into recognition the you come home with me?" night before when the man pulled the shabby hat down over his face. She caught a glimpse of Merry's long, her reluctantly up the steps. white, slender fingers and noted an paused for a moment while she adimpatient, peculiarly graceful gesture justed the key in the lock. which was characteristic of him. Dorwhen he was on the stage, sometimes while he had talked with her.

He paused before facing the glare of Broadway and pulled the hat brim carefully about his face; it might have been for shelter from the stinging into the library where Dorcas was blasts of sleet or for better concealment. Then he seemed to gather himself together with energy born of despair. He stepped quickly forward and took his place at the end of the bread line. A hundred men stood between him and the beneficence of food. Others were closing in behind him. Here and there one man turned to speak to another; the man Dorcas was watching stood immovable. He thrust his hands deep in his overcoat pockets, his eyes were fixed on the whitening sidewalk beside him. Dorcas turned to the opposite window and nodded with an eager gesture to the officer. His hand went up. He spoke to the and careworn. cabman in a low voice.

Drive round through University place to Tenth-then up toward Broadway. Pull up half-way down the block.

The man turned his horse and moved down the street,

CHAPTER IX.

A Man of Honor. Dorcas breathed a sigh of relief when her cab drew up beside the bread line. She had thought during her brief drive around the block of the possibility that the man might leave his place; but there he stood, motionless, with head bent defiantly against the stinging eddles of sleet. She ger and squalor, Looking back on it stepped from the carriage and passed swiftly along the sidewalk beside the lives through pain under the power of line of a city's poor. She hesitated for a few seconds when she reached the had dulled the sordid wretchedness of corner, then she stretched out her hand and laid it on the wet sleeve of the man before her. He turned and stared at her for one dazed moment. He did not speak. Instinctive cour it was the crisis if his life. Dorcas tesy reminded him that this was no sensed that if her own hunger was place for a woman in a midnight real, Merry would not feel that she torm, and his desire to protect her was feeding a famished outcast, Jason caused the hunger to be forgotten. He | beamed upon them in sheer enjoyment ed quietly from the sidewalk and when he brought in full dishes and mt a word moved beside her down | carried away empty ones. Doreas was the street. The movement caused a light-hearted and gay, as happy as score of men to turn with quick curi- they had been during their first acpsity, but suddenly a cry ran down the quaintance at the shore. For a mo-

"The door's open!" Everything ment, while Merry drank his coffee, else yielded to the march toward food. the memory of a few horrible weeks Dorcas swiftly led the way to the When she opened the door and beckoned Merry to enter he healtated, the blood flushing into his wan

planation-I don't want to give any. Can't you see I'm in Happy Valley for a little while? I am so glad to have you here again." Merry smiled into her eyes. "I'll

so comfortable. I don't ask for an ex-

bey you, bless your gentle heart!"

The girl rose and reached to a shelf behind her for a box of cigars. Merry lit one, lounged back in a cushioned chair, and puffed rings of smoke towards the red fire. They sat in silence after Jason had carried away the dishes. Their quiet was broken | weak. when the clock struck one. The man | started.

"Miss Dorcae, you wanted me here to talk. I cannot rob you of a night's "I want to talk with you," answered

"I am as wide awake as a cricket. I

slept all the afternoon." "First of all," Merry asked gravely, "how did you find me? Scores of men and women passed me day after day, people I have known for years. Not one of them recognized me."

"They were not searching for you." "You were?"

Dorcas nodded, "How did you find me?" he per-

"Last night on my way home from the theater with Mr. Oswald our cab | the part." stopped in a block, and it was opposite where-that line of men stood. I was looking at them when I saw you pull down your hat. When Mr. Oswald left me here I drove back to Tenth street, but the line had dispersed. I went again tonight-just hoping."

"Who is Mr. Oswald?" asked Merry

"Don't you know? Haven't you been reading the papers? Mr. Oswald is the man who is putting on your play." "My play?" Andrew dropped his

half-smoked eigar on the table. "Your play," repeated Dorcas in a quiet tone. "They have been searching everywhere for you to play 'John Esterbrook.' Enoch is in Montreal now, looking for you.'

Merry laughed harshly. The girl clasped her hands together. Mr. Merry, tell me, are you and Enoch no longer friends?"

Andrew picked up his cigar and puffed it until the red spark revived. Then he laughed again. "We are not exactly friends. Has he told you anything?"

"Yes, he told me-only it seemed so strange, so hard to believe after our talk that day at the point, that somehow I cannot understand it."

Merry watched her keenly. He was throttling a temptation to tell everything that had come between him and the sunshine of existence. He felt sure of the girl's sympathy; he knew she would understand. He had begun "Won't you come?" urged the girl to realize his own dependent nature, Dorcas watched through misty eyes. impetuously. Her color deepened and First there had been his mother, then She wondered at the still patience of an eager light shone in her eyes. for years he had leaned upon Enoch's the throng. Below her in a basement "There is so much I want to say. We strength and friendship. When he was a warm red light burned, and through shall be quite alone. You can trust left alone it was outer darkness. Every an open door the wind blew the fra- Jason. Afterwards you may go away fiber of his being longed not so much -if you wish-and I will promise for redress as for understanding and

"Miss Dorcas, I will begin at the touched her arm, leaning forward un- he realized he could not tell the story "If I were starving I couldn't be patouched her arm, leaning forward unteresting the realized he could not tell the story of entered and courteous," she thought. til his face was close to hers. "Miss of Enoch's disloyalty to her. "Miss Dorcas, don't say that. Since I left Dorcas, I need your help-terribly."

you that night on Juniper Point I have "I am ready to help you in any way I can," she answered quietly. She knew he was nerving himself to a confession, and she understood what an ordeal it was to the man. She crossed the room and laid a paper before him, to the feet; its collar was turned high thing," he repeated, "that I could not pointing to the bold headlines. about his neck and an old slouch hat fling away was the memory that you stretched across the top of a page. The words fairly leaped at Merry.

TREMENDOUS SURPRISE Enoch Wentworth the Coming Drama

He read on down through the column. Fellow journalists had banded together to give Enoch a royal intro-Waverly Place home. Merry followed duction. Merry's name was not mentioned, though there was frequent reference to a famous star, who had the leading part in consideration. Oswald cas had seen it frequently, sometimes she asked hesitatingly. "He can help was referred to as a newcomer in the ranks of New York managers. His you with dry clothes. He will be as avish production of Wentworth's drama was described in figures ap-"Ring for him," answered Merry



proaching prodigality. Merry read it paper fell to the floor and he buried his face in his hands

While Dorcas watched, her heart ached for him. It was hard to hold in check the soothing touch she would have given to a woman or to a child. "Oh!" she said in a piteous whisper, 'it was such a mistake."

He did not answer or lift his head from his hands.

"I pleaded with Enoch. I told him it was ail wrong, terribly wrong, for him as well as for you; that when you returned he must set things straight. I told him it was not even collaboration; it was wholly and distinctly your play, yours alone-"

"Collaboration?" repeated perplexedly, raising his eyes. 'He told me everything," cried the girl burriedly. She was trying to save him the full confession of his down human nature and everything that them at home.

"Don't bring in whys-now. We are | fall. She did not wish to listen to it. | makes life worth while, if he has gont down into the depths and still has the "Everything!" repeated Merry indesire come to take up life again, is redulously

"Yes, everything. Oh! if you had there any quality left that will help come back only two or three days ago | him?" things would have been different." den impulse and laid her fingers upon He rose abruptly and crossed to the the man's arm; "he has honor, Sc window. long as one is a man of honor, there

"Yee," Dorcas moved as if by a sud-

is no end of a chance."

had accorded to him.

"Miss Doreas," he did not turn to look at her, "what was the worst thought you had of me when Enoch told you-what happened?" The girl paused for a minute before

she answered. "I thought you were-"Weak!" The man repeated the word as if trying to comprehend its could see him undergo some strange

"You should not have allowed Enoch to stand as the author of your play, no matter what the circumstances were. He is not happy over it today. His nature seems to have changed. He is not easy to live with even. Oh, I wish it had never happened!'

Merry waited in silence. "Things must come right, even if this lie has been told." She pointed at the paper which lay at her feet. "There is one way. You can play the convict so wonderfully that people must realize that you yourself created

"I shall never play the convict." Merry's voice was slow and resolute. "Oh!" cried Dorcas, "who can? Why, I thought your heart was set on the character."

"It was-once." "I cannot understand." The man did not attempt an expla-

"Andrew Merry," she hesitated as if searching for words which would not wrong her brother, "did Enoch do you any-any injustice?"

She waited for an answer during an infinitely long silence, so it seemed to her. Then the actor spoke abruptly. "No. As I look back on it now, I went into it with my eyes open. I simply learned that there is no way to gauge human nature."

Again there was a silence. Dorcas was trying to understand, trying to be loyal to her brother, even while her heart, aching with unspoken sympathy, turned to Merry.

"Why don't you want to play 'John Esterbrook?" she asked quietly. "I don't suppose I have a decent rea-

son, except that when I-gave up the play I lost all interest in it. 'John Esterbrook' is no more to me today than 'Silas Bagg.' " "Oh!" cried the girl aghast. "How

you have altered!" "I have." Merry spoke in a hoarse

whisper. He returned to his chair by the fire and bent to warm his fingers by the blaze. There was another long stand by you," she whispered. "Good silence. Dorcas was the first to break

"Even if it were against your inclinations, would you do something to make some one very happy, some one who believes in you-who cares a great deal for you and about your fu-

Merry spoke gently. "Miss Dorcas, Merry stretched out his hand and day when I left you and-" Suddenly I'm afraid you are mistaken. There is nobody in the world to care." She rose to her feet and, leaning on

the mantel, glanced down at him with startled glance upon the man beside eyes from which embarrassment had him. suddenly fied. "One person-cares very much.

do. I have set my heart on your success. You have a great future-won't you work for it? Besides, I am selfish.' Her eyes shone with eagerness. "I want to play 'Cordelia.' Mr. Oswald has offered me the part. I have studied it. I could play it tomorrow if you would be my teacher."

Merry turned with a quick gesture as if to push temptation away from him. "Don't!" he cried. "Ah, Miss Dorcas, don't go into stage life!"

"I shall go into it sooner or later." She spoke with quiet determinaation. "I feel sure I can play 'Cordella;' besides, it would be so much easier to make a beginning with Enoch and Mr. Oswald and you." Merry rose and paced for a few

minutes about the room, then turned and deceitful, but-she is not bad to the window and gazed out at the deserted city. The sleet of midnight lieve in choosing an actress who has had changed to a raging storm. The something in common with the role wind drove the snow in sudden flur she is to play. Character comes out ries, piling it in drifts across the every time, even in acting. Don't you square.

"Miss Dorcas," he said, "come here." The girl crossed the room. "Why,'

she cried, "it is a fearful night!" "Yes. It's a fearful night for the homeless. Do you know where I might have found shelter tonight if it | Great Romancer Had Given His Name had not been for you? Perhaps there's a hallway somewhere that I could have slipped into, and for an hour or two the police would have left me undisturbed. I might have found an empty bench on a ferryboat, orthe Bowery missions are open; only before one can make up his mind to eek a lodging there, they are filled to

Dorcas shivered. "If I had known during these weeks that anybody cared-or believed in me-perhaps I should not have gone so far down the hill. I did not dare even to hope that you thought of me again."

"Andrew," said the girl, "I care so much that I cannot tell you. Some queer strain in my nature makes me happiest when I have some one to care for. Girls at the convent used to come to me in all sorts of difficulties; the ones I loved best were the ones who needed me most. They called me 'Little Mother.'"

"'Little Mother,'" repeated Merry; then he laughed huskily. If the girl it to pass away the time. He began had known men she would have seen absolute famine for love, for sympathy it, and was amused. Presently some through to the last sentence, then the and human understanding in the eyes that were bent upon her. "I take back what I said a few min-

utes ago, Miss Dorcas, about the stage being no place for you. Women like you are needed there." "Thank you," she said with a happy

smile, "Won't you come back? Such an opportunity is waiting for you. Besides, I could never play 'Cordelia' with anyone but you, and you must be my teacher." Merry did not answer immediately.

If you oversleep and the good man Dorcas had grown accustomed to the long pauses in their conversation and of the house does not have time to eat his breakfast, make him a genwaited quietly. When he looked up erous cup of coffee and add to it a their eyes met-his pleaded with her beaten egg and plenty of cream. He during one speechless moment for all his shortcomings, for shirked respon- can drink this in one minute and will scarcely miss his breakfast. People sibilities and failures. "Miss Dorcas," he said, "when a man often have egg drinks at soda founhas lost hope, ambition, his faith in tains, but seldem think of preparing

EXTENSIVE EPIDEMIC OF HOG CHOLERA



A Healthy Bunch of Hogs.

You," She

Whispered.

apathy there were lines of grim deter

"Miss Dorcas," he said slowly

'make 'Cordelia' the woman you are

yourself. I am weak and broken now,

as 'John Esterbrook' was; still a

chance came to him at the end. 1

CHAPTER X.

Zilla Paget.

"Do you mind if I am atrociously

It was Grant Oswald who spoke

Enoch Wentworth and he sat far back

in the darkened orchestra at the Goth

Wentworth nodded, but turned

touch that will make it stronger."

intervals when everything and every-

"What did you think of changing?"

"It is not changing," Oswald spoke

thoughtfully. "What I have in mind

is elaboration. You have made 'Cor

delia' a loyal, tender woman, but the

mother ought to be more of a foil to

her. She is cruel now, vain, selfish

enough. When it can be done, I be

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

to Book That He Was Unable

to Recognize.

by this evidence of the genius of

his son. "Alexandre," he is reported

to have said, with tears in his eyes

and great solemnity in his voice,

live as long as my own!"

Mourice.

Dinnes.".

'you have composed a work that will

In this connection one is reminded

of the period in the famous story-tell-

er's career when, at the height of his

vogue, he could not turn out his tales

fast enough to satisfy his clamoring

publishers, and it became necessary

for him to employ collaborators, to

whom he sketched the plot, perhaps,

leaving them to do the rest. Among

the most distinguished was Paul

Thus it came about that Meurice

was the author of one of the most

amusing novels of Dumas, "Les Deux

found this novel in a hotel, and opened

reading it seriously, got interested in

one came to his room and found him

with "Les Deux Dianes" in his hand.

"I am reading," said Dumas, in re-

sponse to a question, "a novel of my

own which I did not know, and which

It was Dumas who said, when left

to himself, "I am never bored when

I have my own company."-The Sun-

pleases me vastly."

day Magazine.

Dumas when traveling

mination about his mouth.

by me."

frank with you?"

"What?"

body were at odds.

agree with me?"

"To a certain extent."

am, watching a rehearsal.

ment of Agriculture.) about 134 per 1,000 head in one year. have been largely prevented. The second outbreak developed in of the entire number in the state. In and Oregon, 26. many counties over half were lost, and in some townships over nineher his face had changed. Instead of

tenths. are estimated by the department at the northern states. Thus, in Florida 119 to every 1,000 hogs in the country, the loss has decreased from 170 per which exceeds last year's heavy loss 1,000 in 1912 to 150 in 1913; in Georof 110 per 1,000, and the average year- gia, from 165 to 90; in Alabama, from ly loss in the preceding ten years of 110 to 100; in Mississippi, from 154 54.9 per 1,000. Probably more than to 104; in Kentucky, from 95 to 90; 90 per cent of the loss was from in Missouri, from 175 to 90; whereas will do the best I can-if you stand cholera. The percentage of loss ap- in Iowa the loss has increased from plied to the estimated number of hogs | 160 per 1,000 in 1912 to 255 per 1,000 Dorcas stooped for a second. With on January 1 indicates a total loss of in 1913; in Minnesota, from 55 to 214; a caressing touch she swept the lock 7,005,000 head, which, at \$10.40, the in Nebraska, from 110 to 175; in South from his forehead. "I promise to value per head on January 1, indi- Dakota, from 38 to 230, and in North cates a loss of \$73,000,000. The aver- Dakota, from 20 to 75. The tendency age weight of a hog on the farm is of the three epidemics appears to about 150 pounds, therefore more than have been, in a general way, to move one billion pounds of hog meat were as a wave from South and East to destroyed by disease, mostly cholera. North and West.

Prepared by the United States Depart- | A billion pounds live weight produce nearly 800,000,000 pounds of dressed The country is passing through the meat and lard. This amount would be third serious epidemic of hog cholera sufficient to furnish every family of of the past 30 years, according to the | the United States (average four and a department of agriculture. The first half persons) about 40 pounds. If period reached its climax in 1886 to there had been no such loss, probably 1887, when the loss amounted to increasing scarcity of meat would

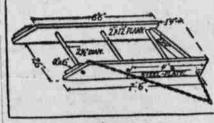
The losses of swine from disease 1894, and reached its climax in 1896 are usually heaviest in southern states to 1897, when losses amounted to and lightest in northern states. Esti-144 per 1,000 head. The present ex- mates of losses have been kept for tensive epidemic of hog cholera began 30 years. The states showing the to be serious in 1911; during the ten heaviest average yearly loss in these prior years the loss of swine ranged | 30 years are, in their order, Arkansas, from 45 to 58 per 1,000 per year; in 119 per 1,000; Louisiana, 110; Florida, 1911 it jumped to 89, then to 110 in 109; the states showing the lightest 1912, and to 119 last year, about 90 losses are Maine, 19; Wyoming, 19; per cent of which may be attributed New Hampshire, 22. In Georgia the to cholera. It has thoroughly ravaged average is 94, in Alabama and Missisthe heart of the hog-producing belt | sippl, each 92; in Texas, 66; whereas, during the year just past. In the in New York the average is 26, in state of Iowa alone, losses amounted Michigan, 34; in Minnesota, 46; in to nearly 1,800,000 swine, over a fourth North Dakota, 31, and in Washington

The epidemic has abated somewhat in the past year, as compared with the preceding year, in most southern The losses of swine from disease states, but has increased greatly in

CONSTRUCTION OF ROAD DRAG | OBSTIPATION IN THE HORSE

Detailed Instructions and Illustration Given for Making Implement to Improve Highways.

Select a good yellow pine, ash, or oak plank 2 inches thick, 12 inches "Simply because I know how power ful your play is, I want to suggest s wide, and 14 feet long. Cut this in "Understand, this is not criticism mention it again." Oswald approached the subject diplomatically He had begun to discover a strangely the cross stakes about 26 inches apart | prevented. uneven temper in Enoch. There were days when he stood upon the heights and 4 inches from each end with a of triumphant anticipation, then came



Plan of Road Drag.

21/2-inch auger, using care to keep the auger perpendicular to the plank. The 2 by 4-inch brace at the front end should start from the middle of the rear plank and drop to the bottom part of the front plank. The blade. NOVEL THAT PLEASED DUMAS which is generally made of stock cutter steel, should be given the proper cutting slope by placing a wedgeshaped strip between it and the plank. One end of the chain is fastened to a cross stake and the other passes When the younger Dumas read the through a hole in the plank and is manuscript of "Camille" to his father, held in position by a pin. that great romancer was much moved

EYESORE ON ORCHARD TREES

Silken Webs Filled With Caterpillars Should Be Cut Out and Burned With Kerosene.

(By E. VAN BENTHUYSEN.)

There is no greater eyesore in coun try surroundings than the silken webs filled with dark-colored, white-haired caterpillars which abound on the trees of orchard and lawn.

Those should not be confounded with the tent caterpular, which abounds in early summer. They are the larvae of a moth which flies at night, and varies in color from pure white to white thickly studded with brown spots.

The moths emerge in May or June from pupae which have passed the winter under loose soil and rubbish at the foot of the tree.

The eggs are placed in clusters near the tips of the branches. On batching, the process of web-building and eating begins, and soon a large cluster may be formed.

sufficient force to penetrate the web.

Crop of Cowpeas.

using from 4 to 6 pecks per acre. The seed varies somewhat in size, therefore the amount to use varies accord-

ingly. The peas are cut and cured about upper leaves have wilted.

Many Thousands of Dollars Lost to Farmers From Cause That Might Be Easily Prevented.

(By GEORGE H. GLOVER, Colorado Ag-

ricultural College.) Judging by the number of cases of two at an angle so that one edge of fatal obstruction to the bowels in each piece is 7 feet and 6 inches long horses that come to the notice of the and the other edge is 6 feet and 6 veterinarians of the Colorado Agricul-If you don't think well of it we'll never inches long. Spike to the back and tural college, there must be many along the center of each of these thousands of dollars lost to farmers planks a 2 by 6-inch piece, which re- every year from this cause. And this inforces the plank. Bore the holes for is a condition that might easily be

> In the winter time the roughage is dry and succulence must be provided. A horse with good teeth and fed alfalfa, timothy, bluestem, or other wellcured hays, combined with grain and plenty of water, will seldom be affected with impacted intestines, but a ration of straw, or bleached alfalfa stems picked up in the fields, combined with a low vitality, cold, poor teeth, and only snow or otherwise a limited amount of water, will furnish conditions which make fatal obstruction of the bowels possible.

The poorer the feed the more an animal must eat, and a ration of straw or poor quality of hay, does not furnish sufficient nutriment to make it possible for a horse to eat enough to support life. He cats inordinate quantities of this highly indigestible food which produces distention, atony and

finally paralysis of the bowels. Most of these cases cannot be treated successfully but prevention is easy. After all, it does not pay to keep animals unless one knows how and is willing to care for them from the day they are born.

SPRAY TO PREVENT DISEASE

Rot of Tomatoes May Be Avoided If Bordeaux Is Used-Disorder Encouraged by Weather.

This disease often attacks plants that are not sprayed. It is first noticeable as small, black or brown spots on the leaves and stems of the plants, occurring first on the lower and older leaves; but with favorable weather it spreads rapidly till the plant is defoliated, and the spots on the stems have coalesced into irregular, blackish patches.

If a piece of bark with these spots be examined under a high-power microscope, innumerable, small, crescentshaped bodies may be seen.

These are the fruiting spores of the fungus. Spray with bordeaux.

Value of Corn Husks.

Corn husks, if they are not dry, are just as valuable for feed as the stalk or leaves of the plant. However, if Cut the nests and burn with kero- the corn is left to mature thoroughly sene, or spray with arsenites, using and the corn husks get very ripe and dry, they are of little value. Much of the starch and sugar is then turned to woody fiber and they are so dry and Cowpeas may be sown broadcast, ripe that they are very unpalatable and contain a large amount of fiber.

Every ewe should be examined twice each day to ascertain whether the same as clover or alfalfa hay. It the lambs take all the milk, or whethis a common practise to let the cow- er they use only one side of the udder. peas remain in the swath from 24 to 1f there is a surplus, it should be re-36 hours before raking and cooking. moved in order to keep the udder from It is the practise of some to run a caking. It will be wise to examine tedder over the field as soon as the the udder of each ewe for at least three days.