

CHAPTER XIII.-(CONTINUED.) ing each one gloomier than its preiecessor. The old man pointed out the ed it. pictures and various relics which ne thought might be interesting, and Caussidiere glanced about him with eyes like a hawk. As they passed onward his face became less radiant; a frown of weariness and disappointment began to cloud his brow. At length the whole of the castle had been examined, and the two men began to descend the quaint oaken stairs. Caussidiere, lingering as if in no haste to go, still talked pleasantly and glanced impatiently about him.

Presently they passed the half open door of a kind of boudoir. Caussidiere. who had looked keenly in, paused suddenly.

"Surely," he said, "I know that face!" The old man went forward and pushed open the door, and the Frenchman, following closely behind him, entered the room and stood thoughtfully regarding the object which had arrested his attention. It was a picture, a good sized painting, which hung above the mantelpiece.

'Tis Marjorie Annan," explained the old man, "foster daughter to the minister. 'Twas painted by Johnnie Sutherland. The mistress bought it because she likes the lassie, and because it has a favor o' hersel'."

The Frenchman stared. Like Miss Hetherington?"

"Ay, like hersel'," returned the old "You'd be no denying itself if you saw the picture in that press. 'Tis Miss Hetherington at seventeen or

eighteen years of age." "I should like to see the picture." "Aweel, aweel, you should see it; but the press is locked and Mysie has the key.

"You could not get it, I suppose?" "Ay, I could get it," returned Sandie, still under the influence of the Frenchman's gold. "Bide awhile and you

shall see.' He shuffled off, leaving the French

man alone. The moment he was gone Caussidiere's face and manner underwent a complete change. He sprang from the room, as it were, with cat-like fury, turned over papers, opened drawers, ransacking everything completely. At last he came upon a drawer which would not open; it was in a writing cabinet, the counterpart of one he had at home; he pressed a hidden spring; in a moment the drawer flew open, and Caussidiere was rapidly going over the

papers which it contained. Suddenly he started, drew forth a paper, opened, and read it. A gleam of light passed over his face. He folded the paper, thrust it into the inner pocket of his coat and closed the drawer. When the old man returned with hands behind him, regarding the picture of Marjorle Annan.

CHAPTER XIV.



HILE the persevering Caussidiere was inspecting the interior of Annandale Castle, Miss Hetherington was busily making inquiries about him at Dumfries.

To her own disappointment she learned nothing to the Frenchman's discredit, but, deter-

mined to break up all relations between him and Marjorie, she visited the manse the next day and secured Mr. Lorraine's consent that Marjorie should discontinue her French lessons for the present.

This done, she ordered the coachman to drive to Dumfries.

When they reached the town they drove straight to Caussidiere's lodging, and with a very determined face the lady of the Castle descended and walked up the doorsteps.

She knocked sharply at the door, which was immediately opened by a servant girl.

"I'm seeking the gentleman that lodges here—the French teacher," she said, stepping without ceremony into

Caussidiere, who was within, pot his head out of the door of his room, and recognized his visitor at once with a beaming smile.

"Pray step this way, Miss Hetherington," he cried. "I am delighted to see

you!" She followed him into his little sittingroom, and stood leaning upon her

staff and looking at him with her black eyes, while he drew forward a chair and begged her to be seated. She nodeed grimly and glanced round the apart ment at the table littered with corn spondence, at the books scattered here and there, at the roses and creepers which peeped in at the open window. Then she walked to the chair he had prepared for her, and sitting down, looked at him fixedly again. Not in the least daunted, he stood smiling at her, and waiting for her to explain her

At last she spoke in her native

"First and foremost, how muckle is Marjorie Annan owing to ye for her French lessons?'

As she asked the question, Miss Heth-

purse and began examining its con-They passed from room to room, find- tents. Finding that the Frenchman did not reply, she looked up and repeat-

> "How muckle is Marjorle Annan owing ye? Tell me that, if you please," "Nothing, Miss Hetherington." he replied.

> "Naething? Then Marjorie has paid ye already, maybe."

> "Yes, she has paid me," returned Caussidiere, quietly.

Naturally enough his manner had changed, and his courteous smile had given way to a cold expression of hauteur, tempered with gentle indignation.

"How muckle has she paid ye?" demanded the lady of the castle.

"She has paid me," answered the Frenchman, "with her sympathy, with her sweet society. I have not taken money from her. I shall never take it. My labor, Miss Hetherington, has been a labor of love."

up her purse, she uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Nae doubt," she cried. "But from this day forward your labor's done. I have come here to pay you your hire, and to tell you with my ain mouth that Marjorie Annan's French lessons are ended, and that if she needs mair she'll get them from another teacher."

Caussidiere flushed angrily, but still preserved his composure. "May I ask a question, Miss Hether-

ington?" "If you please." "I should like to know what authority you have to act on behalf of my dear pupil? I don't ask out of mere curiosity; but you would oblige me by in-

forming me if the young lady herself has requested you to come here on so peculiar an errand?" "The young lady?—a bairn who kens

naething of the world." "But, pardon me, had you her authority to dismiss me, or that of her guardian?"

"The bairn's a bairn, and the minister's old and foolish. I've ta'en the business into my own hands."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Caussidiere, still sarcastically smiling.

"Ay, indeed!" repeated the lady, with growing irritation. "And I warn you, once for a', to cease meddling with the lassie. Ay, ye may smile! But you'll smile, maybe, on the wrong side of your face, my friend, if ye dinna tak' the warning I bring ye, and cease molesting Marjorie Annan."

It was clear that Caussidiere was amused. Instead of smiling now, he laughed outright, still most politely, but with a self satisfaction wnich was very irritating to his opponent. Subduing his amusement with an efflort, he quietly took a chair, and sat down opposite Miss Hetherington.

"Weel," she cried, striking with her staff upon the floor, "what's your answer to my message?"

"You must give me a little time, you have so taken me by surprise. In the first place, why do you object to my friendship for the young lady? My interest in her is great; I respect and admire her beyond measure. Why can we not be friends? Why can I not continue to be her teacher?"

"A bonny teacher! A braw friend! Do you think I'm blind?"

"I think," said Caussidiere, with a mocking bow, "that your eyes are very wide open, Miss Hetherington. You perceive quite clearly that I love Miss Annan.

The lady started angrily. 'What?" she cried.

"I love her, and hope some day, with your permission, to make her my wife.

Trembling from head to foot, Miss Hetherington started to her feet. "Your wife!" she echoed, as if thunderstruck.

"Why not?" asked Caussidiere, calmly. "I am not rich, but I am a gentleman, and my connections are honorable, I assure you. Why, then, should you distrust me so? If you will permit me, I think I can give you very good reasons for approving of my union with Miss Annan.'

"How daur ye think of it?" cried Miss Hetherington. "Marry that bairn! I forbid ye even to come near her, to speak wi' her again."

Caussidiere shrugged his shoulders. "Let us return,if you please, to where we began. You have not yet informed me by what right you attempt to interfere with the happiness of my dear pupil.'

'By what right?" "Precisely. What may be the nature of your relationship with the young lady?"

As he spoke he fixed his eyes keenly upon her, to her obvious embarrassment. Her pale face grew paler than

"I am Marjorie Annan's friend," she answered, after a pause.

"Of that I am aware, Miss Hetherington. I am aware also that you have been very kind to her; that you have assisted her from childhood with large ask, without offense, have you done an this out of pure philanthropy, because palatable and wholesome." you have such a charitable heart?"

He still watched her with the same half sarcastic, penetrating look. Her embarrassment increased, and she did erington drew out an old fashioned silk not reply; but her lips became dry, and i cinnati, O.

she moistened them nervously with the DAIRY AND POULTRY. tip of her tongue.

Suddenly his manner changed and he ose smiling from his seat.

"You are fatigued," he said, politely. Let me offer you a glass of wine.' She declined his offer with an angry

esture, and moved toward the door. "I hae warned you," she said in a low roice. "I hae warned you and forbidden you. If ye didn't heed my warning I'll maybe find some other means to bring you to your senses."

She would have left the house, but quietly approaching the door, he set his back against it and blocked the way.

"Pray do not go yet," he said. "Pardon me, but you must not. You have given me your message, my dear Miss Hetherington; now let me ask you to hear mine."

"What's your will with me?" she cried, impatiently. "Will you sit and listen a little

"I'll stand where I am. Weol?" "First let me thank you for the kindness of your servant in showing me over the beautiful castle where you live. I am interested in all old houses, and

yours is charming." She stared at him in blank amaze ment.

"The Castle? when were you there?" "Just before I returned to Dumfries. I regretted that you were not at home, in order that I might ask your kind permission; but in your absence I took the liberty of making a reconnaissance. I came away delighted with the place. The lady's eyes flashed, and putting The home of your ancestors, I presume?"

The words were innocent enough, but the speaker's manner was far from assuring, and his eyes, keenly fixed on hers, still preserved that penetrating light-almost a threat.

"Deil tak' the man. Why do you glower at me like that? You entered my house like a thief, then, when I was awa'?"

"Ah, do not say that; it is ungenerous. I went merely as an amateur to see the ruins, and I found-what shall I say?-so much more than I expect-

He paused, while she stood trembling; then he continued:

"The Castle is so picturesque, the ruin so interesting, and the pictures-the pictures are so romantic and so strange. Ah, it is a privilege, indeed, to have such a heritage and such an ancestry; to belong to a family so great, so full of honor; to have a 'scutcheon without one blot since the day when the first founder wore it on his shield."

It was clear that he was playing with her, laughing at her. As he proceeded, his manner became almost aggressive in its studied insolence, its polite sarcasm. Unable any longer to restrain her anger, Miss Hetherington, with outstretched hand, moved toward the door.

"Stand awa', and let me pass." He obeyed her in a moment, and with profound bow drew aside; but as she passed him, and put her trembling hand upon the door handle, he said in a low voice close to her ear:

"It would be a pity, perhaps, after all, to quarrel with one who knows so much.'

She turned furiously, and fixed her eyes upon him.

"What's that?" she cried. "Who knows so much, let us say, about the morals of your bonny Sco land as compared with those of la belle

"What do you mean? Speak out!

What do ye mean? He smiled, and bending again close to her ear, he whispered something which drove the last tint of blood from her cheek, and made her stagger and gasp as if about to fall. Then, before she could recover herself, or utter a single word, he said aloud, with the utmost politeness:

"And now, my dear lady, will you stay a little while longer, and talk with me about Marjorie Annan?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ABOUT SUMMER DISHES.

Mrs. Rorer's Way of Reducing the Cook ing to the Minimum.

"Much summer cooking may be done on the installment plan," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer on 'Summer Dishes With Little Fire," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "If asparagus is ordered for today's dinner, cook double quantity, and serve that remaining for tomorrow's salad. From a fricassee of chicken for dinner the giblets may be served for giblet stew for the next day's luncheon. You will thereby gain a dish without extra cost. Potted fish, with cucumber sauce, may be served as a first course in place of soup, but if the latter is preferred, a quick soup may be made by stirring beef extract into boiling water, and seasoning it with celery seed and bay leaf. Where light meats are to be served some of the cream soups are not out of place, as they contain nourishment easily digested. Cream of potato, cream of pea, tomato, celery, asparagus, rice, squash, cucumber and lima bean soups are all very acceptable in hot weather. During the heated term the roast joint might be served cold, nicely garnished with edible greens. With it hot vegetables might be served. The hot meat dishes should be light and quickly cooked. Do away with the large joints. the pot roasts and the heavy boils, and substitute chops, smothered beef, rolled steak, broiled steak, Hamburg steak or Turkish meat balls. Stuffed vegetables may be served occasionally in the place of meat-egg plant stuffed with meat and bread crumbs, and tomatoes and sums out of your own pocket. May I sqush prepared in the same way. Slow cooking makes these vegetables

> Religion without love is fanaticism. Religion with love is a tongue of fire. -Rev. Dr. Magruder, Methodist, Cin-

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Tow Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm-A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Care of Poultry.



F you want your chicks to have bright yellow legs, never allow them to run or wallow where unleached wood ashes have been thrown, they will bleach them white. Use sulphur sparingly or it will kill more chicks

than it cures, yet it can be used judicially on old fowls. If lice have accumulated during incubation they will easily be seen on the heads of the chicks. When you take the mother hen off with her brood rub her well under her wings and body with grease. When she broods her chicks their heads come in contact with the grease, which the lice can not long endure. Give her a good place to dust herself in and she will soon rid herself and chicks of the pests. Keep the chicks from huddling in heaps at night after the hen leaves them, lest some get too warm, afterwards taking cold, which ends in roup, the dreaded disease. I fear it more than cholera, although I never had the latter in my flock, and by keeping everything strictly clean you need never fear it.

I often read in the poultry journals that it is not much work to take care of poultry. I have always found it just the reverse. Still, I like it for the out-door exercise and natural love I have for pets. I also found it very remunerative, but I find there is as great a demand for that article called common sense in poultry raising as in everything else. The third year I gave poultry my attention I kept a strict account with the biddles. I had thirty-two Light Brahma hens and forty half-bloods for sitters. In the early spring I sold ninety-two sittings of eggs, twenty-two half-bloods for silters, and raised near 700 chicks. I sold some for broilers and some for breeding purposes, and packed over 150 dozen eggs during the summer. I sold all the culls Thanksgiving, and at the end of the year the books showed a balance in my favor of \$791.34. Since that time I have kept no accurate account, but am satisfied to continue until I find something better. Most of the farmers have their poultry yards overstocked; hence it costs more to feed them, and they are not so remunerative. Cull your flocks in early fall, and the remainder will do better and be more profitable. The cost of feeding varies with the price of grain. Farmers do not teel this as we who have it to buy. If the fowls have their liberty, the cost of feeding is a mere trifle. It is estimated that one and a half bushels of corn will keep a hen one year. Our estimate of the cost of one hen one year, in confinement, was eighty-seven cents, but she had a variety of food. Where they are comfortably housed it costs less to feed them, and they will lay more eggs. A few timely hints in regard to treat-

ment as the weather grows warmer, and I have done. During the heated term, all kinds of vermin propagate rapidly, and, if allowed, will prove to be the pest "whose name is legion." Examine your fowls frequently to make sure they have no lice upon them, and watch with a jealous eye for the appearance of the tiny, but abominable pests—the poultry parasite. The "ounce of prevention" should be brought into requisition now, if ever. If hens are kept sitting for late chicks, have special care to provide a cool, quiet place on the ground for them. A little hollow made in the earth, with a lining of clean, fresh grass, is sufficient. If the eggs get foul, wash them clean in tepid water, line the nest with fresh grass and replace the eggs. Carefully study the habits of your hens with chicks. They will be found to vary as much as other folks in disposition and habits. Such as prove quiet sitters, careful and successful mothers, and tractable when their keepers approach. should be spared for another year's service. I have one (Old Brownie) seven years old, and she now has seventeen hearty chicks. The great value of milk as a food for poultry seems to be overlooked by farmers and those who have plenty. It is good for them in all shapes. It is eagerly eaten by them. and they will thrive on it as they will on nothing else. The above is largely my own experience, and hence I know whereof I speak and I find that by proper devotion to the demands of the nature of our fowls, one will have but little use for the study of diseases. But there is work about it, and there is about anything we undertake if we do it successfully. Constant vigilance is the price of success in almost every undertaking, and in none other is it more applicable than in the breeding and management of poultry, whether pure bred or not, if profit is the desir-

Outlook for the Cow.

We do not know of a greater business than the production of milk. Not that the production of milk is the greatest industry in the world at present, but it is very likely to become so in the future. There is almost no limit to the possibilities in this regard. Milk drinking and milk using is largely a thing that has been adopted by certain communities, but where once adopted it stays. There are still in the world vast areas where the people do not think of using cows' milk as a food, and the reason is that milk has not been placed before them in a form that appeals to them as buyers, Especially is this true in tropical countries where ness in casein.

a few cows here and there supply the wants of large communities. They supply the wants of the large communities because but few of the people in those communities use milk in any form. We heard some time ago of an American who tried to get some butter in a town of Venezuela. He tried to find a grocer that had it for sale, but was finally told that in all probability he could get some at the drug store. He went there and found that they had a very small supply that was kept as a permanent stock to be used for medical purposes. Whether it was used for outward or inward application dees not appear. When the American asked for couple of pounds the native druggist nearly fell over in astonishment, and wondered what on earth the American could do with two pounds of butter, which, by the way, was about his whole stock in trade. The butter, however, was found to be rancid and decidedly unfit for the internal use intended by the American. This but illustrates that there are vast populations that have got yet to be educated into the milk and butter using habit.

In our large American cities the use

of milk is every year increasing. More and more it is becoming an article of universal diet. Even buttermilk is coming into great demand in all of the city restaurants and even multitudes of saloons keep a supply of good, cold, fresh buttermilk constantly on hand. These are signs that the cow is to be a strong factor in the economics of the future. Two great considerations come up in the spreading of this milkdrinking habit. First the quality of the milk and second its cheapness. Both sweet milk and buttermilk win their way on their quality and if the farmer wants his trade to increase he must give the best milk that can be had. We know of course that feed does not cut a very great figure in the solld contents of milk, but we cannot but think that feed does have very much to do with the flavor and palatability of milk. Perhaps this point will be disputed, but we doubt if one that has been an habitual drinker of milk will be satisfied to take it from any cow and from any food. We know that with domestic animals used for food, the food on which they have been grown and fattened transmits its flavor to the flesh. Thus the water-fowl that feeds on fish is so fishy that it is very distasteful to many. The beeves, muttons and swine are notably affected to such an extent that it makes a great difference on the market. Can it be doubted, therefore, that the feed does have a very great effect on the quality of the milk? The cows that are fed on pasture grass alone will not produce a milk that the city people will relish as they will milk produced from grass and millfeeds. Especially is this true in the early part of the summer when after heavy rains there is a decided grass flavor to the milk. So far as cost is concerned the only

way it can be put on the market at a lower rate than present is to elminate the waste and the selling of milk to people that never pay. So far as the restaurants are concerned this is not of much consequence, provided that milk does not go up as it has in Washington, Baltimore and some other cities, where it sells at ten cents per quart. In Chicago it still sells for five and six cents per quart and should be kept at this point if possible. It should be kept at this point to keep up a steady demand that will prevent the supply lincreasing faster than the demand and thus in the not distant future causing a collapse. Restaurants sell their milk by the glass at about 20 cents per quart. Recently on the streets of Chicago we noticed a man that had a stand for the sale of ice-cold buttermilk. He sold it at two cents per glass, which would be about eight cents per quart or more. His glasses were of a size that would require about five for a quart, so we may say that he got ten cents a quart for his milk. He seemed to have a brisk trade. But one day he disappeared from his corner. and the people that had begun to drink buttermilk there and had begun to form the habit felt his loss. Probably he had moved to some place in the city where trade was brisker than at his first stand. His being missed, however, shows what a vast amount of buttermilk might be disposed of in this Beef-Producing Cattle.-There is at

present a tendency to increase the numper and improve the quality of the beefproducing cattle on our farms. Owing to the long period of depression in the cattle industry the farm herds of heefbred cattle were seriously reduced or so crossed with dairy blood as to impair or destroy their usefulness for beef production. Many of the splendid pure-bred herds in the Ohio valley and eastward were dispersed. The wellbred steers formerly raised in such great numbers in this section became hard to get, and feeders have been more and more dependent on the West for the stock to consume their grain. This resulted in good prices for feeding cattle, which has again stimulated the breeding of good beef cattle on the farms. More beef-bred bulls are now going to these farms than for a long time. This is the forerunner of a great advance in farm beef production, but it is doubtful if the industry again reaches its old-time importance in the Ohio valley and eastward.-Ex.

Water in Milk.-The less frequently the milk is taken from the udder the greater is its proportion of water, the last portions removed being generally the richest in butter. Evening milk is much richer in butter and casein than the morning milk, the salts remaining about the same. When the animal is given abundance of food it increases both the amount of casein and fat, while a les-sened diet diminishes the total solids. Rest seems to encourage the formation of butter, exercise impoverishing the milk in butter, but increasing its rich-

THE BANK SWINDLER.

EXAMINED AND BOUND OVER FOR TRIAL.

He Will Have to Answer for Forgery, for Uttering Forged Paper and for Attempting to Obtain Money Under False Pretenses-A Clever Swindler and a Man With an Interesting History.

Henry Under Arrest. Henry, the bank swindler, had his preliminary hearing this morning before the county court, says a York dispatch to the Omaha Bee. He waived examination and was bound over to the next term of district court. His bond was fixed at \$1,000. In the charges filed against him there are three counts, alleging him to be guilty of forgery, uttering forged paper and attempting to obtain money under false pretenses.

Henry has an interesting history. His clever swindle at York, where he obtained \$460 on a forged draft from the First National bank, was but one of many operations of the same char-acter which he has carried on in difacter which he has carried on in dif-ferent parts of the country. His cap-ture rids the bankers of the United States of the last of the systematic swindlers and forgers that have been operating in the past decade upon banking institutions. The National Bankers' association, under whose direction the matter was put into the hands of the Pinkerton's, feels elated over his capture. The officials of the York bank have been very aggressive in pushing the matter. They, in con-nection with the bankers' association and the detectives, have spared no

On last Saturday Assistant Superintendent Erel of the Pinkerton agency, who had been detailed for this case, wired the York bank that the man had been traced to Hampton, Ill., a smal town ten miles north of Rock Island, where he was living with a family. President Post, who was at the time on a fishing trip to the Loup river, hurried to Rock Island to meet the detective. Henry was away from home, and it was not until Thursday that he was aprehended at Rock Island on his way back to Hampton. He at first denied all connection with the York affair, but upon being shown the evidence against him he confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and agreed to accommodate the confessed his identity and guilt and g company the officer to York without a requisition. He exonerates F. R. Clark, the man who introduced him to the cashier of the bank, from com-

plicity in the scheme.

It has been learned that Henry has operated in the last two years under assumed names upon banks in Den-ver, San Antonio, Tex., Atlantic, Ia., Aberdeen, S. D., and also in Burlington, Ia. His game in general was the same as he worked here, the deposit-ing of a forged draft and the withdrawal in a day or two of part of the deposit. Henry is a good talker and of meek, inoffensive demeanor. He was dark hair and eyes, and when in York last March was smooth shaven. He now wears a moustache. The forger has apepared under the names of P. A. Sullivan, E. A. Collins, Charles A. Adams and W. S. Sweeney and others.

In 1880 Henry was arrested for forgery in his home county and received a sentence of three years in the peni-tentiary. He ate soap to look ema-ciated and got a pardon in the course of six months on the grounds that he was dying of consumption. Eight years ago he was again arrested and taken to Ohio on the same charge. He succeeded in making a settlement in this case, but while in custody at Columbus his photograph was secured, which has aided materially in the last cap-

ture. Henry is a man of high social rank in Hampton. He has lived there all his life, is active in the affairs of the town and county, occupying the offices of justice of the peace, town clerk and having recently received and declined the appointment of postmaster. He is also a prominent candidate for a position in the state insane asylum near Hampton.

Stealing Everything in Sight. Harness thieves are again getting in their work in this community, says an Elmwood dispatch. .. bout two weeks ago R. T. Pope, who resides three miles south and two miles east of Elmwood, purchased a fine \$40 set of heavy work harness. He kept it hanging in the house and it was but three or four days until some one entered the house and stole the lines from the harness. He came to town, bought some new lines, and sometime last night some person or persons stole the whole harness, taking with it a couple of old collars. This morning when Mr. Pope discovered his loss he immediately set about to find the thieves, who drove a single horse and buggy, which he traced a couple of miles and then lost sight of. Thieving about the country is getting a little too numerous, hardly a night passing but what some farmer is minus some poultry or other articles.

State Exposition Fund. Messrs. Poynter, Whitford and Dutton, the special committee of the Nebraska state exposition commission to report on a division of the fund amon the various interests of the state, made a report at the session of the commission recently. The report has not yet been acted on, but it is believed it will not be very materially changed. It is

as follows: Building. \$17,000; agriculture, \$10, 000; horticulture, \$9,000; dairy and poultry, \$2,500 each; floral and forestry, \$4,000; live stock, \$5,000; education, \$4,000; apiary, \$1,500; directors' sal-aries, \$4,500; office expenses, \$600; of-fice force, \$3,500; miscellaneous space. \$1,000; building space, \$3,500; making a total of \$68,660.

An Iowa man who travels over much of Nebraska says that from a careful estimate he figures that in the past six months there have been bought and shipped into Nebraska 900,000 head of sheep, and that a large number more have been contracted for. He said the people did not realize that sheep raising had suddenly become one of the leading industries of the state and that it will result in a large increase of wealth in a single year. The average value of sheep in this state is \$3.50 a head, and, according to his figures, the flocks brought into the state in the last three or four months are worth over \$3 000.000.