The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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It is a privilege to be associated with you in the handling of a case."
said the inspector, warmly. "You will
excuse me, however, if I speak frankly
to you. You are only answerable to
yourself, but I have to answer to my superiors. If this Abe Slaney, living at Elrigo's, is indeed the murderer, and if he has made his escape while I am seated here. I should certainly get into serious trouble."

"You need not be uneasy. He will not try to escape."
"How do you know?"
"To fly would be a confession of

"Then let us go and arrest him."
"I expect him here every instant."
"But why should he come?"
"Because I have written and asked

"But this is incredible, Mr. Holmes! "But this is incredible, Mr. Holmes! Why should he come because you have asked him? Would not such a request rather arouse his suspicions and cause him to fly?"

"I think I have known how to frame the letter," said Sherlock Holmes. "In fact, if I am not very much mistaken, here is the gentleman himself coming up the drive."

A man was striding up the path that

A man was striding up the path that led to the door. He was a tall, handsome, swarthy fellow, clad in a suit of grey flannel, with a Panama hat, a bristling black beard, and a great, aggressive hooked nose, and flourishing a cane as he walked. He swaggered up the rest as if the place helonged to

gressive hooked nose, and flourishing a cane as he walked. He swaggered up the path as if the place belonged to him, and we heard his loud, confident peal at the bell.

"I think, gentlemen," said Holmes quietly, "that we had best take up our position behind the door. Every precaution is necessary when dealing with such a fellow. You will need your handcuffs, inspector. You can leave the talking to me."

We waited in silence for a minute—one of these minutes which one can never forget. Then the door opened and the man stepped in. In an instant Holmes clapped a pistol to his head and Martin slipped the handcuffs over his wrists. It was all done so swiftly and deftly that the fellow was helpless before he knew he was attacked. He glared from one to the other of us with a pair of blazing black eyes. Then he burst into a bitter laugh.

"Well, gentlemen, you have the drop on me this time. I seem to have knocked up against something hard. But I came here in answer to a letter from Mrs. Hilton Cubitt. Don't tell me that she helped to set a trap for me?"

"Mrs. Hilton Cubitt was seriously injured, and is at death's door."

The man gave a hoarse cry of grief, which rang through the house.

"You're craxy!" he cried, fiercely. "It was he that was hurt, not she. Who would have hurt little Elsie? I may have threatened her—God forgive me!—but I would not have touched a hair of her pretty head. Take it back—you! Say that she is not hurt!"

"She was found, badly wounded, by the side of her dead husband."

He sank with a deep groan onto the settee and buried his face in his manacled hands. For five minutes he was silent. Then he raised his face once more and spoke with the cold composure of despair.

"I have nothing to hide from you,

posure of despair.

"I have nothing to hide from you, gentlemen," said he. "If I shot the man he had shot at me, and there's no murder in that. But if you think I could have hurt that woman, then you know neither me or her. I tell you, there never was a man in the world loved a woman more than I loved her. I had a right to her. She was pledged to me years ago. Who was this Englishman that he should come between us? I tell you that I had the first right to her, and that I was only

tween us? I tell you that I had the first right to her, and that I was only claiming my own."

"She broke away from your influence when she found the man that you ere," said Holmes, sternly. "She fled from America to avoid you, and married an honorable gentleman in England. You dogged her and followed her and made her life a misery to her in order to induce her to abandon the husband whom she loved and respected in order to fly with you, whom she feared and hated. You have ended by bringing about the death of a noble man and driving his wife to suicide. That is your record in this business, Mr. Abe Slaney, and you will answer for it to the law."

the law."

"If Evole dies, I care nothing what becomes of me," said the American. He opened one of his hands and looked at a note crumpled up in his palm. "See here, mister," he cried, with a gleam of suspicion in his eyes, "you're not trying to scare me over this, are you? If the lady is hurt as bad as you you? If the lady is hurt as bad as you was it is that wrote this note?" ed it forwards onto the table.

"I wrote it, to bring you here." "You wrote it? There was no one on earth outside the Joint who knew the secret of the dancing men. How came you to write it?"

"What one man cam invent another can discover," said Holmes. "There is a cab coming to convey you to Norwich, Mr. Slaney. But, meanwhile, you have time to make some small reparation for the injury you have wrought. Are you aware that Mrs. Hilton Cubitt has bereff lain under crave supplied. that it was only my presence here, and the knowledge which I happened to possess, which has saved her from the

possess, which has saved her from the necessition? The least that you owe her is to make clear to the whole world that she was in no way, directly or indirectly, responsible for his tragic end. "I ask nothing better," said the American. "I guess the very best case I can make for myself is the absolute naked truth."
"It is my duty to warm you that it

"It is my duty to warn you that it will be used against you," cried the inspector, with the magnificent fair play of the British criminal law. of the British criminal law.

Siancy shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll chance that," said he. "First of ail, I want you gentlemen to understand that I have known this lady since she was a child. There were seven of us in a gang in Chicago, and Elsie's futher was the boss of the joint. He was a clever man, was old Patrick. It was he who invented that writing, which would pass as a child's scrawl unless you just happened to have the key to it. Well, Elsie learned some of our ways, but she couldn't stand the business, and she had a bit of honest money of her own, so she gave us all the slip and got away to London. She had been engaged to me, and she would had been engaged to me, and she would have married me, I believe, if I had taken over another profession, but she would have nothing to do with anything on the cross. It was only after her marriage to the Englishman that I was

THE ADVENTURE OF THE wrote to her, but got no answer. After that I came over, and, as letters were no use, I put my messages where she

could read them.
"Well, I have been here a month now. "Well, I have been here a month now.

I lived on that farm, where I had a room down below, and could get in and out every night, and no one the wiser.

I tried all I could to coax Elsie away.

I knew that she read the messages, for once she wrote an answer under one of them. Then my temper got the better of me, and I began to threaten her. She sent me a letter then, imploring me to go away, and saying that it would break her heart if any scandal should come upon her husband. She said that she would come down when said that she would come down when her husband was asleep at three in the morning, and speak with me through the end window, if I would go away afterwards and leave her in peace. She came down and brought money with her, trying to bribe me to go. This made me mad, and I caught her arm and tried to pull her through the window. At that moment in rushed the husband with his revolver in his hand. husband with his revolver in his hand. Elsie had sunk down upon the floor, and we were face to face. I was heeled also, and I held up my gun to scare him off and let me get away. He fired and missed me. I pulled off almost at the same instant, and down he dropped. I made away across the garden, and as I went I heard the window shut down behind me. That's God's truth, gentlemen. every word of it, and I heard no more about it until that lad came riding up with a note

that lad came riding up with a note which made me walk in here, like a jay, and give myself into your hands."

A cab had driven up whilst the American had been talking. Two uniformed policemen sat inside. Inspector Martin rose and touched his prisoner on the shoulder.

on the shoulder.

"It is time for us to go."

"Can I see her first?"

"No she is unconscious. Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I only hope that, if ever again I have an important case, I shall have the good fortune to have you by my side."

We stood at the window and watched the cab drive away. As I turned back, my eye caught the pellet of paper which the prisoner had tossed upon the table. It was the note with which Holmes had decoyed him.

"See if you can read it, Watson," said he, with a smile.

It contained no word, but this little line of dancing men:

"If you use the code which I have ex-

plained," said Holmes, "you will find that it simply means 'Come here at once.' I was convinced that it was an invitation which he would not refuse, since he could never imagine that it could come from anyone but the lady. And, so, my dear Watson, we have ended by turning the dancing men to good when they have so often been the agents of evil, and I think that I have fulfilled my promise of giving you something unusual for your note book. Three-forty is our train, and I fancy we should be back in Baker street for dinner." invitation which he would not refuse,

Only one word of epilogue. The American, Abe Slaney, was condemned to death at the winter assizes at Norwich, but his penalty was changed to penal servitude in consideration of mitigating circumstances, and the certainty that Hilton Cubitt had fired the first shot. Of Mrs. Hilton Cubitt I only know that I have heard she recovered entirely, and that she remains a widow, devoting her whole life to the care of the poor and to the administration of her husband's estate.



of private cate and extraordinary character, in which he played a prominent part. Many startling successes and a few unavoidable failures were the outcome of this long period of continuous work. As I have preserved very full notes of all these cases, and was myself personally engaged in many of them, it may be imagined that it is no easy task to know which I should select to lay before the public. I shall, however, preserve my former rule, and give the preference to those cares which derive their interest not so much from the brutality of the crime as from the ingenuity and dramatic quality of the voidable failures were the outcome of by you aware that Mrs. Hilton Cubitt sherself lain under grave suspicion the murder of her husband, and it it was only my presence here, and a knowledge which I happened to knowledge which I happened to curious sequel of our investigation.



Dian't Know. Guest at Country Hotel-Where's the

lavatory?
Landlord—I don't know no such hotel to find out where she was. I in town. This is the Pecquod house,

which culminated in unexpected tragedy. It is true that the circumstance did not admit of any striking illustration of those powers for which my friends was famous, but there were some points about the case which made ing his toy bank. t stand out in these long records of crime from which I gather the ma-terial for these little narratives.

On referring to my note book for the year 1895, I find that it was upon Saturday, the 23rd of April, that we first heard of Miss Violet Smith. Her visit heard of Miss Violet Smith. Her visit was, I remember, extremely unwelcome to Holmes, for he was immersed at the moment in a very abtruse and complicated problem concerning the peculiar persecution to which John Vincent Harden, the well known tobacco millionaire had been subjected. My friend, who loved above all things precision and concentration of thought, resented anything which distracted his attention from the matter in hand. And yet, without a harshness which was foreign to his nature, it was impossible to refuse to listen to the story of the young and beautiful woman, tall, graceful and queenly, who presented herself at Baker street late in the evening and implored his assistance and ing and implored his assistance and advice. It was in vain to urge that his time was already fully occupied, for the young lady had come with the de-termination to tell her story, and it was evident that nothing short of force ould get her out of the room until she a somewhat weary smile, Holmes begged the beautiful intruder to take a seat, and to inform us what it was that was troubling her.

"At least it cannot be your health," said he, as his keen eyes darted over her; "so ardent a bicyclist must be full of energy."

She glanced down in surprise at her own feet, and I observed the slight roughening of the side of the sole caused by the friction of the edge of the pedal.

"Yes, I bicycle a good deal, Mr.

"Yes, I bicycle a good deal, Mr. Holmes, and that has something to do with my visit to you today."

My friend took the lady's ungloved hand and examined it with as close attention and as little sentiment as a scientist would show to a specimen. "You will excuse me, I am sure. It is my business," said he, as he dropped it. "I nearly fell into the error of suppos-

ing that you were typewriting. Of course, it is obvious that it is music. You observe the spatulate finger ends, You observe the spatulate inger ends, Watson, which is common to both professions? There is a spirituality about the face, however"—she gently turned it towards the light—"which the typewriter does not generate. This lady is

musician."
"Yes. Mr. Holmes, I teach music."
"In the country, I presume, from your omplexion?"
"Yes, sir, near Farnham, on the bor-

"Yes, sir, near Farnham, on the borders of Surrey."
"A beautiful neighborhood, and full of the most interesting associations. You remember, Watson, that it was near there that we took Archie Stamford, the forger. Now, Miss Violet, what has happened to you, near Farnham, on the borders of Surrey?"

The young lady, with great clearness and composure, made the following curious statement: "My father is dead, Mr. Holmes. "My father is dead, Mr. Holmes. He was James Smith, who conducted the orchestra at the old Imperial theater. My mother and I were left without a relation in the world except one uncle, Ralph Smith, who went to Africa twenty-five years ago, and we have never had a word from him since. When father died we were left very poor, but one day we were told that there was one day we were told that there was an advertisement in the Times, inquir-

an advertisement in the Times, inquiring for our whereabouts. You can imagine how excited we were, for we thought that someone had left us a fortune. We went at once to the lawyer whose name was given in the paper. There we met two gentiemen, Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Woodley, who were home on a visit from South Africa. They said that my uncle was a friend of theirs, that he had died some months before in great poverty in Johannesburg, and that he had asked them with his last breath to hunt up his relations and see that they were in no want. It seemed strange to us that Uncle Ralph, who took no notice of us when he was alive, should be so careful to look after us when he was dead, but Mr. Carruthers explained that the reason was that my uncle had just heard of the death of his brother, and so felt responsible for our fate."

"Excuse me," said Holmes. "When was this interview?"

"Excuse me," said Holmes. "When was this interview

"Last December—four months ago. "Pray proceed." 'Mr. Woodley seemed to me to be a

"Mr. Woodley seemed to me to be a most odious person. He was for ever making eyes at me—a coarse, puffy-faced, red-mustached young man. with his hair plastered down on each side of his forehead. I thought that he was perfectly hateful—and I was sure that Cyril would not wish me to know such "Oh, Cyril is his name!" said Holmes, smiling.

The young lady blushed and laughed. The young lady blushed and laughed.
"Yes, Mr. Holmes, Cyril Mor
ton, an electrical engineer, and
we hope to be married at the
end of the summer. Dear me, how
did I get talking about him? What I
wished to say was that Mr. Woodley
was perfectly odious, but that Mr. Carruthers, who was a much older man was perfectly odious, but that Mr. Carruthers, who was a much older man, was more agreeable. He was a dark, sallow, clean shaven, silent person, but he had polite manners and a pleasant smile. He inquired how we were left, and on finding that we were very poor, he suggested that I should come and my mother, on which he suggested that I should go home to her every week end, and he offered me a hundred a year, which was certainly splendid pay. So it ended by my accenting So it ended by my accepting, and I went down to Chiltern Grange, about six miles from Farnham. Mr. Car-ruthers was a widower, but he had en-gaged a lady housekeeper, a very re-spectable, elderly person, called Mrs. Dixon, to look after his establishment. The child was a dear, and everything promised well. Mr. Carruthers was The child was a dear, and everything promised well. Mr. Carruthers was very kind and very musical, and we had most pleasant evenings together. Every week end I went home to my

(Continued Next Week)

Animals and Fire. Chicago Journal: Most animals are afraid of fire and will fly from it in terror. To others there is a fascination about a flame, and they will walk into it, even though tortured by the heat. A horse in a burning stable goes mad with fear, but a dog is as cool in a fire as at any time. He keeps his nose down to the floor, where the air is purest, and sets himself calmly to finding his way out.

his way out. in fires howl piteously. hide their faces from the light and crouch in corners. When their rescue and subdued, never biting or

Birds seem to be hypnotized by fire and keep perfectly still; even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing Cows, like dogs, do not show alarm.

They are easy to lead forth, and often find their way out themselves. The first bomb outrage occurred on Christmas eve, 1800, when St. Najant tried to kill Napoleon. More than 130 people were injured by the explosion. Knew His Uncle Dudley.

Robert had often seen his Uncle Fred buying groceries from the hucksters. One day his uncle noticed the little boy shak-"How much money have you, Robert?"

"Two cents," was the answer.

"Now, if I should give you four cents more, how much would you have then?" "Ten cents."

"No you wouldn't," corrected Uncle "you would then have six cents." "I knew it," defended the boy. "I knew it, but I was sure you would try to beat me down."

Gun Cotton as Fuol.

"Light another hundred-foot candle of condensed gun cotton! We must make the next mile in less than a minute!'

That command, or something like it, will be given by the commander of a United States torpedo-boat in the next war in which this country may unhappily be engaged, writes Mr. W. R. Stewart in Technical World Magazine for April. It will not mean that, finding his ship in a design of the state perate situation, the captain has decided to blow himself and his whole command out of the water. It will signify only the adoption as emergency fuel of the wan-derful new compound, "motorite," a secret composition of gun cotton and nitro-gly-cerine, invented by Hiram Maxim, whose "Maximite" is the high explosive now used by the government in submarine torpedoes Motorite for fuel use is packed in long steel tubes and under forced draft can furnish an almost unlimited amount of power

A COLD BROUGHT IT ON.

Severe Congestion of the Kidneys Soon Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Richard M. Pearce, a prominent business man, of 231 South Orange street, Newark, N. J., says: "Working nights during bad weather brought on a heavy cold, aching of the limbs and pain in the back and kidneys. Severe con-gestion of the kidneys followed. Besides the terrific ach-

ing headaches, and I became exceedingly weak. My doctor could not help me. and I turned to Doan's Kidney Pills, with the result that the kidney congestion disappeared, and, with it all the other symptoms. What is more. the cure has lasted for eight years.' Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ing there were whirl-

Eagles and Their Pray.

Eagles and Their Pray.
From Youth's Companion.
Ornithologists are inclined to discourage the idea that eagles are in the habit of attacking large animals, but a contest witnessed by an observer and recorded in the Scotsman dispels such a theory. The battle was between an eagle and a stag. The bird singled out from a herd one particular buck, which it succeeded in driving from the rest. It struck the animal with its powerful wings, knocked it down and finally killed it.

wings, knocked it down and finally killed it.

A still more remarkable spectacle is well authenticated. An eagle attacked a fawn in the highlands. The cries of the little one were answered by its dam, which sprang upon the eagle and struck it repeatedly with its forefeet. Fawn, deer and eagle rolled down a declivity, the bird was dislodged from its hold and the fawns rescued.

Many traditions are extant as to the carrying off of children by eagles. The most recent case bearing close scrutiny is one which happened in South Africa. A Boer farmer whose stock had been harried by eagles lay in ambush for the robbers and saw one of them descend and carry off the five-year-old child of one of his Kaffir servants. He shot the bird, which, with the child still clutched in its grip, fell into a thorn bush. The bird was dead, but the child was little hurt.

Two eagles will stalk a covert in concert. While one conceals itself the other beats about the bushes with great screaming, driving out its quarry for the hidden eagle to swoop down upon. An even more insidious method has been observed. An eagle seeing a sheep on the edge of a precipice, fiew at it, screaming shrilly and with forceful beat of its wing hurled it into the valley below, where it could devour it at leisure. In the light of such records there is good reason for believing the legend of the eagle dropping a tortois on the bald head of Eschylus, the Greek poet, and so causing his death.

"COFFEE JAGS."

"COFFEE JAGS."

The Dector Named Them Correctly. Some one said "Coffee never hurts any one." Enquire of your friends and note their experiences.

A Philadelphia woman says: "During the last 2 or 3 years I became subject to what the doctor called 'coffee jags' and felt like I have heard men say they feel who have drank too much rum. It nauseated me, and I felt as though there was nothing but coffee flowing through my veins.

"Coffee agreed well enough for time, but for a number of years have known that it was doing me great harm, but, like the rum toper, I thought I could not get along without it. It made me nervous, disordered my digestion, destroyed my sleep and brought on frequent and very distressing head-

"When I got what the doctor called a 'coffee jag' on, I would give up drinking it for a few days till my stomach regained a little strength, but I was always fretful and worried and nervous till I was able to resume the use of the drug.

"About a year ago I was persuaded to try Postum, but as I got it in restaurants it was nothing but a sloppy mess, sometimes cold, and always weak, and of course I didn't like it. Finally prepared some myself, at home, following the directions carefully, and found it delicious. I persevered in its use, quitting the old coffee entirely, and feeling better and better each day, till I found at last, to my great joy, that my allments had all disappeared and my longing for coffee had come to an end.

"I have heretofore suffered intensely from utter exhaustion, besides the other ailments and troubles, but this summer, using Postum, I have felt fine." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Restaurant cooks rarely prepare Postum Coffee properly. They do not let it boll long enough.



WELL DRAINED SOIL FOR FRUIT

Even the plum which will stand more wet than any other class with the possible exception of the quince requires that the soil be well drained; there is a difference between a moist soil and a wet soil and a soil may be well drained yet be moist. It is next to impossible to expect adequate results for time and labor expended in raising fruit in orchards unless the soil is placed in proper condition. No fruit tree will the transfer to the soil is placed in proper condition. will thrive on soil that is wet whether the wet be on the surface or beneath it. Any soil with depth enough to supply fertility to the tree roots will grow fruit trees for even if it is not rich enough it can be made so provided it is not so sandy that the fer-tilizer goes beyond the reach of the roots or so wet that the roots rot instead of grow. The wet soil can be subdued by draining and the sandy soil put in proper condition by stable manure or by growing any crop which will supply humus and plowing such crop under.

A PROMISING LATE STRAWBERRY The Fremont Williams strawberry is one of the new late sorts from which much is expected. When it is introduced the name will doubtless be shortened in accordance with the general plan of using but one variety has been under test throughout the country for two years and has shown every indication of being all that was claimed for it by the originator. Its one bad feature, and this will be mainly in the opinion of the consumer, is its rather mis-shapen form. It is fully as late as the Gandy generally considered the best late



ort, of much better quality and is large and firm. In color it is an attractive bright crimson and this feature ought to offset, to some extent, the bad shape. If it does as well under general culture as it has under tests it will be a valuable acquisition. It has nor yet, so far as the knowledge of the writer goes, been intro-duced but doubtless will be offered a year from now. Those who raise late varieties of strawberies for market should keep track of this sort.

FROM PASTURE TO BARN.

Those who advocate the use of dogs in driving the cows to and from the pasture may be right provided they have the right sort of a dog but there are few dogs that can be trusted to do their duty properly; none unless they are trained from puppy-The average dog consigned to this barks and generally annoys the animals until they are more or less frightened, some of them fighting and all of them running. This running the cows

What the fate of the bill before the committee to stop the free distribution of seeds sent out by the department of agriculture will be is, at present, problematical but every farmer who is interested in having government money properly expended should write to his congressman now and urge him to vote in favor of abolishing the fraud. The quarter of a million of dollars used for this free seed humbug can be better expended for the benefit of farmers. Bear in mind that these seeds are sent out in sealed packages and bear no postage so that in addition to the expenditure for seeds the government has to pay the roads to carry the trash. As an evid of the lack of discrimination used in sending out these seeds an editor residir North Carolina received seed of Early Minnesota corn which is absolutely value-less in the south. The money now used for this free seed distribution would do the farmers of the country much more good if it were added to the government appropriation for the several state experi-ment stations. Write your congressman

SO CALLED PEDIGREE PLANTS. A number of nurserymen, so far as known of good repute, have been offering plants mainly strawberry plants, to the public under the name of "pedigreed plants." We believe the name to be an unfortunate one and to give the buyer a wrong impression. Several well known horticulturists have taken up arms against these pedigreed plants and claim they are of no more value than any other of the plants formed on the runner from the parent plant. In this they are unquestionably mistaken, for, as all growers know, the first or second plant formed by the parent superior to the ones nearest the end of the runner and it follows that if this class the runner and it follows that if this class of plants is perpetuated through coming generations they are superior to those from the plants formed at the tip of the runner and perpetuated. The pedigreed plants are nothing more or less than the following out of the plant of plant selec-tion; that is, selecting the best and strong est plants from which to propagate. this is done with good results in fruits why not with the strawberries: one danger, so far as the buyer of these plants is concerned, lies in the possibility of careless help to the nursery not following out instructions given by their employer and there is no way around this danger except as the nurserymen may see with his own eyes what 's being done or have faithforemen who will honestly carry out

RAISE CHICKS UNDER COVER. As recently noted in this department it is should be pruned in the spring for they much easier to hatch the chicks in the included that it is to raise them in the coming fall period of bloom. One can see

will get chilled unless one is close at hand to watch them. With no cluck of the watchful mother to guide them the chicks will often stay out in the cold until chilled with the warm brooder a dozen feet away. For this very reason it will pay to have some building arranged so that the chicks can remain under cover all the time until they are old enough so that a little chill weather will not hurt them. Such a building should be arranged so that it will be light and have considerable sun come in through the glass covered windows. An excellent plan when raising chicks in the incubator is to start the brooder several days before the chicks are expected so as to thoroughly test its condition. Use a thermometer during this test so that you may know just how easy or how hard it is to keep the proper temperature. By this plan you will know just how to run the brooder when the chicks begin to come. Above all things see that the floor of the brooder house is clean and is kept clean if you would avoid disease and consequent deaths among the young chicks. STILL PROFIT IN FRUIT GROWING.

An old subject upon which we have couched before, but one peculiarly open to repetition each planting season when the items are going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that there is no longer any money in fruit raising. The fact of the matter is there is more fruit consumed today per capita of the population than there was twenty years ago and it is sold at higher prices at that. As time goes on the city dweller, the principal consumer of fruit, realizes more and more its healthfulness and consumes more of it this year than he did the year before. On the other hand he is more discriminating and is fast learning to recognize the good sorts and the bad and just here is where the grower must wake up or he falls behind and does not find fruit growing profitable. There is not nor has there ever been any over-production of first class fruit nor is there likely to be. The man who grows a first class product and markets it attractively will always find fruit growing a business well worth his best efforts; on the other hand, the man who is willing to grow any sort of fruit and to market the several grades well mixed will find profitable fruit growing a dream and not a pleasant one at

ROTATING WITH THE STRAW-BERRY.

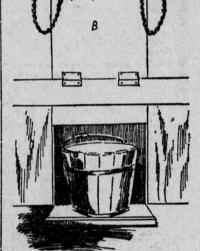
The best growers of strawberries long since discovered that the same soil would since discovered that the same soil would not produce paying crops many years in succession and that rotation there was just as necessary as with farm crops. There is no set rule as to what the crops used in rotation shall be except that they should be something which will give a hoed crop one year and a crop which may be plowed under to add humus to the soil another year, for it must be remembered another year, for it must be remembered that as the best strawberries are grown on soil that is rather light such soil is usnally deficient in humus which must be supplied by one of the rotating crops. One good rotation is to plow under as soon after fruiting as possible and sow to winter wheat following this by sowing clover in the early spring, plowing under at the proper season and sowing to rye to be plowed under in the early spring and then resetting to strawberries. Or, sow to rye after the plowing under in the middle of the summer, plow under the rye in the spring, plant to potatoes, sow to rye again in the fall, plow this under in the spring and set again to strawberries. The rota tion to be followed may be almost anyprovided the strawberries do not follow

FEEDING THE CALF EASILY.

The calf is a subborn little thing and s quite averse to being taken from its nother, so that, oftentimes, the problem from the pasture to the barn does much is quite averse to being taken from its more injury than generally supposed and assuredly makes the flow of milk much of feeding it is not the easiest one in the less. The supply of milk depends very world to solve. Any arrangement which largely upon the condition of mind of the will do the work readily is warranted and largely upon the condition of mind of the cow; if she is happy and contended she gives down her milk freely and the food she consumes makes rich milk of the best quality; if she is frightened her milk front. Then cut a square opening in the loses both in quality and quantity.

WRITE A LETTER TO YOUR CON-GRESSMAN.

What the fate of the bill before the comand attach to the cut out portion by means



of staples. The chain must be just long enough to allow the cut out section (B) to drop down level as shown in the lower part of the cut although the chains do not show in this part of the illustration. A cleat is nailed on the out edge of the cut out portion (B) and another on the outside of top edge of opening. The pail is set in position from the outside and the cleat at the top of opening and outer edge of cut out portion prevents the pail from being overturned or the contents from spilling out. This plan does away with the annoy-ance of trying to set a pail full of milk over into the pen of a hungry calf who in his haste usually knocks it out of the hands of the feeder. POINTS ON PRUNING SHRUBS.

If those who have shrubbery on their grounds would but remember the simple fact of the period of bloom and that the blossoms on the spring blooming shrubs are formed on the wood that was grown after the blooming season of a year ago hence if these shrubs are pruned in the spring we simply cut off the flower-bearing shoots and no flowers are had. The time to prune spring flowering shrubs is just after they have stopped blooming so that they may have the rest of the summer in which to grow the flower shoots for an-other spring. The fall blooming shrubs brooder and this solely because the chicks how simple it is if they will but remember.