Story of Francis Cludde

A Romance of Queen Mary's Reign.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER X .- Continued.

And knew him! In a second I was back in England looking on a far different scene. I saw the Thames, its ebb tide rippling in the sunshine as it ripples past Greenwich, and a small at gliding over it, and a man in the bow of the boat, a man with a grim lip and a sinister eye. Yes, the tall soldier talking to Dymphna in the moonlight. his cap the cap of a Spanish guard, was Master Clarence, the duchess' chief en-

I staid my foot. With a strange settling into resolve of all my doubts, I felt if my sword, which happliy I had brought with me, was loose in its sheath and leaned forward scanning him. So he had tracked us! He was here! With wonderful vividness I pictured all the dangers which menaced the duchess, Master Bertie, the Lindstroms, myself, through his discovery of us, all the evils which would befall us if the villain got away with his tale. Forgetting Dymphna's presence, I set orgetting Dymphna's presence, I set y teeth hard together. He should be escape me this time.

not escape me this time.

But man can only propose. As I took a step forward I trod on a round piece of wood, which turned under my foot and I stumbled. My eye left the pair for a second. When it returned to them, they had taken the alarm. Dymphna had started away, and I saw her figure retreating swiftly in the direction of the house. The man poised himself a moment irresolute opposite to me, and then dashed aside and disappeared behind the cottage.

and then dashed aside and disappeared behind the cottage.

I was after him on the instant, my sword out, and caught sight of his cloak as he whisked round a corner. He dodged me twice round the next cottage, the one nearer the river. Then he broke away and made for the bridge, his object evidently being to get off the Island. But he seemed at last to see that I was too quick for him, as I certainly was, and should catch him half way across the narrow planking, and changing his mind again he doubled nimbly back and rushed into the open porch of a cottage, and I

sword out, and caught sight of his cloak as he whisked round a corner. He dodged me twice round the next cotage, the one nearer the river. Then he broke away and made for the bridge, his object evidently being to get off the fisland. But he seemed at last to see that I was too quick for him, as I certainly was, and should catch him half way across the narrow planking, and changing his mind again he doubled nimbly back and rushed into the open porch of a cottage, and heard his sword ring out. I had him at bay.

At bay indeed! But, ready as I was and resolute to capture or kill him, I paused. I hesitated to run in on him. The darkness of the porch hid him, while I must attack with the moonlight shining on me. I peered in cautiously. "Come out:" I cried. "Come out, you coward!" Then I heard him move, and for a moment I thought he was coming, and I stood a-liptoe waiting for his rush. But he only laughed a derisive laugh of triumph. He had the odds, and I saw he would keep them.

I took another cautious step toward him and, shading my eyes with my left hand, tried to make him out. As I did soo gradually his face took dim form and shape, confronting mife in the darkness. I stared yet more intently. The face became more clear. Nay, with a sujden leap into vividness, as it were, it grew white against the dark background—white and whiter. It seemed to be thrust out nearer and nearer until a sujden leap into vividness, as it were, it grew white against the dark background—white and whiter. It seemed to be thrust out nearer and nearer until a sujden leap into vividness, as it were, it grew white against the dark background—white and whiter. It seemed to be thrust out nearer and nearer until a sujden leap into vividness, as it were, it grew white against the dark background—white and whiter. It seemed to be thrust out nearer and nearer until a sujden leap into vividness, as it were, it grew white a supplementation of the man I had killed!

With a will doream I turned and fled. By instinct, for terror had deprived me of re

With a wild scream I turned and fled.
By instinct, for terror had deprived me of reason. I hied to the bridge, and keeping, I knew not how, my footing supon the loose clattering planks, made one desperate rush across it. The shimmering water below, in which I saw that face a thousand times reflected; the breeze, which seemed the dead uman's hand clutching me, lent wings to my flight. I spring at a bound from the bridge to the bank, from the bank to the boat, and overturning, yet never seeing, my startled companion, shoved off from the shore with all my mightand fell a-crying.

A very learned man, physician to the queen's majesty, has since told me, when I related this strange story to him, that probably that burst of tears saved my reason. It so far restored me, at any rate, that I presently knew where I was—cowering in the bottom of the boat, with my eyes covered—and understood that Master Lindstrom was teaning over me in a terrible state of mind, imploring me in mingled Dutch and English to tell him what had happened. "I have seen him!" was all I could say at first, and I scarcely dared remove my hands from my eyes. "I have seen him!" as all I could say at first, and I scarcely dared remove my hands from my eyes. "I have seen him!" as all I could say at first, and I scarcely dared remove my hands from my eyes. "I have seen him!" as all I could say at first, and I scarcely dared remove my hands from my eyes. "I have seen him!" as all I could say at first, and I scarcely dared remove my hands from my eyes. "I have seen him!" I begged my host to row away from the shore, and after a time was able to tell him what the matter was, he sitting the while with his arm round my shoulder.

"You are sure that it was the Spaniar?" he said, kindly, after he had thought he said, kindly, after he had thought a minute.

"You are sure that it was the Spaniar?" he said, kindly, after he had thought a minute.

"You are sure that it was the Spaniar?" he said, kindly, after he had thought as will be seven had the root in propositio

fard?" he said, kindly, arter he had thought a minute.
"Quite sure," I answered, shuddering, yet with less violence. "How could I be mistaken? If you had seen him"—"And you are sure? Did you feel his heart this morning, whether it was beating?"

'His heart?" Something in his voice

gave me courage to look up, though I still shunned the water, lest that dreadful visage should rise from the depths. "No, I did not touch him." And you tell me that he fell on his

"And you tell me that he fell on his face. Did you turn him over?"
"No." I saw his drift now. I was sitting crect. My brain began to work again. "No," I admitted, "I did not."
"Then how, asked the Dutchman, coughly, "how do you know that he was dead, young sir? Tell me that."
When I explained, "Bahi" he cried. "There is nothing in that! You jumped to a conclusion. I thought a Spaniard's head was harder to break. As for the blood coming from his mouth, perhaps ae bit his tongue or did any one of a

blood coming from his mouth, perhaps as bit his tongue or did any one of a nundred things—except die, Master Francis. That you may be sure is just what he did not do."

"You think so?" I said gratefully. I began to look about me, yet still with iremor in my limbs and an inclination o start at shadows.

"Think?" he rejoined, with a heartiness which brought conviction home to me. "I am sure of it. You may depend apon it that Master Clarence, or the man you take for Master Clarence, or the man you take for Master Clarence, which of much the scoundrel this morning, found nim hurt late in the evening. Then, seeing him in that state, he put him in the porch for shelter, either because he could not get him to Arnheim at once or because he did not wish to give the alarm before he had made his arthe alarm before he had made his arrangements for netting your party."

"That is possible!" I allowed, with a sign of relief, "But what of Master land. "Ought to be istensible out that letter he has!"

"Ought to."—

"Ought to.

home first. We will talk of him after-

I telt he had more in his mind than I telt he had more in his mind than appeared, and I obeyed, growing ashamed now of my panic and looking forward with no very pleasant feelings to hearing the story narrated. But when we reached the house and found Master Bertie and the duchess in the parlor waiting for us—they rose, startled at sight of my face—he bade me leave that out, but tell the rest of the story.

I complied, describing how I had seen Dymphna meet Clarence and what I had observed to pass between them. The astonishment of my hearers may be imagined. "The point is very simple," said our host coolly when I had. in the face of many exclamations and some incredulity, completed the tale. "It is just this! The woman certainly "It is just this." The woman certainly was not Dymphna. In the first place, she would not be out at night. In the second place, what could she know of your Clarence, an Englishman and a stranger? In the third place, I will warrant she has been in her room all the evening. Then if Master Francis was mistaken in the woman, may he not have been mistaken in the man?

was mistaken in the woman, may he not have been mistaken in the man? That is the point."

"No," I said boldly, "I only saw her back. I saw his face."

"Certainly that is something," Master Lindstrom admitted reluctantly,

"But how many times had you seen him before?" put in my lady very pertinently. "Only once?"

In answer to that I could do no more than give further assurance of my certainty on the point. "It was the man I saw in the boat at Greenwich," I declared positively, "Why should I imagine it?" "All the same, I trust you have," she rejoined, "for if it was indeed that arch

Dymbha!" the young lady retorted, her foot tapping the floor and the red spots back in her cheeks. "Such rubbish I never heard!"

CHAPTER XI.

They none of them believed me, it seemed, and smarting under Mistress Anne's ridicule, hurt by even the duchess' kincly incredulity, what could I do? Only assert what I had asserted already—that it was undoubtedly Clarence, and that before 24 hours elapsed they would have proof of my words. At mention of this possibility Master Bertie looked up. He had left the main part in the discussion to others, but now he intervened. "One moment."

but now he intervened. "One moment," he said. "Take it that the lad is right Master Lindstrom. Is there any pre-caution we can adopt, any back door, so to speak, we can keep open, in case of an attempt to arrest us being made? What would be the line of our retreat "The river," replied the Dutchman

the rogue has come on the scene again the rogue has come on the scene again the lad's scruples ought not to stand in the way. They are all nonsense. The letter may throw some light on the bishop's schemes and Clarence's presence here, and it should be read. That is what I think."

"What do you say, Carey?" her hus-band asked as I kept silence. "Is not that reasonable?"

that reasonable?"
Sitting with my elbows on the table, I twisted and untwisted the fingers of my clasped hands, gazing at them the while as though inspiration might come of them. What was I to do? I knew that the three pairs of eyes were upon me, and the knowledge distracted me and prevented me really thinking, though I seemed to be thinking so hard. "Well." I burst out at last, "the circum-"Well," I burst out at last, "the circumstances are certainly altered. I see no reason why I should not"-

Crash!
I stopped, uttering an exclamation, and we all sprang to our feet. "Oh, what a pity!" the duchess cried, clasping her hands, "You clumsy, clumsy girl! What have you done?"
Mistress Anne's sleeve as she turned had swept from the table a Florentine jug, one of Master Lindstrom's greatest treasures and it lay a dozen fragments.

treasures, and it lay a dozen fragments on the floor. We stood and looked at it, the duchess in anger, Master Bertie and I in comic dismay. The girl's lip trembled, and he turned quite white as she contemplated the ruin she had caused.

caused.

"Well, you have done it now!" the duchess said pittlessly. What woman could ever overlook clumsiness in another woman! "It only remains to pick up the pieces, miss. If a man had done it—but, there, pick up the pieces, You will have to make your tale good to Master Lindstrom afterward."

I went down on my kness and helped.

Master Lindstrom afterward."

I went down on my knees and helped Anne, the annoyance her incredulity had caused me forgotten. She was so shaken that I heard the bits of ware in her hand clatter together. When we had picked up all, even to the smallest piece, I rose, and the duchess returned to the former subject. "You will open this letter, then?" she said. "I see you will. Then the sooner the better. Have you got it about you?"

"No, it is in my bedroom," I answered. swered

"I held it away there, and I must

"I held it away there, and I must fetch it. But do you think," I continued, pausing as I opened the door for Mistress Anne to go out with her double handful of fragments, "it is absolutely necessary to read it, my lady?". "Most certainly," she answered, gravely nodding with each syllable, "I think so. I will be responsible." And Master Bertie nodded also. "So be it," I said reluctantly. And I was about to leave the room to fetch the letter, my bedroom being in a different part of the house, only connected with the main building by a covered passage, when our host returned. He told us that he had removed a boat, and I staid awhile to hear if he had anything to report, and then, finding he had not, went out to go to my room, shutting the door behind me.

The passage I have mentioned, which was merely formed of rough planks, was very dark. At the nearer end was the foot of the staircase leading to the upper rooms. Farther along was a door in the side opening into the garden. Going straight out of the lighted room, I had almost to grope my way, feeling the walls with my hands. When I had about reached the middle, I paused. It struck me that the door into the garden must be open, for I felt a cold draft of air strike my brow and paused. It struck me that the door into the garden must be open, for I felt a cold draft of air strike my brow and saw, or fancied I saw, a slice of night sky and the branch of a tree waving against it. I took a step forward, slightly shivering in the night air as I did so, and had stretched out my hand with the intention of closing the door when a dark form rose suddenly close to me, I saw a knife gleam in the starlight, and the next moment I reeled back into the darkness of the passage, a sharp pain in my breast.

I knew at once what had happened

a sharp pain in my breast.

I knew at once what had happened to me and leaned a moment against the planking with a sick, faint feeling, saying to myself, "I have it this time!" The attack had been so sudden and unexpected, I had been taken so completely off my guard, that I had made no attempt either to strike or to clutch my assailant, and I suppose only the my assailant, and I suppose only the darkness of the passage saved me from another blow. But was one needed? The hand which I had raised instinctively to shield my throat was wet with the warm blood trickling fast down my breast. I staggered back to the door of the parlor groungs blindly. down my breast. I staggered back to the door of the parlor, groping blindly for the latch, seemed to be an age find-ing it, found it at last and walked in. The duchess sprang up at sight of me. "What." she cried, backing from me, "what has happened?"

"I have been stabbed," I said, and I sat down.

I sat down.
It amused me afterward to recall what they all did. The Dutchman stared; my lady screamed loudly; Master Bertie whipped out his sword. He could make up his mind quickly enough

"I think he has gone," I said faintly. (Continued Next Week.)

An Australian corporation has just re-ceived a concession from the Russian gov-ernment to take out 30,000,000 feet of timernment to take out 30,000,000 feet of tim-ber a year from a forest in Siberia, 900 miles from Vladivostok, to be delivered in Melbourne, Australia, approximately 8,000 miles away, and nearly three times the distance from New York to San Fran-

It is likely that no lumbering operation of recent years more strongly illustrates the pinch in the timber supply in all parts of the world. In the news of the con-cession told in an American lumber journal, is the suggestion of the difficulty that all countries may have to encounter in getting the wood which they need in the future. Every year timber cruisers are

getting the wood which they need in the future. Every year timber cruisers are going further and further afield and cutting trees which, in former times of abundance, they passed because of the inaccessibility of the forest.

In taking out the Siberian timber the Melbourne lumbermen will have to ship the entire year's cut in July, August, September and October, for during the remainder of the year there is no open water at the point of shipment. What makes this unusual feature of transporting bulky logs 8,000 miles quite feasible is that such unmanufactured stock is admitted free, while there is a heavy duty on all manufactured wood brought into Australia, the duty on lumber, for instance, being nearly \$5 a thousand board feet.

These Siberians operations differ from the lumbering methods in the United States, in that in this country it is possible and customary to have new mills conveniently near the place of production, though with the constantly decreasing supply, the larger mills often find it profsupply, the larger man of the stable to haul their timber by trams and railroads many miles away from their saws. Forest experts in this country say that the hope of the United States for a steady supply of timber lies in the application of forestry to all timber lands, private and public, and the careful study of the economical and better utilization of the economical and better utilization of the product. Even so, a severe shortage in 20 to 25 years must be expected.

The law on the statute books of Minne-sota forbidding the drinking of liquor on ratiroad ears, except in separate compart-ments with the door shut, is a good law, The tantalizing of the passenger who for-got his bottle must be stopped somehow.

Merchants and manufacturers take "Well." the old man said, "let us get she continued impetuously. "I have no doubt it is a letter to Clarence. Now the farmer.

AROUND THE WORLD FOR CUPID

By Louis Honig. (Copyright, 1902, by W. R. Hearst.)

"You might as well understand, Cora, that this is the last quarrel we will have, I, for one, am heartily sick of this constant bickering. No matter what I do, I am always held to an accounting, just as if you were my monitor and I a docile and irresponsible agent. I shall leave New York to be gone—well, I can't say just how long, and I don't konw that that would interest you, anyway."

The man was in earnest. He had have, I, for one, am heartily sick of this

anyway."

The man was in earnest. He had

to persuade her aunt to act the part of chaperon. Mrs. Haswelt was a woman of such smooth disposition that she did not even press her niece for a reason for this round the globe tour. She

anyway."

The man was in earnest. He had left his chair and, standing in front of her, his big physique seemed to menace the bric-a-brac and delicate ornaments that filled every nook and angle of the room.

"It isn't that I do not love you. Any old fool among my friends knows that—and you ought to. But fight a petulant caprice day after day I cannot. I am not equal to it."

"Then I am to consider myself no longer in the preliminary stage of matrimony? Our engagement is off. Is that the ultimate? If that be the lord and master's arbitrary ruling I suppose I must submit."

The man did not see the faint passing smile that filted over the lips of the girl and like a flash was gone. He bristled with anger and detail escaped him.



IT WILL SEPERATE VS. JACK.

it true, Cora. You distinctly and formally announced that unless I comported myself in such and such a manter out betrothal would come to an end. I cannot do as you say. It is subsequent, not antecedent."
"Very well, Tom. I am sorry, very sorry. It may be for your best after all."

The hestitation denoted by the ex-pression of his face and the pose of his body suggested for a moment a return to first principles, but he pulled him-self together and stood firm upon his declaration.

declaration.

He said goodby, tears in his voice, and left her, Cora Evanston did not move from her chair. She was contemplating the wreck of an existence which she had always pictured as the ideal. At her feet she saw the pieces of the monument, the purest, finest marble ever carved.

"It is all nonsense. This is not the

if he should not—Then I shall swallow my pride and go to him."

This last resolution satisfied the
girl. She called the butler and gave
orders for her victoria, and one hour
later was riding in the park, breathing
the fine crispy air of late autumn. "He
will come back, I know it. He must
come back."

A week passed two works

come back."

A week passed, two weeks, a month and no return of the exasperated lover. Then Cora Evanston began to exert herself. Through a friend she learned that Tom Sutherland had really left New York for a world circling trip He had, contrary to the usual direction of the contrary to the usual direction. tion of such journeys, crossed the con-tinent first. From San Francisco had shipped to Japan. One day Cors Evanston met his closest friend and from him she obtained Tom Sutherland's itinerary.

"Well, he will not escape me. I shal

Cairo. The surprise will be meet a Cairo. The surprise will bring Ton back to me, and then never again shall impose a restriction upon him. Howays shall be my ways, his laws shall be my laws!

Cora Evanston had little difficulty

Wu Ting-Fang on Taking Advantage. To a reporter whose questions came rather thick and fast the brilliant Chi-nese ambassador, Wu Ting-Fang, said in San Francisco

"You are pushing me too hard, young man. You are taking advantage of me. You are like the Pekin poor relation."

relation."
"The Pekin poor relation?"
Mr. Wu laughed.
"Yes," he said. "The Pekin poor relation. Did you never hear of him?"
"No," said the reporter.
"Well, he was like you. He took advantage," said Mr. Wu. "It is narrated of him that one day he met the head of his family, a mandarin, in the street.

"'Come and dine with us tonight," the mandarin said, graciously.

"Thank you,' said the poor relation.
'But wouldn't tomorrow night do as 'Oh, yes, I suppose so,' said the

mandarin. 'But where are you dining tonight?' he asked, curiously. "'Oh, at your house,' was the reply. 'You see, your estimable wife was good You see, your estimable wife was good enough to give me tonight's invita-

"CENTREFUGALIZED MILK."

Japanese English as It is Printed in a
Kobe Newspaper.

If you don't know what "centrefugalized" milk is go to Kobe, Japan, and
there sit at the feet of Talsero Hanamiya, there sit at the feet of Taiself Haussian "dealer in milks," and drink in wisdom spiced with sweet phraseology. Here is a givert/sement sent out by Mr. Hanaan advertisement sent out by Mr. Hana-miya and copied in an English newspaper

published in the Japanese port: I have the honor to write a letter for you that we have now established the Japan milk sanitary laboratory and its branch or special milk delivering office, as which caused our dairy men are very poor to deliver an unsanitary or tuber-culos's and even bad cow's milk bacteria and milk constituents before their delivering and even for their cow's health, under and food, and in this branch or milk delivering office their pure milk is again filtered through pass the Bundo's meth

"You know that is not right, nor is true, Cora. You distinctly and formally announced that unless I comported myself in such and such a manier out betrothal would come to an end. cannot do as you say. It is subsequent, not antecedent."

"Very well, Torn. I am sorry, very sorry. It may be for your best after till."

The hestitation denoted by the expression of his face and the pose of his body suggested for a moment a return of first principles, but he pulled himself together and stood firm upon his leclaration.

He said goodby, tears in his voice, and left her, Cora Evanston did not move from her chair. She was contemplating the wreck of an existence which she had always pictured as the large of the habitable part of the city from north to south, from east to west. With a sinking heart he left Cairo, vowing everlasting vengeance on the man who had cabled him at Nagasaki. He crossed the Mediterranean, a sad, ill fated suitor.

And yet it was all the result of an accident. Mrs. Haswell took ill suddenly in Rome, and when she was able to continue her mad career across the continue her bear and when she was able to continue her bear across the continue her which she had always pictured as the ideal. At her feet she saw the pieces of the monument, the purest, finest marble ever carved.

"It is all nonsense. This is not the end. Tom will come back. I know it. He knows I love him and I am sure he loves me. He must come back. But if he should not— Then I shall swalland, then across the Atlantic and finally home. When he reached the New

ally home. When he reached the New York side of the river he bolted into a cab. Up Fifth avenue he was driven to cab. Up Fifth avenue he was driven to his apartments. He was in no happy frame of mind. At Forty-second street there was a pack of cabs, carriages and electrical cars. The whir and whirl of New York had no interest for him. He was, however, attracted to an altercation between two cabbies. Something fresh in the exchange of compliments caused him to look out of the cab window on his right. To his utter astonlishment and his overwhelming surprise he saw a girl staring at him from anhe saw a girl staring at him from another cab window. Her eyes seemed ready to leap from their sockets. It was Cora. They both laughed. The angle of vehicles was suddenly traightened and the hansom in which the girl was riding went out in advance. Tom Sutherland gave an order o his cabble to follow. Both hansoms topped at the same house

An hour later Tom Sutherland, holding Cora Evanston in his arms, said: That was a long trip before the noncymoon, dearest, but we'll take the lext togsther."

od's apparatus till the air bacteria is all out, and we can deliver their pure milk with the satisfactory proof, as the seal is on the bottle, and now your drinking milk or city's milk is all about when danger comes, as their milk is included many dirts and air bacteria, but you are very hard to see them well with your naked eyes, and if you can often through pass the flannel or cotton covered with linen or if it be centrefugalized which is very easy well to see with naked eyes if al-ways. I beg if you are sanitary man or baby and sick man have, you must have the pure sanitary milk and take your health. If you can make me for order to have the sanitary milk sooner as possible you should soon write me without your servant or make your order for my decan always livering boy who can always ask you please make me your order with kind re-

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.



DISCARD CIGARETTES FOR THE PIPE OR CIGAR

FOR THE HOG RAISER. Lousy hogs and thrifty hogs are strange

Damp, dirty bedding and healthy pige will not be found in the same house Cleanliness is one of the prime requisites

for success. A fresh coat of whitewash on the hog house looks good to the visitor and also tends to check the spread of vermin.

A weak solution of some common coaltar dip sprinkled about the hog house will prevent foul odors and help to preserve the general health of the herd.

If the small pigs become scabby about the mouth or near the root of the tail, the application of lard or vaseline will usually prevent further trouble.

See to it that the small pigs are compelled to take exercise on these cold, wet days. If the sow is a heavy milker and the pigs stick too closely to the nest, you will have a well developed case of thumps on your hands almost before you know it and then it is too late for remedies.

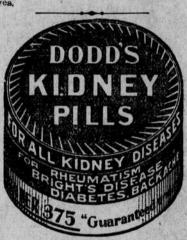
Middlings, oats, barley and field peas are excellent sources of material for balancing a ration of protein, for growing pigs. A burnt child dreads the fire. The farmer who has been scourged by hog cholers knows that prevention beats cure.

"Well begun is half done" applies to raising pigs. Start right by saving them

from exposure at farrowing time.

The early pigs, if not allowed to become stunted, can be cashed next fall as 250-pound porkers at top market prices. You can't start the young pigs right by feeding the sow entirely on corn and water. Swap some of the corn for bran, shorts and oats, vary the diet and lubi-

cate it with milk. The successful swine raiser is sufficiently in love with his work to take a lively interest in the comfort and health of his hogs, being prompted thereto by self-interest as well as from humanitarian mo-



ROUGH FEED FOR STOCK. Forest Henry in Northwestern Agricul-

Forest Henry in Northwestern Agriculturist.

How many farmers have had this winter all the rough feed their stock could eat? This has been a year of high prices for grain. Few farmers have had enough to feed, to say nothing of grain to sell. Where one has all the good hay and corn fodder that stock will eat they will get along very well on a limited ration of grain. Clover hay and corn fodder are two of the very cheapest feeds that can be produced on the farm. You cannot sow clover this spring and expect to get a hay crop the coming season, but you can sow, and harvest the year following. The corn fodder you can grow in abundance the coming summer. Don't fall to do this.

fail to do this.

I have found it a good plan not to get in too big a hurry in planting this crop; but to wait until the main crop that is calculated for husking is planting the state of that is calculated for husking is planted and then cover a good generous piece of land with the barnyard manure that can be gathered about the barnyard that would otherwise go to waste besides being a nuisance in the yard. If the ground is already plowed, harrow it over a couple of times, so the spreader or wagon loaded with manure will run more easily, and then either replow it after covering or thoroughly disc it in. It may take you 10 days to do this, but the fodder corn will soon

do this, but the fodder corn will soon make up this loss of time by the quicker pace it will take on in its growth, and it will be the more tender by growing quickly.

I should plant two or three times as thickly as for ears, which will reduce the size of the stalks, but at the same time give plenty of small ears. If it for the size of the stalks, but at the same time give plenty of small ears. If it is planted so thickly that ears refuse to set, you are shutting out sunshine and are reducing quality. This thickly planted corn will cut and bind much better than corn that is planted in checks for husking. I should always alm to plant fodder corn in drills running north and south if possible, so as to let in all the sunshine possible. This thickly planted drilled corn will handle very much better than cut checked much better than cut checked

From the New York Telegraph.
A well meaning, but illogical friend cites in defense of the "Merry Widow" that a news dispatch from Allentown, Pa., to the effect that one of those extensive abominations saved its wearer's life the other day. I don't remember how or care

how, or care,
In reply I recalled the French judge
before whom Prince Helie de Sagan "I must live somehow," the prince id in explanation of his misdoings. "I don't see the necessity," answered

the judge.

My friend politely asked me what was the application of the story.

FIT THE GROCER

Wife Made the Suggestion.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own expertence: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee and must say that I was al-

most wrecked in my nerves. "Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast and did not feel like attending to my

store duties. "One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared and to-day I am all right. I would advise everyone affected in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee." a Reason." Read "The Road to Well-

ville." in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of