

claims

"You have killed it in reality?" she ex

"I don't care," says Lena, defiantly

though she looks rather frightened.

am glad of it. I wanted it to be dead

It was a beast! I'll never have another

dog-never. And if you bring Charlie

With which threat the bishop's daugh

ter bursts into a flood of angry tears, and

Susie, hugging her kitten closer than ever

to her bosom, makes haste to carry him

Shortly after the occurrence Miss Pres

cott is startled by seeing Bishop Anstev's

portly figure turning in at the gate of he

little dwelling. Of course he has come to

speak to her about Susie probably to

congratulate her on the admirable man

ner in which she was bringing up he

"To what am I indebted for the hono

"I have something to say to you, Miss

Prescott-nothing to be alarmed at, mad

am-nothing but what can be set right in

a few words. You have a little girl,

believe, of the same age as Miss Anstey?

bring her up as though she were my own

if that is what you mean," replied the

stood," he answers, "and a very nice little

fact is, Miss Prescort, I have had reason

of Miss Anstey's studies. Miss Anstey

has, naturally, every advantage offered

her, both for recreation and instruction,

that, instead of availing herself of them

she has chosen instead to wander about

the yard and adjoining fields all the after

noons with the young indy I have near

tioned; and you must allow, Miss Pres

cott, that this is not the way in which

Miss Anstey's studies will make the most

favorable progress; nor is it-shall I say?

be seen day after day associating inti-

mately with-with-young persons, who,

however respectable, can hardly be said

to occupy the same position in society as

child for the misdoings of yours.'

confidence in a better spirit, madam,

replies the bishop, as, seeing he has the

corst of the argument, he gets up and

But although Miss Prescott is undoubt-

edly left in possession of the field, the

visit has a sail effect for noor little Susie

As soon as the bishop is out of sight, he

aunt sends for her, and tells her that she

is on no account ever again to accept any invitations held out by Miss Anstey. Su-

sie's limpid, hazel eyes open to their

widest extent, and her mouth falls at

penring this terrible edict. But she does

not dream of gainsaying it. She is too

well trained a child to disobey; her aunt'

word to her is law. The sweet, sensitive

mouth trembles as the little girl hears

that she is not to play any more with he

friend Lena, but she submits without

murmur, and it is only the kitten who

knows how many tears she sheds in the

Miss Prescott's back garden consists of

ne large hawthorn tree and a shabby hi

of grass bordered by a narrow path, and

is inclosed with a low brick wall, from

which there is no egress. It is a desolat

looking little place, even in the height of

summer, and as Susie sits with her kitter

under the shade of the hawthorn, she is

longing with all her soul to get back to

Lena. The little girl has a picture bool

in her hand, but she is not looking at it

her eyes, with all her soul in them, are

fixed upon the opposite wall. Suddenly

they brighten and kindle with a delighted

urprise, for between the hawthorn tree

and the garden border Lena is standing

"Oh, Lena!" she exclaims, "have you

come to play with me? Has your papa

Then, without waiting for an answer

the excited child turns toward the bouse

and calls through the open parlor win

here, Lenn has come to see us!" Miss Prescott, who has been tryin

through the hot, drowsy afternoon and

ise, her next snnoyance. "Where is Miss Anstey?" she demands

But the only creature she encounters

little Susie, with her mouth wide open,

ready to cry. "I-I-don't know," falters the child

"I-L-don't know," failers the child; "she was there," pointing with her fin-per to the gravel path, "a minhte ago; but when I came back she was gone." "How could she have gone?" says her aunt. "She has not passed through the house. And now I think of it, how could

"Auntie Susan! Auntie Susan! look

before her.

dow:

given you leave?"

back garden that afternoon.

Miss Prescott is a prim old maid, be

-quite seemly that my daughter should

to be dissatisfied with the progress

girl she is, I have no doubt.

"I have adopted my great-niece, and

"Of course-of course; so I have under-

But the

here any more I'll kill him, too.'

to a place of safety.

of this visit, bishop?"

little protege.

he began.

lady, stiffly.

Miss Anstey."

indoors.

makes for the door.

Intely

CHAPTER III.-Continued

The next afternoon finds Susie pacing up and down the grass in front of the bishop's hease, and peering wistfully through the pr. on bars for a sight of his. little daughte - Some unknown fascination sectus to draw her to this child. Susie has been walking up and down for runs back to her father's house; and what seems a 'ong time to her, when she is startled by receiving a smart sinp on shoulder, and there stands the weird child outside the gates.

"Runi run!" she cries, as she seizes Susie's hand, and Susie keeps pace with her new friend until they have skirted the garden and are well hidden by the high ivy-coveres! wall at the back.

" says Lena, throwing herself down on the ..... to recover her breath, "now I can play with you. Where is the kitten?

"I left him at home," replied Susie: "you know you said yesterday that you would never play with me again."

"No more I sught, for your being such a tell-take. Who did you let mademoiselle know where I was hidden?" "She asked me," says Susie, simply.

"That was no good reason," replies Lena, with her foreign accent. "And what do you thank she did to me in consequence? Lo ked me up for the rest of the afternoon, and made me write out two hateful ve bs. Oh, she is an abom-

"I shall bring Charlie to-morrow for you to play with," says Susie, by way of consolation.

"I don't want your Charlie now," replies Lena brusquey. "I am going to have but it has come to my knowledge lately something much nicer of my own-a litthe dog that can jump and run after me, and you can keep your Charlie for yourself.

"I would hat e let you call him yours," ys Susie, sofdy. "I don't like calling things mine," re BRTS

turns Lena. "I want them to be all mine. And I like you, Susie," she repeats in the same strange tones she used yesterday. as she fastens her big, black eyes on the fair face of the younger child, "and I should like to have you for all my own. too. And you must promise to come here every afternoon and play with me, and sever play with anybody else, unless I

give you leave ' So then the children sit close together. woman at heart, and is boiling to be and play at being lost, like the Babes in gers' ends at the slight cast upon her Wood: and the sudden influence "The gardens are free to the public!" which the bishor's daughter seems to have Miss Prescott's orphan she exclaims, "and my niece has as gaid acquired over charge grows d eper as the days pass on. a right to play in them as your daughter.

"Oh, no, auntie! She was there-and another. How glad it makes me feel to I saw her; but she has gone away again, and I don't know why.

"I was boasting to the bishop only this morning," continues Miss Prescott, gravely. "that you had never told me a lie. Perhaps I was wrong to boast of what should be a simple duty, and this is my punishment. For I cannot see my way to believe you, Susie. You tell me what is an impossibility. Miss Anstey cannot have been in this garden a minute ago, and disappeared without any one observing her but yourself."

And so the poor, sobbing little soul (which is as warm and full of love as ever a child's soul was) is dismissed coldly on suspicion of a fault of which she is not guilty, to pass twelve or more hours of solitude and tears. But she goes bravely up to her bedroom, with her Bible in her hands. She did see Lena in the garden iso she tells herself twenty times), although she cannot account for her sudden disappearance. And she slumbers peacefully, notwithstanding her unmerited punishment and the angels (who watch over all of ns unseen) gather thick-ly round her little cot that night.

## CHAPTER V.

After this the mention and the memory of the bishop's daughter faded gradually away from Malisbury. She disappeared and various reports are current as to her destination. Some say she has returned to the care of her grandparents in Italy. others that she has been placed at a boarding school in Paris; but in the course of a very or two, the bishop himself leaves Mallsbury, being promoted to some higher preferment, and with his departure all curiosity concerning himself or his family dies a natural death.

Miss Prescott has become a very old woman, and very frail, and sees the necessity of her adopted child receiving more instruction than she is able to afford her So Susie is entered as a day scholar at the academy of the Misses Wadman in the High street of Malisbury. The contact does her good. She grows tall and pure looking amongst her lower compan ons like a garden lily in a row of holly bocks, and imbibes fresher ideas and younger notions than she could possibly have gained in the close atmosphere of Lucas Court.

"Auntie Susan!" exclaims the girl one day as she sits down fresh and blithe, to her early dinner. "who were my papa and mamma, and where did they die? Do tell me?

Miss Prescott regards her niece through her spectacles as though she had given atterance to some terribly improper speech. In the whole course of her exstence Sasie has never put such a ques tion to her before.

"What a very strange thing to ask me!" she replies at last. "Who were your papa and mamma? What has made you think of it. Susie?"

"Is it so strange that I should wish to know?" replies the girl, wistfully. (She is fourteen years old at the time, and a straight, tall, slim creature of her age.) "I have often and often thought of it. auntie, but I did not like to speak to you before. But now the girls tense me if I say I cannot tell them, and won't believe I speak the truth-and so-why shouldn't I know all about myself as well as oth ers ?

"Certainly, my dear; but, after all, there is not much to tell. Your poor, dear mamma was my great-niece, and she died when you were a little baby of only four weeks old." "My poor mamma! That was very sad.

cause circumstances and surcoundings have made her so; but she is a thorough But my papa, Auntie Susan; what was "Your father made his money traveling about the country from one town to an other, but how he made it, I cannot ex

know I have a father." CHAPTER VI.

The years glide peacefully and monotonously away, until the child has reached the age of seventeen, av i in all that time she has never had one disagreement with her protectress. Susie at seventeen is almost as innocent, and quite as docile, as she was at seven, and never dreams of disputing the will of those set over he She is like a lovely, tall, straight, slender lily, with its waxen leaves but half unfolded, and its golden heart still hidden from the eyes of the world. She is ignorant of the existence of evil, and had she been reared in the seclusion of a convent, could not have been more entirely free from all harsh thoughts. Miss Pres cott is a very old woman by this time. She was sixty-five when Susie came to

her, and the burden of eighty-two years is a heavy one to bear. She has been very feeble for some time past, and her aunt's decrepitude, instead of leaving the girl without surveillance, has bound her nore closely to her side. One day Susle's curiosity is excited and

her desires raised by a proposal made to her by her chief friend, Emily Marsh well. Malisbury, like most towns, pos-sesses a theater-small, moldy, decayed, and seldom occupied-but still a theater and occasionally some provincial com pany, passing through from one town to another, considers it worth its while to stop a night at Malisbury on the way Such an occasion has now offered itself. and Emily Marshwell comes open-mouthed to Susle with an invitation to pass the evening with her family.

"We are all going to the play, Susie-won't it be fun?" she exclaims, gleefully; and mother says you shall go, too. Oh, I am dying for the evening to come!"

"To the play ?" repeats Susie, her fair face flushing like the heart of a rose. ever thought I should go to a play Anna Well says they are the most lovely things in the world-inst like Fairyland. Oh, Emily, how good it is of your mother to take me! I can never thank her -nongh!"

Susie dances into Miss Prescott's presnce like an animated sombeam. "Auntie Susan, may I take ten with

Mrs. Marshwell this evening, and go to he play with them?" Miss Prescott looks up in the girl's face, ncredulous that she can have heard

aright. No!" she replies, determinedly, "You'll

stay at home this evening. Tell Emily Marshwell to go back and tell her moth-"But, auntie," pleads the girl, in a tone

of disappointment, "I have never seen a pian "And never shall with my consent," reorts the old woman: "and Mrs. Marsh well ought to be ashamed of herself to send you such an invitation. If she has

to care for the souls of her own children, she sha'n't destroy yours. Go and tell Emily what I have said." Susie walks dejectedly but obediently

from the room, "It's no good, Emily," she says, half

rying: "auntie won't let me go with you. She thinks a play is wicked."

"Very well," says Emily, turning away only, if you were a bit like other girls. you'd go in spite of her. Why, what can the want with you after she has gone to bed? I think it's perfectly shameful the way in which you are cooped up in the house day after day without a bit of

pleasure or amusement. (To be continued.)

Statement of the local division of the local

# TOPICS FOR FARMERS

## A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

A. English Shipping Experiment That May Help the Farmers-Commercial Fertilizer Can Be Kept-Care of Animals in Damp Weather.

#### A Shipping Experiment,

Every farmer in the United States ought to be interested in experiments which have been made during the past year by the Great Eastern Railroad Company of England to bring the farmers and market gardeners into direct communication with the consumer. The system brought into operation by the Great Eastern Rallway enabled the farmers along its route to send produce by passenger train into London and suburban towns at the reauced rate of fourpence for twenty pounds, and one penny additional for every five pounds or part thereof up to sixty pounds. This includes free delivery to the consumer if within three miles of the station. A correspondent writes to the London Times that the the difficulty may be remedied by result has exceeded all expectations, and that the average number of boxes sent under these special rates is about 5,000 per month, which failed to supply the demand. The company compiled a list of the farmers and market gardeners in their district who were ready to forward produce direct to the consumer. This list was freely circulated among London consumers, who corresponded with the farmer chosen and received produce fresh from the farm delivered at the door without the aid of a middleman. It is not possible that the railroads will take such an advanced step in this country without the aid of some outside influence. The grangers would do well to undertake to push the experiment along one or two lines of railroad for a test case. The transaction should be direct with the railroad companies with no added cost of an extra officered company who would be likely to take the lion's share of the profits. The express companies do much of the delivery now required by such trade, but their charges are too high. The railroad company could do It much cheaper and more direct and satisfactory .-- Grange Homes.

## Keeping Commercial Fertilizer.

Most farmers in purchasing commer cial fertilizers buy only what are need ed for immediate use. This is partly to escape losing the interest on investments not in use, but mainly because there is a popular idea that fertilizers deteriorate by exposure to the air. If they are kept from becoming wet they will be as good the second year as the first, except that absorption of moisture from damp air will make the mineral harden into lumps which will make it difficult to drill. The best way to keep any surplus of mineral fertilizer is to scatter it from time to time over the stable manure heaps and apply it with that. Both the stable manure and phosphate will be made more effiof fertilizer will supplement the de

ceiving the fruit to write him, side ag the quality, condition and what the St. Louis market demanded. in a short time he received a letter from a St. Louis commission merchant praising the quality and packing and gating how many more barrels of such fruit be had to sell. Mr. Hartshorn had no more to sell, but felt convinced that the high price received and the demand for more fully paid for the hest of packing. This plan might well be followed by other fruit growers who have a large picking, by sending sam-

pie barrels with similar letters. The importance of selecting only the finest fruit for shipment was never greater than now. Another point is to distribute the fruit so as not to glut the big cities .- Orange Judd Farmer.

## Effects of Impure Water.

Most of the best dairy regions of the country are where there are natural springs of pure water. These sections are usually good for grass, but we have always thought that the superior water belped the dairyman to make a better quality of butter, and so command the highest price in the market. Wherever the water is not good, and it is considered desirable to engage in dairying. sinking driven wells with casing deep enough to find supplies of water as clear and pure as from any spring This water will be of the same temperature winter and summer, and should be warmed before being offered to milch cows, as nothing checks milk supply more quickly than giving cows water so cold that they will not drink what they require.

## Salt and Seeds.

Wherever salt is sown so that if comes in contact with germinating seeds it will rot and destroy them. The first germ of seeds is very tender, and as it starts out the seed gives out some moisture which dissolves the salt. The effect of very small quantities of salt is to decompose vegetation of all kinds. A large amount might pickle it and prevent decomposition. But either small or large it is destructive of the germs of vegetable life. But if there is a great deal of rainfall the salt is dissipated, and so mixed with surrounding soil that little injury to the seed is produced.

#### Foot-Rot.

Foot-rot is quite as contagious a disense as the scab, but it is not much considered as such. It is only on wet lands that it is severe, but by contagion it is liable to spread to the dry est pastures. It is as easily controlled as the scab, which by the requisite measures may be easily eradicated. When this is done on any farm or range all that remains is to be sure not to bring diseased sheep on the land to reinfect the flock.

#### Odds and Ends.

Oyster shell is good to clean the firebrick of the stove, Lay a number of them on top of the hot coals, and when the fire burns down it will be found that all the clinkers have been scaled off the bricks.

Bed clothing hangs at either side cient by this combination, as each kind nowadays, after the fashion of long ago. This applies to the plain spreads as well as the handsome sets of tam boured or ruffled Swiss and Irish point that are now in vogue. Flour cannot be too cold for pastry. cookies or kindred doughs, while for yeast bread should be warm enough to favor the growth of the yeast plant. For the same reason warm water should be used with yeast, while with cream of tartar and soda it would hasten the escape of gas, and cold liquids. only are allowable. Cleanse light summer woolens, which are easily soiled, with finely powdered French chalk. The solled parts should be thickly covered with the chalk, which should be allowed to remain for one or two days, and then remove with a camel's hair velvet brush. In most cases this treatment will cause

## CHAPTER IV.

The childish intimacy has not been carried on very long before an incident occurs which marks in a terrible degree the jealous and revengeful spirit of Lena Anstey. The hishop is not allowed to for get his promise to give her a little dog. and in a few days she is the proud pos seasor of a black-and-white spaniel puppy. it is a fat ball of a puppy, with a good empered, foolish face, the sort of puppy that, from its very helplessness, no less than from its general love for mankind, would appeal to the affection of any good hearted child.

For a few days Lena is delighted with ber new toy-not that she cares so much for the animal itself, but it pleases her to possess something better than Susie. Still, these are but passing clouds athwart their childish paradise, and, as a rule, the little girls mutually enjoy themselves decorating their animals with daisy chains or ribbons, and laughing at the queer sctacle they present. Unfortunately, bowever, as it turns out for the little dog. be displays a decided preference for Sude and will shrink away from Lena's ide to cuddle up to her little friend. Animals are as instinctive as children in guessing who really like them, and who only pretend to do so. And although Lena de a great fuss over her puppy, she is too fond of dragging him along the grass, whether he will or no, with a string tied tightly around his throat.

Often does she bring the tears to Susie's poft eyes by beating the puppy for his aleged misdemeanor, or casting him from her with such violence as to endanger wretched little life. And one day, then it is time for the children to separate, and the little dog persists in an atempt to follow Susie home, Lena's anger verleaps all bounds. She calls and whis m, and caresses and threatens in vain. The trembling puppy still crouches close to Susle's petticoats and refuses to leave ber protection. Lena's face darkens; ber dark eyes glow like living coals; her elight frame quivers with rage. "I'll kill the beast," she says, between

her teeth. 'Oh, no! no!" cries Susie, imploringly;

hard to keep awake over some good be "take him home and be kind to him, Lena, and I am sure he will love you. See how signally failed, is thoroughly roused from a comfortable little nap by her niece's announcement. Her first feeling is surloves me.

"Rind to him!" repeats the bishop's daughter: "why should I be kind to the little wretch when he won't obey a word

She selices the hapless pappy by the eck as also sponks and throws it down entering the garden. "I counot allow he to remain here, unless it is with the full pprobation of her papa." "Now, come on!' she exclaims, laudly.

But you have hurt him!" cries Susie. a faltering voice, as the little dog aps and whines: "you have hurt his or little leg. Oh, Lena! how can you so cruel?

Voll, 1 shall do what I like with my a dog, and I don't care whether you th I am unkind or not; and if it won't me home now-this very instant-

she have come? She didn't climb over the the trembling little heast with the wall, did she?"

ctly tell you." The old lady is so terribly afraid that the theatrical blood in Susie's veins may If you don't approve of the young indies betray itself some day, by a tendency for meeting, you had better keep Miss Ansiey the stage, that she has never mentioned I am not going to pun sh my a theater to her, except in terms of the strongest reproduction. "And what did he die of, anntie?" asks "I hoped you would have received my

the girl, looking straight at Miss Prescott with her frank, hazel eyes. Your father is not dead, my dear,"

Miss Prescott answers, primly, Susie's face flushes with excite she leaps from her chair.

"My father not dead, suntie! Oh, why have I never seen him? Why didn't you tell me this before?"

This sudden display of interest strikes oldly on Miss Prescott's heart. Is all her care and affection and trouble, then, to be of no avail, set against the possible chance of meeting with an unknown Is blood really thicker than father? water? and will the child resent having been kent in the dark so long?

'My dear Susie," she answers, in i voice that trembles with disappointment, 'you must be good enough to try and sit still, and listen to me quietly. The less you think and speak about your fathe the better. You must know that if he had wished to see you all these years, he would have done so. But the fact is, that when I heard your poor mother had been taken from y -u, I offered to adopt you as els or varnishes. my child, and your father was quite willing to give up all claim to you on condion that I provided for you through life.

"Didn't he want ever to see me again? lemanded Susie, with wet eyes.

"I think not, my dear. You are not fourteen, and I have never heard from him since your birth, nor do I know where

"But is my name 'Prescott,' then, Auntie Susan?

'Your father was called Gresham." "Gresham! Gresham!" repeats Susie with kindling eyes. "And his Christian ame, auntie?

"Joseph, my dear; and your m was Elizabeth.

"Joseph and Elizabeth Gresham!" repeats Susie, reverently. "And I have never even heard them before. How strange it seems that my own father's and mother's names should have a new sound in them for me. And oh! suntie, I have never prayed for my father! How could you have let me live all this while without doing so?"

The reproach conveyed in the child's words sluks into Miss Prescott's heart. She feels, for the first time, that she has made a great mistake somewhere. With out husband or child of her own, she has sought to supply the want of nature by an artificial bond. But Miss Prescott has attempted an impossibility. No amount of affection, however warmly and judi-ciously bestowed, can ever stiffe the cry of nature for its own flesh and blood.

"Thank you for telling me, Auntie Su an!" exclaime Susie enthusiastically You have made me so happy. I will pray for my father every night now by his own dear name, and then, when I meet nim, he will not feel, perhaps, as though we were quite strangers to one Paper Paint.

In England Meesrs, Gros and Bevan have discovered a method of making a waterproof paint which is inexpensivand durable and has been successfully applied to stone walls, bridges, roofs. and buildings; even huge ships have been decorated with this new paint, and the paint has retained its original color, in spite of the severe test of constant immersion in water and exposure to the most inclement weather. The process is simple and inexpensive, and one can readily imagine to what varied and infinite uses this new discovery may be applied. The cellulose paper is reduced to pulp in a fifteen per cent. solution of soda lye, and the pulpmass produced therefrom is immersed for three hours in chloride of magnesia resulting in a madder-colored mass which is nothing else than a chemically

changed paper pulp; of this, sixteel parts are dissolved in a hundred part of water, to which is added the red brown, or black color desired. Just be fore the paint is used a dryer is addeof carbonic disulphide, chloride of magnesia, or other salts, which renders the paint impervious to water, hard and durable. This paint clings readily and tenaciously to wood, metal, or iron surfaces, and does not flake as do enam-

## It All Lay with the Bishop.

When P. T. Barnum was in London fifteen years or so ago he sent tickets of admission to all the clergy and to the Bishop of London and his family. Bar num's reputation as a philanthropist had gone before him, and it became neo essary to establish a regular picket guard around him to protect him from annoyances in his hotel. The applicants for charitable donations would frequently get through the line and apply for donations ranging from \$100 to \$10,000. After the Bishop of London and his family had seen the show the Bishop called upon Barnum and chatted with him for some time. Barnum impressed him, as he did everybody, as being a big-hearted, amiable and brainy man. The Bishop on leaving took his hand and said:

"Mr. Barnum, you are not such a bad man after all. I hope to meet you in beaven, sir.'

"Well, you will, if you are there," replied Barnum. The answer was too much even for

the Bishop, and those who heard it shouted with laughter.

"What became of the Jones boys?" aked the returned native.

"Bill stayed on the farm," said the resident native, "and Ed went to Sloux Falls and opened a law office." "Oh, one makes hay and the other lis Jourpal.

ficiencies of the other.

#### Animals in Damp Weather.

Nearly all the animals on a farm are usually healthy when the weather is dry and cold, but dampness is disagreeable to them the same as to humans. They are subject to coughs, colds. rheumatism, etc., hence when the weather is damp they should have quarters that are dry and which do not permit cold draughts to flow over them. Leaves or cut straw as bedding will assist in absorbing the moisture and also prevent loss of warmth to a certain extent.

## Exposing Potatoes to Sunlight,

Pointoes that are kept for eating should not lie long on the surface of the ground exposed to the sun, for if they are greened even slightly much the storts to disappear. of the notato must be cut with the peel or it will be bitter. The green of potato is a poison. Though the green tops of potatoes will sometimes be eaten by cows, they will give the bitter taste to the milk that is sometimes noticed in fall. Cows will not eat enough of them, however, to do themselves any injury. When the green of sunburned potatoes is cut away it carries with it the best part of the potato, as there is in nearly everything more nutrition on the outer surface of vegetables than in those less near to the sunlight. For seed potatoes the greening by sunshine is no disadvantage. It dries out the potato and makes the eyes push out stronger than they would If not so dried.

## Grape Vince Near Houses.

There is no better place for a grape vine than near a dwelling house, if on the southeast or west sides. The sunshine falling on the building gives part of its warmth to the wood or brick, and part of it is reflected back upon the vine. The warmth that is absorbed is given off at night and after cold weather comes. Besides, in a dwelling house some of the warmth of fires escapes through opened windows, giving the vine, planted so that its branches extend over the kitchen, several degrees higher temperature than vince have planted at a distance from any dwelling. Varieties of grapes that will not ripen in the open air will ripen thoroughly if given the slight protec tion, which the warmth from a summer kitchen affords.

## Careful Fruit Packing Pays. C. L. Hartshorn says his fruit is al

ways carefully picked and graded and usually placed in the cellar. When picked each barrel contains the same grade of apple throughout. He had occasion to make a shipment of a few barrels of appler to St. Louis, where a good price was obtained. He wrote a letter and placed it in the middle of makes grass widows, ch?'-Ind'anapo- the barrel asking the consumer re-

#### Farm Notes.

Bees do their own ventilating, by standing about the entrance at such a distance apart as will allow a free use of their wings, and, by working them, produce a current of air through the hive.

Spread the onlons on shelves in thin layers and do not disturb them until they are wanted for use. Onlons may freeze and thaw several times during the winter without injury if they are not handled.

In Russia sunflowers are made soe cial crops, the seed being ground and used for cattle, the same as cottonseed meal, and such food is not only wholes some, but gives excellent results in milk and butter.

Beets, carrots and turnips keep in good condition in winter if stored in mounds, and apples should remain in good condition all through the winter in a dry cellar. The chief obstacle is not the cold, but usually too much warmth.

Cleanliness may not be a cholera cure, says a writer, but if the hog growers of the country would come to recognize and act upon the fact that the hog neither enjoys nor thrives upon filth, it would do much toward reducing the losses of hogs by disease. Professor Blount, of the Colorado Station, says a bushel of clean, sound wheat of average size contains 822. 000 kernels, and that half this number, or half a bushel, is ample seeding for an acre under irrigation, which insures perfect germination. He finds larger yields of finer wheat from this amount than from any thicker seeding.

The fine grass of the hills is especially attractive to sheep, but the longwool breeds are at home in the rich, level pastures, and do well if the soil is dry. They are not such rovers as the morinos, but are content to fill up. lie down and fatten and let their wool grow. They make wool and muttop rapidly and profitably.

Hay and Grass.