



LORD & LADY

By *Stance Maygatt*

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The loss of her lover has opened her eyes to the full gain, the grand necessity of love. And since she cannot have it—since she has passed it by, and bartered her birthright for a mess of pottage—she will kill it or she will kill herself. And that is the thought that sends the lovely Lady Mountcarroll rushing through the season like a tornado, that devastates and wrecks the wounded heart from which it springs. At last her sister Winnie is really alarmed for her. Her parents are also alarmed, but they dare not speak openly, and they do not know what to speak about. Winnie is braver—knowledge makes her strong—and she resolves to question her sister, and learn the reason of her strange behavior.

She catches Gladys one afternoon too tired at last to fulfill her engagements, and safe, for a few hours, from the intrusion of strangers.

The Countess is very glad to see her sister. Her feverish little hand twines itself round Winnie's lovingly, and her plaintive, innocent-looking eyes gaze into her face with a silent appeal for sympathy and affection. Mrs. Prendergast takes a seat by her couch, and determines to come to the point with her.

"What a long time it is since you have been here, Winnie," commences Gladys. "My dear child! What is the use of my coming when you are never at home? I have no time to spare for needless errands, Gladys."

The Countess looks down.

"You are quite right. I am very seldom to be seen. But it is not my fault. We have so many engagements."

"But you are not strong enough to do it, Gladys, and you do not enjoy it into the bargain. Any one can see that. Now what is the use of wasting your strength on amusements that you care nothing for?"

"I must do something," says Gladys in a low voice, "for I shall go mad."

"My dear sister, may I speak openly to you?"

"Have you ever asked me for that permission before, Winnie?"

"No, but I have never felt inclined to speak to you so seriously before. I think I know all about it, darling. I am not blind, and I could not help seeing and guessing a great deal at Christmas. You are unhappy about Mr. Brooke—are you not? You have allowed yourself to get too fond of him, and now that he has gone away you are fretting over his absence. Tell me, dear Gladys, you know I do not ask you for the sake of curiosity. But if I can help, or advise, or comfort you, tell me all about it, and ease your overburdened heart."

And for an answer Lady Mountcarroll throws herself suddenly into her sister's arms, saying:

"Oh, Jemmie—my Jemmie! I shall die without him."

Winnie is not quite prepared for this frank and passionate outburst.

As Lady Mountcarroll throws herself into her arms, and begins to sob upon her bosom, Mrs. Prendergast presses her closely to her heart, and whispers words of comfort into her ear.

"My sweetest Gladys! My own darling sister. Let me be your confidante and your adviser."

"Oh, Winnie! You will never, never tell!"

"Tell, my dearest! How can you think me capable of such a thing?"

"Not even to mother, and to dad—especially to dad?"

"Not to any one. I will not even breathe it to myself, once it has passed your lips. Only speak out, my darling, or your heart will break."

"We loved each other so," continued the younger girl, with downcast eyes, and trembling lips. "I think we must have loved each other from the very first, and at last he told me so—or I guessed it—you know, I couldn't help guessing it, Winnie—but I never thought that it would lead to anything else."

"Shall I guess the rest for you, Gladys? He grew too bold and confident, knowing your love for him (men always do), and so he offended you, and you were compelled to order him to go."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaims Gladys feverishly, anxious to defend her absent hero. "He was not bold—he never offended me. He only asked me to go away with him fit was very natural, you know, Winnie, and I—I wanted to go, only—"

"Only your better nature asserted itself, Gladys, and you thought of your poor father and mother, and of your sisters, who would have broken their hearts if anything had happened to you."

Lady Mountcarroll nods her head affirmatively.

"Yes, yes, that was it; but I feel as if it would kill me."

"It will not kill you, dearest. You must rouse yourself and be strong, and regard this matter in its true light. You have been a dear, brave girl, and you will not do your work by halves. Where is Mr. Brooke now?"

"I—I—don't know. Oh, Jemmie—Jemmie! He may be ill—he may be dying—for want of me, and I—I sent him away! Winnie, sometimes I think that I cannot bear it—that I must go after him."

At this declaration Mrs. Prendergast becomes really alarmed.

"Gladys, are you mad? You cannot think of what you are saying. What! give up your title and your position in society—ruin your whole life, in fact, and for a passing fancy? Oh, my dearest sister, swear to me, swear to me before heaven, that you will never think of such a wicked thing again."

"Don't be frightened," said Gladys sharply; "there is no need. I gave him up when I would have died for him, because—because of my name and all the rest of it, and I am not likely to forget it for the second time. It is all over because you talked it to. But you weren't there at the making the most of the

position for which I resigned him—and—and—my love, but, Winnie, I do suffer so—I do suffer so! I would give every drop of my heart's blood to see him once again, if only for an hour."

"My dearest sister, try to look at the matter from a practical point of view. What good can come from your meeting Mr. Brooke again? None! He knows it, if you do not, and the course he has adopted has raised him considerably in my estimation. Besides, you must think of Mountcarroll. He may begin to suspect the reason of your behavior, as I did, and then you know what would follow. He would not prove to be so sympathetic a confidante as I have done."

"Mountcarroll!" repeats Gladys, in a voice of contempt. "As if Mountcarroll ever troubled himself about what I do, or how I look or feel. He is too much wrapped up in himself to think of me."

"I wish you would tell me exactly the terms you are on with your husband," says Winnie, reflectively. "You seem all right, to me—in public."

"Oh, yes; we're all right in public, and some people might think we were all right in private, as well. He never finds fault with anything I say or do. He is never jealous of any other man, and he is generally unnoticed when I put on a new dress, and tells me if I look well in it. Sometimes—on very special occasions—he rocks his head on one side, and after examining me carefully, says: 'By Jove! you're an uncommonly pretty creature, Gladys, upon my soul you are!' After which compliment I am condemned to endure a certain amount of love-making, by which his lordship gives vent to his overcharged feelings of admiration. And there I think it ends. Excepting, of course, that I have a liberal allowance of pin-money—much more than I can use—and my own way in most things."

"And what an earth can you want more?" asks Winnie.

"Love, Winnie! love, which he has never given me, and never will. Oh, Winnie," she added, "you do not understand me. No one does! Let me go on with my balls and theaters and garden parties. They are kinder to me than you are. They leave me no time to think. But—when I have time—it shall be all his—every moment of it shall be his."

And so Mrs. Prendergast returns home, not oversatisfied with the result of her visit. She has gained her sister's confidence, but she has proved quite incapable of shaking her resolution either one way or the other.

CHAPTER X.

Lady Mountcarroll goes on in her own way without heed of consequences, and grows thinner and paler as the season advances. It is true that she flushes a lovely crimson at night, and that her spirits are often wildly hilarious; but she droops terribly by day, and can scarcely drag her limbs after her. Yet she is indefatigable as a dancer and lawn tennis player, and has soon gained herself the reputation of a flirt among her own sex. The Earl seems neither to know nor to care how his wife is nursing herself. He is seldom seen with her, never indeed, except at a dinner, or at a theater.

He is still the well-appointed and well-dressed man he was last year. But a great change is visible in him. He has lost the look of eagerness—of expectation—of excitement, which accompanied his pursuit of Gladys, and much of his youth has departed with it. He is not tired of her (or at any rate he would not acknowledge as much). But he has grown accustomed to her. She is no more a novelty to him. She is no longer anything to be excited about—in plain words, she is his wife.

Sometimes, and generally unexpectedly, Gladys rushes into Mrs. Prendergast's presence and pours forth an impetuous complaint upon her sister's bosom. It is these occasional outbursts that save her heart from breaking. Without them she would despair. But Winnie is wise as well as loving, and she lets her sister talk. She listens patiently to the oft-told catalogue of Jemmie's virtues and graces, to the description of his beauty, to the history of his love for Gladys, and all that they said to one another. She lets the poor sorrow-laden heart weep itself dry in her arms.

She never drops a hint that she has heard the tale before. She sympathizes and consoles and tries to comfort, but she never preaches nor condemns. She is Gladys's safety valve. She cannot teach her any better means by which to rise above her trouble, but she lets it nature have her sway, and probably saves the girl from a brain fever.

But the season is a sad one, nevertheless. Lady Mountcarroll tries to conceal her feelings from her father and mother, but they see that she is ill, and they fear she is unhappy.

Yet nothing they can do or say draws the truth from her. At last General Fuller appeals to his son-in-law.

"Mountcarroll, I feel uneasy about Gladys! She is certainly not well, although she refuses to acknowledge it. Do you know the cause?"

"Gladys not well?" repeats the Earl. "You astonish me. We were at the opera last night, and I thought she was looking brilliant."

"You cannot see it when she is under excitement, but if you watch her in the mornings you will observe how weak and thin she has grown."

"My dear General, those slight wiry girls will stand twice the fatigue of your rosy plump women. You should have seen Gladys at Carrony! By Jove, didn't she go it! Why, she was always scouring the country in the saddle or on foot, and that fellow Jim after her. I used to say they'd kill themselves then, but you see they didn't. Oh, she's got twice the strength you imagine. Still, if you think it necessary, let's have a doctor."

"I would rather try recruiting by the seaside after the season is over, Mountcarroll. What do you say to letting Gladys come with us to Ryde—that is, if she is willing—when you go to the moors for your grouse-shooting this year?"

"Delighted, my dear General—delighted to agree to anything that will give you and her pleasure. By all means, let her

go to Ryde. It is the very place for her! And you can bring her to Carrony to meet me when I return in September."

This proposition is made to Lady Mountcarroll, and gladly acceded to. She is only too pleased (she says) to go with her dear dad anywhere. She feels like his own girl again—(she tells him fondly)—as they walk up and down the pier, on the sea-beach together—and as if nobody had ever come between them.

It is on one of these occasions, and when Gladys has been unusually affectionate that her father tries to extract the truth from her about her married life. "I don't think anybody has come between us, my darling," he says tenderly; "and I believe Mountcarroll to be too considerate even to wish to do so. He seems to have but one desire, Gladys—that you should be happy and comfortable."

"Yes, dad," she answers indifferently.

"My dearest child," continues the General, pressing her fondly to his side (they are walking up and down a lonely part of the sands at the time), "for you know that you have always been my dearest child to me, I feel very anxious to learn if you are happy in your married life. I know that you have everything you can possibly require that money can procure; but, are you happy? You may remember that I felt nervous at the time of your marriage, and you laughed my fears away! Can you laugh them away now?"

"Certainly I can, father! What I married Mountcarroll for, I have obtained. He has fulfilled every promise he made, and he has treated me with uniform kindness. I have no accusation to bring against him in any way. I know exactly what he was when I became his wife, and he has not altered. I fancy few women can say as much of their husbands."

"You are worth all the world to me, Gladys," replied her father, simply, "and if you were unhappy I should feel as if my life were over too."

Still harping on that doubt of her entire happiness, Lady Mountcarroll hardly knows how to parry the thrust, but she does (though not quite successfully), not only on that occasion, but on several succeeding ones. She picks up, certainly, in the bracing air of Ryde, and in the company of her parents, and surrounded by their solicitude, she regains a portion of her former content, but still it is a very pale and altered Gladys that General Fuller takes back to Carrony in September and leaves under the protection of her lawful owner. The house is full of guests, for the shooting season, and Lady Mountcarroll's time is fully occupied with them. She is glad that it prevents her paying visits, and there is one visit she dreads to make—a call at Nether. She hardly knows who is or is not there. For months she has heard nothing of Lady Renton or her brother; and Mountcarroll has not mentioned their names since her return. But she knows that, sooner or later, Elinor and she must meet, and Jemmie's name must pass between them—yet she puts off the ordeal from day to day, trusting to gain courage from the delay.

CHAPTER XI.

One morning, however, about a week after her return to Carrony, she hears the sound of wheels upon the drive, and, looking up, sees Lady Renton's pony-chaise before the door. In a moment the hot blood has poured into her cheeks. She looks again. Thank heaven! Elinor is alone, and now, whatever news she brings her, she must school herself to receive it with a smile. Yet she is as white as ashes when her cousin enters the room. Lady Renton is not entirely at ease herself. She dreads the meeting almost as much as Gladys. She cannot but suspect that Lady Mountcarroll is the object of her brother's passion, and she does not know how far she sympathizes with it. She would wish to do her duty to all three of them—to Mountcarroll, and Gladys, and Jemmie; but it is very difficult to decide how to do it. She has been thinking all the morning whether she shall introduce her brother's name or leave Gladys to make the first mention of it. It will seem so strange for her not to go to Carrony laden with the latest news of him. And yet, when she enters the Countess's presence, she is tongue-tied. The alteration in Gladys' looks—the sickly smile with which she greets her—the trembling hand extended to take her own, all smite the kindly heart of Elinor Renton with pity, but tell, at the same time, their own unequivocal tale. She could sit down and cry over the girl for hours, the traces of her suffering are so visible in her appearance, but she cannot bring herself to introduce the subject of her trouble. And, as for Gladys, she feels as if she could die before she mentioned Jemmie's name. They talk of the season's gayeties, of the weather—the garden and the shooting; of everything, in fact, but the man who is uppermost in the thoughts of both. Gladys sits like a guilty creature before Lady Renton, while she inquires absently after everything she cares least about, and blushes like a rose every time that the conversation tends in the slightest degree in Mr. Brooke's direction.

At last Elinor feels she can stand it no longer, and that, for both their sakes, she must make a plunge and introduce the dreaded subject, when Mountcarroll comes to her rescue.

"Halloo, Elinor! How are you? So glad you've come over. All well at Nether? And how is Jim? Where is he, and when did you hear from him last?"

He has accomplished in a moment what the two women have been longing to do for an hour. Lady Renton turns to him gladly. She has wanted to speak of her brother in such a way as to persuade Gladys that he is cured of his love for her—a common mode of attempting to medicine the master passion, but a very futile one. For the more a thing seems slipping from our reach the more we want to grasp it.

"My dear Mountcarroll! How well you look. Much better than Gladys, who, I am afraid, has been making too much of her first season. Jemmie is all right, thank you. When I last heard from him he was in Calcutta."

"In Calcutta? By Jove! How did he get out there?"

Lady Mountcarroll does not lift her eyes from her lap, where her nervous hands are busily employed in breaking off the chenille trimming from her dress. But Lady Renton watches the shaking of those hands, and goes on pitilessly, though with the best intentions.

"He went straight to India from Alexandria, and seems to be delighted with the country and enjoying himself immensely. It is only natural that he should like to travel and see the world. He has nothing to keep him at home. I suppose you heard of poor Charles Banton's death?"

"I read it in the papers," said Mountcarroll.

"Jemmie nursed him to the last like a brother. Wasn't it good of him? But he is such a kind-hearted boy, and he was glad at that time to get out of England."

"Why was that?"

"Well, Mountcarroll, I am not sure that I can tell you, for I do not know the whole story myself, but from what Jemmie told me I imagine he had fallen into some little scrape or other. He seemed vexed with himself, as if he had been betrayed into something foolish, and Jemmie is the kind of boy who would feel a thing of that sort deeply. He would see the folly of it directly he had time to reflect, and would blame himself for having given way to it. All he told me was that he wanted to leave home for a while, and I sent him to Alexandria, which benefited him and poor Charlie at the same time."

"A woman at the bottom of it, of course?" says the Earl.

Elinor shrugs her shoulders.

"I conclude so. But it's all over now, whatever it was. Jem is of rather a fickle disposition, you know."

"By Jove! I should think he was. The scores of women that fellow has raved to me about."

"Oh, Mountcarroll! be merciful, and make it dozens," cries Lady Renton, laughing. "But he has such a loving way about him with all the fair sex, that I think they sometimes give him credit for a great deal more than he feels."

"How many hearts has he broken in India?"

"I haven't received the list yet. He'll go over it with me, perhaps, when he returns. But a certain Miss Temple figures so prominently in his letters home that I imagine she must be the reigning favorite."

"When is he coming back?"

At this question Gladys starts, and looks up nervously, which puts Lady Renton on her guard. She is not quite certain what to say. It is against her principles to tell a direct falsehood, although she has been sailing rather close to the wind once or twice during this conversation, and yet she fears it is inexpedient to let Lady Mountcarroll know that Jemmie is expected home soon.

"Well! he talks of next Christmas, Mountcarroll, but you know how uncertain Jem is!"

(To be continued.)

A Thriftless Genoa.

Leigh Hunt had no sense either of time or of money—a grave fault, perhaps unpardonable vice, in a man who had a wife and children depending on him. As long as he lived he was thriftless and needy, a leader and not a follower, so generous that he could never afford to be just, bringing upon those whom he loved sincerely a constant burden of debt and care.

How reprehensible this was he seems never to have felt (though he blames himself freely and light-heartedly), and if the reader of his autobiography is disposed to feel sorry for Mrs. Hunt it is not because her husband sets him the example. This was Leigh Hunt's one vice, never amended nor actively repented of. Yet he had had his warning. It is pathetic to compare with each other the two following passages, and to see how clearly Leigh Hunt foresaw his danger and how incapable he proved of escaping it:

"I have seen," he writes in 1808, "so much of the irritabilities, or rather the miseries, accruing from want of a suitable income and the best woman of her time was so worried and finally worn out with the early negligence of others in this respect, that if ever I was determined in anything, it is to be perfectly clear of the world and ready to meet the exigencies of a married life before I do marry; for I will not see a wife who loves me and is the comfort of my existence afraid to speak to me of money matters; she shall never tremble to hear a knock at the door or to meet a quarter day."

And in 1832:

"I never hear a knock at the door . . . but I think somebody is coming to take me away from my family. Last Friday I was sitting down to my dinner . . . when I was called away by a man who brought an execution into my house for 40 shillings."—Temple Bar.

For Identification.

A new law has just been passed in Hawaii which compels every man who is registered to leave his thumb-mark on the certificate of registration and on the stub which is left in the book. That is, he must ink his thumb and leave a clear, distinct impression of it for future recognition. This applies to all classes of people on the island. The objection which many of the residents make is that it treats them all as though they were convicts. The truth is that it is the only positive means of identification. It is claimed that the lines on the thumb of no two people are exactly alike, while it is not infrequent to find people whose resemblances are so close as to make identification difficult. The Asiatics are invading the island of Hawaii to such an extent as to arouse the people settled there to some plan to prevent the overcrowding of the island, and this registering of the thumb-mark is believed by those who succeeded in having the law passed to be one of the ways in which it will be possible for them to regulate immigration into the island of Hawaii.

It would afford an evening's entertainment for a company of young people to compare the marks of their thumbs.

Great Volume of Letters.

Last year the British postal correspondence with the United States was second only in magnitude to that with all the great powers of Europe combined, being about 41,000,000 letters, etc., as against about 65,000,000 for Europe. If letter-writing goes for anything, it ought to make American and England firm allies.

Daughter—Papa, what does this 18 to 1 mean? Mother (interrupting)—"It means that every where you go will sixteen people talking politics to one who isn't."—Truth.

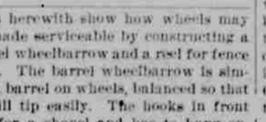


The Garden.

The margin between the possibilities and the actualities of the average farm garden is a thing of gossily dimensions. It is, naturally enough, a difficult thing for the farmer to realize to what extent of practical usefulness he may put a single acre of ground provided he is willing and careful to bestow upon it the right kind of attention. This, says West Kentucky Farmer, is so because of the fact that in his farm work he looks more to general results. But when he comes down to work on a smaller scale he finds things quite different. It is only recently that a committee took upon itself to investigate somewhat as to what was actually being done on some of the small truck farms near one of our large cities, and they reported that one farm of forty acres yielded annually \$15,000 worth of fruits and vegetables; another of six acres yielded \$5,000; another of ninety acres yielded \$20,000, and another of twenty acres returned \$8,000. These figures represent good receipts, but even after making reductions for fertilizers and other necessary expenditures, the net returns, although not stated, were no doubt handsome. Apart, however, from the profits from exclusive truck farming, the garden acre on the farm can be made an important item in the domestic economy of the home, if we take into consideration all the expense attaching to the purchase of garden produce necessary to the health, comfort and well being of the family.

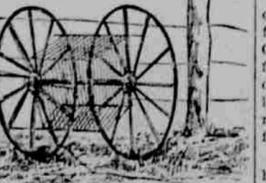
Old Wheels Made Useful.

Don't throw away old wheels; they can be put to as good use, sometimes, as they were on the vehicles on which they were bought, as frequent and varied illustrations in Farm and Home each month have shown. The illustration



BARREL WHEELBARROW.

herewith show how wheels may be made serviceable by constructing a barrel wheelbarrow and a reel for fence wire. The barrel wheelbarrow is simply a barrel on wheels, balanced so that it will tip easily. The looks in front are for a shovel and hoe to hang on. For many purposes this is better for farm work than are ordinary wheelbarrows. A heavier load can be carried. The wheel reel for fence wire is made by taking two wheels of a light wagon attached to their axle. Place



FENCE WIRE WHEEL REEL.

four pieces of board through the wheels at regular intervals and wire to the felloes. It makes a large and convenient wire or cordage reel. These conveniences can be made during early spring so as to be ready for the first outdoor work.

To Make the Farm Pay.

One of the greatest hindrances to profitable farming is a desire to go too fast at first, and to purchase things one could get along without. The obliging agents tell you that you need not trouble about the money; your note will do just as well; but you will find that you must pay big interest for the privilege of going into debt, and you are always at a disadvantage with your creditor.

Have the money ready to pay and you can then make your half of the bargain. Take good care for your farm and your stock, and they will furnish the money for the necessary outlays. I will just say to young men who expect to make farming their occupation, that they may expect hard work and plenty of it, and they will not need to join any baseball nine for exercise; but if they take care of their health and habits it will not hurt them. I have tried it for over sixty years, and am to-day a well-preserved man. I can truly say that with the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon the labors of myself and family, I have made farming pay, and what I have done others can do.—John Laramour, before Bloomingburg, Ohio, Institute.

Ammonia for House Plants.

Every housekeeper has her bottle of "Household Ammonia" or some prep-

aration of ammonia, beside her kitchen sink or in the bathroom. It is very useful in many ways, as the housekeeper knows. It has also another use. Fill a teacup with tepid water in the morning, and add to it three drops of household ammonia. Pour this on the soil of the geranium or other rapid-growing plant in your window. An application of this kind once or twice a week will add wonderfully to the growth and appearance of the plant. It is, in fact, a concentrated liquid fertilizer that is effective, cheap and handy. For a number of plants, twelve or fifteen drops to a quart of water is sufficient. Twice a week on a sunny morning is enough.—Agriculturist.

Feed for Pone and Muscle.

In feeding all young animals thrifty growth is much more important than to fatten them. Many people suppose that the only way to lessen fat is to restrict diet until near starvation point. But they find by trial that if the food given contains the fat-forming nutrition, restricting its amount makes what is given so much better digested that the fattening process goes on as before. A far surer and better way to accomplish what is wished is to give food plentifully, but not of the kind that builds up fat, and especially to give what makes bone and muscle. It is for this reason that wheat bran and wheat middlings are so valuable for feeding. They will not fatten if fed moderately with hay, straw or roots, and they will keep young stock thrifty growing.

Cleanings.

Butter making has an advantage of milk selling in that the skim milk is valuable on the farm as a food for the cattle, pigs and poultry.

A great advance in theory and fact has been made over the old notion that good beves could not be made before they are 4 years old. Better blood, breeding and management now make them most profitable at half that age.

A consensus of opinion among poultry keepers is that buckwheat is an excellent food for fowls. Some ascribe their profit to its use, briefly. Of course, this means that all the other conditions of care and food are properly supplied.

Old sheep are more profitable than young ones as long as they are healthy. It is claimed by some that any sheep failing to regain her flesh properly after her lamb is sold should not be kept, as there is danger of her not living through the next lambing.

No animal upon the farm requires so long a time to overcome the effects of over-feeding as does the sheep, and when a steady gain is necessary in fattening special care must be taken in regard to this point. There is the same risk in feeding growing lambs.

Some have the mistaken notion that when poultry are being fitted for market, stuffing should be commenced at the start, but this is not the conclusion of experience. The feeding for fattening should be gradually increased. Care and good sense are requisite for the best results.

For several reasons it is more desirable to have colts come in the fall than in the spring. It is no little item that they are not so worried by flies and heat. They seem to stand the change better when weaned at the springing of the grass than if taken from their mothers in the autumn.

In a comparison of corn meal and corn meal mixed with cotton seed as food for steers, recently made at the Oklahoma experimental station, it was found that some of the steers seemed to dislike the cotton seed while others ate it readily. The lot fed corn meal ate more and gained more than did those fed the mixture.

It is claimed that the scab in sheep has been completely wiped out in Australia by persistent use of hot baths of sulphur and tobacco, followed by one of sulphur and quinine, at a temperature of 110 degrees. Whatever the apparent condition of an imported sheep, it must go into the bath. There is no more scab, but it has been eradicated at great cost.

There are on almost all farms some bits of land naturally as good as the rest that remain unproductive for lack of capital. It may not be more profitable to bring these into productivity than it is to put the bulk of the manure and labor on the best land, but it makes the farm look better. Quite often when these places are too stony for cropping trees planted there will prove the best use such places can be made to serve.

The Dairy.

Try the cury comb on the cow.

A good remedy for swollen teat on a milk cow, is equal parts of glycerine and lobelia.

The food for the cows should be of such a nature that no bad taste will be imparted to the milk.

Raise all the feed you can for your cows at home on your own ground. In that way you can get good money for the crops themselves.

The importance of healthy cows and sound milk cannot be overestimated. Too little attention has been given to the matter in the past.

In addition to corn meal, the cow needs something more nitrogenous in her feed. A combination of corn meal, gluten and cotton seed meal gives much better results than the former only. It will make one-third more milk and be better in quality.