THE DOUBLE SECRET

BY FLORENCE MARYATT

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Those only—who have ever spent weeks or months in vain longing for the bodily presence of a friend whose absence took the best part of their life away, and then found that that friend had been enjoying himself so well without them as to have almost forgotten their existence—can understand what Evelyn Rayne felt when Agnes Featherstone told her she was engaged to be married. No, there is one other who could have sympathized with her.

Agnes—her little sister—her child, almost—engaged to be married to some stranger whom she had never seen or heard of before! It was incredible, and when she had recovered from her speechless surprise she said so.

"Oh, Agnes! Engaged! Going to be married! And you never told me. It is impossible."

There was such a bitter sense of not having been treated as her love had the right to expect in her voice, that the dullest person must have recognized it.

"Oh, Evelyn, how could I?" answered Agnes, without raising her head. "Jasper—that is, Mr. Lyle—only spoke to papa a week ago, and then I thought it would be so much nicer to surprise you by coming home and telling you myself. And if I had written to you about it, I shouldn't have known what to say."

"But you have never even mentioned Mr. Lyle's name to me, Agnes. How long have you known him?"

"About six weeks or two months. We met him in Rome during the Carnival. The Spencers introduced him to us, and he took such a fancy to me, Evelyn, that he has traveled with us ever since."

"I will learn to love him, too, for your sake, darling, though he does threaten to take my little Agnes from me," cried Miss Rayne, as she burst into tears.

"But, Evelyn, dear," said the younger girl, when they could talk calmly again, "why should you be afraid that Mr. Lyle will not make me happy? It's the usual thing for girls to marry, isn't it? You don't want me to be an old maid like Aunt Sophy? You will marry yourself some day, Evelyn."

"No, darling, never!" said Miss Rayne, vehemently.

"But why not? Don't you like men? Do you mean to live all your life alone at Mount Eden? Surely not! It would be so very dull. Mamma says you ought to have married years ago."

"Your mamma judges me from the usual feminine standpoint, Agnes, and I am not like other women. Sometimes I think I have much more the mind and feelings of a man. The care of my property is enough to occupy my life. I don't want any interference with it or myself."

"But some one who loved you very much, Evelyn," whispered Agnes, out of her new-born experience, "would help and not hinder you. Wouldn't it be very sweet to have all the trouble taken off your hands, and to have no bother and no anxiety? Sometimes I think——"

"Well, darling?"

"That there is a reason why you have never married, Evelyn, that there is some one you are fond of, and something has prevented you marrying him."

"There was someone," replied Evelyn, with a solemn look in her sad eyes.

"Is he dead?" interrupted her companion, in a tone of awe.

"No, Agnes, no! I am certain that he is not dead—something in my heart tells me so, but in all the wide, wide world, I do not know where he may be now. My poor Will!"

"Tell me about it, Evelyn," said Agnes, nestling close to her.

"Ah, darling, it is the trouble of my life. He was willful and high-spirited, like many other young men, and he offended uncle terribly. He was so angry with him that he turned him out of his office, and though I begged for his forgiveness on my knees, he would not take him back again. And then Will went to America—what chance was there left him in England?—and I have never heard of him since."

"Never heard of him since! Didn't he write to you?"

"No, dear; he didn't even write. For ten years there has been total silence between us. But he will come back some day. I feel sure of that. It is all I am waiting for—to see Will again before I die."

Miss Featherstone was silent. She was not a clever girl, but she had sufficient sense to wonder at her friend's credulity. To go on waiting for and expecting the return of a lover who had not written for ten years, seemed a very simple thing to do. And Jasper had sworn that if they were separated, he should send her a letter every day. After a pause she said timidly:

"And if he shouldn't come back, Evelyn—if—if—he should be dead?"

"He will come, dear—he is not dead," replied Miss Rayne confidently. "Have I not already told you that I have a conviction on the subject, too deep to be untrue? But I may not see him yet—not for many years. There are reasons against it, but they will not last forever, and then we shall meet."

"And be married," interposed Agnes.

Evelyn shook her head dubiously.

"I am not so sure of that, dear. Time works so many changes. We may neither of us wish to marry by the time we see each other again. But, however he may come back to me—poor or rich, sick or well, old or young—Will will find me the same—his true and faithful friend."

CHAPTER XIII.

Agnes was in the seventh heaven. All she wanted now was to bring Mr. Lyle and her dear Evelyn together and see them the best of friends.

As the time for Miss Rayne's arrival approached the next evening, the girlish figure, robed in some diaphanous, rosy material, flitted between the drawing room and the hall door, anxious to secure the first word with her friend. Evelyn was true to her time. The Hall did not keep fashionable hours any more than the big house, and six o'clock was considered quite late enough for dinner. As the little omnibus that brought her ever stopped at the door (she had more than one grand carriage in her coach house, but she never used them), Agnes flew down the steps to receive her.

"Oh, darling," she exclaimed, "I have been waiting about here for nearly half an hour. I am so nervous, Evelyn, and so excited. Suppose, after all, you shouldn't like him?"

Evelyn drew the girl into her embrace, she kissed her fondly. As they disengaged themselves again, they saw a figure standing beside them in the dusky hall. It was Mr. Lyle himself, who seemed to have caught the infection of Agnes' anxiety, and wished to get the introduction to Miss Rayne over before they encountered the many eyes of scrutiny in the drawing room.

"Oh, here is Jasper," cried Agnes, with a gasp. "Jasper, this is my dear friend and sister, Evelyn Rayne. Don't be formal with her. Shake hands at once, and let me feel that you are going to be friends."

"I am quite willing for my part to be the best of friends," said Evelyn cordially, as she extended her hand.

Mr. Lyle took it, but for a moment he did not speak. Then he answered, with more decided French accent than usual—

"I am happy, also, to make the acquaintance of one so dear to Agnes."

Evelyn's first view of Agnes' lover had been a genuine disappointment. Jasper Lyle was not manly enough to suit her taste. He looked more like a poet or a troubadour than a gentleman of the nineteenth century. And then his hybrid dress and manner of talking rather repulsed her. She liked an Englishman to look and speak like one, and she fancied there was some affectation in Mr. Lyle's pronunciation, and that it was not wholly natural to him. When Agnes had at last drawn her into a conversation with him, Evelyn found her thoughts running in the same channel.

"You must have lived a long time abroad, Mr. Lyle, to have acquired so decided an accent," she said. "Were you born there?"

The simple question seemed to confuse him. He stammered as he replied:

"Yes—no. That is to say, my mother was French, Miss Rayne; so you see, I am only half English."

"And you were educated abroad?"

"I have lived there nearly all my life," he answered, with his face bent down.

"And you must become English, you naughty boy," exclaimed his fiancee. "Do you know, Jasper, your pronunciation grows worse instead of better? I really think you are more French to-day than ever. Evelyn is staring with all her eyes at your accent. She never heard anybody speak so badly before. Did you, Evelyn?"

Miss Rayne was indeed staring in the most unaccountable manner at the stranger. Her eyes seemed fixed in his direction, and when Agnes' laughing question recalled her to herself, she turned them in a dazed manner upon her.

"Your friend does not like me. I had an intuition it would be so," whispered Mr. Lyle to his betrothed, under cover of the general conversation.

"Talk, talk, Evelyn!" cried Agnes gayly, after a little while. "What has come to you this evening, darling? You—who are generally so full of life. Have you nothing to say to us after so long an absence?"

"What shall I say?" exclaimed Evelyn, rousing herself at the challenge of her friend. "You are the queen of the feast, Agnes, and should lead the conversation. It is really very embarrassing to be ordered to say something. May I make it a question? Have you ever been in America, Mr. Lyle?"

There was a tone in her voice that made Jasper Lyle dread he knew not what, and forced him to raise his eyes against his will. It was the first time Evelyn had fairly met his gaze, and the room seemed to go round with her as she encountered it.

"I—have—not—been—to—America, mademoiselle," he answered slowly.

"Have you not?" she asked again, without removing her eyes from his.

As they regarded each other thus, Mrs. Featherstone saw all the color die out of Miss Rayne's fresh cheeks, leaving them of an ashy paleness.

"Evelyn, my dear girl," she cried, rising and passing round the table to her assistance, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"I don't feel very well," said Evelyn, in a strange voice. "It is this sudden spring heat that always upsets me. With your permission, Mrs. Featherstone, I will leave the table and await your return in the drawing room."

Mrs. Featherstone gave early notice of a retreat to the drawing room. As soon as she had left the dining room behind her, Miss Rayne's inssitude gave place to an eager excitement, which accorded strangely with her pale face and lusterless eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Featherstone, do let me go home before the gentlemen leave their wine. Indeed, I am not well. It is impossible that I can sit out the remainder of the evening. Pray let me order my carriage and go at once."

They did not oppose her decision, though Agnes insisted upon walking down also, with her arm fondly thrown about her friend's waist. Evelyn kissed her mechanically, and bade her good night as she mounted into her vehicle; but as soon as she had passed through the drive gates and Featherstone Hall was left behind her, all her enforced calmness gave way, and she sank back upon the cushions in a storm of grief.

CHAPTER XIV.

A very blank feeling fell upon the party at the Hall after Evelyn's departure. Agnes was almost in tears, and Miss Macdonald declared she had no belief in the statement that Evelyn was ill. They had known her now for ten years, and when had she ever been taken ill in this mysterious manner before?

"I wanted her to stay here, but she wouldn't hear of it," replied Mrs. Featherstone. "In fact, she was so unlike herself that we hardly knew her. She seemed to me on the point of bursting into tears, so I thought it kinder to let her have her own way."

"You must send the first thing to-morrow morning to hear how she is," said her husband; "or I will ride over after breakfast, and make the inquiries myself. I shall not be easy till I hear she is all right again. What should we do without the mistress of Mount Eden?"

Jasper Lyle had not joined in the general lamentations; but, as a stranger, it was, of course, not expected of him. On the contrary, he seemed rather bored by the fuss made over the visitor's departure. But as Mr. Featherstone uttered the last remark, he raised his head.

"Is this Mademoiselle Rayne the real owner of the place you call Mount Eden, then?" he asked of his intended father-in-law.

"Yes. She owns the entire property under the will of her late uncle, Mr. Caryll. It was an immense responsibility to lay upon the shoulders of so young a woman; but Evelyn has proved herself to be quite equal to it. She is a little queen among her tenants and farm laborers, and they think there is no one like her."

"And there were no males in the family?"

"None. Mr. Caryll lost his only son at sea, and this girl was the sole comfort of his declining years. She richly deserved all he could give her, and he could not have found one to fulfill the trust more nobly. She is a perfect angel of a woman, and we all love her dearly."

Agnes and Mr. Lyle later went to a distant sofa, where their conversation could not be overheard by the rest of the party.

"I know what dear Evelyn is hoping for," reiterated the girl in his ear—"the return of someone who was very dear to her—a cousin whom she was engaged to, and who went to America. I mustn't tell you any more, because it is a secret, but she says she knows he is alive, and will come back to her some day, and then——"

"And then what?" demanded her lover.

"She will marry him, of course, and give him Mount Eden, and they will be very, very happy. At least I hope so," sighed Agnes, "because I am afraid she will never be happy until he does return."

"Do you really think a woman could remember a man for as long as that—ten of eleven years?" questioned Mr. Lyle.

"Oh, yes, Evelyn could. She is not like other women. Besides, she told me so herself only yesterday. When I was telling her all about you, and how happy I am! it made her think of Will—poor darling; and she told me the whole story."

"Ah! he will be a lucky fellow when he does return," remarked Mr. Lyle, as he rose from the sofa and went out of the room.

Presently he came back with a photograph.

"Can you tell me who that is, Agnes?" She took it under the gas chandelier to examine it properly. It represented a tall lad of eighteen or nineteen, with eyes that looked dark, set in a beardless face, and a general look of extreme juvenility.

"No," she replied, shaking her head, "never."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. Who is it? Anyone about here, or someone I met abroad?"

"Someone about here, and someone, also, whom you met abroad," he answered, smiling, as he took it back again. "It represents myself."

"You!" exclaimed Agnes, making a dash at the photograph. "Oh, Jasper, it is impossible. It is not a bit like you. Do let me see it again."

"No," replied Mr. Lyle, holding it beyond her reach; "it is not worth a second glance."

"It is too bad of you," pouted Agnes; "you might let me have it, when I tell you it is of value to me. Why, Evelyn has the portraits of her cousins—especially Hugh—since they were little babies, and she wouldn't part from them for all the world."

"Has she shown them, then, to you?" exclaimed Jasper Lyle quickly.

"Not all, perhaps—but the oil paintings hang in the dining room. Oh! why did you do that?" she cried, breaking off suddenly, as she saw him tear the photograph he held in two, and fling the pieces into the fire, which the chilly spring evenings still rendered necessary; "and when I told you I wished to keep it."

"And I said I did not wish you to do so," returned Jasper Lyle.

This little episode, combined with Evelyn's departure, seemed to break up all the harmony of the evening, and the party retired to rest at an earlier hour than usual. As Mr. Lyle reached his room he rang the bell.

"Did you ring, sir?" inquired the servant who answered the summons.

"Yes," replied Lyle, "I want you to call me early to-morrow morning—quite early—at six o'clock. I am going for a long walk."

"Very good, sir," said the man, who proved true to his trust, and brought up the boots and the warm water punctually to the time desired.

Lyle dressed quickly, and went down stairs. It was a lovely morning—the precursor of one of the first warm days in May—and all Nature seemed to be alive. The flower-beds of Featherstone Hall had just been laid out for the season, and the rows of variously tinted foliage plants, from the palest velvety green to deep claret color, contrasted vividly with the white and red geraniums, and yellow calceolarias, and purple heliotrope with which they intermixed. Everything about the Hall was perfectly organized, and bore the stamp of wealth; but it was more for show than use. It swallowed money, but it yielded none. Yet it impressed most people with its magnificence, and none more so than the needy man who now surveyed it.

"And all this," he thought, as he looked around him and saw the glass of the hothouses and conservatories glistening in the distance, and heard the "hissing" of the grooms as they attended to their charges in the stable yard, "all this is as nothing compared to the riches of Mount Eden. It would only occupy a little corner of it. That is what Mr. Featherstone said. And it is actually all hers. What a fool I was to be in such a hurry."

He turned and walked on rapidly, for he did not wish his morning stroll to be patent to all the world. He pressed forward till he reached the drive gates of Mount Eden, which were guarded by a pretty Gothic lodge. A woman came out while he was loitering there and held the gate open for him to pass through.

"Fifteen thousand a year, and this estate," he thought, as he drew a long breath, "and all in her own hands. It makes me sick to thing of it. I deserve to be killed for having thrown away my chances in this manner. She recognized me—I am certain of it. I knew it directly I met her eyes, and it was on that account that she returned home. Now, the question is, how did my presence affect her? I should have had no doubt on the subject if it had not been for what Agnes told me. I never dreamt that Evelyn could have remembered such a boy and girl affair—the veriest shadow of a courtship. But if she does, what then? I think I know what women are by this time, and can pretty well calculate the effects of an interview. At all events I'll try it. And in any case it would be necessary, for I must secure her friendship and good services with the Featherstones. Suppose she should betray me? No! That is impossible!"

He began to take his way back to Featherstone Hall. It was nine o'clock by this time, and all the family were assembled there. As soon as breakfast was over, Lyle escaped to his own room. He sat down and wrote a few lines to the mistress of Mount Eden, which he bribed a groom to carry over to her in the course of the day.

The letter he wrote was as follows:

"I see that you have recognized me, and feel that my future lies in your hands. When can I see you, and explain everything? Grant me an early interview, and, for the sake of the past, keep silence until we have met. I have so much to tell you and to ask your pity for."

To this he received the brief reply:

"This afternoon at three o'clock."

(To be continued.)

ARMORED PLANTS.

Thorns and Spines that Protect Plants from Their Enemies.

Plants and Their Enemies" is the title of an article by Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in the St. Nicholas. Mr. Kearney says:

There are a thousand things that threaten the well being, and even the life, of every tree and shrub and lowly herb. Too much heat, or too little, work great harm to plants. Then there are all manner of wasting diseases caused by other tiny plants called fungi and bacteria. Many large animals, as horses and cows and sheep, live by grazing and herbage and grass, or browsing the foliage of trees and shrubs. Of course they greatly injure the plants they feed upon, and therefore many plants are in one way or another protected against such attacks.

Did you ever stop to think why thistles are so well armed with sharp prickles, or why the ugly roadside nettles are furnished with stinging hairs? Notice cattle grazing in a field where thistles or nettles grow; see how careful they are to let those disagreeable plants alone. That is the reason for the stings and the spines. See this honey-locust tree bristling with its horrid array of three-pointed thorns. What animal is brave enough to try to rob it of its leaves or great pods? Hawthorns, too, and rose bushes, and blackberry briars, all have their sharp little swords and daggers to defend themselves against browsing animals.

Out on the wide, hot deserts of Arizona and New Mexico those odd plants, the cacti, grow in great numbers. Some of them take strange shapes—tall, fluted columns, branching candelabra, or mere round balls, like the melon-cactus. They are almost the only plants that grow in some parts of that country, and there is always plenty of sap inside their tough skins. To the hungry and thirsty creatures that roam those dreary wastes in search of food and water they are very tempting. Were they not in some way protected, these cacti would soon be entirely destroyed. But nature has made them to be like strong forts or great armored battleships among plants. They are guarded by all sorts of sharp spines and prickles and fine hairs that burn when they get into the flesh.

To Stop Rice Throwing at Weddings

Throwing rice at bridal couples immediately after the ceremony will continue to be in vogue in this country. An effort to stop the good old custom has proved a failure. Nearly two years ago the antirice crusade began in Boston, and for a time the gelatine flakes that were substituted were used almost entirely. The chief argument against rice was the danger that lay in the indiscriminate throwing of small, hard particles. Serious accidents have resulted from it, a notable case being that of a young woman in this city who got one of the particles in her eye and lost the sight of it. Another young woman almost choked to death on rice which struck in her open mouth. Yet bridal parties are showered with rice nowadays just as they have been for years. The antirice agitation was shortlived, and now that it has been crushed out entirely, people seem to be trying to make up for the lapse by more elaborate indulgence in the old custom.

At a recent wedding breakfast in New York City a young electrician, who is something of a practical joker, tried a brand-new device on the assembled company. It was a paper ball, filled with rice, and it stood in the center of the table and was so completely covered with flowers that it was not noticed by any of the guests. By an ingenious arrangement of springs the ball could be broken and the rice scattered in every direction by merely touching an electric button which the young man had fixed in the floor right under his seat. At an opportune moment the joker set his machine off, sprinkling everything on the table with rice. The rice bomb was a tremendous success, and the electrician has been asked to fix up similar bombs for a half dozen weddings to take place among his friends this winter.

Woman's Ingratitude.

Hawley—I've come to the conclusion that women haven't a particle of gratitude in their composition.

Manley—Why such radical views?

Hawley—You no doubt heard that I saved a woman's life at the seashore last summer?

Manley—Yes; wasn't she grateful?

Hawley—On the contrary, she was ungrateful enough to marry me.

Wouldn't Talk Back.

Bigg—It's awfully inconvenient living on the fourth floor and having to carry up everything one uses.

Digg—Why don't you try a dumb waiter?

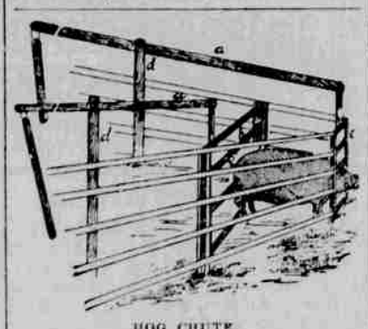
Bigg—We did, but it wouldn't answer.

Some people are not satisfied with the milk of human kindness—they want the cream.

AGRICULTURAL

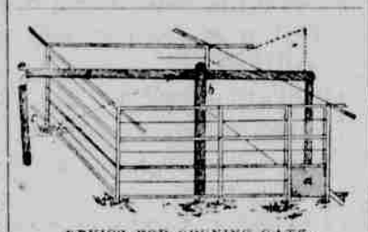
Gates for Handling Hogs.

The device shown in the accompanying illustrations for handling hogs when they are to be rung or for other purposes, is very useful on the ordinary farm. The first picture represents a chute and gates which will shut behind



HOG CHUTE.

and before the hog and hold him in position. There is just room enough for him to stick his nose out and while in this position rings can be inserted. The sides of the chutes must be much closer together than shown in the engraving, so that the hog cannot turn about. In fact the width should be just sufficient to allow a hog to pass through. In the second illustration is represented the side view of another



DEVICE FOR OPENING GATE.

gate and pen so arranged that the door can be opened and shut without getting into the pen. These devices are so convenient about the hog lots that it is a surprise that more of them are not in use.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Manure for Strawberries.

The strawberry plantation requires very heavy manuring to produce its best yield. Every year on most plants there is a succession of berries, the first and second pickings being almost always larger and finer than those that ripen later. But if the later season is very wet, as it sometimes is, we have known the later crop to ripen up and be very nearly as good as the first. This suggests that in addition to the top dressing applied in winter there ought to be an additional fertilization, while the crop is forming, and this last should be always dissolved in water, so as to be readily available. Nitrate of potash is the best manure to be thus applied. This is saltpetre, and costs five to six cents per pound. But a very small lump dissolved in warm water and applied freely will keep the vines fresh and vigorous to the last, and will make a great increase in the size of the fruit. The labor of applying liquid manure is more than its cost, and is greater than can be generally afforded for any other crop than the strawberry.

Handy Wheelbarrow.

The Iowa Homestead gives an illustration of a handy wheelbarrow that may be used about the farm. It is made from the two front or the two hind wheels of a little express wagon which has seen its better days. This wheelbarrow has the advantage of having the load over the wheels and sustained by them instead of being held by the one wheeling it. The design ex-

HANDY FARM WHEELBARROW.

plains itself, and the wheelbarrow can be made very easily if the wheels are at hand.

The Asparagus Bed.

To make a new asparagus bed dig a trench two feet deep and fill it with rich, well-rotted manure to the depth of twelve inches. Over the manure scatter bone meal and sulphate of potash, any quantity preferred. Then cover with three inches of rich dirt, and on the dirt place the roots, using 2 year-old growth, about two feet apart, as they will thicken in the bed every year. Cover with rich dirt, and throw the soapsuds over the bed whenever possible to do so. Once an asparagus bed is made it should last for twenty years.

Buying Cheap Fertilizers.

There is no longer much desire among well informed farmers to get the lowest priced fertilizers with the idea that these are therefore the cheapest. It is impossible to cheat nature. All the elements of fertility, mineral or nitrogenous, cost money, and if little money is given for fertilizers, we can expect but little good to the crop from them. When we take into account that much of the expense of commercial fertilizers consists in the cost of distributing them evenly through the soil, it will be seen that the highest priced, if also the best, may be really the cheapest.

Unplowed Headlands.

It is the practice of many farmers in plowing grass land, especially for hoed crops, to leave an unplowed space, usually called a headland, on which the horse can turn when used in cultivating. But with a careful horse this care is not necessary in growing corn or potatoes, though the nurseryman's more valuable stock may justify it. In growing corn, some farmers plant two or three rows of potatoes next the fence. But these scattering rows of potatoes are difficult to harvest, as the wagon has to be drawn all around a field to gather a few potatoes. We used, in the later years of our farming, to plant corn out to the end of the row. If, while small, a hill of corn was stepped on, there it still time to plant a hill of beans. Yet we always noticed that the outside rows of corn ripened earlier and had better ears than those in the middle of the field. Most corn is planted too closely to yield the largest amounts of grain.—American Cultivator.

Digestibility of Ensilage.

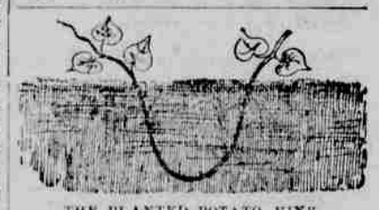
There can be no doubt that ensilaged food, being succulent, is much more digestible in winter than the dry food that it then supersedes. If there is a little fermentation in it, that shows that the food is already partly decomposed and more ready for the gastric juices to act on. But to effect this advantage the succulent ensilage has lost some of its carbonaceous and more of its nitrogenous matter. This is represented by the carbonic acid gas at the top of the silo, which is relied upon to keep it sweet by excluding oxygen and preventing further fermentation.

New Cisterns.

It is a hard matter to use the water from a newly cemented cistern. The common way is to let it fill up and then stand awhile, then draw the water out and even then the next filling will taste of the cement. Instead of all this labor and waste of time and water, take pearline or salsoda, dissolve it, and scrub the cement thoroughly after it is hard. After scrubbing, rinse the cistern out clean and remove the water. The cistern will then be ready for the water and will taste very little of the cement, and can be used at once.

Cheap Sweet Potato Plants.

A correspondent of the American Agriculturist says that when sweet potato vines are about 18 inches long, cut off 12 or 14 inches and set out as shown in the illustration. Treated in this way, this planted vine will raise the



THE PLANTED POTATO VINE.

best of potatoes and its removal will not injure the original plant.

Rust in Carnations.

A writer in an English paper gives this recipe for preventing rust in carnations, which he received from a gardener in Germany, whose plants were unusually fine and in healthy condition. He mixes two pounds of vitriol and four of freshly slacked lime in twenty-seven gallons of water, and stirs well together, until it is clear, not blue, and then he adds two pounds of sugar and mixes all again. With this he syringes his plants once a week, early in the day. The syringing should be done quickly, finely and evenly.

Arbor Vitae Hedges.

In order to have a full hedge the plants should be about two feet apart in the row and carefully trimmed once a year. In the fall loosen the top soil on both sides of the hedge and apply wood ashes. Keep a close watch for the basket worm, which does considerable damage to evergreen hedges of this kind. The plant is best known to some as "flat cedar," because the leaf is flat. It is one of the most beautiful ornamental plants grown.

Peanuts.

Peanuts require a light soil, sandy loam being excellent. The seeds are planted about three inches deep and the soil kept loose. They seem to be benefited by lime or wood ashes on the soil. The plant is very pretty while growing, and a few of them in a garden add to its attractiveness. Plant the seeds in May, or as soon as possible after danger from frost is over. The seeds should be removed from the shells, and care should be taken not to break the crown skin covering of the seeds.

When to Plant the Garden.

Do not be deceived by the advance warm weather of spring and put in the garden crops too soon. It will be time enough to complete the planting when the apple trees begin to bloom. A late frost will destroy all tender plants. Cool nights are also detrimental to the growth of such plants as squash, beans, melons, tomatoes and corn. The ground must be warm before plants will make headway in growth.