

THE DOUBLE SECRET

BY FLORENCE MARYATT

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Look, look," she continued, as she held out her hand to him, "what is the meaning of this? You wrote it? Where did you know her? Can it be really true that you gave them to her?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Jasper irritably, as she seized on her string of questions; "be more explicit, or I cannot answer you."

"These—these," replied Agnes, holding out her hand again, and then he perceived that the photographs he had taken from the marquetrie cabinet, he had left them in his pocket when he had changed his suit, and Agnes had been exercising her marital right to put away his things. He wore under his breath as he took them from her, but it was too late to prevent mischief. On the back of one was written, in his hand, "To Cousin Evelyn, from Cousin Will," on the back of the other, in Evelyn's, "From my own darling Will, with an appended date. As Jasper looked at the inscriptions, and remembered that Agnes had heard the story of her early attachment from Evelyn's own lips, his face came and went, and he realized that he must either brave the matter out by lying, or make his wife his confidant."

"Speak to me," exclaimed Agnes, hysterically; "tell me the meaning of it, for heaven's sake. That is the same photograph you showed me at Featherstone Hall, and threw in the fire sooner than I should keep it. Is it possible you are not Jasper Lyle—that you have deceived me—that you are Evelyn's Cousin Will? Speak, or I shall go mad."

She was so fearfully agitated that he was afraid to deceive her further. And after all, he thought, she was his wife; their interests were the same, and it would be wiser to take her into his confidence. But first he must do a little bit of eye-making, at which, when he chose, Mr. William Caryl Jasper Lyle was particularly happy. So he went and sat down on the couch, and threw his arms about Agnes, and kissed her warmly.

"I will tell you everything," he whispered, "if you won't cry. And first, you must know how I love you, Agnes."

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," she said, nestling to him; "and that nothing can loosen the close tie between us."

"You are my wife, Agnes—my very wife—and I will keep nothing from you. My name is not Jasper Lyle. It is William Caryl, and I am Evelyn Hayne's cousin."

She lifted her big blue eyes, wide open, to his face. Her mouth had fallen apart like that of a frightened child. Her breath came in short gasps from her laboring breast.

"William Caryl," she repeated at length. "Oh, Jasper, and—she loved you?"

"Hush, Agnes, my darling. If you make your distress patent to the household, and this news gets about, you will lose me altogether. I will go back to America to-night, and you shall never see me again. Be patient, and you shall know everything and confess I am not so much to blame."

"But she loved you," moaned Agnes.

"Years and years ago, but what of that? You can see very plainly that Miss Evelyn doesn't love me to-day. Why, she is positively rude sometimes. It was a boy and girl attachment, which never would have come to anything."

"Jasper, does she know you are her cousin? When did she find it out?"

"Directly she saw me, you little goose. Don't you remember her leaving the Hall the first evening we met here? And then I paid her a visit at Mount Eden, and we had it out and she promised to respect my innocence and keep my secret. But something has happened lately, Agnes, which is likely to make me throw off my disguise, and then I should have been obliged to tell you everything. It is a very long story that cannot be told in a minute, and the first dinner bell has rung. Dress yourself now and come downstairs, and you shall hear everything this evening. I promise you. And remember, Agnes, this is a profound secret, and you must not breathe a word of what I have told you to any one."

"Not even to Evelyn?"

"Not till I give you leave. You promise me, Agnes?"

"I promise you," she said, as she hid her face from view again.

CHAPTER XXI.

Jasper Lyle had a motive for deferring the relation of his adventures till after dinner. He wanted time to decide how much of them he had better tell, and how much leave untold. He didn't want to startle Agnes too much at first, and forgive me if I say, she would fly to Evelyn for consolation, and it was his object to detach her as much as possible from her early friend.

He snatched back into his wife's room after the dinner as if he had been a hero about to relate the story of his victories, rather than a criminal to confess his crime.

"Jasper, tell me the story quickly," Agnes exclaimed, as soon as he entered the room. "I feel as if I could not bear the suspense."

He told his story straight enough until he came to the time of his commission of the forgery, then he continued:

"I was then the acknowledged heir to my uncle's fortune and estate. Everyone knew it. Uncle Roger made no secret of it, and always treated me as his son. But the old gentleman was very stingy, and when he found I had outstrived the constant, he cut off my allowance, and left me without a farthing. Of course I wanted money for Eve, and other things, and a fellow clerk of mine suggested we should raise some. I was a young fool, and didn't know anything about such things, so I left it all to him. He raised up a bill of one hundred pounds, and had fifty to me, with which to pay a tailor's bill. One day there was a row in the office, and I was questioned about getting the money, and told the truth, but made evident to believe me, and then I found that the other fellow had been forging—actually forging my uncle's name to a check, and deceiving I was his nephew, though I couldn't tell you I would have had nothing to do with such a thing. But I was so frightened at the conviction, that I ran home to my mother, and stayed with her until I had

best to prove my innocence, and here the unhappy part of the story comes in, Agnes."

"Why didn't Eve help you? She, who is always so ready to help others."

"Well, she posted off to see Uncle Roger (whom she had never met before, mind you), and what passed between them heaven only knows; but it changed the whole current of my life. She came back only to tell me that my uncle was resolved to prosecute me with the other fellow, though I was as innocent as the babe unborn, and that my only safety lay in flight. She dyed my hair brown (perhaps you will be surprised to hear that, naturally, my hair is almost as golden as your own, Agnes), and dressed me in a suit of girl's clothes, and persuaded me to go to New York on board an emigrant ship. And I was so frightened, and she gave me so little time for reflection, that I actually did as she advised me. And then, when I had left England beyond recall, she made up to the old gentleman to such an extent that he brought her to live here with him, and left her all he had. Doubtless she persuaded him that I was dead or guilty, and trusted to my never turning up again. But (telling my Cousin Hugh) I was my uncle's next male heir, and Evelyn Hayne is usurping my legal right to-day by calling herself mistress of Mount Eden. And that's your unfortunate husband's story, Agnes."

"But you would never go to law against Evelyn?" cried Agnes, horrified.

"And why not, my darling? Which do you suppose I love best—Evelyn or you? For whose rights should I fight? Evelyn's or yours? You are the real mistress of Mount Eden. Why shouldn't I put you in your proper place?"

But Agnes had burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, Jasper," she sobbed, "I don't want it. I should be miserable. I should be always thinking of Evelyn, and that I had turned her out of her home. I could not do it. We are very happy as we are. Why can't everything go on the same?"

"It's very evident that you love Eve better than you do me," said her husband, with an offended air. "It isn't every wife who would care to see her husband thrown into daily and hourly contact with a woman who is very much in love with him."

Mrs. Lyle grew as red as a rose.

"But that happened so long ago, Jasper. Surely Evelyn must have forgotten it by this time?"

"Did it appear to you as if she had got over it when she told you the story of her early attachment in this very house? What have you repeated to me on the subject yourself this evening?"

Agnes was silent, though her bosom heaved violently, and her color came and went in sudden rushes. Jasper had hit the right nail on the head this time, and touched the spring that would make his wife see all things through the medium of his interpretation.

"I must beg of you, Agnes, to be completely silent on this subject," he said. "Not a word or hint, mind, to Evelyn or any one. We must work in the dark a while before we can bring everything to the light. And I hope you will not let what I have told you make any difference in your behavior toward my cousin, or I shall be sorry that I confided in you. Let everything go on the same while I carry out my plans, and some day you will see yourself the mistress of Mount Eden."

"I will try," said Agnes, in a low voice.

"And now, my darling, will you go to bed? You look very weary, and I want to go out and have my cigar—and Eve will be thinking it strange if I remain away from her much longer."

"She will be trying to make love to you again," said Agnes, in a tone of injury, as she buried her face in the sofa cushion.

"But she will fail," answered her husband gaily, as he kissed her and left the room.

But though she was wounded and jealous, and unhappy, the last words the poor girl kept repeating before she cried herself to sleep were, "Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn. I never thought Evelyn could be untrue to me. However am I to meet her again?"

CHAPTER XXII.

But though Jasper Lyle made every excuse for his wife on the score of ill-health and fatigue, and though Agnes herself tried hard to believe in all things as she had done before, it was impossible, as the days went on, that Evelyn Hayne should not distinguish a visible alteration in her little friend's manner toward her. She guessed that it was due to Jasper Lyle's influence, but that made it all the harder to bear, as under no circumstances would she have dreamt of interfering between a husband and his wife. She would not stoop to ask Agnes (who had never kept anything from her before) for the reason of her coldness. She knew it was undeserved, as far as she was concerned, and she trusted to time to make her friend see the truth for herself. But meanwhile, her heart was very heavy, and the color seemed to have faded from her life.

Captain Philip knew she was in trouble. Often when he was talking to her of reaping, or carrying, or stacking, he could see that her thoughts were far away, and sometimes such a heavy sigh would burst from her bosom, as he had seldom heard her give vent to before. Had he cared for her less, he might have spoken to her on the subject, but his great love made him timid, and he did not dare to mention it, far less to express the deep sympathy which he felt. But he showed it, nevertheless, by becoming absent-minded as well as herself, and being obliged to bring back his thoughts, with a jerk, to the matter in hand.

"You have never spoken to me, Captain Philip," she said one day, abruptly, of Mr. Lyle. "What do you think of him from a business point of view? Is he perfectly satisfactory? Does he carry out your orders obediently?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me, Miss Rayne. I know that Mr. Lyle is a friend of yours, and you place me in a very unpleasant position. If you compel me to speak, Miss Rayne, I not only find Mr. Lyle very unsatisfactory from a business point of view (in fact, worse than useless), but I consider him to be a dangerous factor on the estate. He is constantly to be seen

in the tap-room of the 'Green Man,' and nobbling with such men as Mullins and Barker—neither of them bearing too good a character in their own class."

"I must put a stop to it. It is going too far," said Evelyn, with knitted brows.

"There is another thing, Miss Rayne, that I hardly know if I have a right to mention to you, and yet I feel I should not be acting as your friend, or rather, I should say, as your faithful servant—"

Evelyn turned her eyes upon him.

"Why should you try to amend that sentence, Captain Philip? You are my friend. I am well aware of it. Sometimes I think," she added sadly, "you are the only friend I have."

He colored like a boy. Captain Philip (notwithstanding his thirty-six years) had not lost a habit of blushing that was very becoming to him.

"If I only thought—" he commenced, and there stopped short.

"Well?" said Evelyn, softly.

"Oh, Miss Rayne, your kindness puts everything I was going to say out of my head. I so much fear that you may think me presumptuous—that—that— Only believe that I shall be too much honored by being your friend, and your faithful servant both, to my life's end."

Neither of them spoke for a minute after that, and then Evelyn said:

"And what is this information which you are dubious about the propriety of repeating to me, Captain Philip?"

"A foolish report that you have not an entirely legal hold on Mount Eden, and that before long a claimant will start up to dispute the property with you. It is too ridiculous an idea even to be contradicted, but if it is one of Mr. Lyle's jokes, the sooner he stops them the better, for you know what the ignorant classes are ready to believe anything to the detriment or discomfiture of their superiors."

"Mr. Lyle has dared to say that," murmured Evelyn, with clenched teeth.

"I honestly believe it commenced with him. When it reached my ears, I made strict inquiries for its origin, and everything attributed it to the same source—Mr. Lyle's drunken friend, Mullins the brewer. Of course you know how such stories grow by repetition. Still, there was never a hint of such a scandal before Mr. Lyle appeared among us."

"Thanks, Captain Philip, thanks. Please say no more. It shall be stopped, and at once."

"It is such a silly fabrication," said the overseer; "it bears absurdity upon the face of it. For there is no one who could dispute your claim, is there?"

"No one, except my Cousin Hugh. Oh, Captain Philip, you can't think how much I wish sometimes that he had never died. It is a cruel kindness to leave so much responsibility on the shoulders of a woman. The back is not fitted for the burden."

"Yours has proved itself to be eminently fitted, Miss Rayne. You mustn't lose heart because an ungrateful fool does not know how to value your kindness to him."

Evelyn was burning with indignation at what she had heard, and determined to let Will Caryl understand the only conditions on which he could retain his position at Mount Eden. When dinner was ended, and she found herself in the drawing-room with Agnes and her husband, it seemed a favorable time. They had sat through an uncomfortable meal, none of them appearing to have much to say to the other, and it was a relief to Evelyn to be able to take up her needlework, and feel that she was free to talk.

"Mr. Lyle," she commenced gravely, "I must ask you to listen to me for a few minutes. I understand you are still in the habit of spending your afternoons at the 'Green Man,' and that it deteriorates (as it inevitably must) do from your dignity as my steward. I must beg you to discontinue the custom. It is not the first time (as you know) that I have been obliged to speak to you on the subject."

Jasper Lyle's manner to the mistress of Mount Eden had become far more jaunty and familiar of late, and now there seemed a ring of actual insolence in the tone in which he replied:

"I was really not aware that your benefits to me included the supervision of my morals."

Evelyn looked straight at him, but her gaze had no power to make him avert his eyes.

"From this unworthy habit of yours," continued Evelyn, in the same grave tone, "has sprung up a great annoyance to me. I cannot believe it emanated from yourself—I credit you with a little more sense—but it is attributed to you on all sides, and it is doubtless had its rise in your character."

"And what may this be?" inquired Lyle.

"A rumor that I hold Mount Eden on an uncertain tenure, and that there are other claimants to the estate."

"Well?" he said carelessly.

"Well?" repeated Evelyn indignantly, "if you have said so, sir, you know it to be untrue. You know that I am the legal owner of the property, and that no one has the faintest shadow of a claim to it but myself."

"But supposing I don't know it? What then?"

"Do you wish to insult me? What would you insinuate?"

She spoke more cautiously than she would have done otherwise, because she had no idea that Jasper had confided the secret of his identity to his wife, and she feared to raise her curiosity.

"That you hold the estate only as next of kin, Miss Rayne, and that there is a nearer relative to the late Mr. Caryl still in the land of the living."

Evelyn could not believe her ears. Was it possible he could have the audacity to advance a forger's claim to the estate? But she remembered the presence of his wife, and answered calmly:

"You are mistaken. My late uncle had only two male heirs, and they are both dead—one in reality, the other in law."

"That is what I have my doubts about," said Lyle.

"Then your doubts shall soon be cleared up," she answered, rising. "I will go and write my solicitor at once to come down here to-morrow and convince you of the truth of my assertion. I will not permit such hurtful rumors to be spread about Mount Eden without being refuted. There is not a soul on earth to dare to dispute my right to it."

"Not even your cousin, Will Caryl?" he exclaimed indignantly.

"His impudence made Evelyn forget everything but itself."

"My Cousin Will?" she repeated.

"What a forger!"

But now it was Agnes' turn to exhibit her prowess, and she spring forward in her husband's defense like a basket ball with rattled fells.

"How dare you call him a forger?" she cried indignantly. "You know it is not

true. You know it was the other fellow who did it, and the blame was fairly put on Jasper. And now you would keep his estate from him, and everything. Oh! it is too bad."

Evelyn turned to the speaker in unmitigated surprise.

"What are you talking of, Agnes?" she said. "What can you know about all this? We were speaking of my cousin, Will Caryl."

"And I know that Jasper is Will Caryl," replied Agnes. "My husband has told me everything—how you made him go out to America, so that you might get Mount Eden, and how angry you were when you heard he was going to marry me, and how you got him here, so that you might make love to him, and—"

"Stop!" cried Evelyn, in a voice of stern authority—"stop at once, Agnes. I refuse to listen to another word. If your husband has been base enough to give you this version of his unhappy story, you must believe him or not, as you choose. But I will not hear it repeated, and he knows it to be untrue."

"I know no such thing," interposed Jasper, bravely trying to get in a word for himself (as you assert), where are the proofs?"

"You know where they are. You have seen them."

"I know you showed me some papers, which you said were the forged checks, but I only had your word for it."

"Only my word?" said Evelyn, with a look of scorn.

"Just so; which proves nothing."

"Do you wish your wife to see them, then? Do you want her to be a participant in your shame?"

"If you have them, by all means produce them. It is because I know you cannot have them that I desire your word to be put to the test."

"I know no such thing," Agnes shall be convinced that I have spoken the truth. Come with me to my private room."

It was night as they entered her room, but a tall silver lamp on the center table cast a soft light upon all the surrounding objects. Evelyn fetched her keys from the bedroom, and going up to the marquetrie cabinet, unlocked the drawer in which she had deposited the dishonored checks. It contained only the soiled gloves and battered fustian-case. She turned the articles over several times, as though searching for something else, and then, with a look of consternation, she unlocked all the drawers in succession, and ransacked them thoroughly, while Will Caryl stood by with a smile upon his face.

"Well!" he ejaculated presently, "how much longer do you intend to keep us waiting? Where are these evidences of my criminality?"

"Gone!" she gasped. "It seems incredible, but they are gone! You are a thief, Will Caryl, as well as a forger, and you have stolen them."

"Oh, Jasper," exclaimed Agnes, springing to his arms, "how can you let her speak to you like that? How dare you say he is a thief?" she continued, stamping her foot with impotent rage at Evelyn; "this is your mean revenge because he didn't marry you instead of me! And I loved you so, Evelyn—I loved you so."

Here she began to sob violently, but Evelyn only showed her emotion by her trembling lips and quivering nostrils.

"And I have loved you too, Agnes, God knows!" she replied solemnly, "but you cannot hold by this man and by me at the same time. One of us you must let go. And that one must not be your husband, so I suppose that we must part. But I do not think I have deserved this treatment from either of you."

She rushed through the hall, and out into the open air as she spoke, and the sobs which she could no longer restrain burst from her laboring bosom. Her steps carried her in the direction of the cottage, and her heart told her that here was a friend whom she might trust, if need be, without stint, but some unaccountable feeling made her shrink from consulting him.

(To be continued.)

EARLY METAL WORKERS.

Antiquity of the Art Established by Recently Discovered Inscriptions.

The earliest miners and metal workers of whom we have record were the Aryan peoples of Euro-Asian origin, who, though of pastoral and arboreal habits, were familiar with the metals and worked them—at least with the metals gold, silver and bronze, says Self-Culture, Chaldeans and Assyrians, as we now know from the cuneiform inscriptions which go back 3,000 years B. C., were undoubtedly expert in the use of metals, while the Egyptians had an intimate knowledge of the arts and sciences. In the brick and other inscriptions recently discovered, artisans are seen at work with curious details of their methods and tools. Potters, indeed, had attained eminence in their art, and the Egyptians had certainly a knowledge of chemistry, as the stone pictures of tools, forceps, blow pipes, etc., prove. Gold was largely used at an early period—between 4000 and 5000 B. C., as we find from some newly discovered and ingenious weighing balances. Many centuries older than the pyramids, which date from fifty to sixty centuries back, we have examples of engineering in Memphis which could not have been constructed without tools and necessarily an acquaintance with metals. The word "metals" is of Semitic origin—the Hebrew word "metals," to forge, indicates an early acquaintance with the fusing of ores and the malleability of metals.

How these early primitive people discovered the uses of things must, of course, have been through their wants and needs, particularly after they left pastoral and tent life and began to build cities. The Arabs are credited with being early acquainted with the alloys, though alchemy, as a science, dates only from the sixteenth century.

Wells Under the Sea.

In the garrison station forts standing in the sea at Siphed, the supply of fresh water is obtained from wells inside their own walls, which lie under the bed of the sea. It is said that the water is exceedingly cool and pure.

All Eggs Gone.

Miss Partridge—All, there is no marring or giving in marriage in heaven.

Miss Wainman—Well, dear, you know you have my sympathy.



FARM AND GARDEN.

Hot Water Brooder.

The cut shows a simple form of hot-water brooder to be used without a lamp, the galvanized iron tank being filled with hot water night and morning (as you assert), where are the proofs?"

"You know where they are. You have seen them."

"I know you showed me some papers, which you said were the forged checks, but I only had your word for it."

"Only my word?" said Evelyn, with a look of scorn.

"Just so; which proves nothing."

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(To be continued.)



FIG. 1.

double row of slashed woolen cloth, under which the chicks can run. The tank is seen to set back from this board, giving a chance for a packing of sawdust, or bran, over and all around the tank. The chicks huddle beneath the tank, and if they find it too warm, they poke their heads out through the cloth, or come wholly out

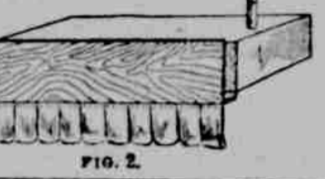


FIG. 2.

into the outer, or scratching, room. Keep the tank hot enough so the chicks will not crowd together under it, but will be inclined to put their heads out through the cloth. Place the brooder under an open shed, and the chicks can run out of doors on sunny days.—American Agriculturist.

IMPROVING A PASTURE SPRING.

The average pasture spring is apt to be a mud hole because not protected from the cattle's feet. Where a spring is to furnish the sole supply of water for a pasture year after year, it is worth while to make the most of it. If there is an old iron kettle with a break in the bottom, it can be utilized after the fashion shown in the cut, provided the source of the spring is a little higher than the point where it issues from the ground. With rough stones and ce-



IMPROVED PASTURE SPRING.

ment build a water-tight wall about the spring, setting the rocks well down into the ground. Set the kettle with the opening in the bottom so that the water will rise to its top. A pure supply will thus always be at hand for the stock and a permanent improvement made to the pasture.—Orange Judd Farmer.

FARMERS NOT IMPROVING OPPORTUNITIES.

Farmers are not improving their opportunities for poultry production as they might. Comparatively few keep as many hens as the village mechanic or the town fancier who makes the most of his back lot. There are more of the latter than of the former whose hens number up into the hundreds, and who make a careful study of poultry production. This ought not to be so. Fifty or seventy-five hen-power poultry plants are quite common on farms, but 300 or 500 hen-power farms are few and far between. They should be common, and 1,000, 2,000, and even 3,000 hens might be kept on many farms by those who will carefully study the business. Do I know what I am talking about? Yes, I think I do. I know of 3,000 hen egg farms that have been successfully run for many years. They are not, however, conducted after the fanciers' methods or by closely following the directions laid down in the poultry books and papers.—Samuel Cushman, in Rural World.

Moss in Pasture.

Wherever moss creeps into pasture, it is a sure sign that the soil has either been exhausted of some of its valuable mineral fertility, or that the soil has been so poisoned by stagnant water that humic acid has developed. The cheapest experiment is to run over the surface with the harrow, loosening or tearing up some of the moss, and sowing grass seed. If you can afford potash and phosphate, give a dressing of these. This will make grass grow in place of moss.

Evergreen Hedges.

The desire to secure a quick hedge induces close cutting of the plants, which causes them to crowd in after years, as well as struggle for plant food. Give plenty of room at first, allowing not less than a yard of space between plants, as they will fill the space as they advance in growth. The enemy of hedges is the basket worm,

and the "hedge-ants" should be picked off and burned. They are really common and can be easily found. Spray the hedge with Paris green two or three times during the season.

Making a Lawn.

Lawns are desirable on farms and suburban lots, but it frequently happens that the grass dies off if a dry summer comes. If the lawn is small water can be supplied two or three times a week, but on large grass plots this cannot always be done. There are two modes of making a lawn. One is to cut sod and turf the plot, in which case water must be used until the grass starts. The other is to plow or spade the plot, apply plenty of well-rotted manure and seed to mixed lawn grass. This should be done in August, but if rains are plentiful seed sown in the spring will make a lawn before the summer is over. The most important point is to use the lawn mower at proper times. If the grass is kept very close it will not thrive, especially the first year. It may be mowed two or three times during the year, so as to thicken the growth, but to keep the lawn "shaved" at all times will injure the grass, as it must be given time to become well established. The best fertilizer for a lawn of one acre is a mixture of 50 pounds nitrate of soda, 75 pounds muriate of potash and 60 pounds bone meal, which is not a heavy application, however. Mulch the lawn late in the fall with fine manure that is free from litter.

Value of the Cream Separator.

The story is told of an Iowa dairyman who skimmed his milk at home by hand, and satisfied himself that there was not enough butter fat left in it to give even a smell of butter. A separator man challenged him to bring a sample of his skim-milk for analysis. The challenge was accepted, and the test showed that 2 per cent. of butter fat had been left in the milk. In other words, nearly one-half of the butter in that milk had been fed to calves and pigs. This is pretty expensive pig feeding, even at the present low prices for butter. It was certainly an eye-opener for that dairyman. The human hand is superior to many machines, but when it comes to skimming milk no hand-skimmer can beat the separator for getting the butter fat out of a given weight of every-day milk.—Indiana Farmer.

Canada Thistles.

Some farmers will allow Canada thistles to remain rather than to undertake the task of their destruction. No one should expect to get rid of them in a year, but the land can be cleared of them if the work is properly done and persisted in. Plow the land and plant to potatoes. In addition to the cultivator use the hoe, and always cut the thistles two or three inches under ground. The next year grow cabbages or some other crop requiring the hoe seven or eight times, and the thistles will become less numerous every year. Then sow Hungarian grass and mow it as frequently as possible.

Poultry and Garden.

A poultryman who is noted for success in producing vegetables states that he grows twice as much on an acre as formerly. He keeps 100 fowls, and has two lots of ground, one being given up to the fowls, while the other is used for garden, the lots being about one and a quarter acres each. The next year he turns the fowls on the garden plot and uses for a garden the plot then vacated by the fowls. By thus giving up the garden plot to poultry every alternate year he keeps the soil very fertile.

Trimming Blackberries.

It is now contended that it is a mistake to cut blackberry canes back too low, as they will give better crops if allowed more cane. They should be given better cultivation than is usually bestowed. One point to observe is that if the old canes have not been cut out and burnt there will be damage from borers. Blackberries will thrive on all kinds of soil, but to secure good crops fertilizer should be supplied in the spring and the canes thinned out in the rows where they are too close together.

Yields of Corn.

Extraordinary yields of corn on small plots are not indicative of what may be the result on a large field, as soils vary. Trials of corn are usually made on rich bottom plots, or on specially prepared ground, but there is no denying the fact that the yields of corn on large areas may be greatly increased by proper preparation of the soil and the use of a liberal amount of manure or fertilizer. No farmer should be satisfied with his yield, but should aim to increase it every year if it is possible to do so.

Feeding Animals.

The common mode of feeding animals is to give the grain in a separate trough from the hay or fodder, and at different times. Such method is preferred because it saves labor, but the best results are obtained by mixing the ground grain with coarse food that has been passed through the feed cutter. Less food will then be required to obtain results, because the mixed food will be better digested and assimilated than when the substances are given separately.

How to Keep Children at Home.

If the farm is large enough to divide, better share it with the children as they mature than to drive them off to other fields. A man can often do better on what he has left than he could upon the whole farm after the boys are gone.—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

Corn Fodder.

Shredded fodder is excellent, but try a piece of fodder corn for shredding. Grow it in the same manner as for ensilage, cure it properly and keep it under shelter. The curing of the corn and preserving it are the secrets of success with fodder of all kinds.