

DOUBLY WEDDED

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER I.

Lilith was ugly. She was tall, thin, waxy, with a thick mass of black hair, and black eyes that had a sort of ferocity in their intense gaze. She was the only grandchild of the popular Squire Ware; and there was not a more popular couple than the rubicund, jolly squire and the little old lady madam, his wife, for miles around. There was always a welcome for guests at the old stone Hall; at Heathside Hall there was open house. Mrs. Lilith's mother, the beautiful Mrs. Drew, who had mysteriously disappeared from her father's home some years after her marriage with the dashing young Guardsman, Captain Drew, and who, with the old lady, had lived there in seclusion ever since, held the county sympathy by reason of her worse than widowhood. People looked upon Lilith's cleverness as somewhat witchlike. They could not forget that the dark, handsome scoundrel who had loved and won the county belle, Lillian Ware, and had afterward brutally deserted her and eloped with an actress, was Lilith's father. When good old ladies talked about Lilith under their tea, they would charitably say that, if she was ugly—which was an undoubted fact—it was a mercy that she was nothing worse. Still there was time yet even for that, they would sorrowfully add, with bated breath. It was the eve of her fifteenth birthday, a warm, still summer evening in June. She had dined with her grandfather, grandmother and mother, but had been darkly silent during the meal. Ordinarily she burst out with all the thoughts which agitated her restless mind during the day, with her quaint fancies—which the squire would laugh at or listen to as his humor prompted, while dear Madam Ware would enjoy watching the varying expressions upon her loved ones' faces, and placid Mrs. Drew would hang upon this curious being's queer words, in her chronic wonderment how this dark, strange, clever creature came to be her own child, her one, only possession in life. But to-night Lilith's mind was oppressed with the magnitude of the birthday favor she was about to ask. It had been the squire's custom to grant one request of hers on the eve of each anniversary of her birth, as it came round—provided always that it was in his power to grant the desired favor.

That evening, as soon as the men servants had removed the tablecloth, and the four were alone, sitting round the polished mahogany table laden with silver dishes of ruddy strawberries and other June fruit, he leaned back in his chair, tucking his thumbs into his armbolts, gave a long, low chuckle as he looked at Lilith, and said:

"Well, little mistress, your old grandfather hasn't forgotten what day it is to-morrow; nor you either—eh, wench? What are you going to rob me of this time? You stole my heart the first birthday, you know! There's nothing of that sort left in my mind that I can't give you."

"I shan't set it out, I will whisper it, if you like," said Lilith.

"Holy-toity! Here's a mystery for you! Here's a necromancy and what's-its-name! Mother mustn't hear—eh, Lil?"

The squire was always childishly gratified by any one's confidence, however trivial. So he willingly lent his ear. But Lilith whispered, he looked puzzled.

"Eh—what do you mean?" he asked.

Lilith whispered again—then suddenly flew out of the room.

"She said, 'Give me myself.' Is anything wrong with the lass? Has she gone cranky? What does she mean?" asked the squire blankly of Mrs. Drew.

"I think I understand, father," said the faded but beautiful lady, her thin cheeks flushing just a little. "She wants to go away."

"Where—where on earth to?" cried the squire hastily. "School? Didn't I say she ought to go to school long ago? She's too old now. Just like all you women. When you're wanted to do a thing, you won't; but, when the right time for doing the thing is over and past and gone, oh, then you're hot on it, and you'll hear of me she shan't go! So there now! Put that in your pipes and smoke it!"

The squire was peppy at times; but no one thought much of his little splutterings. He was seriously put out now. He pushed back his chair, got up, and went off to his smoking room.

Lilith had gone out into the grounds. Before her lay the garden, laid out in prime walks, with high box borders. To the right, towering elms and busily chestnuts hid the stables and outhouses, the big barn and sheds. To the left was the kitchen-garden wall. The flower garden sloped to the "wild part," as Lilith called it. Here ferns flourished under the nut trees. The fish pond and a hut with a thick thatch that was called "the wigwam"—a favorite haunt of Lilith's—were both indistinct under the row of poplars which stood between the squire's garden and his wide fields.

Lilith was in one of her fiercest humors, half passion, half pain. She gazed with a passionate longing toward the world behind those slim black poplars. It looked as if the gorgeous world of her imagination was bathed in gold, while her little corner of it was in the shadow.

She turned, hearing a light footstep crackle on the gravelled terrace above. Mrs. Drew was coming toward her. Her sweet, patient face, with the halo of fair hair, looked saintly in the eyes of her enthusiastic child. Her gray silk dress gleamed in the red light as she saw Lilith, and came tripping toward her down the broad stone steps.

"It feels damp," she said, twisting her emerald handkerchief round her fair throat. "Come into my room. There we can talk over this tremendous communication into the smoking room."

"No, here—now!" Lilith eagerly dragged her mother to a bench on the terrace, and held her hands as she rapidly poured out her confidence. She unfolded her plans pretty clearly. She wanted to show her sketches to some eminent painter, to show his fat. If he said she might be a painter, she would work successfully. When his opinion unfavorable, she would

try music—"although I cannot love music like my painting," she said, with a sigh. "It is so vague; it gives one thoughts, but it does not realize them. Music seems to be the beginning of a whole universe of beautiful unknown things; but it never comes close to the things themselves."

"Come in and talk to grandpapa," interrupted Mrs. Drew abruptly. Then, as they ascended the steps and went toward the long windows that opened upon the terrace, she spoke with mild sarcasm. "I do not wish to cast any doubt upon the fact that you have only to paint a picture six feet by four and it will at once by general acclamation be hung upon the line," she said quietly, "or, that you have only to play those peculiar compositions of yours—which always make me think of gyronas—to some musical authority, and you will be engaged at once for the best concert of the season. These things happen constantly—in novels."

"But did you not say there was hidden talent in my sketches? Did not Mr. Rawson say I was a painter?"

"I am your mother, Lilith. Mr. Rawson is your indulgent friend."

"But I know—I feel it—myself."

Lilith spoke decidedly. Her mother said no more; but, as she pushed open the half-closed window and stepped into the great drawing room, she felt that, argue coolly and logically as she might, the fact that there were nerve, strength and peculiarity in Lilith's doings was undeniable.

"It may be a species of genius," she thought. "In any case, we ought to give it a chance."

So she went into the room, intending to plead to a certain extent for Lilith's wild fancies. She did not cross her father's will. She could not always make it incline toward her own when she chose to try.

He was certainly in a bad temper; but Mrs. Drew's inert, graceful self-possession was an antidote to what the squire's painters called his "mantrums." As his daughter reclined calmly upon an old-fashioned chaise longue, and taking a feather fan from a table close at hand, began leisurely to fan herself, he felt ashamed, inferior, somehow.

She first discomfited on art, which the squire knew nothing about. She represented Lilith as a possible votary, chosen—as it were, predestined—to be famous. This might be, just as Lilith herself and all about her might also be deceived. It was only just to Lilith to give her the chance of showing which of these two things was the truth. It was impossible for this truth to be got at unless Lilith's paintings were subjected to the opinion of an authority. Mrs. Drew pool-pooled the musical tendency in which she had little faith. Then she proposed the means of bringing about the desired result, and, after twenty minutes' discussion, the squire found himself giving his consent to his daughter's and granddaughter's migration to London there to reside for an uncertain period.

"It seems strange like—you two wanting to leave the old house," he said. "Well—there! It'll be dull for mother and me without you."

CHAPTER II.

Squire Ware having consented to Mrs. Drew's proposition to take Lilith to London for lessons, advice, et cetera, the arrangements were speedily made.

Mrs. Drew's income—the interest of the capital which had been her dowry—had been more than sufficient to cover her expenditure during those years she had lived in her old home; so she had saved a considerable sum, and could afford to spend a few hundreds a year for at least some little time to come.

She consulted her old friend and adviser, the popular rector of the parish, and he approved her plans. These were to take a small house in London, to engage the head kitchen-maid and one of the housemaids at the Hall as cook and parlor maid. The starch Mary would continue to be maid to Lilith and herself. The house was chosen, Mrs. Drew went to town herself with the rector and his wife, and made all the arrangements. The servants were sent to London, the knick-knacks and odds and ends had been packed and sent off. Mrs. Drew and Lilith were spending their afternoons in paying farewell visits to neighboring country seats, rectories or vicarages. A farewell dinner party was arranged, when all was suddenly stopped.

The squire was opening the post bag as usual one morning, when Mrs. Drew, who was pouring out tea, saw him start, pause, then stare at a letter and thrust it into his pocket. Her first impulse was to ask what was the matter. Then she thought, "It is no business of mine," and took no notice of the squire's hurried, absent manner. There was a blank look of some emotion akin to dread upon his kindly face.

Squire Ware took his hat and stick, went off to the stables, peremptorily ordered a groom to saddle his cob, and mounted before the beast was fairly saddled and bridled.

The squire rode off by a back lane. He was oppressed with mingled grief, anger, and disgust. He was going to seek counsel and actual support from his old friend Hugh Rawson, the rector. Meanwhile, as he rode along, he muttered imprecations against a certain individual. He anathematized the hour that brought them together. He ended his long string of severe sayings by the horrible utterance, "Tis a good thing, after all, there's a bed place—a dust hole for human refuse such as he!"

The rector was a fine, tall man, who stooped to enter by his low doorways; his handsome face was crowned by prematurely blanched hair; his keen black eyes, which seemed to possess the faculty of looking for and finding the truth, were softened as he saw he was wanted. Since Mrs. Drew's desertion by "that poor misguided fellow," as the rector mercifully designated Captain Drew, he had constantly prepared himself to be unexpectedly summoned to the Hall.

"I have come to tell you—that blackguard is dead," said the squire, huskily. The rector winced, then recovered himself.

"Well, perhaps it is for the best," he

began, encouragingly. "Your Lillian and her child—they will know their position—they will be free to act."

"For the best?" asked the squire.

"Here"—his trembling fingers searching his breast pocket—"read that—then say if it is for the best!"—and he tossed a letter which bore a deep black border across to the rector.

He opened it. There were two sheets. "Read the black-bordered first," growled the squire. "'Tis the father, Gen. Drew. Like father, like son! However he dared—but read—read!"

"Dear sir," it ran, "by copy of letter enclosed you will see that my son, Captain Drew, is dead. He died not only penniless, but in debt. Therefore the fact that he left no will is insignificant. Of course, the woman who ruined him and her children must go to the parish for assistance. Were I a rich man, instead of a poor pensioner, they should not receive one farthing from me. I am demanding my son's life and effects. Should I find any papers that belong by right to his widow, your daughter, I will forward them to her; and I have the honor to be, dear sir, your most obedient servant."

"GERALD DREW."

"Now read 'other,'" biased the squire, who had been watching his friend's face. As he read the second letter, the rector pursed his lips and gently stroked his cheek and chin.

It was from the "play-actress," as the squire scornfully termed the woman who had lured away his daughter's husband, and written to General Drew—a wild, passionate appeal:

"Sir—Do not be hard upon a broken-hearted woman. Your son is dead. He died suddenly. In the morning he left us—our children and myself—all, smiling, happy, in the afternoon four men carried something to the door of our rooms, followed by a crowd. It was my beloved husband—dead! Do not grudge me the word 'husband.' It ever a man and woman were man and wife in the sight of heaven, it was he and I. You may have heard me lightly spoken of, but never, oh, never after the day we promised to be true to each other till death! A great sacrifice has been offered up, and help has been promised to those who will sin no more. You, sir, and every one thought we committed a fearful sin. If we did, we have paid heavily already, and it is a ray of sunshine in my gloom to remember that at least my darling is spared further expiation. I will bear the rest. Trusting that you will be comforted in your grief at his loss, I am, your obedient and sorrowing

ALICIA DREW."

"What d'ye think of a fellow who could dare send me that brace-faced husky's hump?" asked the squire.

"I see a remorseful, a penitent soul, struggling to bear punishment," said the rector quietly.

"Bah!" cried the squire. "Now understand, Rawson—you know I'm a good friend to you and yours, and you're a good friend to me and mine; but we're not parson-in-the-pulpit and squire-in-the-pew this morning—we're man and man. What'd you say if a man came and stole your cob out of the field yonder? What ought they to do for husband-stealing—to a creature who has ruined a sweet girl's life—my Lillian's life—and sent her home with her child, begging shelter from her old father and mother? Why, hanging, drawing and quartering's too good for her! And as for him, he's only fit to be kicked into the pig-trough by the herd, and if you don't feel the same, I pity ye—I pity ye—that's all!"

"I feel as you would wish me to feel," said the rector, intercepting the squire as he turned to leave him. "Come, old friend, what can I do? Shall I break the news to dear Lillian?"

The squire gradually allowed himself to be pacified. He had come to ask the rector to break the news of her husband's death to Mrs. Drew; but he had many stipulations to make.

"Understand—no more of your Bible or your gospel now—here!" he insisted. "You'll have me bound and at your mercy on Sunday morning, and then you may pepper me with it as long as you like, and I can't say you say."

Then he laid down his law, which was that Mrs. Drew was to be told the bare fact of her husband's death, and that his circumstances and position at the time of his death were to be suppressed. She was never to be told of the woman and her children, who were designated by the squire in words that he would scarcely have used had ladies been present.

The rector listened and shook his head.

"You yourself made me Lillian's guardian in the event of your death," he said resolutely; "and I am trustee of her marriage settlement. At least as her parson, if not as her guardian and trustee, I may be treated with confidence. No good error came of the wilful suppression of truth; of that I am so certain that nothing would induce me to keep one circumstance from Lillian. She is no child; in a few weeks she will be thirty-four; I shall tell her all."

The squire argued, fumed; but the rector was obstinate.

"Then you must take the consequences," said the squire, at last, flinging himself out of the room and out of the house. "I shan't not! It is madness, foolery—subject foolery!"

"I'm ready to take the consequences," said the rector, and the squire peckishly pushed aside Mr. Rawson's helping hand, mounted and rode off, without so much as a parting salute.

CHAPTER III.

The squire went off and rode about the estate to avoid meeting his daughter at luncheon. Lilith rode over to say good-by to her young friends, the Grahames at Withers Court—a great house about seven miles away. Mrs. Drew watched her ride off; she was looking out of the painting room window. She then resumed her brush. The colors were mixed on her palette, and she was busily working away when Mary opened the door and announced the rector.

"You have come with bad news," she said slowly, hastily, as she noticed his unusually grave face. It was an assertion, rather than an inquiry.

"I have," said the rector desperately, rising and laying his hand gently upon her head. But she jerked it away with a "Don't speak!" So he stood, gazing silently at her motionless figure, wondering almost stupidly how he was to tell the rest of his tale.

Presently she raised her face, flushed, tearful.

"He did not kill himself?" she asked.

"Thank heaven—no!"

Lillian's head went down upon her folded arms again.

"He did not kill himself. Was it—a—?"

As Mrs. Drew asked her pitious question, the rector seated himself near her. She stretched out her hands to him, as a frightened child might; and, greatly and

unwillingly clasping those poor trembling hands, he told his tale, avoiding the mention of Lillian's rival as much as possible.

"She was—with him—when—it happened?" asked Mrs. Drew.

Mr. Rawson bowed his head.

"I am glad," she sighed. "I felt, when they went away, that he would be happier—he would understand him. I never could!"

The rector felt slightly embarrassed. This was a curious case.

"He was—he looked so strong," she said, in low, awed tones. "I could not have believed—he would die—so young. And I—I never said, 'Heaven bless you!' How hard! He would have said that. I am sure at the last he thought of me—at Lilith. Oh, poor Lilith, your father is dead!" Her head went down again; she sobbed.

"Lillian, you are a downright good woman, and heaven will reward you," said the rector feelingly. "How ever that poor fellow could leave you so heartlessly is a mystery to me."

"It is no mystery to me, Mr. Rawson," rejoined Mrs. Drew, struggling to regain her composure. "Do you mind listening? No? Then I will tell you exactly how it was. When I met Reginald, I was very young—only just out. He dazzled me; his courtship seemed too wonderful to be true. It was all a fairy tale, and my one feeling was that I must wake up and find our engagement a dream. Our honeymoon was spent in a rapid race through Europe. We were up at dawn, seeing sunrise, then rushing through picture galleries and churches till I was breathless and almost blind with the hurry and flurry. I found out that, if I did not take an active part in all that he was interested in, he was disappointed, disgusted. So I concealed my exhaustion as far as I could, intending to recruit strength when we got home. Folly! Home was worse. He was bored, and looked to me to amuse him. My health gave way. The doctor said I must on no account keep late hours. But all our friends gave entertainments in our honor, and I literally dared not stay away. He used to try hard to give me pleasure. He would surprise me with boxes for the opera or the theater, which I had to thank him for as if I liked them. Liked them? Sometimes I would faint when I was dressing; I fought fainting in the hot atmosphere. Once I did faint away quietly in my chair, and he covered to find him thoroughly out of temper, saying, 'Everything I do to try to please you is a failure. Do you not see that he was right from his point of view?' said Mrs. Drew, pausing as she saw a frown on the rector's brow.

(To be continued.)

The Art of Pleasing.

Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess.—Emerson.

"With that in hand, one gets on in the world."—German Proverb.

"There is no policy like politeness," says Magoo; "since a good manner often succeeds where the best tongue has failed." The art of pleasing is the art of rising in the world.

A fine illustration of the business value of good manners is found in the Bon Marche, an enormous establishment in Paris where thousands of clerks are employed, and where almost everything is kept for sale. The two distinguishing characteristics of the house are one low price to all, and extreme courtesy. Mere politeness is not enough; the employees must try in every possible way to please and to make customers feel at home. Something more must be done than is done in other stores, so that every visitor will remember the Bon Marche with pleasure. By this course, the business has been developed until it is said to be the largest of the kind in the world. No other advertising is so efficacious. A. T. Stewart imitated this store in his.

Good manners often prove a fortune to a young man. Mr. Butler, a merchant in Providence, R. I., had once closed his store, and was on his way home when he met a little girl who wanted a spool of thread. He went back, opened the store and got the thread. This little incident was talked of all about the city, and brought him hundreds of customers. He became very wealthy, largely because of his courtesy.—Success.

Theories Concerning the Voice.

One very interesting theory held by some vocalists is that the natural register of the speaking voice indicates the individual character of the speaker, as do the lines on the palms of the hand. For instance, a high soprano voice expresses joy and merriment. Complex natures, who carry on two qualities of thought at once, speak in harmonies, with several notes at a time, and have magnetic voices. The minor voice betrays lack of confidence, the major voice indicates intense vitality. The mental attitude shows itself in a voice with a sliding downward scale, as in most teachers' voices. Other instructors' methods go so far as to say that all who can talk may sing, if willing faithfully to devote their time and energy to the cause.—Chautauquan.

An Omen of Ill Luck.

It is a singular fact that in almost all countries the superstition about peacock plumes is the same. It is universally conceded to be the cause of ill luck, and though the shading and color of the feathers are usually brilliant and beautiful any woman with a love of prosperity and happiness will invariably avoid decorating any of her apartments or possessions with the ill-omened plumes.

Parisian Paupers.

It is estimated that in Paris one in eighteen of the population, or 150,000 live on charity, with a tendency toward crime. In London this class is one in thirty.

His Preference.

Patient—Doctor, this is an awful bit of yours.

The Doctor—I saved your life, sir.

Patient—But now I don't want to live.

Antiquity of the Tall Hat.

The tall hat worn by men first appeared in France nearly 800 years ago.

AGRICULTURAL



Some Rare Birds.

We have many kinds of fowls described in the American Standard, but we have not exhausted the world's stock by any means. Here are two kinds which are remarkable for their grotesqueness. The Sultans are all fussy and feathered, and the military style of the cock's head-dress is amusing along



GOLDEN POUTER.

with the air of importance put on by this bird. The golden Pouter has an unbalanced look, which throws doubts on their business abilities. Indeed we would put our faith on the Transylvania hen, whose attention seems to be given to worms and its favorite grub,



SULTAN FOWLS.

rather than to any claim it may have to beauty. The Sultans are pure white; the Pouters are laced or spangled with golden yellow and black and white, and the Transylvania have bare red-skinned necks and brown plumage on the body.

Weaning the Colt.

A spring colt ought to be weaned before the pastures have been destroyed by frost. At the same time it should be used to taking a little grain twice a day while it is still running at pasture. The oat is, of course, the best grain for colts, as it is also for the horse. It does not take much oats or meal to keep a young colt thrifflily growing during its first winter. If oats and corn are ground together, without the cob, and some wheat bran is added, it will, in most cases, make a better ration fed with cut hay than could be got from feeding oats alone. No corn and cob meal should be fed to young colts, or, in fact, to any young animal. The cob is extremely hard to digest, and at least for all young stock has not enough nutrition to compensate for the danger from using it.

Novel Self-Closing Gate.

An invention has recently been patented by Dr. Peyton B. Green, of Wyrtheville, Va., in which a simple and ingenious device is provided for closing a gate automatically.

Referring to the accompanying engraving, it will be observed that, on the



top bar of the gate, a roller is journaled which is engaged by an inclined rod fulcrumed at its lower end on a fixed support set at a proper distance from the hinge-post. A weight is held on the rod and can be fastened in any desired position by means of a set screw. To prevent the rod from leaving the roller when opening and closing the gate, the bracket in which the roller is journaled is provided with a loop.

When the gate is swung open the free end of the rod travels over the friction roller and assumes nearly a vertical position. As soon as the gate is released, the weight of the rod pressing against the roller closes the gate. By changing the position of the weight, the gate can be closed with more or less force.

Salt the Manure Heap.

Salt in the manure heaps will prove beneficial. As kainit contains a large proportion of salt and also a percentage of crude sulphate of potash, it may be mixed with the manure by turning the heap over, care being taken that all portions of the manure be sprinkled with the kainit. It prevents loss of ammonia to a certain extent, and adds potash to the manure, while salt at-

tracts moisture and serves as an aid to prevent "dise-fanging" of the manure. Whenever manure is turned over the coarse materials should be placed in the center in order that they may be more quickly decomposed.

Grass Vines in Fence Corners.

A great many fences are of no use as barriers, because they surround lots that are never pastured. It was on one such that years ago we saw a farmer trying to train a grape vine and make a trellis of it. Of course all the work of cultivating the vine which was planted in the corner of an old worm fence had to be done by hand with spade and hoe. But the experiment succeeded until the fence rotted under the mass of vines which covered it. Then the farmer was obliged to build a trellis for his vine, which he might better have done at first.—Exchange.

Keeping Milk Cool.

A representative of a Maine creamery has been testing the skim milk of his patrons, and taking the temperature of the tank in which the deep cans were placed for cooling and raising the cream. Very much to his surprise, he found that many of them keep their milk too cool. He found the skim milk most free from butter fat when the temperature was nearest to 45 degrees. At 36 degrees there was from one to two-tenths of 1 per cent. more of butter fat in the skim milk than when it was kept at 45 degrees, or near that point.

Select Corn.

Select the seed corn while the stalks are standing in the field. Much can be done by selection. Over 160 bushels of corn were raised on an acre in Nelson County, Va., by a former member of Congress by selection of seed. Some stalks contained from five to seven ears, and grew to a height of fourteen feet. This may appear remarkable, and may not be repeated, but it shows that in order to secure the largest yields the seed corn must be selected every year until the variety is made better.

Corn Meal vs. Shorts for Feeding Pigs.

Experiments at the Indiana station to determine the comparative value of pure corn meal and a ration consisting of equal parts of corn meal and shorts showed that there was practically no difference in the two foods when used for fattening pork. The corn meal used cost 65 cents per 100 pounds and the shorts 70 cents.

To Keep Off Melon Bugs.

This year I have been more successful than ever before in keeping the striped bugs off my melon vines. My weapon of defense was the sprinkling of finely sifted coal ashes scented with carbolic acid over the plants from time to time. With me it proved a very effective remedy.—Practical Farmer.

Good Guernsey Cow.

Princess May XII, imported 4-year-old Guernsey cow, owned by J. N. Greenshields, Danville, Que., won first



prize at the New England State Fair, 1898, and first at the Industrial Fair, 1898.

When to Use Phosphate.

All mineral manures need to be used in damp weather or when rains may reasonably be expected in a short time after they are applied. When a long, dry time follows, phosphate especially is apt to injure the seed with which it comes in contact, and if there is only very little moisture the phosphate will make the soil dryer. Worse than this, the phosphate is liable to revert into insoluble conditions, so that if moisture comes later but little can be made use of by the plants.

Turnips Growing After Frost.

The turnip crop is so hardy that light frosts not only do not kill the leaves, but possibly by destroying weeds that have before interfered with their growth, they seem often to make the turnips grow faster. The roots sometimes double in size after an early frost followed by warm, moist weather. There is also an improvement in the quality of turnips after freezing weather, and it is usually a mistake to harvest the crop until the surface soil in the field has once been frozen.

Care of Bees.

Feed only the best of granulated sugar for winter provisions. Poor feed is unhealthy and will result in loss.

Feed sparingly at first in order that the queen may occupy the center combs with brood, and then increase the quantity.

A worker bee is hatched in twenty-one days from the time the egg is laid. Queens in sixteen, and drones in twenty-four days.

It is a good plan at this time to re-queen every colony that has in any way a defective queen.

Arrangements must be made so that the bees can pass from one comb to another without going around in order to secure food in winter.

In any colony that during the month of September is found queenless, a laying queen should be introduced, as it is not safe to depend upon their rearing one from the brood given them.