

# A CALIFORNIA GIRL.

A Continued Story.

## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens up with Sir Roydon Garth, a young mining expert, in California, where he had been sent by an English syndicate to develop mining property. In the discharge of his duties at Leadman's Gulch he had the misfortune to break his leg, and during his illness he was cared for in a rough squatter's cabin by Seth Marvel and his son Lance. Liliac, the old man's niece, is also a member of the old man's family. Sir Roy, impressed by her beauty and gentleness, falls in love with her and proposes, but she, realizing the difference in their positions, refuses his offer. After his recovery he foolishly exhibits a large sum of money which he carried in his belt. This aroused Lance's cupidity and he drugs Sir Roy with the intention of robbing him. Liliac overhears Lance's plans and succeeds in arousing Sir Roy from his stupor, help him mount his horse and accompanies him along the trail. She finally yields to his persuasion to marry him upon his return from a proposed prospecting trip to Nevada. Arriving in San Francisco he places her in the care of Major Emmott and his daughter, English people traveling in the west, and arrangements are made that she shall accompany them to England to make the acquaintance of Sir Roy's aristocratic mother during his enforced absence.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"Liliac, dear, I want to speak with you. Can you give me a moment?" A fortnight had passed since the meeting between the Californian girl and Mark at the railway station at Liverpool, a fortnight during which Liliac had felt happier than she thought it possible to be without Roy. For Mrs. Mowbray, a dear old lady, with one of the most kindly and sympathetic of faces and the most beautiful of silvery hair, was, as her son had said, quite different from Lady Garth, and she did all she could to make the girl forget that she was among strangers. Liliac could not help thinking how differently she might have acted had Roy's mother been like her; but it was best, of course, that she should know in which direction the baronet's interests really lay, and she felt no resentment against his mother for having shown it to her so plainly. Although Mrs. Mowbray, on the other hand, had not said so in so many words, it was quite clear that she wanted Liliac for a daughter-in-law.

Liliac put down the newspaper with its columns of vacant situations of all sorts, and crossed the room to take a seat by the old lady's side.

"Well, my dear, have you found the situation you want?" she asked taking the girl's hand in her own; and becoming very hopeless as to getting anything to do by which she could support herself and every day was laying her under greater obligations to Mark.

"No, Mrs. Mowbray, I have not found it yet, or, rather, I have found a good many, but they all require qualifications that I have never possessed. I do not know what there is that I am fit for."

"I think dear, that you are more fit to be mistress of a house like this than anything else," said the elder lady; and Liliac reddened but did not reply. "Mark has said nothing to you about it, has he?" asked his mother, "since the evening that he came here with you?"

Liliac shook her head. "He has been very kind," she said. His mother returned enthusiastically: "He always is. He will never bother you again about his love until you give him permission. But I cannot keep silent," she went on. "You see I am an old woman, my dear, and I have only my son to live for; and it pains me very much to see the unhappiness that he will not admit but which he cannot hide from me. Liliac, dear, why do you not make him happy?"

The girl's eyes had filled with tears. "I cannot, Mrs. Mowbray. It would be wrong to him when I cannot give him my love. That is all that I think of."

"Is that all? Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure, Mrs. Mowbray."

"Then why will you not take the opinion of an old woman who has seen a great deal more of life than you have, dear? Mark has told me as much of your love-story as you have imparted to him, and I think it would be best for your own happiness, dear Liliac, as well as my boy's, if you became his wife. No—don't interrupt me! I have been thinking the question over very deeply, and my experience teaches me that you would grow to love your husband in time, and be very much happier than if you lived out your life entirely alone, as you think of doing."

"I was not thinking of my own happiness," said Liliac, "but of Mark's; and I do not see how it can make him happier to give him my hand without my heart. It would be doing him an injury."

"It might be if he did not love you, dear," said the old lady sagaciously; "but while you remain unmarried he will never be able to forget you or reconcile himself to your refusal; and it will spoil his whole life. I am afraid. Take my word for it that you would be right in marrying him."

"But, Mrs. Mowbray," cried Liliac, when the old lady interrupted her. "Do not answer me now, dear, but think it over. Remember that I ought to be a good judge of anything that concerns my boy's happiness."

As she spoke she pressed a kiss upon the girl's forehead, and then rose to leave the room before Liliac could raise a protest against her arguments.

In the adjoining room Mrs. Mowbray found Mark marching restlessly backwards and forwards.

"I cannot stand this any longer, mother mine!" he said, with determination in his musical voice. "I thought that I was stronger than I am. It maddens me to see her every day and not be able to make her love me! I shall go abroad again. You will look after her for me, won't you?"

"Of course, dear. I feel towards her as though she were my daughter; but,

if I were you I would not go away just yet. Perhaps she will change her mind."

"She has been saying something to you?" he questioned, excitedly. The old lady shook her head.

"No; I have been saying something to her. If Liliac is the girl I take her for, I think it will make her alter her decision." She spoke very hopefully.

Meanwhile Liliac sat and pondered, wondering what she ought to do. It was impossible for her to go on enjoying the hospitality of the Mowbrays and giving nothing in return. At the end of an hour she retired to her room and dressed herself for traveling. Then she went in search of Mrs. Mowbray, who was rather startled by the sight.

"You are going out, dear?" she asked.

"Yes—I am going on a journey."

"You will let Mark accompany you?" she said, anxiously. "It will only be safe while that ruffian-like cousin of yours is at large. I am sorry that you did not appear against him and have him sent to prison. Mark thinks that he saw him this morning, watching the house. You had better let Mark accompany you."

"I should be glad if he would see me to the station; then, but I must make my journey alone. When I come back, I will give you the decision that you asked me for."

"You are going to Delverton, then?" said the quick-witted old lady.

And Liliac nodded.

"To see Sir Roydon Garth?"

"No; I want to see Lady Garth—his mother—if I can."

"Very well, dear. And you will give Mark his answer when you return."

Mrs. Mowbray said no more, but she went in search of her son, to warn him not to speak of his love to Liliac on their way to the station, or to press her for permission to accompany her any farther.

"Tonight, when she returns, I think that she will promise to marry you," she said; and Mark, who had rarely found his mother at fault, derived fresh hope from the prophecy.

Liliac had a very definite idea as to what her purpose was in visiting Delverton, but she had only the most hazy ideas as to how she was to achieve it without meeting Roy, the very thought of which was enough to set her trembling. Although she had told herself again and again that all chance of her marrying Roy was past, she could not conquer the idea that, after all, she might have made a mistake, and that Roy's love for her might be as true as hers for him.

It was to kill this last flicker of hope that she had determined to visit the hall and see Lady Garth. Evangeline she dared not meet any more than Sir Roydon himself, but she knew that with Lady Garth she would stand in no danger of breaking down and revealing the love which, for Roy's sake, she was so anxious to disguise. Even if she did, Lady Garth could be trusted to keep the secret which, if revealed, might make her son hesitate about fulfilling her fondest hopes by marrying Evangeline.

She would question Lady Garth and learn what had happened since her departure from the Hall—whether the baronet had gratefully accepted the surrender of her love, or whether, after all, he had shown that his love was very deep. If the latter was the case, her ladyship could hardly fail to tell her, for the aristocratic old woman's first and foremost thought was most assuredly her son's happiness. Liliac herself was so truthful and honest that she could not imagine that Lady Garth might deceive her to serve her own purpose; though possibly it was some dim suspicion which made the girl determine to interview Lady Garth personally instead of trusting to a letter, in spite of the difficulty of doing so without risking the meeting with Roy which she dreaded.

When she reached the Hall she walked up to the stone steps at the entrance to the house with a quickly-beating heart and an excitement that was half hope and half fear. She was wondering whether she would be fortunate enough to find her ladyship alone, when an exclamation behind her made her turn, and she saw Lady Garth herself coming toward her from the garden.

The way in which the old lady hastened forward made Liliac think that she was anxious to welcome her, until she caught sight of her ladyship's face, which expressed nothing but consternation. To Liliac's astonishment, she hurried past her without even a word, to open the door noiselessly and beckon her into the house with every sign of secrecy.

"Come upstairs to my room, Liliac," she said, speaking for the first time when they were in the hall, where as yet no servant had appeared in answer to the girl's timid knock. "We shall have no fear of interruption there."

The old lady scarcely seemed to breathe until the door of her dressing-room was closed behind them. Then she shook hands with her guest and explained.

"I left Roy in the garden talking to Evangeline," she said, "and did not wish them to see you. Although my son is reconciled to your departure—Liliac's heart sank—still it would be disturbing for him to see you before he has quite recovered from his illness. He has had so much anxiety and worry that following so soon upon his accident, it has made him quite ill, and he is up for the first time today. But what is the object of your visit, Liliac? Of course, it is very kind of you to call and let me know how you are getting on; but do you not think that it is a little injudicious just at present? After the sort of half-agreement that existed between you, it

would surely be rather uncomfortable for you both to meet so soon, especially now that he is engaged to his cousin! But tell me about yourself now that you are here. You are not married yet to this Mr. Mowbray—eh?" She raised her gold pince-nez as she spoke and surveyed the girl critically. Liliac's face was quite pale, and her lips were tightly compressed as she answered.

"We are to be married soon. I am staying with his mother in Liverpool."

"And she is pleased to have you as a daughter-in-law?"

"Very pleased, Lady Garth."

"That is most gratifying, then," said her ladyship, with a sigh of contentment. "The whole turn of affairs is very satisfactory, is it not?"

"Very satisfactory," said poor Liliac through her white lips.

"But you have not told me the object of your visit?" Lady Garth went on; and Liliac hesitated for a few moments. Then she said, speaking quite calmly:

"I simply wished to ascertain before taking any final step, that Sir Roydon's happiness would not suffer. It is unnecessary to keep up any disguise with you, Lady Garth, and I think you understand already that I did not consult my own happiness in going away."

"I guessed something of the truth, dear, and admired you for it. Of course it was much nobler of you to consider my son's and Evangeline's happiness before your own. I think that it was altogether for the best, and I am glad to know that you are still to make a marriage which I understand will be a very good one for you."

"Although I am breaking my heart over it," said Liliac coldly. "I came here to ask you, Lady Garth, whether my sacrifice has really given happiness to the man I love. You say that he is already engaged to his cousin?"

She looked straight into her companion's eyes, and her ladyship flushed a little. She turned her head aside to escape the girl's scrutiny, and looked down into the garden, where she saw something which encouraged her to speak the truth.

"I was not right, perhaps, in saying that they were actually engaged," she said, turning to face Liliac again; "but I have no doubt that they will be shortly. Just before your arrival my son informed me of his intention to ask Evangeline to be his wife. See—they are in the garden together now, and I expect he is carrying his purpose into effect."

As she spoke, Lady Garth drew the girl to the window, and there, half hidden behind the curtain, Liliac looked down upon a sight that for a moment took away all power of movement. The baronet and his cousin were walking slowly across the lawn, Roydon looking very pale and weak after his illness, and leaning heavily on Evangeline's arm, but talking to her with great earnestness. Suddenly, as she looked, Evangeline turned, and, throwing her arms around the sick man's neck, kissed him on either cheek.

A deep sigh of relief from her companion recalled Liliac to a remembrance of where she was, and she turned away at once.

"Is that enough?" said Lady Garth, with a smile of satisfaction which she could not conceal.

Liliac bowed.

"Will you help me to leave the house without being seen by anybody, please?" she said, calmly still, although she wondered how she could think or speak at all. "I should not like them to hear from the servants that I had been here."

"Of course not, dear," said her ladyship, whose graciousness and friendliness increased as her fears grew less. "I will take you through the drawing-room, and nobody will be the wiser. I am glad that you came, and I shall always feel a great admiration for you, Liliac."

Her ladyship advanced as though to kiss her, but Liliac drew away, and held out her hand.

"Thank you for assisting me, Lady Garth," she said. "Everything, as you say, is very satisfactory."

Her voice trembled a little as she spoke, in spite of the restraint she was placing upon herself to remain calm; and fearing that the girl might break down before she left the hall, her ladyship led the way at once noiselessly down the broad staircase, thro' the drawing room where Evangeline had sung so hopelessly of her "Robin Adair," through one of the tall French windows into the garden, and so by a narrow garden-path almost to the gate of the drive.

(To be continued.)

The accompanying little story, published in an eastern educational journal, is said to have been written by a boy in the west, one of a class of children of six or eight years old, who had been requested by their teacher to write a story, they to select a subject and their compositions not to be changed by their teacher, but to be read before the children's parents exactly as written. This is one of the number submitted. And the writer is expected to become a great story writer: A poor young man fell in love with the daughter of a rich lady who kept a candy shop. The poor young man could not marry the rich candy lady's daughter because he had not money enough to buy furniture. A wicked man offered to give the young man \$25 if he would become a drunkard. The young man wanted the money very much, so he could marry the rich candy lady's daughter, but when he got to the saloon he turned to the wicked man and said: "I will not become a drunkard even for great riches. Get thee behind me, Satan." On his way home he found a pocketbook containing a million dollars in gold; then the young lady consented to marry him. They had a beautiful wedding and the next day they had twins. Thus you see that "Virtue has its own reward."

# FARM MELANGE.

Trade the pup for a pig.

Do not feed corn to colts.

How to make little chicks grow—feed them.

Plant bush lima beans—poles are a nuisance.

Give your son a trade and your daughter, too.

When the cherry blooms, plant the garden seeds.

National extravagance and debt turn farmers into serfs.

A drinker is usually a shirker. A thinker is usually a good worker.

What does the farm cat have that no other animal has? Kittens.

A good fence is a remedy for breachy cattle and prevents neighborhood quarrels.

It is swindling your wife and family trying to get milk from a poorly fed cow.

The music of interest-bearing notes is pleasant only when the interest comes your way.

If you don't want your seed potatoes to sprout before you are ready, spread them out.

A girl who wouldn't harm a mouse will murder a song in a most heartless manner.

Wring the neck of the dog that worries the cows. It will save feed of both cow and dog.

Happiness is like a kitten's tail—it is difficult to catch, but there is lots of fun chasing it.

How can you tell whether your farm pays a loss or profit unless you keep accounts accurately.

A good coat of paint covers a multitude of sins. There is no deceit in putting your best foot out first.

If your horse is out of condition have a qualified person examine his teeth. Perhaps he is starving because he can't grind his feed.

The man who is continually changing from cows to sheep and again from sheep to cows, will complain there is no money in farming.

A coarse, intemperate, brutal man should never be tolerated on a farm. He should work in the shops and deal with inanimate things.

Rub a gall with stove blacking or kumbug if you must work the horse and can not give it time to heal. It seems to work wonders.

It does really no good to "blow up" people. It hurts them but little and does you no good. Save your wind. You may need it to blow yourself up.

"Many a mickle makes a muckle." A hundred big ears of corn make a bushel. If one is lost or wasted your measure is short. Look after the little waste.

There are many men who would help to hang a horse thief, who continually work horses with torturing collars and half rations.

The small pig will make the big hog. The small calf will make a big steer. The small germ in the grain of corn will make the large stalk. The greatest men are those who "despise not the day of small things."

If the work harness be not all in order, don't start out until you have made it so. More than half of the run-aways which take place are due to worn-out and rotten pieces of harness.

It isn't a good thing to churn the milk before getting it out of the udder. Better let the cows walk to and from pasture, and so instruct the boy.

Plan now for quantities of selling crops for the cows. Do not fear of getting too much, for if it is not used green it can be cured and used most profitably in that condition.

Let the man who loves heifers and is gentle and quiet milk the young things for the first few months. It is best to be patient and not get the heifer excited. Many a good one has been spoiled by injudicious treatment after the first calf.

If you waken some cold morning and find your garden plants covered with frost, get out your watering pot filled with cold water and sprinkle every one that is likely to be injured. Be sure you do the sprinkling before the sun sets up and melts the frost.

Don't try to make too long days at first this spring. The horses, the men and the boys will come in tired enough to sleep, of you do not try to keep them at it too long to begin with. See that the chores are all done before dark. I never like working around a barn by lantern.

It is better to provide the cows with plenty of water than to put water into the milk. If you should call the men who do the latter by their right names you would have but few friends among milkmen.

It is so easy for us to say, "If I was that man, I would do so different from what he is doing," and yet if one would put himself in the other man's place he might not do any different, but he might sleep better and digest his food better, perhaps, when he came to his real self again.

Do you want to grow a good crop of nice potatoes in your garden? Then be aware of sprouted seed. If your seed

potatoes can not be retarded otherwise, keep them in the ice house or refrigerator. But in a cool, dark cellar potatoes should not sprout before it will do to plant them. There is some difference in varieties. Some show little disposition to sprout.

## BREEDING UP.

The various breeds of live stock that have been improved along special lines and established so they reproduce their kind, have all been the result of surrounding the animals with improved conditions, giving them improved management, favorable to the ends desired, and then taking special pains to select the best in carrying on further breeding operations. It is possible to do this by starting with scrubs, for that is the way it was originally done, but it is not practical to do it in this way because men's lives are too short to spend them thus and wait many years for results, when no necessity for it exists. Under present conditions the way to breed up the farmers' flocks and herds is to obtain pure bred males and use no other, and then only the best that can be afforded.

With the advantages that the farmers and breeders of today have over the original improvers of breeds, it is a matter of some surprise that the opportunity is not universally embraced. It would seem that with the marked difference in the value of improved and unimproved stock the importance of growing the former only would be obvious, and yet there are a vast number of grade males used in the country from which no good results need be expected. Even with the advantages of improved blood the farmers' work in grading up is not without difficulty.

When pure bred stock is used on both sides good progeny does not always result. In every crop of calves, for example, there are "tops" and "culls," and the same will be true when a pure bred male is used for grading up. It will even be true to a greater extent, perhaps, because the influence of the scrub dam must be overcome. The man who is grading up, therefore, must not expect too much. Not all the heifer calves got by a dairy breed bull will make good dairy cows, although the use of such a bull renders the production of good cows much more probable and more frequent. The same principle governs if beef animals are the objects sought, and the breeder who has planned for continuous improvement should adopt the breeders' methods so far as they are applicable, and especially the principle of selection.

On the female side the best cows, the best sows, the best ewes, the best mares, etc., should be retained for future use and the inferior ones culled out and marketed. A celebrated English breeder of dogs was asked how it came that he got such good ones. His reply was that he "bred a great many and hanged a great many." Something of this kind must be done by every breeder, whether he be laboring to improve a pure bred herd or whether he be a farmer who is striving to grade up and make each year's crop of young stuff a little better than the last. A prominent cause of slow progress is that selection is not close enough and that not enough culling is done.—Homestead.

## SELECTING OF SEED.

All farmers should carefully select the grain that is to be used for spring sowing. It is not enough that the seed be free from weeds, although this, of course, is essential. Beyond this, however, pains should be taken to winnow out all the light, shrunken stuff, with about as strong a blast as the fanning mill is capable of producing. The difference in the yield between plump and shrunken seed is much greater than is generally imagined. In one experiment with spring wheat, continued for five years, it was found that plump, selected seed gave an increased yield of 23 percent by measure and an increase of 4.4 pounds in weight per measured bushel over shrunken seed. This is a difference worth taking a great deal of pains in order that the farmer may have it in his favor. In a four years' test of barley, conducted along similar lines, plump seed gave an increased yield of 19 percent over shrunken grain. As the shrunken grain is mainly caused by weak straw, rust and the like, there is the further advantage attending the selection of plump seed, that these faults, weaknesses and diseases are less likely to be propagated. On every account, therefore, it will pay the farmer to blow out of his seed grain everything that a blast will remove. Shrunken grain is a great deal better as a food for the poultry or for the stock than it is to put in the ground for reproductive purposes.

## CORN AS FOOD.

Prof. E. Davenport, professor of agriculture, University of Illinois, says: "We are often told that corn flour is deficient in protein, and that the consumer must increase his ration or else suffer for nitrogen with which to repair his body. As a matter of fact, there is but slight difference in the amount of nitrogen as between wheat and corn, and from the best calculations that can be made it would seem that a diet of clear corn furnished something like twice the amount of digestible nitrogen that the body actually makes use of. The difference between the protein of wheat and that of corn is more of character than of amount."

## QUEEN CELLS.

The time is at hand when those who plant potatoes are making up their minds as to the seed to be used, and here, too, the necessity for careful selection is as great as with other crops. The variety being determined upon, it is important that the seed shall be so sound and firm, and that this may be so it is essential that the tubers shall not have exhausted their vigor and sustenance by sprouting. Just now when the weather is beginning to warm up rapidly potatoes that have been kept in cellars will have a decided tendency to sprout. The two conditions that encourage sprouting are heat and light. The cellar may have been cold enough during the winter to prevent sprouting, but as it begins to warm up with the opening of spring, the eyes begin to sprout and the long, chlorophyllous sprouts begin to push out in the direction from which the strongest light comes. This makes the potato soft, lacking substance and unfit either for seed or for the table, and with seed potatoes it is important that the conditions which induce sprouting be prevented. It is a well known fact that potatoes "run out" rapidly as compared with other seeds. While still remaining potatoes lose their varietal characteristics, and this is probably due as much to the fact that the seed tubers have been permitted to sprout year after year gradually producing an increasingly weakened crop, as to any other cause.

One does not have to watch seed potatoes to see that they are free from weed seeds, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but in the case of seed potatoes there is an analogous evil that is quite as bad. The spores of several fungous plants are too often planted with the potato unless it is desired to produce an increasingly scabby crop. So far as the seed is concerned it is not difficult to clean it from scab spores so that it will produce a clean crop.

Treatment of the seed is quite simple and quite effective. Several fungicides are effective for the purpose, among them being formaline and corrosive sublimate. The latter has been longest in use and is easily employed. Take two and a quarter ounces of corrosive sublimate and in a wooden vessel mix it with two gallons of hot water; let it stand over night and then in a barrel with a wooden faucet at the bottom mix it with thirteen gallons of water. Put the seed potatoes in a gunny sack and immerse them in this solution for about an hour and a half. The corrosive sublimate solution can be used repeatedly. It is highly poisonous and it must not be placed in metal vessels. The corrosive sublimate can be bought at any drug store for about fifteen cents an ounce.

If this course be pursued the potato planter will have seed clean and free from scab, and if, in addition to this, he uses for his potato crop ground on which potatoes have not been recently grown the crop will be free from scab. It is not worth while, however, to treat the seed and then plant it in ground that was used for potatoes the previous year and produced a crop showing signs of scab, for the spores live over the winter and will fasten themselves on the new crop as soon as it appears.—Homestead.

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Generally, it is a good mark to have a queen cell well covered with deep indentations. Sometimes you may find a cell quite smooth, having none of these indentations. The chances are that it contains not a queen but a drone. Not that the workers will deliberately make the mistake of trying to rear a king instead of a queen, but if they are queenless and have nothing but drone eggs or drone larvae, the poor things will do the best they can by trying to rear a queen from a larvae that can only turn out a drone, although usually, if not always, it dies in the cell.

These queen cells that have been built up with so much labor and expense of material will in a few days be torn down. Not entirely. The base of each will be left, a queen cell cup as it is called. You will find more or less of these cups in almost any hive. A good many of them have never been anything more than cups, for the bees seem to delight in making just that much of a start toward queen rearing when there seems to be no intention of going farther.

We find a good garden cultivator one of the most economical implements on the farm, but to use it to the best advantage everything must be planted in long rows.