- Say not Love reigns in your bosom. Burning with a dving flame. If for those you ought to cherish You have less of praise than blame. Say not Love alone controls you;
- Call it by some other name. Boast not you're a man of honor, Nor your noble deeds proclaim To another, if you're leading Secretly a life of shame. Say not Honor has your fealty;
- Call it by some other name. Say not that your master-passion Is ambition, when you're aim Is by evil tricks to triumph. And to win unworthy fame. Say not that ambit on moves you;
- . Call it by some other name. Plead not that a sense of duty Causes you to harshly blame, And exact a prompt obedience Of the cruel laws you frame.
- Duty's not the moving spirit; Call it by some other name.

Love is tender and forgiving:

Honor has no part with shame: Pure ambition, Christian duty, Find in Love their vital flame, If Love does not lead you rightly. Call the same other name. -Joseph ne Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

## The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall

By MANDA L. CROCKER. COPYRIGHT, 1889.

CHAPTER XX -CONTINUED. I could get no further then, for the old housekeeper jumped from her wicker chair and throwing her arms around my neck sobbed convulsively. After her first storm

of overloyed excitement was over she whispered to me in low, broken accents: "An' where is the dear childer, plaze, ma'am; before the holy saints, me Leidy, Oi il kape the saycret till me doying day.' "Living with me, Peggy."

"Living with you, me Leddy!" Clarkson had sprung to her feet and stood gazing at me in sheer astonishment. "With you! The Vargin be praised! With you!"

All this time the broad ruffles of her cap nodded and danced in a most picturesque fashion, and her big blue eyes shone like gems, so great was her pleasure and sur-

"Whin is she coomin' back to puir old Peggy!" pleaded she, drawing her chair close to mine and sinking into its depths. nearly exhausted with the momentous and glorious news of Miriam. "Peggy," said I. "Mirram has no idea I

will tell where she is; that is, here in England, and I have solemnly promised not to give her location. Now, do you know where I reside! "No. ma'am. Ot don't. Its in Ameriky, I

shud sav. but Ameriky's forninst my guessin' an' Oi don't imagin' where the darlint is

"That is right, Pergy," I said. "To every

"Oi understand, me Leddy; Oi understand. An' whin is she a coomin' back to me!" questioned Peggy, with an eye on the main chance.

"I hardly know," I answered. "Her health is not the best, but I should suppose she might be able to come within a year or so. If she only could get over her being banished from Heatherleigh I believe she would be sure to come."

"Oh! whin you go home plead with her for me; tell her that Peggy's heart is just bhreakin' to behold the soight ov her swate self once more. But what was it, me Leddy,

that Mirium sent to puir old Peggy for! You have a missage for me ' "Peggy, she wants her portrait from the

She made no reply for some minutes and I was beginning to think she meant to deny the after all. But presently she turned toward me a face I never shall forget.

"If the young misthress manes to iver coom back, why wud she be afthur havin' the porthruit?" queried she, bracing up. "An' why couldn't she wait until she cooms herself? Seems strange looke to me old

Peggy had struck the chord vibrating a false note, and she half distrusted me. True enough, if she intended to come back to Heather eigh why send me for the picture. The old housekeeper rocked back and forth nervously, restlessly, and kept watching me out of the corners of those blue eyes covertly. I must make a random shot if nothing more or Peggy Clarkson would soon begin to believe that I was an im-

of losing her husband and little innocent up like a clam. son will kill her before she can return. I portrait of Arthur and the baby, but has favor of Sir Rupert.



"AND WHY COULDN'T SHE WAIT!" SAID PEGGY.

return or not. I dreaded always to mention | not return. it, and she might not want me to either; she is so sad. Peggy, so sad."

"Och hoon!" wailed Peggy, "an' it's dying she'll be in that far-away counthry, an' it's me that'll niver set eyes on me darlint ony more, ony more!"

"As long as there is life there is hope. Clarkson," I ventured, cheerfully. "Oh, yis; but whin there's not much of

aythur to depind on its therrible." "Well, Peggy," I said, hopefully, "when go home I shall tell her just how you feel; of raw night air with the one formed in the how happy you would be to welcome her back to Heatherleigh, and I verily believe

used to love her.' "Arrah! and thin ye can hev the por-thrait, ma'am; yis, me Leddy, ye can take the swate, proud face from the gallery, and ingiorious retreat, and began taking myself carry me old weary heart's blissing with it to task, mentally, for so doing, when the sleep, it was far from me.

I presume I never felt so fully relieved in my life; so giad that I might feldil my promise made on the spur of the moment, and which I had dreaded to carry out ever since I set foot on English soil.

But that was gotten along with. I went over to Peggy and kissed her withered cheek. "Miriam will be so glad, so thankful to you, I know. Her pale face will brighten. I am sure, and you will be glad, too, that you have given her happiness, if only for a day."

"An' it's roight ye are, ma'am; it's roight ye are. Peggy Clarkson wouldn't be mane enuff to wrong the swate lady on the footsthool, not her. But I do belave the masthur's spirit will be therrible angry if that porthrait laves the Hall," she added, dropping her voice to a whisper and making the sign of the cross on the snowy folds of her vandyke.

"Pooh! I don't believe that Sir Rupert can know any thing of it," I said, lightly. "An' ye niver moinde, ma'am, whin he cooms in the midnoight to do pinance, and goes a walkin' an' a walkin' ov the great house, he'll miss the porthrait, or Peggy is

straight into those great, blue eyes. "I know it, ma'am," she replied with un-

mistakable emphasis; and I gave in. "Well. I suppose it is," I said. "Won't you go through the hall with me, Peggy, some night and let me hear him walk! I'd very much like to hear him; indeed, I would. She looked at me in wild-eyed silence.

CHAPTER XXL

"An' it's moighty strange what koinde ov folks ye Americans are, ony way. Of reckon as ye're so indipindint the other soide the wather that ye're not afraid o' the spirits, or the dead, or the divil his-

"You are right in that, Peggy; we are not standing in particular fear of any one but

"An' Oi ruther guess some ov 'em don't sthand in quakin' fear o' Him, not by an overly soight." I could not help smiling at the earnest

ness of the old housekeeper and the nearness of her shrewd guess to the facts of the case. But i said: "Well, will you go with me, Peggy, to find Sir Rupert in the central hall some night before I go home!" And she promised me she would. It happened on a rather sullen, gusty

night that Peggy and I chose to investigate the ghost story, or rather, I chose, for Clarkson did not choose, save only for the sake of her promise.

With the recital of Sir Rupert's roaming about the central hall doing penance ringing in my ears and burning in my soul I waited, in company with Peggy and Ancil, in the deep silence for the spirit to "walk." Clarkson, all in a shiver of fright and excitement, declared that I had taken "the very keinde ov a neight on which the spirit wud be most loikely to give us a fair

I drew my wraps about me in the dense shadows, and Clarkson clung to me like a frightened child as we entered the central hall, and our footsteps echoed hollow and strangely as we proceeded.

Had it not been for my overruling desire of experiencing a genuine spirit visit and my morbid love of adventure with the mysone inquiring about Miriam Fairfax you do terious, I should have given up the project not know a syllable. Be perfectly dumb, at the outset because of the old housekeepfor Miriam expressly desires you and me to er's increasing timidity. But I could not bring myself to say: "Let us give it up, and so we proceeded.

So crouching low on the lower steps of the great oaken staircase we waited patiently for some demonstration of Sir Rupert. The hall lamps, which had not been lighted since the dead master lay, so cold and rigid, in the adjoining room, were lighted, and, burning low, cast more of gloom than cheerfulness around us. The witching hour approached; the shadows hung heavily folded in the corners, and seemed to cling to the moldering balustrade like dense curtains of crape. Peggy was growing uneasy, and, too nervous to converse, sat shivering on the edge of the steps,

white-faced and alert. Ancil leaned against the polished railing and listened with the air of a martyr. Doubtless they were both martyrs to a foolish freak, and I, relenting, was on the point of saying "quits," when something arrested my attention. I was conscious of a stealthy movement in the corridor above. and it seemed to me I felt, rather than heard, the manifestation, if such an expression is allowable. Pergy held her breath, and, put-

ting her finger on her lip, signified: "Silence: listen!" A sound as of some one walking wearily about with muffled step came to our ears at intervals, and I fancied Sir Rupert was resting between marches. This continued

for some time. Back and forth through the corridor went the weary, painful march of unseen feet, with the moments of rest sandwiched

in at regular intervals. "A very methodical ghost," I said to · Peggy," said I, "it may be that the grief Peggy. "Hush!" she whispered, and I shut

Then a weary sigh floated down the long believe that it is grieving that is killing her staircase, and I felt rather uncomfortable anyway, instead of disease. She has the to think the plot was thickening so fast in

Surely my theory was in danger already of being exploded by the persistent spirit. But while we listened the manifestations grew fainter and fainter, as if disgusted with the fruitless tramp, tramp, and the sound of footsteps had died out altogether when the soft, indistinct tread as of some one in their stockinged feet was plainly heard on the landing just above us. and I fancied a sort of murmured whispering seemed very near us.

This was more than Peggy and Ancil had contracted for and their precipitate flight was something wonderful to behold. They rushed from the foot of the staircase across to the side entrance through which we came in; there they paused in the open doorway. Peggy beckening frantically for me to follow. I followed her, seeing that such a terror had seized them. And in fact I, myself, began to feel "creepy" and imagined I could hear the repentant con-

fession of the hapless old man in my wake. Pausing at the passage-way, I instantly regained my self-possession and signified my intention of returning to the foot of the not her own, and doubtless she desires to st ircase. Peggy remonstrated, and finally have them all together. I do not know said that if I "must jine han's with the whether she thinks she will ever be able to spirit," why, I must go alone, as she should

"All right, Peggy," I said; "wait for me here, will you!" "An' faith Oi will if the masthur don't be

fur gittin' afthur me too airnestly," she replied, shivering with fear and excitement. I was in for the whole manifestation, and if I should pause now from some squeamish notion of danger I should always regretmy having done so.

The open passage-way made a very cold draught, connecting the outdoor current stairway, and I felt rather uncomfortable; so wrapping my loose cloak about my chilly she'll come, for she remembers how you form I retraced my steps, and leaning against a column midway of the hall I wait-

ed further developments. "Pshaw!" I said, feeling ashamed of our

strained every nerve to catch every sound, ering that Peggy said sou about the master's falling to the foot of the

The lamps burned dimmer, and I was conscious of a presence other than mortal My heart gave a stifled throb and seemed to stand still, and I found myself foolishly asking: "Where am I!" Presently I saw, or seemed to see, an object moving about in the extreme end of the hall. Slowly and besitatingly the indistinct shape seemed to be hunding something. The soft footfalls I heard plainly, now again, and my eyes riveted on the moving object of shadowy existence. I followed its constantly-changing positions, now standing, now crouching low, as if weary, with a strange feeling of ascination I am not able to describe.

It seemed to me that I lost my individuality; I was really myself no longer. I felt that I was also a shadow being, like the one I was gazing at so fixedly; a sort of ob-scure, vapory body, full of life, however, and sympathy. I thought with wonderful rapidity somehow, and felt myself merging into the shadow at the foot of the staircase. It was not Sir Rupert. I had forgotten alone one morning while Peggy was on him; but it was myself-my other self household duties intent, when I espied a



STRAINED EVERY NERVE

was weary. The burthen of my thoughts seemed to be such a sad, hopeless questioning. Why for me was there no rest, no repose, when I needed it so much!

There was such a restraint on me, invisble, but such a galling restraint as would drive a mortal man mad to endure. And my situation was plainly mapped out before me, and I knew the replies to every question I might ask before I could ask while his handsome face grew dark with

Oh! what an existence. There was no undoing what I had done, no getting out of this wretched groove of useless regret. Pinioned by an unseen power, I felt that I was Always going and so weary, but never ex- stranger or enemy!" hausted.

I felt that this was my terrible, endless punishment of soul agony for something said: "I may as well tell you, then, seewhich I had done and for which there was ing you know her plans, that I am that lady now no repentance, and in my deep despair friend and that Miriam lives with me at

I uttered a low, piteous cry.

The sound of my voice had broken the over me, and I found myself standing before with joy. Then he came forward and gave spread as other manure, and there would ground for this wheel to travel upon. he door of the fateful drawing-room. How I managed to get there I can not say, as I Miriam's friend." was not conscious of having made a single step in any direction while in my strange ness was written all over his fine face in state of sympathetic sorrow, and finally my happy smiles, unmistakably.

own soul weariness. Although I did not remember of having made a move. I had been drawn the halflength of the great central hall by the power of the weird, fascinating object, which faded instantly at my unearthly cry, leaving me

my individuality once more. At this juncture all weariness had left me also, as well as fear, and I was conscious of the fact that the object had gone into the drawing-room, and I felt impelled to follow it. The morbid curiosity was again seizing me and I determined to open the great door. I had forgotten Peggy under the strange influence of this midnight experience, and boldly reached for the key in its

brass ring on the wall. But as I touched the key a cold, icy, shivering sensation went over me, and I stayed my eager hand. The lamps burned brighter now and-and-well, where was I!

A noise behind me caused me to turn quickly and, half alarmed. I noticed that Peggy and Ancil were standing in the passage-way. How very long they have been standing there. I thought; then came the half-awake sensation, and I realized that they were waiting for me.

When they saw me looking at them they called to me to "coom away from there." At sight of their familiar faces I started and awoke, shaking off the lethal charm, to realize where I really was. As the knowledge came to me, instantly I became terrified, and rushing across the hall fell faint-

ing in Peggy's arms. When I came to my senses once more I was lying on the low settee in the servants' quarters, and the housekeeper was mopping my forehead alternately with camphor and water, and moaning as if her heart were broken.

I opened my eyes languidly, and looked up at the dear old soul bending over me. A half-frightened exciamation of joy burst from her lips. "An', me Leddy, an' it's yer own swate

self that isn't ded yet. Oi'm glad Oi got ye away from that awful place afore thim spirits kilt ye." "How long was I in there alone!" I asked,

the whole of the sensational experience flashing vividly across my mind.

"Oh! jist a minit. Oi thought yer was coming away once from the divilish whusperin's, but ye went roight along a gropin' about like sumthin' stark chrazy, an' not a moindin' a wurrud Oi said to yez.' It was evident they had seen nothing, s

I kept my uncanny vision to myself. Only a minute. Peggy said, and it seemed to me rears. I remembered the awful feeling of helpless despair that had possession of me in that minute, and could not help but think what must be the punishment in the next world if one is allowed such an experience as only an insight. I was sure I had experienced a part of Sir Rupert's punish-

I closed my eyes wearily and thought of Dante. Had he such insights as I had experienced! The depths of despair, with just strength enough to endure and never become entirely exhausted, coupled with the desperate knowledge that it was too late! too late! I am fully satisfied with my adventure, and shall hereafter be slow to condemn any plausible ghost-story coming to my ken.

I lay so long with closed eyes and motionless form that the old housekeeper came and bent over me until I felt her breath on

my cheek. "An' she's worried out and gone to slane. she is," murmured she, turning away; but I could not have slept for love nor money. If my repose satisfied Peggy, I felt willing to keep up the feigned sleeping process in order that I might think I could do that with wonderful distinctness, but as for

indistinct footfalls came on down-stairs. I "It's near mornin'," I beard Peggy say,

"an' she'll stat full well the rest o' the

noight here." So, suiting her actions to her plans, she overed me with a blanket, pulled a little at the pillow under my head, perhaps to see if I was yet alive, and reckoned to Ancil that they "moight as well go to bed, if they couldn't shut ther cies for the first wink o'

That night's experience left me in a very nervous state, and it was days before I felt, like Richard, myself again. Peggy did not add to my comfort, either, by remarking each morning: "An' how white and 'fraidlookin' ye are, to be sure."

But, as time settles all things earthly, it settled my nerves at last, and I began to speak of going back to Cousin Gladys' little cottage. Peggy's blank face and hearty demurs kept me several days longer at the Hall than I had intended to stay, however. After all, I am glad now that she kept me, on one pretext and another, as long as she did, for thereby I was enabled to meet a friend of Miriam's and perhaps add to her happiness on my return. And this is how it happened. I was walking in the park "Do you really believe that his spirit is him; but it was myself-my other self household duties intent, when I espied a here ever?" I asked, earnestly, looking from away off-from the spirit land, and I gentleman walking slowly along a hedge not far from me. I was wondering who he was to have gotten into the inclosure without lief, when he looked up and in my direction.

> forward, and, removing his hat with exceeding grace, introduced bimself as Allan Percival nephew of the deceased Sir Rupert, and cousin to Miriam Percival Fairfax. "Did I ever hear of Miriam! Did I know of her voyage to America, and just where she was living now!" were two questions asked almost in a breath. The first one I had scarcely answered by a mere monosyllable when the next came, as if it had been kept waiting for years to make itself known.

Seeing that I was watching him he came

I remembered that Miriam had spoken so warmly, eloquently of this Allan Percival that I did not besitate in talking confidentially to him. Indeed I had thought sometimes when she was speaking of her London visit and his illness that in time to come Allan might find his affection returned. I wondered if I had better tell him she was living with me; then I thought I should wait a moment and let him speak.

"Don't be afraid of me; I knew Miriam went to America, or at least intended to make the vovage some months since," he said, respectfully, in a most musical voice, and with those wonderful eyes bent beseechingly on me. "She intended to go to a place called Bay View to reside with a lady friend." he continued, "in order to get away from sight and sound of this accursed place," and he looked around, angry sorrow.

CHAPTER XXIL

"She told me in secret," he said, presently, looking up with a sigh; "but as you doomed to wander forever back and forth seem to know of her whereabouts also, I prethe length of my ensiating, invisible chains. sume I am not betraying my cousin to

He paused and his look of inquiry melted all the reserve I was trying to muster, so I Bay View."

awful spell which the apparition had thrown her!" he exclaimed, almost beside himself cleaned, the manure would be as easy to may be placed with a piece in the

I knew that before he spoke, for the glad-ITO BE CONTINUED.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

Each Day Brings Fresh Chances, Hopes

The great Indian Rajah Montja, it is said, had but one son, to whose education he gave much time and thought, in order that the boy might be fitted for his high place. Among his devices for the wise training of his son was the placing near him an old man whose only duty was to say to the Prince, whenever he was enjoying any pleasure keenly: "The day bath but twelve hours." When the lad, on the other hand, was sick or in trouble, he changed the

warning to: "The night is but twelve hours

long." Young readers may think that they, too, like the Indian Prince, have mentors in the middle-aged or old people about them. Every healthy, happy boy or girl looks upon the delight of the moment as eternal, and it is better that they should do so. Why should the athlete, straining to win the race, be paralyzed with the specter of himself as a strong shoot of the present season's decrepit old man! What boy, struggling early growth is used in the same way. for college honors on commencement day, Roots are thrown out as represented, and would persevere if he really believed that day of triumph to be only tweive hours

long, and that behind it lay oblivion! Faith in the immortality of their success is the mainspring of action in every one of the courageous, high-spirited boys and girls who read these words. But they would be wise if they could borrow half of the experience of age, and know how short-lived are the worries, the defeats and pains which seem intolerable to them now. "The mosquito which stings you," says the Sioux proverb, "will be dead to-morrow." The poor lad struggling through college in a crowd of wealthy classmates fancies the mortifications and humiliations which he endures will last as long as life itself. He forgets how swiftly in this country social conditions change. In twenty years not a man in his class probably will stand where he does to-day. Each man will have found

his place for himself. There are among our readers, too, many plain, unattractive girls, who find themselves neglected while their prettier companions are admired and courted. Their suffering is not a thing to smile at; it is real and sharp. They are at the age to which beauty and grace are fitting, and they have neither wisdom nor experience to bear disappointment coolly. But they should remember that there are other and more potent charms than pink cheeks and bright eyes, which will tell in the long run. The verdict of a ball-room does not decide their fate for life.

The night, however dark, is but twelve hours long; with each morning come fresh chances and possibilities for all of us-Youth's Companion.

A Quivering Tree.

Front of Macedonia church in Columbia County. Georgia, is a quivering tree. Years ago, the negroes of the neighborhood say, a murder was done under its branches Two men had accompanied a woman to church and after she had entered the edifice they quarreled about her and one cut the other to death. The murderer escaped and ever since every limb, small or large, on the tree trembles as if in fear or as a suffering animal would quiver. This occurs when not a breath of air is stirring. No negro in Columbia County can be induced to pass the so-called harrited spot alone at night Prominent gentlemen say they have notice the phenomenon, but no explanation of it has ever been volunteered.

Karras, it is said, has had fourteen en ciones in six years.

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

MANURE.

The Best Methods of Making, Saving and Applying It.

It is an all-important point in the

saving of manure, says the Ohio Farmer. to use enough bedding to absorb all of the liquid manure, for there is where the greatest waste of manure occurs. The solid manure is nearly always saved. but a large part of the liquid manure is ply by picking out the fragments. With allowed to go to waste, and often because the value of it is not properly be broken up and the hole will be deep understood. Of late there has been so hough to receive the post, which should much written and said on the subject not be less than seven feet long (better that almost every intelligent farmer longer yet) and at least six inches understands its value. I was more fully impressed with its value when I took up an old stable floor a few years ago. There were two or three loads of wornout straw, chaff and dried manure, all of it so dry and light it was difficult to load on account of the wind blowing it away: to all appearance it was not worth much more than so much chaff. We were top-dressing wheat with stable manure at the time. We spread this manure on the same field, but not near as thick, and the wheat thus manured was almost twice as heavy, and the grass where it was applied always lodged as long as it was in meadow. Since then I have doubled my efforts in trying to save all the liquid manure.

I think straw and chaff a little the nicest for bedding, when it can be had, as they are drier and generally more convenient; but leaves, muck, sawdust position and soon become quite rigid. and shavings will answer the same purpose. Yards where stock is allowed to very slightly slanted, so as to protect run should be as small as possible, not to the post from rain and sun. It is supcrowd the stock too much, and then the manure will not be washed so much by the rain and will be easier to gather. Where stock is allowed to run to a stack in the yard, the litter around the stack should be kept spread over the yard and point of failure, if any. kept as near level as possible, and if any thing, have the lowest spot in the center. I think it a good plan to allow hogs to run in the yard, as they will keep it from getting tramped so hard, and the straw will rot faster.

It will surprise those who have never straw that can be worked into manure. In this connection I should like to call the attention of farmers who keep sheep to the importance of keeping them well bedded with clean straw. I am quite sure that the benefit from the manure can be nearly doubled and the only nure ferment, as it would be unhealthy for the sheep. The common practice is be double the amount of it.

It is a good plan to have the stable floors as nearly water-tight as possible, in order to keep the liquid part of the manure where it can be absorbed by the bedding or dipped up and turned over

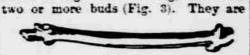
Raising Grape Vines.



growth is bent down as represented, and covered with soil three inches deep, or a



before winter it is detached and taken up. forming the two plants in Fig. 2. This is the simplest and easiest way to increase the plants on a small scale. Cuttings for out-door work are made seven or eight inches long, each with



placed in a sloping position in the soil, which is compactly pressed, the upper bud just above the soil. Cover the surface with a layer of fine manure .-Country Gentleman.

Cutting Off the Combs.

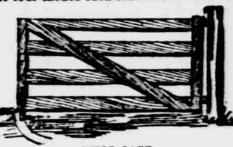
It has long been a practice among game breeders to cut off the combs and the comb, and bathe the parts with cold alum water. The solution of alum should be as strong as possible, and the for a permanent patch, such as respherparts well saturated with it. Our advice ries, blackberries, etc., should be cut is not to cut at all if it can be avoided, back to within six inches of the roots. and subject the large comb breeds only Canes that are left on will be of no ada to the process.-Farm and Fireside.

FIELD GATES.

They Should Be Made Strong and Ser leesble Kather Than Showy.

My attention has been drawn to this matter by seeing how some farmers, reputed to be wealthy, have permitted the carpenter to make a gate fancy instead of useful. In soil closely underlaid by thin stones, when the soil or clay has been dug through, the first stratum of rock may with a sledge be so shattered that a large hole can be excavated sima crowbar or drill the next stratum may not be less than seven feet long (better square; the hole to receive it should be

about one foot square. Now nail on the lower end a piece of board two inches thick and ten inches square. This will serve to protect the post and will anchor it, projecting three or four inches each side from under the



post. By tramping in the seil and fragments of stone the post will retain its Then on top nail another square board posed that the hinges and posts have been adapted to each other.

The gates should be light, perfectly balanced and of durable wood. Its structure is important, and herein is the

One brace should extend diagonally from the heel of the gate to the upper free corner of the nose of the frame, being bolted or nailed with wrought nails and clinched to each cross-rail. If so braced the sag or dragging of the gate will be very slow to manifest ittried this plan to see the amount of self. Sometimes fine gates have pieces crossing at right angles about the middle of the gate, but they are quite unnecessary and are harmful, as they add weight with but little increase of strength. By the tightness of the construction some firmness is at first found, but soon lost, and in a few months the trouble will be to keep the stables gate sags and the carpenter artist is cleaned often, so as not to let the ma- blamed. Every brace should rest in the direction of its length. When a second strip, diagonal from the middle of the to let sheep run without any bedding at gate down to the lower free corner, is atall and never clean the stables until tached it only resists in the direction of they want to use the manure; then they its width. The gate is A B C D. A have to use a pickaxe or spade to dig brace (CA) should be firmly attached the manure up, and it comes out in great to the cross strips with a double strip at chunks, difficult to spread evenly. If A d, in which one latch may hang. "Oh! at last I have heard directly from they were kept bedded and the stables. Under the corner D a caster-roller With this there is no probability of the gate sagging as long as the wood does

> Wintering Cabbage on Long Island. The usual method practiced by market gardeners, and which is at the same time the most satisfactory and simple, is to plow out a double furrow, going Raising the plants from seed is em- forward and back in the same place. cloved only by skilled cultivators for This will make a track sufficiently wide originating new varieties. Some varieties for three rows, one on either side and ties are easily raised from cuttings, but one in the center, the latter resting on the easiest and most certain way for the other two, the heads sinking about novices is by layers, represented by Fig. one-half their depth between the for-1. A branch of the preceding year's mer. They should be placed roots down and at the angle a head would naturally lie when pulled up and laid upon its side. The heads should be taken up after a frost, and before severe freezing commences. After the heads are intrenched, have them exposed as long as they are safe from freezing, then cover to about the depth of three inches with soil, without straw or any other protection. This is best done by running the plow on either side of the row, and

not give way from decay.

throwing the furrow over them. This will be sufficient until there is a prospect that winter is to set in in earnest, then cover at least a foot with earth and leave them for the winter. It is better to put in a wisp of straw in every thirty feet of trench for ventilation, in case of a mild winter. After they are well frozen in, say frost in the covering to the depth of three or four inches, the trench may be protected against further freezing by a covering of straw or stalks, in order to permit of the heads being taken out as wanted for use. For seed purposes this precaution is unnec-PSSAFV.

Cabbages to keep well through the winter should be stored away before they have fully completed their growth. They then keep on growing during the winter, and in the spring will be much larger than when put away, and far more healthy. Last spring we took heads from the trenches more than three times the size they were when putaway. perfectly sound and tender, while many of the matured heads rotted. - American Agriculturist.

An Ill Wind.

While bee-keepers at the North ale agitating for legislation against the spraying of fruit trees with arsenites during the blossoming season as a protection against fruit-injuring insects, sportsmen at the South appear to have wattles of the males. It is not believed an equally valid cause for legislation to be a cruel process, but of that we are against the use of paris green by cottonnot so sure, as the removal of any por- planters for the destruction of the cotton tion of the body is attended with pain to worm. Complaints come from many a certain extent. Leghorn breeders are quarters that the liberal use of this considering the advisability of cutting arsenite has been playing havoc with off the combs in order to avoid the effects the game birds, which fed upon the of the frost in winter, which cuts off the poisoned worms, of which they are very combs slowly and painfully. The one is fond. Partridges and prairie chickens, done quickly and the other is slow tort- which were very numerous in many ure. It is not safe to cut off the combs regions, have, it is said, been nearly all and wattles of old birds, as they bleed destroyed. Whole flocks having been very profusely. Young birds (males and found dead in many places. There is females) may be "dubbed" when four danger that unless the worms are saved months old, or as soon as the comb is from the poison the sportsman's occuwell developed. Use a sharp shears or pation will soon be gone in wide areas. razor. A very sharp knife will an- Just as it's an ill wind that blows noswer. Cut off the wattles first and then body good, it's a good wind that blows

nobody ill. All plants that are set out in the fall , vantage next season.