# NORA'S TEST
## From Darkness To Light

BY MARY CECIL HAY

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Miss Foster had a new bonnet on," observed Nora, lifting her silken lashes to meet his quizzical gaze, and then, with a blush, becoming aware of something at the fire which she had forgotten.

"I remarked it; Miss Foster had a new bonnet. Miss Victoria Foster a newer bonnet, and Mrs. Foster the newest bonnet of all. Byron would have been charmed if he had had my passing opportunity, for they were shining like a guinea and two seven-shilling pieces."

"They looked very stylish," observed Nora, anxiously following the new direction of Mark's eyes as he moved to the hearth rug.

"Do you know what is the message I bear to Mrs. Foster?"

"No," cried Nora, all interest at once. "Is it from Heaton?"

"Yes," replied Mark, trying to resist watching the effect of every word upon her. "Will and I want her to bring you all down to Heaton for a day, as our guests—Will's and mine. You have been in England a whole year, yet have never seen Will's home."

"No, and I thought I should stay there a great deal. But perhaps it was better; I could never have worked so industriously in the country—in summer time. I suppose it is very beautiful there, Mr. Poynz?"

"You will see."

"Perhaps," she said, wistfully. "But perhaps I may not."

"But you must; I have something to show you, and to tell you there."

"Something that would not sound so well here?"

"Yes; it is the story of a beautiful house down there, and must be told on the spot."

"And Miss Archer?" began Nora, looking wistfully at the governess.

"Miss Archer is to have a special message from us both," replied Mark, with a smile for Helen. "As soon as ever the day is fixed, she will hear what a cordial invitation I bring her from Foster, and how anxiously I second it myself."

"And now, Mr. Poynz," Helen said, just as if she could not trust herself to answer him, "I hear unmistakable indications of Mrs. Foster's return."

When Mark, in his unhurried way, had bid good-by to Nora and Miss Archer, and ascended to the drawing room he found the ladies of the house resting after their drive, each with a cup of tea in her hand.

"Thomas did not tell me you were here," exclaimed Mrs. Foster, a little surprised at his having voluntarily informed her how long he had waited for her. "I am sorry to have detained you—very."

"You see we could not have expected you, because you have been away so long," added Genevieve, with great affability. "Will you be persuaded to have a cup of tea, Mr. Poynz. You must be very tired of this delay, and I know you chafed at being obliged to wait so long."

"I have been very comfortable indeed," was Mark's reply.

"You were expecting us every minute.

"I expected you eventually, Miss Foster, but hardly every minute, for I met you an hour ago. No—no tea, thank you."

"Met us!" echoed Victoria, wondering how they could have missed seeing him, while Genevieve stood angrily looking from the window, conscious that, instead of being ashamed of having waited in the school room, he seemed even anxious that they should be distinctly informed that he had done so, and had felt it no penance. "Met us, Mr. Poynz! Where?"

"'Far in the west,'" quoted Mark, "'remote from citizens, where Hyde Park ends and Bayswater begins.' You were speaking to a friend, or I might have stopped you. Mrs. Foster, I bring a message from Will, which I am here myself to indorse—I mean a joint invitation from him and myself. Will had a meeting to attend this evening, or he would, I believe, have been here, too. Will you come and spend a day at Heaton, in the park—and on the lake, if you like—finishing up the evening at Will's lodgings? I will drive you down and back as far as Guildford, if you must return the same night. There will be moonlight, too, if you will fix a day early in next week."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Foster, glancing nervously at her elder daughter, who, though gracefully joining her sister's paean of delight, was waiting for her mother's reply, "we say the twenty-seventh, Mr. Poynz; will that suit you? and will it suit you, Gena?"

"On the twenty-seventh, mamma," Genevieve answered, reflectively, "we are engaged. Did you forget? Perhaps Mr. Poynz will let us say the twenty-ninth. It will be moonlight for our drive even then. How enjoyable it will be!"

"And this invitation, Mrs. Foster," Mark went on, "extends, if you please, to Miss St. George and Miss Archer."

"As for Miss Archer," put in Genevieve, with a laugh, which was not overburdened with mirth, "that is one of Will's philanthropic ideas; and he would be much surprised, I'm sure, afterward, if we, or you, Mr. Poynz, helped him to carry it out. And"—with a smile—"it would be cruel, too, to take her from Miss St. George, who, I am confident, will not be tempted from her work. We never can persuade her to go with us anywhere—never. Can we, Tory?"

"May I try?" asked Mark, in the gravest possible manner, and not at all as if he knew of the merry twinkle in his eyes.

"I will do so," interrupted Mrs. Foster, rising, and glancing at Genevieve for approval of the tact she displayed; "I will try to persuade her, if you will stay, Mr. Poynz. But she will not consent to go, I feel sure; for, though not naturally inclined to study, she keeps closely at it, under the conviction that she is doing right. And, indeed, I think she is, poor child!"

Just as Mrs. Foster reached the door, it was opened from without, and Nora entered the room, with an open letter in her hand.

"Mrs. Foster," she said, without seeming to look further into the room, "Mr. Doyle has written to say he will come for me on the twenty-ninth. The letter has just arrived, and you told me to let you know as soon as ever I heard from him. You said it would be the twenty-eighth, didn't you? Does the change make it inconvenient?"

The last words were added simply in politeness, for she had not seen that Genevieve was ill at ease, and dared not glance up to see whether Mr. Poynz had noticed what day they had expected to lose Nora.

"That will do very well," was Mrs. Foster's ready and half-whispered reply. "Now, run away, my dear, and tell Miss Archer."

"I told her first," confessed Nora, honestly, but without intending to delay, until Mark's voice arrested her.

"Before Miss St. George goes, may we fix upon another day to spend in Surrey—one that will equally suit us all, Mrs. Foster? Have you any objection to promise me the twenty-eighth?"

"I am afraid," began Mrs. Foster, and looked to her daughter to finish the excuse.

"Yes, mamma, I'm afraid so, too. You mean that we must go out to that tiresome old Mrs. Brunton's on the twenty-eighth."

"If that is so," said Mark, quietly, "and your engagements cannot be postponed, I must ask you to choose a later day, and let me take Miss St. George and Miss Archer alone on the twenty-eighth; because after that they could not come at all."

"Of course," began Mrs. Foster, avoiding her daughter's eyes, and feeling more uncomfortable than she ever remembered to have felt before, "I must consent to put off a personal engagement to chaperon the girl of whom I have taken voluntary charge. I would not neglect my duty in any particular; but I am extremely doubtful, Mr. Poynz, as to whether her legal guardian would consent to such a distraction on her last day. Otherwise—"

"I will telegraph to Doyle, with pleasure. That will be no trouble, and I shall have his answer in a few hours."

CHAPTER X.

The morning of the 28th of April was so fair a one that it even rose brightly above the grimy roofs in Great Cumberland Place—so fair that it looked with a sunny smile even through the dim window of that sitting room of Helen Archer's, in Randolph road, Kilburn. So fair, that it was just as it should be, for the dawn of that impossible day which had lived all night in Nora's dreams. And as she dressed—donning a few stray items of girlish finery, which relieved the somber blackness of the well-worn dress, and going constantly to the windows to look up, she sang softly to herself, in the gladness of her heart.

Nora's breath came in a gasp as she looked out. The handsome drag, with its high, cushioned seats, the shining of the silver on the harness, the liveried servants, Mr. Poynz sitting so still, with that dangerous collection of reins in his hand, and, above all, the four restive horses with their glossy coats and arched necks, filled Nora with a wonder of happiness which actually benumbed her, as pain might have done.

Without giving any reason for his choice of route, Mr. Poynz drove round through Kew and Richmond; and, though he rarely addressed Nora when she sat so utterly silent in the intensity of enjoyment, he still had ever an answer ready for each of those breathless questions of hers—an answer which taught her something of the spots they passed while it seemed only idle summer chat.

Presently the houses stood more thickly on the margin of the road, then clustered about a long green, across which the horses sped among a few scattered, watching figures. And then the last country town was passed, Mark said, and they would soon be in Guildford. Then they turned eastward from the town, and rolled on, down sheltered lanes and across a baby river, to such a sweet and tranquil valley that it seemed as if that world of London which they had left in the morning must be in another hemisphere. And there, before them when they stopped, was an old gabled house, standing broad and low on a lawn of smoothest, brightest turf, and from the gate came Willoughby Foster, running like a boy to welcome them, and very ruddily conscious of his error the moment he found himself attempting to reach Nora first of all.

He was called from her before he had won an answer to his cheering remark, and then the horses were led away, the wraps deposited in Will's rooms, and the little party set out for the spot where they were to dine, and where Mr. Foster had invited other guests to meet them.

When the meal was over and the party dispersing, Mr. Poynz came up to Nora, as she stood by one of the tiny arched windows of the long room.

"Miss St. George," he said, "will you come with me for a few minutes? I want to show you the lake. They will all be down there presently, and," he added, following the direction of her eyes, "Miss Archer has been taken possession of, you see, by that pleasant old lady with the gray curls. Come."

They went, talking merrily the while, across a wide, sunny stretch of grass, and then up a little wooded knoll. But when they reached the top of this, and Mark said, "There's the lake," they stood quite still, to look down upon it. It lay on their right, in the hollow beyond this rising ground; and on their left, facing the water, stood a silent, uninhabited house—a long, lofty building of gray stone, with pointed arches over every door and window, and a tall tower at each corner.

Nora's eyes went back again down the gentle slope to the water, and then to the house again: then once more to the lake shore, fastening themselves there upon a low, closed boat house, the flat, leaden roof of which caught the sun rays and held them hotly. Then the girl's gaze, growing more thoughtful and puzzled, slowly traced the path from this little boat house to one wide, low window, opening like a door, in the tower nearest the lake, upon the eastern side of the house.

"I feel as if I had seen all this before," she said, "yet of course that is impossible."

"Unless you have seen it in a picture."

"A picture!" she echoed, thoughtfully. "How and where could I have seen it in a picture?"

"I will tell you," Mark said, gently. "I have brought you here on purpose to tell you."

So, in that very spot where the sketch was taken which he had seen in Mrs. Corr's Irish cabin, he told Nora the story Rachel had narrated to him a year before.

They walked for a while in silence after that, Nora wondering why Mr. Poynz should have proposed this, and wondering still more why it was that she felt such deep, real interest in the story he had told her of Heaton Place.

Presently, leaving the open park, they passed through a firwood, where the bare trees stretched like a boundless vista of columns. Then they came out again into a sheltered little valley on the outskirts of the park, where a low, white house lay safe from every eastern breath, and where the buds of a drooping willow on the lawn shone like emeralds against the dark and somber green of the yews. Instead of walking up the lawn, Mark led Nora to the side of the house, and opened a narrow gate among the yews. She started a little as she entered the path to which it led her—a dim path cut among them.

"How cool and dim!" she said. "It is like sudden twilight."

"It is always twilight here" Mark answered, bending his head a little, as he walked under the arched yews; "and another surprise awaits you at the end. This little avenue leads into such a sheltered, yet sunny nook of the garden that I have known all kinds of summer flowers standing there in blossom before January has left us. See!"

But though the flowers were dazzling in the little parterre to which their walk had suddenly opened, it was not their brilliance which had fixed Nora's astonished gaze; and though in the next minute she was standing before a bed of blooming verbena, it was only to offer her hand to a young man who was busily pegging down the plants.

"Micky!" she cried. "Just think of its being you, Micky!"

The lad had started to his feet as if her pretty, pleasant greeting had struck him, and his cheeks were aflame when he saw her offered hand.

"No, Miss Nora," he said, taking his cap off. "You wurr our fairy princess over at home, and it wurrn't annythin' you cud do cud make the difference; but it's not in Oireland we are now. It is good it is to see yer face again, Miss Nora."

They stayed a few minutes longer talking to the Irish lad, and then Mr. Poynz led Nora up to the house, just as one of the low windows was opened, and a lady of about forty years, in a mourning dress, and with a snowy shawl around her shoulders, came out. She met Mark with a smile of real gladness; but the quiet, dreamy gaze which Nora had noticed first upon her face had returned to it by the time Mr. Poynz had introduced her.

"Miss St. George!" she repeated, as she gave the girl her thin, soft hand, and then seemed inclined to leave it in Nora's clasp. "Did you say so, Mr. Poynz?"

"Nora St. George," Mark answered, intercepting Nora's own reply. "Is the name not quite strange to you?"

"Not quite." The answer was given slowly and thoughtfully; but the quiet, grave eyes brightened with momentary eagerness, and a flash of color glided, as it were, across the pale, still face. "You have seen my garden," she added, gently and almost shyly laying her fingers on Nora's arm; "will you come and see my pictures—if Mr. Poynz will spare you?"

There was little need for the wistful glance into Mark's face. He wanted a stroll round the garden, he said, in his easy way, and would join them in a few minutes. But the few minutes grew to thirty before Miss Gifford and Nora came out to the lawn.

"Thank you," the elder lady said, quite simply, when Mark, bidding her good-by, looked a little keenly from her face to Nora's.

"Mr. Poynz," observed Nora, thoughtfully, walking at his side from the garden gate, "Miss Gifford is just what I fancied her, while you told the story."

"And you do not think that she——"

"Oh, no!" cried the girl, intercepting his question with a shudder. "It could not; it could not have been, Mr. Poynz. It could not."

The tone was quick, and almost angry, in the last few words, and Nora noticed it, while at that moment Mr. Foster caught sight of them and waved his hat, with a call. One minute afterward she was walking at the young curate's side; and Mark, who had so lightly given up his charge to his friend, had joined another group, determined that his friend should be missed as little as possible.

CHAPTER XI.

It was the day after Nora's return to Ireland, and she and Celia Pennington had been wandering about the house and garden in the happiest, idlest way.

At the vicarage gate, the children, who had clung to Nora's side, were taken back by Celia, and Nora went on across the bog alone, singing softly to herself, as in old times, and feeling as if those long twelve months in London must have been a dream, from which she had awakened back to the old, unbroken life.

The sound of a swift, light step on the turf struck familiarly on Nora's ear, and made her stop and turn; and then a warm, kind smile beamed in her beautiful eyes, and she stooped to bring her head on a level with the shaggy head of the barefooted child who, in one nondescript garment just twice too big for him, was hurrying after her.

"Why, Larry," she said, drawing her head back in a critical, admiring sort of way, as she took both the lad's rough hands into her own, "what a big boy you are growing!"

"Stap, Miss Nora!" he cried, in real fright, as he unclinched the fingers of one hand and showed a letter, crushed and soiled. "Take it, plase. I be's to rin now, an' niver stap!"

Before Nora had time to question him, the boy was speeding out of sight across the bog, and so, smiling as she stood, she opened the soiled envelope and drew a slip of paper from it. Could Larry's drunken father have learned to write during that year she had been away? or could Larry himself have scribbled her a [illegible] to show his progress? These thoughts were only momentary, for she had not stood two minutes there before the [illegible] her dress, and [illegible] toward the vicar-age, steadfast in purpose, though so sadly deep in thought. For the few lines were from Rachel Corr, and this was what they said:

"As I guess that you will soon be coming to see me, Miss Nora, dear, I shall put Larry to watch until he can give this into your own hand, and then not wait a moment, for fear he should be seen. Miss Nora, for the sake of all that love you, don't come here at all to-day! But I must see you as soon as I can do it safely. I must speak to you where no one can see us or hear us. I will be at Larry's cottage by the river at dusk. Will you go there alone—quite alone? If you fail, this night will ruin us all; but, even if you come, what can we do? Oh, how hard it is for me to be the one to make you miserable! But I don't know what to do, Miss Nora, dear. I must tell it all to you—and even then what can we do? Burn this quickly. RACHEL.

"In the dark to-night. Oh, don't forget!"

(To be continued.)

### Easily Done.

To be a successful mind reader, one must have a good memory, and by its aid some apparently wonderful things are done. One of the puzzling tricks performed by public "clairvoyants" is a very simple deception. The performer, standing on the stage, asks several persons in the audience to write each a sentence on a slip of paper and seal it in an envelope. Of course the stationery is furnished and afterward collected. One of the audience is a confederate, and writes a sentence agreed upon beforehand. When the assistant goes through the house gathering up the envelopes, the confederate's contribution is taken up with the others, and all together are taken to the stage. The performer picks out any envelope, and, after feeling it, with much ceremony pronounces the sentence agreed upon, and the confederate in the audience acknowledges that he wrote it. To confirm this, the performer tears the envelope he has taken up, and repeats the sentence as though he found it on the inclosed paper, which is in reality another man's sentence, which he reads, and then picking up another envelope and fumbling it over, he calls out the sentence he has just read. The one who wrote it says it is right, the performer tears the envelope open, reads what is in it, and proceeds in that way through the lot.

### Horse Millinery Notes.

You can't judge a horse by the hat he wears.

Rooster feathers falling behind the left ear are popular for afternoon wear.

It is bad form to use a bonnet trimmed in red if your color is gray. Blue is far more becoming.

The aristocratic horse goes bareheaded evenings, but his front hair must be carefully arranged.

The well-bred horse will never allow his ears to wabble after his hat is adjusted, but will hold them firmly erect.

The height of the crown worn depends entirely upon the length of the ears. Mules wear plug hats.

Horses whose owners drive them when going golfing should never wear leghorn bonnets. Something in the way of a cap is best form.

Fancy straws are growing in favor, and three-ply rims are seen occasionally.

### For a Very Good Reason.

"I told him I would make him eat his words," declared Mr. Beechwood, hotly, speaking of a quarrel he had had with Mr. Brushton. "He has been telling things about me that are rank untruths."

"How foolishly men talk to one another," commented Mrs. Beechwood, placidly.

"What do you mean?" demanded her husband. "Do you intend to insinuate that men talk to each other more foolishly than women chatter?"

"Of course I do," the lady went on, imperturbably. "Now, women never try to make each other eat their words, no matter how angry they may be."

"Certainly not," retorted Mr. Beechwood, "and for a very good reason, too."

"What reason?"

"Because their digestive apparatus is inferior to their vocabulary."

### How the Ballet Affected Him.

While things were humming in the ballet-room of the Metropolitan Opera House one day last week a section of the ballet was called to the fore to rehearse an "Indian" ballet. There was nothing in the girls' costumes to indicate the character of the dance, but as they came whooping and gyrating down the stage in front of Albertieri with their tin tomahawks some one looking on remarked:

"What? You got a Carrie Nation ballet?"

"No," said Albertieri wearily. "Eet eez not zo bad as zat. Eeet eez only Indians."—New York Times.

### Sentiment in an Empress.

Prince Frederick of Prussia made his offer of marriage to Queen Victoria's daughter, the late Empress Frederick of Germany, while out on a mountain excursion in the neighborhood of Balmoral. To the end of her life the late empress preserved among her most valued treasures the sprig of white heather which he then gave her, with the words that it symbolized his hopes, for in Scotland white heather is said to bring good luck.

### Accumulative Wealth.

"I suppose," said the inquisitive tourist, "that the wealth of this country is in the soil."

"I reckon it is," replied the poor farmer, "I don't know anybody hereabouts that ever got any out of it, so I reckon it's still thar."—Philadelphia Press.

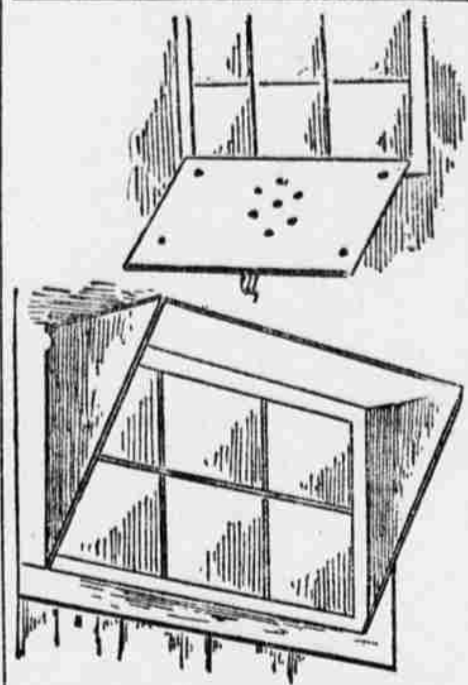
### Blue Butter in India.

In India butter made from the thin milk of the native cows is blue instead [illegible]

# FARMS AND FARMERS

### Protecting Stable Windows.

To ventilate a stable without exposing the animals to direct drafts of air, take three half-inch boards and arrange them at the bottom and slides of a window. These side boards will cut off any side drafts and enable one to leave the window open a considerable space. Then take another half-inch board and hinge it to the top of the window casing inside, after boring a number of holes in it. When the wind is blowing strongly, drop this shutter, after sliding the window to one side far enough to admit what air is desired. In the strongest blows a small amount of air only will be forced into the stable, but always enough to give the animals a supply of pure air.—Indianapolis News.



PROTECTION FOR STABLE WINDOWS.

### Soil Culture in Fruit-Growing.

A few years ago there were few farmers who had any faith in the efforts of skilled experimenters to induce them to conserve the moisture in the soil by a system of shallow cultivation during the summer. One by one they tried the plan, many of them in desperation during a season of drought, until now thousands have proved its great value. Fruit growers are becoming interested in the question and realize that with fruits that absorb immense quantities of water from the soil it is absolutely necessary that everything possible be done to keep in the soil for the use of the tree during the summer all that is possible of the water that falls during the fall, winter and spring. Nothing will accomplish this better than the system of surface culture during the summer. Then if this plan is followed by a cover crop during the winter to be turned under in the spring, the trees have every incentive to thrive, provided, of course, the soil is properly fertilized.

### A Humane Stanchion.

The old-fashioned, rigid stanchion, consisting of two uprights, keeps an animal from moving backward or forward, but it also confines the head so closely that very little movement of this is possible, while the fact that the stanchion has no "give" in any direction causes a good many bumps upon the animal's horns, ears and shoulders when it is getting up or lying down. It is possible to make use of a stanchion, however, and yet have it admit of considerable movement of the animal's head, while still confining its forward or backward movements to very small limits. The cut shows the construction. The upright post turns freely at the base and at the top. Two iron L pieces hold the swinging upright at the bottom, as shown, while a swinging iron clamp at the top holds it when shut. With such a stanchion the cow can move back and forth but little, but can move the head about from side to side with great freedom, while the swinging of the stanchion causes it to "give" a little when the cow is lying down or getting up.—Tribune-Farmer.

STANCHION.

### Cotton-Seed Meal as a Fertilizer.

The plan of using cotton seed in various forms as a fertilizer is not a desirable practice. It is generally admitted that we may add to the soil's fertility by the direct application of several crops, the legumes, for example, but in very many cases these crops could be made to answer a double purpose. This is the case with cotton seed meal. If fed to the stock in small quantities together with roughage of almost any kind, it will be beneficial to the animals and still lose none of its manurial value. All sorts of plans may be tried in soil fertilization, but the fact still remains that the best results are obtained, all things considered, when stock is used in connection with farming. That many dairy farms do not pay is admitted, but, on the other hand, there are few farms that are profitable if stock is not kept on them. Regular farming is meant not truck raising. [illegible] demonstrated time and again, there is no farm used for general work that would not be more profitable if more stock was added up to the number that could be supported from the farm.

### Horse for the Farmer.

Speaking on the most useful horse for the farmer before the West Virginia Live Stock Breeders' Association, C. E. Lewis said in part: The heavy horse has a signal advantage in some farm operations. In plowing or operating a manure spreader or hauling the crops to the barn or to market the heavy horse is just what is wanted, but in barrowing he does not have an advantage proportionate to his size. For drawing a mowing machine the lighter horse is better. Hitch a heavy horse to the shovel plow or cultivator and start him up and down the cornfield, with scarcely room between the three-foot rows for him to put his ponderous feet, walking on two rows at once and breaking down more corn in each than a little horse could in one, and you will quickly decide that he was not made for that kind of work. Besides, to carry 1,000 pounds of surplus, useless horseflesh over the soft ground of the cornfield takes a great deal of energy, and that energy has to be supplied by an extra amount of feed. Then through the long winter months of idleness it requires a great deal of grain to keep the heavy horse's huge body in repair.

### Heat in Bee Culture.

While it is possible to do many things with artificial heat, all attempts to hasten activity on the part of the bees by artificial heat have proved failures—more, have been fatal to the colony. Prominence is given this now in view of several items going the round of the press advising the packing of hives in stable manure to furnish the artificial heat. In experiments brood rearing was hastened, it is true, and more bees hatched, but they were weak, and succumbed to the weather when they left the hives, and many of the honey gatherers started out earlier owing to the artificial heat, and never returned. The hives should, of course, be packed with some material so that the bees will not suffer during the winter, but all attempts to force them to gather honey before settled weather will result in disaster.

### Three-Horse Evener.

To make a good three-horse evener take two pieces of hickory or red elm, or any tough wood one inch thick, six inches wide and thirty-eight inches long, for the main pieces, and a hook with an eye large enough for the center bolt to pass through. Then get two sticks one inch thick, three inches wide and eighteen inches long and a singletree eighteen inches long. A singletree with an iron pulley will answer for the middle horse. A short twisted link chain should pass from the two ends of the eveners over the pulley. The illustration shows the manner of construction better than can be described.—Iowa Homestead.

THREE-HORSE EVENER.

### Feeding Skim Milk.

There is no doubt that skim milk will bring the greatest returns when fed to laying hens, provided one can get twenty cents or more a dozen for winter eggs, and if one has but few hogs and many hens the latter should have the skim milk by all means. On the other hand, it may be fed to hogs with profit, and if fed with corn meal will easily be worth twenty cents a hundredweight. The trouble is that not one feeder in a hundred feeds skim milk properly. It usually goes into the trough at any time when convenient, and is often mixed with other slop that is not so clean, and it is made to take the place of grain to some extent.

### Pigs in Winter.

Pigs in winter take a great deal of care, and one of the greatest cares is to keep them in a dry, warm place. They must be fed different feed from what they get in summer time. They do not require the same amount of feed in summer as in winter. Pastures in summer furnish very much of their feed.

### Care of Stock.

Feed and management have much to do with the health as well as thriftiness of stock. Young and growing animals require feed which will make bone and muscle rather than fat. Bedding liberally with some dry material will add greatly to the comfort of the animals during the winter.—Kansas Farmer.

### Sore Throat in Calves.

Put one ounce turpentine in a pail of boiling water, and hold this under the animal's head for twenty minutes; repeat three times a day; also give a teaspoonful of the compound syrup of squills at a dose three times a day in a tablespoonful of common syrup.

### Cowpox.

If a cow has sore teats and the sores look like cowpox wash the teats clean with soap and warm water after each milking. Where dry, apply iodine ointment of one-eighth strength.

Experimentation is being conducted in Pennsylvania in the growing of Havana filler tobacco