Mistress Rosemary Allyn

By MILLICENT E. MANN

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CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"Open or shut it matters not to me," she returned curtly. "You know that I would not leave her alone in your hands. All this fuss, too, over an old bit of paper, that you know well enough was never a love letter written to her."

"How do you know, Madame?" he questioned eagerly.

"Know? Who better?" she said. "Since I have it."

"You?" he cried.

"Yes, I," she replied, amused at his vehemence.

The missing paper was discovered.

I started, and in my agitation grasped the curtain, which moved and gave out a sound that had they not been so engrossed in defying each other they must have heard.

She unpinned the paper, hidden under a lapel on her bosom.

"Give it to me," he commanded in a still voice.

"To you—why?" she inquired.

"I have a right to any clandestine letters of my daughter's," he replied, evasively.

"Clandestine! Nonsense!" she cried indignantly. "You know as well as I do that it is an old letter written before Rosemary was born—so much Raoul told me. The letter, as I said, I have never read."

"I would read it then," he muttered.

"I will read it to you, if you have not heard it before, since you take such an interest in it," she said, and her voice was quite as sarcastic as my lord's own.

While saying, she had put up her glass in a deliberate manner. He watched her with a diabolic expression on his face, and his fingers tapped the snuff box he held in his hand.

She read: "Elaine!" (my own name) and she sniffed disdainfully; then began again: "Elaine—adorable one. The hour will be eleven o'clock. R.-W. will be on duty. Je t'embrasse.

"R."

"Em-m-m, the King's signet—it grows interesting—and the date is

I stopped and looked at Lord Felton.

January—Jan-January." She stopped and held it closer to her nose and re-adjusted her glass as she strove to make out the faded figures.

"January 16th, 1639," Lord Felton, engrossed, supplied the date.

"Yes, that is it. January 16th, 1639. How did you know?" she quickly asked. "Ah! there is more in this than I thought," she gasped, and sank back into a chair. "January 16th, 1639! The date is stamped upon my brain—it was the night Lord Waters left me!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Ties of Kinship.

Yes, my eyes questioned—how did you know? To this question I read the answer in his eyes that met mine for one fleeting second. Run to earth by his own inadvertent words, he acknowledged himself guilty. Should I expose him? He would not ask for pity, that I knew full well. There was no cringing in his attitude.

We had stepped from our hiding place when Lady Dwight began to read the note, but they had been so absorbed in it and themselves that they had not heeded us or that other spectator, Raoul Dwight, who had been standing in the doorway, until now.

There was a sardonic, devil-I-care look upon Lord Felton's face as he took a pinch of snuff. Then he leisurely closed his snuff box and flicked with his lace kerchief the floating particles of snuff, which he imagined adhered to his cravat. He seemed rather to be enjoying the situation under the scrutiny of our pairs of eyes. It was as if he had known that the time must come when his carefully-guarded secret would out, and he had studied how he should act when the time came till it fitted him like his skin, and the acting of an ignoble part he would make glorious.

I went up to Lady Dwight, who sat in her chair, wonderment, curiosity, and the demand to be gratified in them, written on her face.

"I have a tale to relate, Lady Dwight," I said, "about that old bit of paper you hold in your hand, and which seems to have been equally felicitous in being in demand. On the day of January 16th, 1839, my lord is right as to the date"—I bowed to him—"a man high in court, so high that he made men envious of his standing—one so much so that he planned his destruction—was waiting for an audience with that unfortunate King Charles I at Whitehall. A page come rushing up to him and handed him a note—you have it in your hand. The man took it and read it, before he realized that it was not intended for him, in fact, as the opening shows, it was for a woman. He half smiled, thinking of the page's stupidity, and that he had happened upon a liaison of that most virtuous King. He was giving it back to the lad, when something in his craven face made him inquire to whom he was to deliver it. The lad hemmed and hawed and then refused to say—but the man compelled him at last to admit that it was for—Lady Waters."

I continued slowly, so as to give her time to grasp what I was saying—she was so anguished. "She was the man's wife."

"He thought that of me!" she wailed. It was the cry of a broken heart.

"It was a kingly assignation—but he was more fastidious than the men of the present day," I went hurriedly on. "It drove him mad. He fled the town without verifying the note—without seeing the King—without one word to his young wife. The man who planned the dastardly deed was only too well aware of his sensitive nature. Lord Waters joined Cromwell's army, and thus obtained a divorce from his wife, who had in the meantime gone to France. He loved his first wife so dearly that, believing in her infidelity, she was dead to him henceforth. Later he married again. His second wife soon died; and the lonely man, oppressed by the thought of his first wife and the wrong he might have done her, dragged out a miserable existence in solitude at Long Haut. The outcome of this brooding of many years was to feel that he had been too hasty; that the page had purposely deceived him. These thoughts so rankled in his brain that they were his death. I am the offspring of this second marriage, Lady Dwight, and before my father died he sent me to London to dig out, if possible, the truth of the matter, and to make such reparation as was possible and ask forgiveness of the woman he was sure he had most grievously wronged."

"How could he?" she faltered, "how could he—I loved him."

"How could he, indeed," I murmured.

"Did you succeed in finding the person who did this infamous deed?" Sir Raoul Dwight asked. His voice was as hard as the nethermost stone, and a dangerous glint was in his eye.

I did not answer him immediately and he explained:

"You must know, sir, that this is the first intimation I ever had of my mother's sorrow, and that my father did not die before I was born. It was a fond solicitation on my mother's part, if, perhaps, a mistaken one, in not letting me know all."

He kissed his mother's hand as if apologizing for blaming her in the least part.

"I could not—I could not," she whispered; "my pride would not let me tell my child that his father had left me."

"The name, sir; the name of this person," he demanded; "if alive I would meet him, if dead I would know his name to curse him."

"The man who drove a loving husband from his home, and broke the heart of a beautiful woman—a woman with an unborn babe, the man who did this deed—"

I stopped and looked at Lord Felton. He stood as a courteous man of the world might, displaying only an interested curiosity upon the hearing of an old bit of gossip. Ah! he was brave enough, mad man that he was, and he awaited the blow as he would have the ax of the headsman, with an inward flinching but an outward composure.

"The man is—dead—and I cannot divulge his name," I finished.

Then Lord Felton's face flushed. I saw him open his mouth to speak; I felt the words, "He lies—I am the man," trembled on his lips. He looked at his daughter, Rosemary, and saw fear and relief commingled; at Lady Dwight, who had trusted him for years, and saw suspicion dawning there—and, they were unuttered.

"Lord Waters died without knowing, Lady Dwight, that he had another son," I continued. "I was imprisoned, although promised safety and reinstatement by the king, immediately after I found it out. Thus I was unable either to convey to you or to my father the word I desired. I was struck upon the head and lay for a time sick. When I recovered it was too late for me to receive Lord Water's blessing and give him the tidings that might have made his passage into heaven easier.

"He is dead!" she exclaimed.

Rosemary, kneeling at her side, took her shaking hands in her firm young ones and fondled her.

"Lady Dwight, my father left vast estates, and to these your son, Raoul Dwight, as his father's son, succeeds."

She made a motion of protest, and her son Raoul raised his head with expectancy.

"I shall not be exactly poor," I smiled and said, for I read her womanly heart. "My mother was Squire Hadley's daughter and heiress. As you know, her mother was Elinor Sackett, and brought vast estates to her country squire, whom in marrying the world thought she had taken a step backward, but she thought otherwise."

I dismissed that subject with a wave of the hand, while I turned to the two men.

"Lord Felton and Sir Raoul Dwight," I said, "I have a request to make to each of you. I am a bold man—it will cost you much. Of you," I bowed to Sir Raoul, "that you will take my hand in friendship for our father's sake. Of you," I bowed to Lord Felton, "that you will give me Rosemary to wed."

I had said what I wished, and I waited the result. In each face I read the conflict going on in their souls. Lord Felton, having nothing to lose (Rosemary had been nothing to him for years), was the first to speak.

"Lady Dwight," he said, "you have occupied the place of mother to Mary for years, ever since her own mother died. Are you pleased that she should marry Quentin Waters?"

"Indeed yes, an she love him," replied the sweet lady. She kissed the blushing Rosemary at her side.

"Then Mister Quentin Waters—I believe your title on your mother's side is Lord Sackett——"

I nodded.

"Lord Sackett—it is no more than right that you should be called by it—I give my daughter into your keeping, and may you make her happy." He finished with a great show of virtue, and put Rosemary's hand in mine like the fond parent on the stage, bowed, gave a French shrug to his shoulders, and stepped back. He had to his satisfaction paid the debt he owed me.

Sir Raoul Dwight, with a good grace be it said, for no doubt he thought he loved Rosemary—with some men love of money and love of women are not distinguishable, they are so closely woven; one is the weft and the other the warp of the loom—now came forward. With a low bow he said, extending his hand:

"I would we had known before, sir, that the ties of kinship bound us—I request your friendship."

We clasped hands heartily.

"As for you, sweet coz," he said to Rosemary, "I am as ever your devoted cousin"—and bending over her he kissed her cheek and took the rose from her hair, asking, "May I keep it?"

And she answered lowly, "Yes."

THE END.

VENEERED FURNITURE RIGHT.

When It Stands for Additional Beauty and Expense.

"Despite the talk which seems to indicate the contrary," said a prominent Chestnut street furniture expert to a Philadelphia Record reporter, "there is really very little solid wood used. Take, for instance, mahogany and the various oaks and walnuts, the pieces that set people exclaiming over the marvelous figures of the grain and the ways in which they are matched up. All such pieces are veneered. Any flat surface of any size is usually veneered, the veneer being at first about one-twenty-eighth of an inch, and when worked down to its final state of splendor not over one-thirty-second of an inch. In these fine sets which I've shown you the only solid mahogany in sight which is not veneered is the legs and frames of mirrors and the like. Look at the great solid back of this bedstead. It is of solid mahogany. But it is very tame as compared with the front, which is veneered with the most exquisitely figured and matched pieces.

"Some people have an idea that veneer stands for shoddiness. In this case it represents both additional beauty and expense."

Coleridge the Soldier.

Subsistence could not, however, be made on the reading and writing of pamphlets, nor the means of livelihood obtained by the most eloquent and entrancing of conversations, and Coleridge, finding himself both forlorn and destitute in London, enlisted as a soldier in the Fifteenth (Elliot's) Life Dragoons, says the English House Beautiful.

"On his arrival at the quarters of the regiment," says his friend and biographer, Mr. Gilman, "the general of the district inspected the recruits and looking hard at Coleridge with a military air inquired, 'What's your name, sir?' 'Comberbach' (the name he had assumed). 'What do you come here for, sir?' as if doubting whether he had any business there. 'Sir,' said Coleridge, 'for what most persons come—to be made a soldier.' 'Do you think,' said the general, 'you can run a Frenchman through the body?' 'I do not know,' replied Coleridge, 'as I have never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I'll run away.' 'That will do,' said the general, and Coleridge was turned into the ranks."

Battleship as Yacht.

Any Briton who would like to cruise this summer in a battleship of his own and does not mind spending from $100,000 as a preliminary expense, can have a unique choice as to what ship he will select.

The conditions of the sale of the twenty-eight ships of the British navy which have just come under the hamer at Chatham contain, among others, a proviso that the purchasers shall be British, and that the vessels shall be broken up within a year of purchase.

But there is nothing to prevent a free-born Briton who has, as the Americans say, money to burn, from flying his private flag off Cowes this August on the Warspite, the Northampton or the "saucy" Arethusa.—Sketch.

Egg of a Captive Rattlesnake.

One of a boxful of four rattlesnakes sent to Fred Krempel from California three or four days ago laid an egg yesterday, which is said to be almost without precedent, as snakes in captivity never breed.

The egg is only a little smaller than a hen's egg, and the small rattler can be plainly seen curled up inside of the membrane. It is expected to hatch within a day or two. Few naturalists have ever been able to locate the eggs of the rattlesnake owing to the fact that the snake is exceedingly torpid at the time, and seeks the bottom of its hole, so as not to be prey for the birds, which attack it.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

American's Rise to Power.

An American, J. G. Jenkins, who is relinquishing the premiership of South Australia in order to become the agent general for that state in London, will enjoy the distinction of being the first man who was born a citizen of the United States to represent a British colony in London. He is a native of Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, and is said to have arrived in Australia as a canvasser for an American publishing house. He liked the country, settled there, became a naturalized British subject, was returned to the South Australian parliament, filled various ministerial offices and ultimately reached the premiership.

Reformer in Trouble.

Isidora Duncan, a California girl who has revived the dances of the Greeks, was fined $30 by a German court recently for insulting a government bailiff. The official called to hand some documents to Miss Duncan, who called him an insolent person. Isidora Duncan appeared in court in a pure white costume, her hair in a fillet, her bare feet in sandals, and told the judge she was nervous and hysterical from overwork The judge admitted her plea, inflicting a fine only.

FARM ORCHARD AND GARDEN

[Mr. Wragg invites contributions of any new ideas that readers of this department may wish to present, and would be pleased to answer correspondents desiring information on subjects discussed. Address M. J. Wragg, 300 Good Block, Des Moines, Iowa.]

THE PANSY.

This is the season for the Pansy. It is undoubtedly the most popular garden plant of the spring season in the city and the country.

The pansy is flourishing, holding up, with that peculiar air of impertinence which seems to so characterize the plant, its gorgeously colored blooms. It is remarkable that the pansy should have become such a widely esteemed and universally popular flower in such a comparatively short time.

It is not yet one hundred years ago since the first pansy was produced. The very evident intrinsic merits of the dwarf little garden plant were soon recognized and the pansy became a craze.

Wonderful work was done by a handful of old-time florists, the majority of whom have passed away so recently that all were within the circle of acquaintance of the present writer. There are one or two, perhaps, who still remain as connecting links with this portentous past, but they are few and feeble.

The garden pansy originated in England, I was brought to its perfection in France. To-day there are several distinct strains, all derived from the one original source. The French, German and English growers have each developed along distinctive lines. Colors have been blended in the most wonderful combinations, and the pansy is an interesting plant for the fact that it does possess such brilliant colors in such a remarkable degree of purity and intensity. People love color, and it is very largely for its attributes in this matter that the pansy is so much enjoyed.

One of the highest strains of French pansies which has met with popular reception here is known as the Mme. Perrett strain, originated in 1893. While adhering very closely to the highest standard of the florists' fancy it is inclined to depart somewhat in having a tendency to a crenate margin. The strain is really a fancy, and its chief characteristic is in the length of the stem and the consequent height in which the flower is borne. A bed of these pansies, with the blooms carried well up above the underlying foliage, illuminates a garden to a greater extent than almost anything else that we can imagine.

"Shallow cultivation" should be the fruit growers' watchword. Implements which cannot be regulated to "run shallow" are not desirable in orchard or berry patch. We have seen many a fruit plantation half ruined by heedless cultivation. The successful horticulturist needs to remember two things in this connection: First, that roots were not meant to be mutilated; and, second, that the ground "dries out" just as deeply as it is cultivated. A shallow "dust mulch" conserves the moisture beneath; and the more shallow that mulch is, the more moisture-bearing material there is "beneath." A two-inch mulch is about right.

CLOVER IN FAILING ORCHARDS.

Western prairie lands are generally sufficiently fertile for an orchard growth and need no enriching until the trees begin to show signs of weakness in vigor from crop bearing, and even then may be invigorated by use of crops of red or crimson clover grown among the trees, allowing the crops to fall and decay upon the ground each year. By this treatment a large amount of decaying vegetable matter will accumulate upon the land, rich in plant food, and forming a moist protection from hot summer sun and deep freezing during the winter, a condition conducive to health and vigor in trees. All lands lacking in humus can have this element restored to a great extent by such treatment, and orchards which have been treated thus with red clover maintain greater longevity, fruitfulness and greater excellence in fruit product, besides such treatment dispenses with the costly necessity of using special fertilizers. As to the indications when a bearing orchard needs stimulating, the eminent pomologist, Dr. Warder, once said: "When the growth of the terminal branches fails to make an annual extension of at least one foot in length, the trees should be stimulated by manuring the land and giving it thorough cultivation."

I have been studying the problem somewhat, and it is barely possible that some corn growers would be benefited by drilling their corn instead of checking it. There are some advantages in drilled corn and again it has disadvantages. The stalks planted in a row with one plant every fourteen inches will give more room for plants than when checked. The increase of 76 stalks per acre may not give so much of a chance for loss when poor seed is considered. Drilled corn will be more difficult to keep clean.

PASTURE FOR HOGS.

The value of good pasture for hogs cannot be overestimated. It furnishes health-giving, succulent forage, to secure which the hog takes early morning constitutionals and is made healthy thereby. He eats much of the grass and less of corn, and thereby is expense saved his owner, and he lays on fat faster than if on a full grain ration. Disease does not bother the pasture-fed hog.

The advantages that good roads give to a community of intelligent farmers are so numerous and so evident that it seems like a waste of printer's ink to enumerate them. National, state and local aid combined will solve the problem satisfactorily.

Stock is most profitable on farms that comprise much rolling and hilly land, for then the hilly portions need not be plowed, but can be kept in grass for grazing purposes.

The timber still standing in the state of Minnesota is estimated to be worth at least $100,000,000.

PEACH TREE BORER.

The peach tree borer is a difficult problem. We have written of it so often that we wonder that all are not informed as to its habits, and how to manage it. As the eggs are laid in this latitude (Missouri) from the middle of June to the first of September, our method of fighting them is the mounding of the earth about the trees not later than June 1. This insures the depositing of eggs high up on the tree, so that in removing the mound in the fall the eggs and larvae may be removed. By scraping the collar of the tree not later than September 15, 99 per cent will be thus removed. The mounding of the trees should be six to twelve inches, and after a severe rainstorm care should be taken to see that there are no cavities about the trees caused by the swaying of the tree in the wind. After a storm go over and with a hoe fill in and about the tree so as to maintain the mounding about the tree. Some recommend wrapping with strong paper, wire, etc. Care should be taken to have the lower ends well covered. This is attended with much more labor than the mounding. An active man can go over and mound 1,000 trees in a day. He can remove the ground, and with a good knife scrape nearly as many. It will be important, if not already done, to worm your trees now, ere you mound for the coming season. I have little confidences in washes for this purpose. Some claim that an alkaline wash to the consistency of a paint, in which there is carbolic acid, will keep them away. Have had no personal experience with it, as it is accompanied with so much more trouble and expense than the mounding. You speak of a white "grub" an inch long and one-fourth of an inch thick. I know of no other insect that works under the bark of the peach than the one above. This moth can be readily known by the transverse orange-yellow band on the abdomen of the female, which is much larger than the male. Both have transparent steel blue wings.

In Colorado some interesting experiments are being undertaken to determine, if possible, "whether the pear blight germ lives from one season to the next in honey in hives." If it is found that pear orchards are infected each season by bees the discovery will be far-reaching in helpful results.

POULTRY NOTES.

Do not feed chickens the day they are to be dressed.

After the apple shows will come the poultry shows.

The Plymouth Rock is the Ben Davis among the feathered tribe.

There will be more poultry shows this year than in any previous one—which shows a growing interest.

One of the best informed poultry men declares he considers oats the best balanced grain for egg production.

It is time to put eggs in the incubator for broilers. By the time the chicks are out and eight weeks old there will be a demand for them.

In the leading cities early broilers sell at 35 down to 25 cents per pound. For a chick weighing 1½ pounds 52, of even 37 cents is enough.

Wouldn't it be well for poultry exhibitors to make a statement of the egg product of their breeds? There is an egg strain in fowls as there is a milk strain in cows.

One advantage that the Ozark section holds over other territory for poultry raising is the home supply of grit, ready prepared for the fowls. Nature, in shaping up this territory, seems to have looked after every requirement of the birds.

Horticulturists differ on planting, pruning, cultivating and spraying, but all agree that poultry do good if allowed to hunt bugs in an orchard. The birds do not hunt at night, but they hustle for the enemies of fruit in the day hours. Keep a few extra hens to police the orchard.

Commercial Poultry tells of a man who lives 300 miles from New York who sells eggs in that metropolis at 14 cents per dozen above the highest quotations on the day of shipment. This poultry man sends this guarantee with every case: "I guarantee every egg in this case to be perfectly fresh and that they were laid by my own hens." It seems from the above that a producer does not need to live close by a market to get good prices; also that quality, guaranteed, fixes the price.

A nervous, impatient or cowardly man had better let the colt breaking job out to some quiet, courageous fellow who is not a bit afraid, and who, withal, has had some experience along that line. The colt will nearly always partake of the characteristics of the man who trains and handles him. If you want to see a nervous, rattle-brained horse, put the colt into the hands of that kind of a man to break. Good horse sense in the man is one of the essentials in training colts to make good, reliable, safe horses.

WASHES ON A HILL FARM.

Day by day our hill farms are melting away; that is, they are gradually leveling down, and if we do not turn a hand to stop our soil before it leaves our farm we will never be able to recall it afterwards. There are many ways to do this, if we will only stop to think. Most farms have ravines that lead into other farms, and which are more or less grown up with brush, briars, etc. Put in a few days clearing them up and leave the rubbish in the branch, and if that is not sufficient to hold the dirt, put a little straw in also. If you have grass in the little ravines, leave it there; if you have not, put it there as quickly as possible. When plowing a field of this kind, do not plow up those strips, for by so doing you are only damaging your farm instead of improving it.

The way to make the little folks of your farm trust you is to keep every promise made to them faithfully. Give them the calves and the lambs you say you will. The sorriest time in a lad's life is when he finds out that he cannot trust his own father.

SEASONABLE FARM NOTES.

Don't forget to water the horses that are doing heavy work at about 9 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. How would you like to do without water six or seven hours?

Keep the cultivators running, and as the corn grows remember that the roots are spreading across the rows, so let "shallow and frequent" be your motto after this date.

There certainly is some vacant bit of land about the farm where you can plant a patch of sweet corn about June 10, and another July 1, for late use.

The season for planting cowpeas is at hand, and many a clay spot can be made fertile by the use of a gallon or so of cowpea seed.

The farm poultry will give you better returns in the way of eggs this fall if you will plant a patch of cowpeas near their house—let them do the harvesting.

Millet may be sown up to July 10, but the best crops are from seed sown a little earlier. We like the German millet better than Hungarian.

It is well thoroughly to pulverize the land where millet is to grow, working it after each plowing to destroy the weeds and insure clean hay.

Keep the lambs, pigs, calves, colts and chickens thrifty and growing, or give them to someone who can.

Don't forget the salt boxes. Keep them clean and full, and do not forget either that the calf, sheep or any other animal shut by itself, or with only a few others, needs salt just as much as though with the main flock or herd

About everything grown in the way of green forage has been tried for filling the silo, and the result of all the experiments is that no crop so well fills the bill, taking ease and economy of handling and value as ensilage, as our common field corn cut when the ears are well glazed. This makes the silo fit into the ordinary farm economy all through the corn belt.

MULCHING FOR APPLE TREES

Grant G. Hitchings, the owner of a famous apple orchard, expresses his opinion in the Rural New Yorker as follows: "You lay great stress upon the need of humus in the soil. Why not keep this up by plowing under green crops, as many recommend?"

It occurs to me that we can keep up the humus supply much better and cheaper by adding it on top of a sod in the orchard, by letting what grows go back, and, if necessary, by growing alfalfa in our back lots that are hard to cultivate, and drawing and applying that where needed. In starting a young orchard you can accumulate humus before the trees get large, and with this accumulation and what grows each year it seems to be sufficient to keep the trees producing good apples each season. How long it will last is, of course, a question. To guard against a possible shortage of humus last spring I seeded down 20 acres to alfalfa, and will use this as a mulch for strawberries, and if needed in the orchard."

Several horticulturists in various parts of the country are endeavoring to evolve a variety of strawberry which will freely fruit in autumn They take a variety which has a natural leaning toward fall bearing (Enhance, for example), cut off all spring bloom, and then select for reproduction individual plants that show autumn blooming tendencies. Thus, in time, it is hoped that a fixed "autumn habit" can be bred into the plants.

CARE OF NEWLY SET TREES.

All who set trees recognize the importance of having them make a strong, healthy growth during the first summer, that they may safely pass through the first winter; particularly is this necessary in sections where the winters are severe. Of vital importance is the conservation of the moisture in the soil. It is of little use to pour water on the surface of the soil of a clay texture, the sun will so bake it that little of the mixture will get to the roots of the trees. One of the best plans is to keep the surface soil loosened until after a drenching rain and then, before the sun has a chance to bake the surface soil, place a mulch of hay or straw about the tree, putting on several inches deep and extending for two or three feet above the tree. This will conserve the moisture in the soil. Of course the best plan of all is to carry on the summer cultivation of the surface soil between the rows, thus obtaining the dust mulch; even then the mulch of hay or straw can be used to advantage close to the trees.

The great importance of testing seed corn and planting only that which shows a high vitality, is readily seen when we consider this fact that a maximum stand is absolutely essential to a maximum yield. No matter how well you prepare the soil or how perfect your planting machinery may be, poor seed never has and never will give a perfect stand.

WHEN TO WATER HORSES.

This is a disputed question, but the best authorities seem to agree that horses should be watered before and after feeding. It is just possible that watering before feeding, unless the animals are accustomed to it, results in consumption of a smaller amount of feed. However, this is corrected after a short time. Experiments have been made to determine the comparative advantages of watering before and after, but none of them are very definite.

Newly set cabbage and tomato plants can be protected from cut worms by procuring a lot of empty fruit cans and melting the tops and bottoms from them. Put one around each plant and press it into the soil an inch or so and cutworms will fail to get them.

I have never obtained entire satisfaction from ringing hogs, and yet I would much rather adorn their noses with rings than to have a nice pasture rooted up and made to look as if a cyclone had struck it.

FOOD VALUE OF FRUIT

Prejudice Against Its Liberal Use Is Result of Erroneous Notions.

There are many popular but unfounded prejudices against the dietic use of fruits. It is generally supposed, for example, that fruits are conducive to bowel disorders, and that they are especially prone to produce indigestion if taken at the last meal. The truth is the very opposite of these notions. An exclusive diet of fruit is one of the best-known remedies for chronic bowel disorders. During the late war, large numbers of the soldiers suffering from chronic dysentery were in several instances rapidly cured when abundantly supplied with ripe peaches. Fruit juice may be advantageously used in both acute and chronic bowel disorders. Care must be taken, however, to avoid fruit juices which contain a large amount of cane sugar. Juices of sweet fruits should be employed, or a mixture of sour and sweet fruit juices, or acid fruit juice may be sweetened with malt honey or maltose, a natural sweet produced from cereals. Raisins, figs, prunes, sweet apples and pears may be mixed with sour fruits.

Indigestion sometimes results from the use of fruits in combination with a variety of other food substances; but fruits taken alone constitute the best possible menu for the last meal of the day. The combination of fruit, sugar, cream, bread, butter, cake and pie may well produce bad dreams and a bad taste in the mouth in the morning. The use of fresh or stewed fruit alone without any addition whatever will produce no disturbance, and will leave no unpleasant effects behind to be regretted in the morning. Very acid fruits sometimes disagree with persons who have an excess of acid and those who are suffering from chronic inflammation of the stomach; but with these exceptions, there is almost no case in which fruit may not be advantageously used.

The notion that acid fruits must be avoided by rheumatics is another error which is based on inaccurate observations. The fact is, rheumatics are greatly benefited by the use of fruit. At the same time they should abstain from the use of flesh foods of all sorts, beef tea and animal broths, and all meat preparations, also tea and coffee, as well as alcohol and tobacco. It is, of course, possible for one to take an excess of acids, as one may take an excess of starch or any other food substances. Vegetable acids differ from mineral acids in the fact that they do not accumulate in the body, but are assimilated or utilized in the same way as sugar and allied substances.

Diseased Cattle for Slaughter.

A deliberate attempt to send a carload of diseased cattle for slaughter in New York was recently foiled by the State Agricultural Department. Word was received of the shipping of the stock and the car was intercepted in the railroad yards in New York by the department's agents. Of twenty cows found in the car, three were in a dying condition, and soon expired. Eight others were suffering from advanced tuberculosis, and at least three from pneumonia. It was also learned that several others of the herd had died at Utica before they could be transferred to the car on the New York train. It is intended to prosecute the shipper of the cattle.

A Substitute for Leather.

An English inventor has devised a perfect substitute for leather which can be used for boots, shoes and for every other purpose for which leather is employed. The new tissue is called wolft. It is being extensively used in England, having been adopted by the London Shoe Company especially for walking shoes on account of its coolness and its lightness. Wolft is more durable than leather and is much more waterproof, while at the same time more porous, which makes it a nonconductor, and to a large degree obviates the necessity for wearing rubbers which are needed by one whose feet are clad with leather only when the slush and mud is so deep that the feet are half buried at every step.

Frances Willard and Fashionable Dress.

Said Frances Willard in one of her last addresses, speaking of the advancement and present status of women:

"But be it remembered that until woman comes to her kingdom physically she will never really come at all. Created to be well and strong and beautiful, she long ago 'sacrificed her constitution, and has ever since been living on her by-laws.' She has made of herself an hourglass, whose sands of life passed quickly by. She has walked when she should have run, sat when she should have walked, reclined when she should have sat. She has allowed herself to become a mere lay figure upon which could be fastened any hump or hoop or fad-thingale that fashion-mongers show; and ofttimes her head is a mere rotary ball upon which milliners may perch whatever they please—be it a bird of paradise, or beast or creeping thing. She has bedraggled her senseless long skirts in whatever combination of filth the street presented, submitting to a motion the most awkward and degrading known to the entire animal kingdom, for Nature has endowed all others that carry trains and trails with the power of lifting them without turning in their tracks, but a fashionable woman pays lowliest obeisance to what follows in her own wake; and, as she does so, cuts the most grotesque figure outside a jumping jack. She is a creature born to the beauty and freedom of Diana, but she is swathed by her skirts, splintered by her stays, bandaged by her tight waist, and pinioned by her sleeves until—alas, that I should live to say it!—a trussed turkey or a spitted goose are her most appropriate emblems."

Food Value of Eggs.

Eggs are a very nourishing food and represent two important elements, fats and proteids, in an easily assimilated form. A single egg weighs about one and one-half ounces, of which one ounce is white, or pure albumin, and one-half ounce yolk. The nutritive value of the yolk is greater than that of the white, though its bulk and weight are smaller. Its solid constituents are about one half of its fat. Fresh eggs, properly prepared, are readily digestible. The best mode of preparation is whipped raw, or cooked for twenty or thirty minutes at a temperature of about 160° (curdled). The yolks are more easily digested when boiled hard, and the whites are also easily digested when hard boiled, providing care is used to reduce the coagulated white to minute particles which may readily be dissolved by the gastric juice.

A single egg is equal in value to a dozen oysters.

Very Dissipated.

There are a good many persons who might be said to be dissipated and "all broke up" according to the Japanese use of the word, illustrated in the following anecdote:

"They are telling in Boston of two or three Japanese students of rank who have been in the habit of dining each Sunday at the residence of one of the prominent citizens of the Hub. On a recent Sunday one was absent, and when the host asked why, one of the guests said solemnly: 'Oh, he cannot come. He very, very dissipated!' The host thought it best not to make any further inquiry at the time, but after the meal he ventured to ask the same young man in private, 'You say Mr. Nim Shi is not well?'

"'No, he not very well—he very dissipated.'

"'He hasn't been drinking?'

"'Oh, no, no! he no drunk.'

"'Not gambling?'

"'No, no gamble.'

"'May I ask what he has been doing, then?'

"'Oh, he very dissipated. He eat sponge cake allee time—he all broke up now.'"

RECIPES.

Mashed Peas With Nuts.—Soak a pint of Scotch peas overnight in cold water. In the morning drain and put them to cook in warm water. Cook slowly until perfectly tender, allowing them to simmer very gently toward the last until they become as dry as possible. Put through a colander to remove the skins. Cook the peanuts separately, drain from the juice, rub through a colander, and add to the peas. Beat well together, season with salt, turn into an earthen or graniteware pudding dish, smooth the top, and bake in a moderate oven until dry and mealy. If preferred, one-third toasted bread crumbs may be used with the peas and a less proportion of nuts. Serve hot like mashed potato.

Graham Gems.—Place one pint of cold water in a crock, add one egg; beat water, egg and a pinch of salt together. Then add 1¾ cups of white flour and ¾ cup of graham flour, beat thoroughly, and bake in a quick oven.

Irish Corn Soup.—Take one pint of slice potato cooked until tender, add one pint of corn pulp obtained by rubbing cooked dried corn through a colander. Season with salt, add water to make a proper consistency, reheat, and serve.

Split-Pea Soup.—For each quart of soup desired, simmer one cup of split peas very slowly in three pints of boiling water for six hours or until thoroughly dissolved. When done, rub through a colander, add salt and a slice of onion to flavor. Reheat and season with one-half cup of thin cream or a spoonful of nut meal prepared as directed below. Remove the slice of onion with a fork. Serve hot with croutons.

Croutons.—Cut stale bread into small squares or cubes, and brown thoroughly in a moderate oven. Put a spoonful or two of the croutons in each plate, and turn the hot soup over them.

Baked Parsnips.—Wash, scrape and divide; drop into boiling water, a little more than sufficient to cook them, and boil gently till thoroughly tender. There should remain about one-half pint of the liquor when the parsnips are done. Arrange on an earthen plate or shallow pudding-dish, not more than one layer deep; cover with the juice and bake, basting frequently until the juice is all absorbed and the parsnips delicately browned. Serve at once.

Orange Nectar—Extract the juice of six oranges and two lemons, being careful not to get the flavor of rind. Add enough water to make six glasses of nectar. Sweeten.

Unappreciative.

Hon. R. G. Cousins, of Iowa, who is proudly known throughout his native State as "Our Bob," recently strolled into a barber shop for his customery shave. While the barber wielded the razor over the face of the eloquent Congressman, he hummed, plaintively and pathetically, "That Little Old Red Shawl My Mother Wore."

When he had finished his work, Mr. Cousins slowly arose from the chair and handed him a quarter, saying in his characteristic lazy drawl:

"Just keep the change and go and buy your mother a new shawl."—Philadelphia Ledger.

No "Soft" Snaps in Life.

Whenever I see a youth looking for "a soft snap," I pity him. There can be no doubt where he will end, if he does not change his tactics. If he does not brace up, take stock of himself, and put vim and purpose and energy into his life, he will surely join the great army of the "might-have-beens."—O. S. Marden, in "Success Magazine."

In Spite of the Academy.

While that body of sirupy literary sentimentalists known as the French academy refused to gild the declining years of Jules Verne with an election to the coveted hall of immortals, this rarely gifted writer will survive in worldwide appreciation long after the puling poets and itching love analysts who rejected him have been forgotten. Jules Verne was great beyond the line posts of a single country. The author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Around the World in Eighty Days" and half a hundred other delightful books may not measure up to the standard of emasculated drivel required by the academy, but it must have been a satisfaction to the stricken author to know that the world had placed upon his brow the laurel of success.—Kansas City Journal.

Japanese Generals Are Christians.

Gen. Nogi and Gen. Kuroki are members of the Presbyterian church, and Field Marshal Oyama's wife is also a member in good standing of that denomination. Admiral Togo is a Roman Catholic.