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A MATTER of MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

Continued.

She was sorely bested; the heart which had been torn and trampled upon by another felt a throb of life at the prospect held forth to her by this good man. Here was refuge, here was solace, here was balm for her bruised pride. He was honorable, too, and of a distinguished presence. He would guard her honor, and he would not ask her to give up her millions for a whim, only to scorn her when she had shown herself willing to make the sacrifice.

Smiling upon him with a certain wistful grace, she asked if he would take her without explanation.

For reply, he drew her to his heart, and when the little clock on the parlor mantel struck 11 o'clock that night, it sounded in the ears of a supremely engaged couple.

When he had been gone a little while Clairette, her maid, entered.

"I beg your pardon," said Clairette, "but a gentleman called while you were talking with Mr. Degraw. I could not let him in because you had forbidden it, but I thought if you knew his name——"

She thrust another card under her mistress' eyes. Jenny read it, and then read it again. Hamilton Degraw! Hamilton Degraw? Who was he? No, the gentleman to whom she had just engaged herself? Oh, no! Oh, no! Who, then? Not the artist? He had no, come and gone while she hovered her live away for a comforting word? Yes, yes, the face of the girl told her what this miserable card failed to do. He had been here and she——. A wild scream went up from her lips, and she lay, in the next moment, senseless and inert upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JEANNETTE AND VIRGINIA.

Jenny Rogers realized all that she had imperiled by her sudden excitement, but was not disposed to submit to the consequences of her folly without a struggle. Since the artist still loved her, she would risk that love and hail the return, whatever it might cost the man who had taken advantage of her momentary weakness to bind her to himself. To break away from the man who held her troth, that she might fly to the man who held her heart, was all her hope, all her purpose. To assist fulfillment to this hope and to make certainty of this purpose, she sat down after breakfast to write her betrothed a letter.

But when she came to take the pen in her hand, she trembled. Ah, this was not so easy a task after all! If she had recoiled at times from giving up the millions that had come to her in so wonderful a way, how much more reason had she for recoiling from an act that not only meant the sacrifice of her fortune, but the betrayal of a secret that involved her honor and every claim to happiness which she possessed. I do not think she could have proceeded with her confessions if Clairette had not brought her at this critical moment a letter, which gave her the impetus necessary to carry through her project. It was from the artist and ran thus:

"My Best Beloved—You have refused to see me. Is this because I have come too late? Darling, I had my excuses. I will explain them to you if you will give me the opportunity. Do not judge me without knowing the facts, for whatever indifference I may have shown you, I here avow that my heart has been beating with yours throb for throb, ever since the moment you drew my eyes to yours, and made me see that you were willing to give up all the world for the devotion of your artist lover.

"HAMILTON DEGRAW."

Such words, coming at this moment, made her path plain before her, or so the desperate child thought. A fiery ardor of devotion awoke within her, and though her trembling was not lessened and her cheeks took on the hue of fear, she seized the empty sheets before her, and transcribed the burning words which she knew would effectually sever all connection between herself and her true-hearted benefactor. It was noon when her letter was completed, and her feverish eyes and pallid lips evinced what the task had been to her. But she gave no evidences of flinching, and folded up the letter and addressed it to Hamilton Degraw, Esq., with unyielding determination. Only when it came to her taking from a certain secret drawer the deed and various papers upon which her fortune depended, did she show any signs of weakening. And then, not because of any secret longings toward the wealth represented by these various documents, but because she did not feel quite assured that she had said all that was necessary, in her long but not exhaustive letter. She had told her secret and repudiated the Delaney legacy, but she had not named her successor. Should she? Had she the right? No; but it would be so pleasant to think that the dear little school teacher who had every virtue and every charm save that of an unhalted gait, should reap the benefits that were no longer hers. As she thought of it she took a resolution she would visit this lady and see for herself if she was worthy of this good fortune.

This resolve once taken, she locked up the letter and the deed together, and donned her simplest street garments. Her first move was to consult a directory. It was a successful one, for almost at first view she fighted upon the address she sought under the name of "Rogers, Jeannette; teacher," and elated with her anticipations, she locked herself to the street and number named, like a female Haroun al Raschid.

She was fortunate in finding the young schoolteacher at home. She was ushered into the parlor. In a few minutes, that seemed long to the impatient visitor, a light and almost bounding step was heard in the hall and the door opened, and a pretty, bright and archly smiling girl stood before her.

"I wish to see Miss Jenny Rogers," she explained.

"I am Jenny Rogers."

Our Jenny faltered back astonished, then burst out with the irrepressible exclamation:

"But she is lame! I was told that she limped fearfully, while you——"

The young girl before her broke forth in a merry laugh.

"Oh, I have been lame, but last June I had an operation performed upon my ankle, and it cured me entirely, and now I can even pirouette—see!" And the gay young thing took a whirl through the room, pausing suddenly, however, to exclaim, with irresistible demureness: "Pardon me; I am forgetting my manners."

The signorina—we must call her so again for the nonce—experienced a strange sensation. Not lame, this girl! Then it was surely God's providence that led her here. How strange it all was! The mistake of considering pergament a defect that was only temporary had turned Mr. Degraw's attention from this blooming girl.

"You must wonder who I am and what my errand is. Well, I have no errand; I only wanted to know you—perhaps because of your name, which is identical with my own."

"Jeannette Rogers?"

"Virginia Rogers; but we are both called 'Jenny'—at least I am."

"Ah! how curious!—to meet one of my own name, I mean. And you are so"—"beautiful," she wanted to say, but lacked the courage.

The signorina smiled. Somehow her heart felt quite light.

"Oh, I like you," she impetuously exclaimed. "I feel as if we were old friends. Have you never experienced any unpleasantness from the possession of this name? You know, I suppose, that it has been much in the papers of late; that unusual prosperity as well as adversity has been the portion of some who have held it, and that it is a doubtful blessing to be called 'Jenny Rogers' just now."

"I know that a promising singer of that name has lately become the owner of a large fortune. Is that the doubtful blessing you allude to?"

The archness of her look betrayed the innocence of her heart, but the signorina lost her voice all the same and hesitated some minutes before remarking:

"I have the money, yet I am ready to part with it. It is not always an unmitigated joy to hold it. But, money of itself is good, do you not think so, too, Jeannette?"

"I do, Virginia, so good that I can never have enough of it," she laughed. "It is not that I am mercenary," she protested, "but that my pay is so small and our wants so large. I should like——" She paused, while a flush dyed her earnest young face. "I forgot," she resumed, "that you were not as poor as myself. You cannot understand——"

"But I can," broke in the signorina eagerly. "And I am as poor as yourself—or soon will be—for I shall have nothing while you——"

"You will have nothing?"

"Nothing but what a kind husband will give me, but that is everything, is it not?"

"I do not know," retorted the other, quaintly. "Some day I may be able to answer when I have graduated in other lore than we learn out of books."

"I have graduated," whispered the signorina. Then, suddenly: "I am the singer you alluded to! Will you be my friend?"

"I, your friend!" cried the other. "Will you be mine?"

"Will I not?" exclaimed the signorina.

And the two girls glided into each other's arms, impelled by an attraction that was almost irresistible.

When the signorina went away she wore almost a joyous look, and the first task to which she turned her attention upon reaching her home was to take out her letter to Mr. Degraw and inclose in it the following note:

"If you have any hesitancy as to where to place the large fortune thus thrown back upon your hands, let me suggest that you remember the little school teacher, who is no longer lame, and who, as you must recognize, is as worthy as I am unworthy, and as beautiful as any one who bears the name of 'Rogers.'"

CHAPTER XXXIX

ANOTHER TURN OF THE WHEEL

Miss Jeannette Rogers accompanied by Mrs. Dutton, called on Hamilton Degraw at his studio to give him her reply to his note in person. He greeted her joyously, but perhaps his eyes more than his words spoke his greeting.

He directed her attention to one of his pictures, which he called "Love's Reality," and taking advantage of Mrs. Dutton's considerate preoccupation with the sketches she saw everywhere displayed, he tenderly asked Jeannette, "Can you guess who was my model for that?"

Jenny's eyes met his, and he thought he never saw her look more glowing.

"May I guess that it is your future wife?" she whispered.

With difficulty he suppressed the impulse to clasp her then and there to his heart. But he pressed her hand, which had somehow stolen toward his own, and his face told all the rest.

"Oh, my darling!" he breathed. "Would we were alone for one short minute!"

"We are," she laughed. "Mrs. Dutton is very short-sighted, and so deaf when she thinks it best to be that she cannot really be looked upon as an intruder. We can talk unrestrainedly and that is a great privilege, for we have much to say to each other, have we not?"

"Much; we have a plan for a lifetime," he declared.

"And you have to explain why you for me for three days hovering between hope and despair."

His face fell; a shadow flitted dark and threatening across his satisfaction.

He sighed and reluctantly admitted that he had relied upon the judgment of a friend who had conceived an inexplicable distrust of her. She felt as if an axe had been laid at the root of her happiness. She falteringly asked who was this person, and when he answered "Mr. Byrd," her eyes looked wild and her speech sounded thick. She pressed for an explanation of this man's distrust. Her lover replied that he did not know. He only told her why he had not gone to her after her loving revelation at Miss Aspinwall's reception.

"I yielded to his earnest entreaties," he said. "Mr. Byrd asked me to wait a week until he could substantiate his doubts. I see now that I did wrong. I should have trusted you implicitly. I withheld myself from you for three days. Then my love triumphed. I went to him and told him I could no and would no believe that you were not all your sweet face published, and gave as an argument in your favor the fact that you were ready to give up your great fortune to please my whim. He was overwhelmed, and confessed that he had a total misconception of your character. This was at 8 o'clock, Jenny. At 9:30 I was at your house. There were lights in the parlor, but I was not admitted."

"It was through a mistake," she murmured, with lowered head and brow turned away. "I——" And there she paused. How could she go further? How explain this situation? Besides, she felt weak and shaken. That any man should have distrusted her and made her lover share her doubts, if only for a few days, was terrible to her. She did not know how to hide her agitation, nor how to keep back her tears.

"I love you so," he said, forgetting Mrs. Dutton's presence, which, indeed, did not obtrude itself, "and my trust is so completely restored! I can never doubt you again, nor will I ever in the future listen to any one's words against you. Jenny, Jenny! my queen! my life! Look around, give me your hand, breathe sweet forgiveness, and forget——"

At this juncture Miss Aspinwall entered, and great was her astonishment at the scene before her.

"Mr. Degraw! Jenny! I did not think to find you here together," she ejaculated, with a pointed look.

Jenny seized hold of a small table near her to steady herself, and cast an entreating glance upon her friend.

That friend did not see it, or failed to understand it.

"I have just come from an interview with Mr. Degraw, of Cleveland, whom I met unexpectedly at Tiffany's this morning," Miss Aspinwall continued. "He told me you had engaged yourself to him, Jenny, and I came here." Her full, sweet look at the artist told why. But nobody saw that look. He and Jenny were both absorbed in the one wild glance each had cast upon the other at the utterance of these fatal words.

"What facts are these?" exclaimed the artist, after one terrible moment. "You have engaged yourself to my rival, and now come here——"

"Oh, I can explain it," interrupted Jenny. "I can explain it. He came when I thought myself deserted, offered his hand without conditions, and—and—I listened to him."

"And are you solemnly engaged to marry him?" sternly continued her lover.

"Not now, not now; I wrote to him to-day, after I heard from you. I could not keep my word to him when I found that you still loved me, and I told him——"

"What?"

She did not answer. She was swaying like a reed.

"What, Miss Rogers?"

"Ah!" Her cry rose from a wounded heart. She turned and fled toward Mrs. Dutton. "Take me home!" she cried, then suddenly tottered and turned upon them with a drawn and frightened face. "I have no home," she moaned. "I sent the deed with my letter; I have neither home or friends."

This was too much for Hilary and too much for him. They both sprang and caught the unhappy girl in their arms.

"You sent him a letter and the deed?" he repeated, but this time in gentle tones. "What did he reply?"

To be continued.

National Aid to Road Building.

THE interest manifested in the movement to secure national aid to road building is increasing annually, and will be a prominent question in the next Congress. It is pointed out by the enthusiastic leaders in the movement that vast sums of money are asked to be appropriated by every Congress for dredging rivers and harbors, in many of which instances there are hidden schemes whereby individuals and interests reap large profits, with but little corresponding advantage to individuals making use of such improved means of transportation. Expensive public buildings are erected in cities which are an adornment to the city and creditable to the liberality of the Government, but to the construction of which the rural people have contributed with no adequate return. The fact is advanced that the Government in the past has practically donated vast tracts of valuable land to great railway corporations to aid in the building of great transcontinental systems of railroad for the development of the country through the improved transportation facilities provided. In this connection it is argued that the building of improved roads for improving the transportation facilities between counties and States is an inestimable expenditure of national funds as is the dredging of rivers and harbors, aiding the building of great railway systems or in the construction of expensive public buildings.

In recent years State aid to road building has been established in the States of New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York, with preliminary steps in other States. In these four States 2118 miles of road have been built under contract with the States, representing an outlay, including preliminary and organizing work, of over $16,000,000. It is expected that great progress will be made in the near future in this matter, reaching sooner or later every State. It is but a few years ago that a suggestion to have roads built by States instead of local organizations would have met with far less encouragement than does the national road building movement meets at the present time.

The main features of such a policy are embraced in the Brownlow bill, as recently introduced in Congress, and to which we have recently referred. This bill appropriates $88,000,000 for each of the years 1901, 1905 and 1906 to be expended in States that make an appropriation of a similar sum for the same purpose as is their share of the $24,000,000 appropriated by the National Government. The basis of the distribution of this amount is the population of the respective States, those having a population of 700,000 or less being entitled to $250,000, no less than sixteen States coming into this list. The balance is divided according to population among the remaining States, New York getting $2,108,000, the largest sum awarded to any State. Any State failing to meet the requirements during the first and second years named may make provision during the third year and receive in that year the entire allotment for that State.

The direction of the entire matter is to be in the hands of a national good roads bureau, created by the bill, which will establish rules and regulations under the law. In States where a road department exists, or is hereafter established, the expenditure of both the national and State appropriations may be delegated to such State board by the national bureau. All roads are to be built upon specifications and bids submitted in the usual manner of road building by States. One object of the bill is to encourage the establishment of State road bureaus and the building of roads by States, as well as the general stimulus given to the cause of better roads.

It is claimed that the United States is far behind many foreign countries in the construction of roads. France has 2903 miles of wagon road, built and maintained by the National Government as national roads at the expense of the nation. Italy has about 5880 miles of wagon road built and maintained by the National Government. The United States Government appropriated last year $22,500,000 for river and harbor improvement, which shows no lack of interest in that avenue of transportation, and it pays the veterans of the Civil War and their families $140,000,000 annually. These facts are prominently stated by the advocates of the Brownlow bill as evidence that other countries are moving in the matter of national aid to road building and that our own country is not niggardly in appropriations for such matters as are recognized for financial support by our Government.

They are also cited to demonstrate that the amount appropriated in this bill is not an unreasonable or extravagant sum compared with the interests involved. When the conditions imposed in the bill are met, should it become a law and the States appropriate a like amount, we will have $88,000,000 applied to road improvement.

The principle involved in this matter is set forth in the bill is one of a larger but in the management of public affairs which is in accord with the trend of the times in all public and individual matters. When the town assumed the management of roads previously held by the highway district the broadening policy began to be adopted when the State assumed the authority properly held by the town and now the National Government is asked to become a partner in the building and management of roads. Such a policy is in line with the movement to equalize the cost of roads between city and town, and will have the enthusiastic support of all those people really interested in rural growth and development.—Mirror and Farmer.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

What Matter Foibles as Against a Large Mind and a Loving Heart.

When Margaret Halsey finished her course at the seminary, she fully intended "to devote her life," as she expressed it, to her brother Philip. Hitherto he had devoted his life to her. Their parents had died when she was very young. Philip as a boy had faced the problem of supporting his sister and himself, and by prodigious effort and heroic sacrifices had solved it. She had backed for nothing.

In the struggle he had won his way to success. He had gained an honorable reputation in his profession. Moreover, he was recognized as a moral force in the community, a leader in every good work. Margaret was sure she could help him now. If she could not promote the reforms he believed in, if she could not mix his colors she could at least help him to be comfortable.

But her home had been so long at school that she and her brother were practically strangers. As she came to know him in the familiar intercourse of every day his methods and manners unsettled and then annoyed her. He was so "old-maidish" about the arrangement of furniture and the minutiae of the household ways, he was so fussy about his food; he had such a fascinating trick of pulling his beard! Measures's nerves were kept constantly on edge. She ended by persuading herself that she was very unhappy.

Then, as it befell, the grave and patient healer met with an accident that threatened his life. It was many hours before he returned to consciousness. His hand went feebly to his beard, and he tugged at it in the way that Margaret had always found so annoying. Now she shed tears of thankfulness at sight of the familiar motion.

That night a personal revelation came, when the physician drew her aside and said, "Your brother's recovery will depend so much on you, Miss Margaret, that I must speak plainly. He must not be disturbed or excited, and you have certain peculiarities which——"

"Peculiarities! I have?" stammered Margaret.

"Trifling ones. We all have them. You are no exception. Your brother is too loving and large in his nature to notice them when in health, but now——"

"I understand. What are they, doctor?"

"You have a querulous habit of finding fault incessantly; surely, you are conscious of it, and a shrill voice, which must be irritating to an invalid. You did not know it? Well, of course, it is essential that you should know and try to amend yours for Philip's sake."

Courtesly and with a humbler face Margaret turned to her duty. Now that she knew there were issues in her own eye, it would be easy to overlook her brother's shortcomings. What mattered his little foibles, anyway, as against his large mind and loving heart?—Youth's Companion.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Some men shout their convictions so as to silence their consciences.

You cannot sing a long-metre profession to a short-meter practice.

A man does not stumble over the moral law until he tries to cross it.

It is not easy to be happy when you are poor, but it is a good deal harder when you are not.

The people who can speak in most one are not always the ones who have most weight on the street.

Cultivate the habit of being honorable. It is just as easy as lying once you get the hang of it.—Ram's Horn.

Philadelphia Buddhist Temple.

We are pleased to learn that there is a Buddhist Temple in Philadelphia. It occupies a part of the Museum of Archeology, in the University of Pennsylvania, and is under the directorship of Dr. Maxwell Sommerville, Professor of Glyptology in that institution of learning, and its equipment has been gathered by Professor Sommerville during his travels through Eastern countries, especially Japan. He is a learned, refined gentleman, and is especially fond of art. Buddhism has interested him deeply, and he has become quite learned in its philosophy. This Buddhist Temple in Philadelphia has cost more than $50,000, and all these valuable religious articles brought by him from the Far East have recently been presented to the university. Professor Sommerville has been delivering instructive lectures on Buddhism in this Buddhist Temple—Light of Dharma.

Time to Grow.

A strange incident is reported on a certain railway, which we will not mention by name, and the lawyers are set at a pretty riddle to solve. When the passengers alighted from an afternoon train at D——, the ticket collector at the gate stopped a lady, who was passing through with a bobbing urchin, by the remark, "That boy of yours is too big for a 'half ticket, mum.' "Well, maybe he is," replied the lady, with a touch of sarcasm in her tone, "but he was not when we left town; he's a growing lad, and he's had plenty of time since then."—Golden Penny.

In values of live stock in the United States there was a decrease for the year 1903 of $18,052,000, the total valuation being $3,001,802,000.

AGRICULTURAL.

Dairying and Feeding.

Dairying is an occupation which has paid in every section of the United States, and has been accomplished under difficulties which should not have occurred. The farmer who makes dairying a specialty gradually lies comes wealthier because his farm increases in fertility every year, and because the cattle enable him to sell the products of his farm at prices much above their real value in the form of milk, butter and cheese. The value of the dairy products annually in this country amounts to over $200,000,000, and there is a home market for all that has been produced, but a small proportion being exported. The consumption of butter is estimated at about eighteen pounds per year for each inhabitant, and the total amount produced is over 1,200,000,000 pounds, of which over twenty four per cent is found in the North Atlantic States, fifty-[illegible] per cent in the North central states, seven per cent in the South Atlantic States, [illegible] in the South central division and [illegible] per cent in the Western division. It may be stated also that twenty per cent of the product is made in factories, the farms being the source from which the larger proportion of butter comes.

Small Poultry House.

It is commonly considered that ten square feet of floor space should be allowed for each fowl in planning a poultry house, and on this basis a house for twenty hens would be about ten by twenty feet inside. Usually this is a safe measurement where no space is provided for a scratching shed, as the latter occupies much room, and the hens use it almost as much as the roosting compartment. Prominent poultrymen claim that six square feet for each hen is sufficient, but for the reason we advise the ten square feet.

Whatever the dimensions, if no scratching shed is provided care must be used that the house is free from drafts and comfortable. In the colder sections every poultry house should be lined inside with tar paper at the back and sides. The front may be arranged so that during the warmer periods of continuous it can be covered with wire netting through which the sun's rays may come and thus provide a pleasant place for scratching.

If no place is planned for a scratching shed it will be necessary that the fowls be given a place to scratch, and [illegible] the house will not take enough room else in the house to make it worth the trouble in good condition. Whatever the plan or house it is best to provide as far as possible for the comfort of the fowls as well as to keep them warm in winter.

A Cheap Cut-Bone Frame.

[illegible]

A FEED RACK.

and leaning the pole against the log in the middle. Then lay one from the opposite side so as to make an X using the log in the centre as a post and the bottom log as a footpiece. Fasten the end poles and the other two poles in place as long as the frame is kept in shape. You can make them as strong as desired. The poles here and alternately give space enough to admit the horses to the crib and by having the poles tied to the horse bars the rack will hold a good load of hay or straw for about twenty feet in length of rail. From Farmer.

Advantages of Sections.

There can be no objection to one bumping his own sorghum provided it has any merits at all, but it is not a good plan to attempt to induce people to leave organized societies for others without a [illegible] Many local journals are [illegible] some of the country points of interest lying in that section of the country, and are trying hard to organize which many of them will be [illegible]. As a matter of fact, [illegible] sections, there are advantages in each growth section [illegible] to others. The climate of the South truthfully tells of the advantages gained in the warm climate with the long growing season. The farmer of the far North and Northwest tells of the advantages of the short season, the man of the thickly settled Middle States tells of the advantages of nearness by markets and so on, each one is truthful and has the advantages he names.

This being the case, why not stay there and work out your salvation? The Northern farmer going South, the Eastern farmer going West and conversely must meet new conditions in him and conditions which will be trying for a number of years until he gets the hang of them, so what does he gain by the change unless he has a barren farm for a fertile one? If one is doing fairly well in his present location, or if the location is a fairly good one, and he is not doing well, it is a question of the man more than it is of the locality. If you have half a chance, work out the problem where you are. It will be solved easier and sooner than by seeking pastures new.

—A.

Keep the Boy on the Farm.

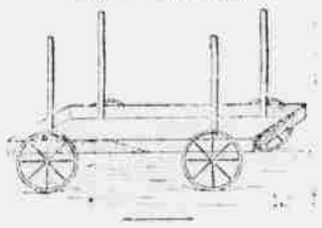
Touching on the steady migration of the young men of the rural districts to the cities in search of a so-called "better chance," and believing that Indiana is being saved of its energies by that movement, the State Department of Public Instruction, in its last bulletin to the teachers, says that they can influence the boy to stay on the farm and to work out its problems.

"It will be a sad day for our national life when all our young farmers come to town, when the small, well-cultivated homesteads give way to landed estates," the bulletin says.

The necessity of keeping the boys on the farm was the subject of a discussion as to what the teacher can do for the community. A teacher's power in developing the industry of a rural society lies in making her schoolroom a busy workshop, where the rights of others and the nobility of honest toil are taught.

The bulletin which is being sent out by the State Superintendent deals with the relation of the teacher to the school, her pupils and the locality. The teacher, the bulletin says, ought to be a missionary, harmonizing the forces of the locality.—Indianapolis News.

A Handy Farm Wagon.



Pigs and Corn.

Corn will always be the feeding pig, although it is not giving feed alone, for the food to develop young hogs. A whole ration of corn is not the cheapest, as I can either, writes Forest Henry, in N. W. Agriculturist. When you are trying to grow pigs on corn alone, a place arising to make a home out of [illegible] that is [illegible] adapted for the purpose and consequently you have a poor work from it at a big expense. I find nothing better or cheaper than water, skim's as a supplementary feed. I [illegible] and readily turns into a [illegible] appetizing and helps to grow [illegible] framework. If sunshine [illegible] and pure water is obtainable, [illegible] a very good substitute. In winter, however, be fed [illegible] to small pigs. I [illegible] get [illegible] that is of a low grade and sells at a low price, have it ground and mix with the skim. This turns out the [illegible] and [illegible]. I can neither [illegible] nor [illegible] the barley for [illegible] feeding [illegible] and I prefer [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible]. A few pumpkins or squashes [illegible] no wonder for the pig [illegible] giving him a [illegible]. In [illegible] pen will [illegible] [illegible] in the farm and [illegible] [illegible]. The better for the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] feeding [illegible] if he has been [illegible] [illegible] and one low [illegible] will refill his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to slop it a [illegible] [illegible] a dry clean nest [illegible] if [illegible] [illegible] by it. We will have to take less money for our [illegible] the coming year than we have [illegible] the past two years. Therefore I think the pig raiser is found [illegible] to produce pork more [illegible] and I know of no better way [illegible] to feed the pig a greater variety [illegible] and give him better care.

Poultry Advice.

Don't feed those frozen scraps. Don't make your flocks look tired.

See that the poultry is in good condition and again hatching soon.

It will let your eggs chill rather than throw of four times a day. Chilled eggs never hatch.

The farmer who expects to have no time to care for his poultry is not worthy of a farmer. Good care and feeding of poultry more than pays the cost to any farmer.

The damp and changeable weather, very common at this time of the year, causes an odd and mop in the poultry yard. If they are promptly attended to, "[illegible]" you will save disease [illegible] later.

The weight of egg is about one and one-half pounds to the dozen. A pound of eggs will go as far as a pound of meat for any family. Think of this when you are feeding and caring for your fowls.

The first and last and many other points in the chicken business be to be sure that your stock and facilities are free from grave defects. Remember the old truth "That whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The poultry business is all right as long as we confine our operations within the limits of our capacity. When we exceed those limits we and ourselves in trouble, perhaps without recovering from whence the trouble came.

No sensible excuse has ever been offered for keeping scrub fowls. They occupied fowls should be in the yards of every farmer as well as every [illegible] poultry. It costs no more to feed improved stock than it does mongrel stock, and when they are marketed they bring a much better price.