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CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mrs. Carew shook her head.

"Truth is often stranger than fiction," she said. "You will not be surprised to hear that my husband and I did not agree for one hour. Before the sun had set on my wedding day, I felt sure that I had made myself miserable for life. We could not agree—we could not understand each other. He seemed to me a grim, stern guardian; I appeared to him a foolish, undisciplined child; and, after a time, the usual result was attained—the very intensity of his love changed into dislike.

"Our first violent quarrel took place about the time my father died. I had wept as one who could never be comforted. It seemed, however, to my childish mind, a source of some comfort to reflect that my father should have one of the finest monuments in Lima. My husband refused to listen to my request; it was all nonsense, sentimental rubbish—a plain headstone would do just as well as a marble monument. One hard word led to another. We had the most violent quarrel of our lives. It all seems very childish to me now, and very foolish; but then it was a terrible tragedy. We did not speak at my father's funeral, but when it was over he came to comfort me. I was lying, sick at heart, on a couch, and he tried to kiss me. 'Do not cry so bitterly, Grace,' he said; 'I will try to be very kind to you.' 'Do not touch me—I hate you,' I cried. 'Do you mean that, Grace?' he asked. 'Yes, I mean it. I am sorry that I ever saw you. I am sorry that I married you. I wish that I could be freed from you, and never see you again. I wish that I lay dead by my father's side.' He stood quite still while the torrent of my wrath rolled over him. When he turned to me again his face was as the face of the dead. Had he acted wisely, he would have borne with me until my humor had changed; as it was, he invested childish passion with the dignity of a woman's anger. He repeated, 'Do you mean that, Grace?' 'I mean ten thousand times more,' I replied; and he bowed and left me.

"After that we rarely spoke; when we did, it was to quarrel most violently—and I never failed to tell him how intensely I hated him. 'I believe you hate me, poor child,' he said to me once; 'and it is a hard belief, too. I married you because I loved you so dearly.' I cried out that I had never wanted his love. 'I believe that, too,' he said; 'but why did you let me marry you if you knew how little you cared for me?' 'Because I was a child, and a foolish one,' I cried; 'and I am so miserable now that I wish a thousand times over that I were dead.' He looked so strangely at me that I was frightened; there was a terrible expression on his face; his eyes seemed to flame. I saw the fingers of his hand clinch.

"'Are you going to kill me, Peter?' I asked; 'I do not know,' he replied. 'At times I think that the wisest thing I can do is to kill you first and myself afterward—anything would be better than this terrible pain which you make me suffer.' And from that moment I felt sure that he would murder me. I resolved upon running away. All the stories that I had ever read of jealous, angry husbands slaying their wives, all the horrible tragedies ever perpetrated, came back to me, and I felt quite sure that some such story would one day be told about me. I am no coward, but this idea took a morbid hold of me. I packed a small bag, collected the little sums of money that from time to time he had given me, and went away, hoping never in this world to see his face again. It was a strange coincidence, but on that very day a favorite and confidential clerk of my husband's ran away; and from the advertisements that I saw, I had a strong conviction that my husband thought we had gone away together.

"From that day that I left the house of Peter Lennox, a frightened, terrible child, in fear and trembling, I have never held any communication with him. I was even coward enough to be pleased that he should have a completely bad opinion of me. I left Lima, and, with the few pounds that I had, came over to England. Then something occurred that altered my whole life. Five months after I left my husband's house my dear son Beltran was born."

Lady Ailsa uttered a low cry of surprise; and for the first time during the telling of her story, Mrs. Carew's voice trembled and faltered.

"I did wrong, then," she said—"you will find it hard to forgive me. Mind, when I left Peter Lennox, I was but a foolish, ignorant child. Still I did wrong to conceal from my husband the fact that he had a son. I ought to have written to him at once, and told him, even had I hidden the child from his sight forever. I loved my little Beltran so dearly; he was a fine, handsome child, and in my passionate love for him I swore that he should be my own forever and that no one should ever share in his love. Before that time I had called myself Mrs. Lennox; now I resolved upon calling myself by my maiden name of Carew. I took all precautions, though, about my son—the registration of his birth, the certificate, to prove the truth of what I say. Though I swore that Peter Lennox should never know even of his birth, still I arranged everything so that at any moment I could prove my boy's claims."

"It is a wonderful story," said Beatrix, in a low voice.

"I have but little more to add," continued Mrs. Carew. "When, after being in society for many years, I heard at last of Peter Lennox of Erceldean, the great millionaire, it did not occur to me that it was my husband of twenty-four years before. I thought the name was a strange coincidence—that was all. The reality did not occur to me until I saw Beatrix, and then I recognized the Lennox face. Then for the first time I knew that I had done wrong to my son to keep from him the fact that he was Peter Lennox's heir. Dear Beatrix, I felt rather impatient when I heard you called heiress of Erceldean—after all, Erceldean belonged to Beltran and not to you. I never once thought of making myself known, not even for my son's sake, though at times it was a sore temptation. I should never have told the truth or owned my story but for Beltran and his love. Beltran used to tell me that when he met Mr. Lennox the rich man was very kind to him, that he took an interest in him, and my boy's heart was touched by his kindness. Once I trembled with fear, for it seemed to me that my secret must be discovered. One evening Beltran came home and told me that Mr. Lennox was always troubled by a shadowy likeness that he saw in his face, and a familiar sound that he detected in his voice. I grew fearful then. I could easily have solved the mystery for him, Lady Ailsa. For I have strong reason to believe that my son resembles your deceased husband, 'Prince Charlie,' and not his own father."

Lady Ailsa looked up quickly.

"You are quite right," she said. "I was struck by the same thing in your son—a shadowy resemblance. Now I see it."

"Then I was startled," continued Mrs. Carew, "on finding that my boy had fallen in love with the millionaire's niece. At first I was vexed, and I tried hard to persuade him to forget her; I knew that if ever a marriage took place I must tell the truth. But my boy was so wretched that my conscience reproached me, and I have yielded at last. I did test their love. I wanted to see whether Beatrix would be constant to Beltran through all fortunes, or whether she would prefer the wealth of Peter Lennox to the love of my son. She has come nobly out of the ordeal, and now nothing remains for me but to send for my husband and tell him the truth. Imagine—it is twenty-four years since I have seen him! What will he say to me?"

Beatrix rose and clasped her arms round Mrs. Carew's neck.

"You bear it very bravely," she said; "but I know that you have suffered, aunt. Only imagine—I have an aunt after all! Aunt Grace, kiss me, and tell me that you love me for your son's sake."

"For his and your own," she replied, warmly. "My dear Beatrix, all the time that I was painting your portrait, I was longing to tell you that the uncle you spoke so much about was my husband, and that Beltran was your cousin."

Beatrix laughed a low, happy laugh of perfect content.

"You see, after all, mamma," she said, "I was a most wise and prudent girl."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Perhaps there was not a more miserable man in England than Peter Lennox, the great millionaire.

He had told the detectives all the story of his marriage, and the utmost that they could discover for him in Lima was that his wife had gone away quite alone—that there had been no such thing as an elopement with the suspected clerk, and that she was quite free from that imputation. Then came intelligence that startled him. His wife had been traced to London, and there she had had a son; but from the time the boy had reached his fifth year all clew to her was lost again.

His emotion had been great at the thought of a son having been born to him—a son who, if he could find him, would be heir to his estates, his vast wealth, and his name, who might add honor to honor and be the very salvation of his race. He wondered if it were possible to find him. He made almost superhuman exertions; but it was all in vain, he could glean no intelligence of his wife or son, the son whom even only to see he would have laid down his life.

Disheartened, and almost despairing, he sat one morning alone in his great London drawing room—he had returned to town so as to be nearer the detectives—he could rest no longer at Erceldean. Presently a note was brought in to him from Mrs. Carew, saying that she wished to see him upon important business, if he would be kind enough to call upon her as soon as he could make it convenient.

He drove direct to the little house in Mayfair, and asked for Mrs. Carew.

"My mistress is expecting you, sir," said the servant, when he had told her his name. "She is in her painting room."

He followed the servant, wondering at the beauty of the apartments, at the wealth of ornaments, pictures and statues. Then he reached the painting room, and the servant, after opening the door for him, retired.

At first his eyes were disturbed by the dim, uncertain light. He saw a tall, stately figure standing waiting for him—he could see folds of rich velvet that swept the ground; but in his confusion he did not plainly discern the face that was turned toward him.

The lady bowed, he returned the bow; then Mrs. Carew placed a chair for him, and Peter Lennox sat down. Presently Mrs. Carew spoke. At the first sound of her voice, something in it struck him as familiar. He told himself that it was his son's voice of which he was reminded—the young barrister whom he had liked so well before he declared himself the lover of Beatrix.

"I am sorry to have troubled you," said Mrs. Carew; "but I wanted to ask if there is no way by which we can come to terms?"

"To terms over what?" he inquired.

"Over the marriage of your niece and my son," she answered.

"No, madam. It is a subject we will not discuss."

"Then you refuse to listen to anything that I can suggest?" she said, proudly—and the ring of passionate scorn in her voice struck him as being somewhat familiar.

"You can suggest nothing practical," he replied. "Such a marriage would be most advantageous to you and your son; but it can never take place—of that you may rest assured."

Hitherto she had been standing where her face was in the shade and half hidden from him. She went now to the window and touched the blinds; they sprang apart and admitted a flood of sunshine. She turned and confronted him, her black velvet dress trailing on the ground, her hands raised half in denunciation, her keen, brilliant, passionate face flushing, her lips curling half scornfully.

"Peter Lennox," she said slowly, "look at me; do you know who I am?"

He looked at her quite indifferently.

"Yes," he replied, "you are the scheming mother of a scheming son."

"Look again," she said—"not at the ceiling over my head, not at the wall behind me, but at my face—look, Peter Lennox, and tell me who I am."

He looked indifferently at first, standing just opposite to the graceful, brilliant woman whose face had such strange repressed passion in it. Then gradually, slowly, surely, the indifference died away. Something of wonder, of incredulity, of surprise, of fear, came in its place; his lips grew white and trembled, the dawn of new and great emotion came into his eyes, the calmness of his face departed—he tried to speak, but the sound died away on his lips.

"Who am I?" she repeated.

He raised his trembling hands as though to ward off a blow; all power of speech had gone from him.

"I will tell you," she said. "I am Grace Carew—Grace Lennox, your wife; and you have disinherited your niece because you were hard, stern, cold of heart, cruelly unkind; because you did not know what human love meant; because you trampled my girlish heart under your feet; because you could not and would not understand what a sensitive, warm-hearted, loving nature required; because you wanted to reduce me into a mere machine for regulating your house and saving your money! What was it to you?" she continued, in a passion of scorn, "that I had a quick, changing, sensitive soul, that I had a warm, tender nature, that I was blithe of heart and gay by nature? Less than nothing!"

He held up his hands in deprecation.

"You did not understand me," he said. "I loved you all the time."

A slight, scornful laugh was her answer, and then her face flushed.

"You loved me, yet you suspected that I had run away with a clerk in your office. I was but a child when I ran away, but—understand me clearly, Peter Lennox—I ran away because I did not love you, and because you made my life miserable. Understand that, since I left you, my life has been filled with hard work; but it has been spotless, and you may trace every movement of it. There is another thing, Peter Lennox. My son Beltran is your son, the lawful heir of Erceldean. He was born five months after I left you. I have every necessary proof to place in your hands. Mind what I say, I did wrong in keeping him from you; I should have given you your son. But I loved him too well; I could not part with him. He is like your brother, it appears, the Lennox who was called 'Prince Charlie,' and not like you."

He made no answer, but a strange gray pallor came over his face which touched her as words could not have done.

"I am very sorry for the past," she said, quietly; "I have been sorry ever since I fled from my home. I was very young and thoughtless."

But Peter Lennox made no answer. The tall, stern figure swayed to and fro, and then he fell with a low cry at his wife's feet. She bent over him. "I am truly sorry, Peter," she said, but he was unconscious, and, seeing the gray tint deepen on his face, she began to fear that he was dead.

CHAPTER XXX.

A few hours later Peter Lennox opened his eyes and found himself lying in a charming room. At first he was puzzled to know where he was, and what had happened to him; there was a dull singing in his ears, a strange confusion in his brain; a queer uncertainty troubled him as to his whereabouts, a heavy kind of wonder and pain.

He looked about him; it was an artistic room. In all his superb mansion there was nothing like it. Then his eyes fell upon the figure of a woman kneeling by his side. Gradually all returned to him, and he knew that he was looking in the face of his wife Grace; he knew also that he had had a narrow escape from death.

"Grace," he said feebly—and his voice seemed to come from a distance—it had a faint, feeble kind of sound—"tell me all is really true."

She repeated the story to him, and he listened with new wonder.

"So I have a son," he said—"the handsome, noble boy whom Beatrix loves? He is my son—my own son! Oh, Grace, how shall I learn to believe it? Can it be true—my own son?"

He repeated the words over and over again to himself—his own son, and how should he believe it? Then after a time he turned to her.

"Grace," he said, "I should like to see my son."

"So you shall," she replied. "I have a surprise in store for you, if you are better this evening."

"Will you—will you kiss me, Grace?" he asked in a low, trembling voice, as though he were half afraid of making the request. She bent over him.

"Yes, I will, Peter," she replied, earnestly. "I will indeed. I am sorry that things went so wrong between us. I will say now what I have never said before—that I wish with all my heart matters had been different—that I had been a wiser and better, you wiser and kinder."

She kissed him, and a great calm light came over his face—the stern, grim face that had known so little brightness. A wonderful smile played round the lips that had smiled so little, and presently Peter Lennox fell into such a sleep as he had not had for years.

It was nearly evening when he awoke again, refreshed, rested and almost well. His valet stood ready to attend to him, having been [illegible]. He went downstairs. His wife met him in the hall.

She opened the door of the [illegible] Beatrix, Lady Ailsa and Beltran. A mist swam before his eyes. He trembled as a reed in a strong wind. Then Beatrix went up to him and clasped her arms around his neck; but it was on Beltran's breast that the gray head rested at last. It was to Beltran that the feeble arms clung while the old man cried:

"My son—my son! Thank heaven that I have lived to see my son."

The occurrence was, as Lady Ailsa remarked afterward to the bishop, "most providential." It seemed marvelous to think that Beatrix should from the first have loved Beltran.

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The wedding at Erceldean was talked about long after it had taken place. Such a scene had not been witnessed for many a year in bonny Scotland. From miles round people flocked to see "Prince Charlie's" daughter married and "the king take his own again."

Peter Lennox lavished wealth on the son of whom he was so proud; he purchased for him one of the finest mansions in London—for Beltran would not abandon his professional career. Whenever his father mentioned such a thing to him he would say: "We have had great warriors and great statesmen amongst our ancestors; believe me that a great lawyer will add to the honor of the Lennoxes. I am to strive for the woolsack, you know."

In after years he won it, while Beatrix Lennox remained a queen of society, loved, admired and revered. One event gave her great pleasure. Three years after her own marriage Lady Rayner married the Duke of Heathland. Lord Rayner killed himself by drinking and dissipation, and Lady Rayner, after her year of mourning had expired, married the handsome duke, who had loved her friend so dearly. Beatrix was delighted, and the Duchess of Heathland always remained her devoted friend.

There was no happier woman in England than beautiful Beatrix Lennox. She was rich, honored, esteemed, beloved—she had one of the kindest of husbands, children who were most devoted; but she never forgot what had been the cost of her love.

(The end.)

TOYS AS EDUCATORS.

The "Go" in Them Stimulates Many a Lad to Invention.

In his training for life the American boy of today has one distinct advantage which his father lacked. The mechanical toys of the time cannot come into a boy's possession without giving him a certain acquisition of mechanical ideas which may be of value to him in his future career. The present development in electricity has been made by men who knew practically nothing of electrical appliances in boyhood. With the multiplication of electrical toys the work of the next generation will be taken up by men to whom many of the devices of today have been familiar since early youth. The twentieth century boys of ten years is in a fairsway to know more about the possibilities of electricity than the professor of natural philosophy understood 50 years ago.

The principles on which the modern toys operate are practically the same as those used in complicated machinery. The toy electric railway is now equipped down to the slightest detail. The power may be supplied from a battery or from a generator driving a small turbine connected with a running water faucet. Steel rails are laid about the room from which the motor of the toy engine receives its supply of power. There are passenger and freight cars, signal towers and side tracks from which the boy may learn about the operations of railroads. He is taught the use of positive and negative currents; how to connect electric light; how to manage a dynamo. In fact, if he knew how much he was learning he would probably rebel at the thought.

There are other devices besides toy railroads to instill knowledge into youthful minds under the guise of play. Battleships and torpedo boats supplied with a wet-cell battery for motive power will cut through the waves of an ordinary pond with decks awash. Then there are automobiles operated by electricity and manifold games of similar sort. The steam engine has been in the toy department for years. Its principles have become familiar to children who have played with it in their homes. The possession of such a toy is a stimulus to the boy's inventive capacity. He is constantly tempted to build something for the engine to run.

No intelligent young American owns a machine that "goes" without trying to find out the principles on which it is built. His curiosity is stimulated and must be satisfied. Here is where his elders may find their opportunity. They may not care to bother with his questions, in which case they may be able to stifle his curiosity with evasive answers. Or they may encourage an intelligent study of the principles involved. There are plenty of good books on mechanics and electricity which boys can understand with a little explanation. These may be referred to in connection with the toys. Then, when the boy has become somewhat familiar with the habits of electricity, he may be encouraged to make various simple devices such as are described in any elementary book on the subject. In this way Christmas toys may prove a valuable factor in educating the rising generation in the field in which the twentieth century is expected to show marvelous development.—Kansas City Star.

"Prejudice against college students is dying out. Ten years ago they were received with disfavor by business men. Today they find the commercial world glad to receive them." So says Superintendent Cooley, of the Chicago public schools, and Corporation Lawyer Dill put himself on record recently to similar effect. Perhaps there would never have been any doubt of the college boy's capacity if the professional joke makers had not treated him with the same levity that they extend to mothers-in-law, commuters, young brides and other recognized targets of comic supplement humor.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Carrots For Horses and Cattle.

Carrots are almost indispensable for horses and cattle where no ensilage is used. An excellent plan to have them convenient is to take them from the pits, if stored outside, and place them in bins in the cellar, filling in with dry oats or bran. Sliced with a root cutter and sprinkled with bran they are considered a delicacy by all kinds of live stock.

Cross-Fertilization of Flowers.

The blossoms of the magnolia, that handsome shrubby tree, that is sometimes seen even in our Northern parks, afford a house of entertainment and asylum to the beetles, which are the principal insects attracted by them. Creeping into the heart of a newly opened flower they find shelter beneath the inner petals that form a vault above them, and a warmth that may be felt by the finger, and abundant food, consequently they tarry long in these comfortable quarters, lingering until the expanding petals turn them out to carry the pollen, with which they have been thoroughly dusted during their entertainment by younger flowers. Thus they (the beetles) regularly cross-fertilize the flowers, and prove again the wonderful way in which nature provides for the perpetuation and perfection of species.

Whole Corn in the Silo.

It is claimed that when the ensilage corn is good enough to yield from seventy to ninety bushels of ears to the acre that is as much corn as needs to be fed with it, and the grain ration should be bran, middlings or oats. When it is less than this, cornmeal should be added. But something depends upon the dry fodder used with it. With corn stover or timothy hay use more of the gluten or middlings than when clover hay is used. With clover hay to furnish protein more corn may be used to supply the carbonaceous or heating food, while timothy and corn stover lack the protein that is found in the middlings, bran or gluten meal. If the barn is cold or the cattle are much out of doors, more corn is required to keep up the heat in the system and prevent it consuming its own fat or the butter fat.

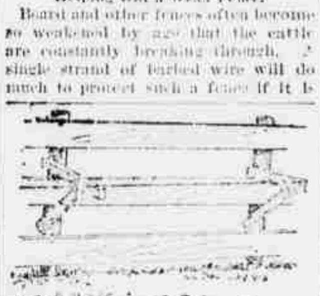
Chicken Fattening.

Bulletin sixty-four, of the Maine station, contains an account of experiments in fattening chickens for market and the egg record of the breeding pens for 1899. The result of the fattening experiments show larger total and individual gains and cheaper flesh production in the case of chickens with partial liberty. The custom commonly practiced by English and French chicken fatteners of confining the birds in small coops was found more troublesome and less profitable than maintaining them in small flocks with restricted runs.

The age at which fattening begins is very important. Chickens twenty weeks old gained one and a half pounds in three weeks, while chickens twenty-five weeks old gained less than one pound in the same length of time. It required eight pounds of grain mixture to produce a pound of gain in live weight with the old birds, and less than six pounds in the case of the younger birds.

Helping Out a Weak Fence.

Board and other fences often become so weakened by age that the cattle are constantly breaking through. A single strand of barbed wire will do much to protect such a fence if it is



STRENGTHENING A WEAK FENCE.

applied in the proper place—not at the top or bottom, for then the break can be made above or below it. Nail brackets inside the fence at the middle of the post every few rods, or at every stake, and stretch the wire from the ends, as shown in the cut. An animal can hardly touch the fence without getting hurt, and when once it has felt the barbs it keeps at a respectable distance.—New England Homestead.

Root Rot of Apple Trees.

Root rot is a name given by fruit growers to a root disease which on account of its depredations in certain parts of the West has attracted a great deal of attention during the last few years. This disease may be recognized both by its effect upon the trees, the leaves of an affected tree shriveling and the tree dying rapidly, and also by the appearance of the roots themselves. The roots are covered by a white layer of the fungus mycelium and also black strands, which latter are very characteristic. The exact fungus which causes this disease is not known and on all the affected roots I have found several fungi present. I suspect that possibly this fungus when determined will prove to be the same as a fungus very common in both Europe and America, the Agaricus melleus or honey mushroom. This fungus is a facultative parasite particularly prevalent on the roots of the pine as a parasite and on white oak stumps as a saprophyte. I think it improbable that local applications of fungicides, salts copper sulphate, etc., will prove beneficial for this disease, owing to the fact that these salts combine with elements in the soil, forming insoluble and hence nonfungicidal compounds.

Some experience has been secured in Europe by horticulturists and foresters in combating fungi of a similar nature. Two different methods are followed: in the first, a ditch is dug around the infected area, thus forming a barrier through which the fungus cannot pass. This treatment is preventative solely, the aim being to confine it within certain limits. The other is by ditching the affected ground all over with long parallel ditches one or two feet apart. In these ditches brush and wood are piled and burned, thus destroying the fungus in the soil. I hope to find some variety of apple whose roots are resistant to this fungus. If such can be found, it may be that the best way of combating this disease will be by double working. Scions from the resistant varieties can then be root grafted on seedlings in the ordinary manner. After these scions have taken root, any variety desired may be either budded or grafted above ground.—Professor Herman Von Schrenk, in American Agriculturist.

A Barnyard With Storage Space Above.

The shaded part of the accompanying cut (Fig. 1) shows an addition to an old barn that gives a covered space for the storage of manure and a run

FIG. 1—AN ADDITION TO AN OLD BARN.

under cover for cattle in winter, while providing also a large amount of storage room above for hay or other fodder. This addition is built upon the end of the barn that contains the cattle quarters, bringing these adjacent to the covered barnyard. A basement barnyard is shown in Figure 2.

A covered barnyard of this sort at

FIG. 2—A BASEMENT BARNYARD.

small expense can be had by those who have basements under their barns, or who have barns so located that they can be raised and basements thus secured. The side toward the south can then be left open, insuring a warm place for cattle to get the air, and a place for the storage of manure where it will not lose any of its valuable qualities. The manure can be spread over the basement floor daily—a little straw or other litter thrown over it, when the cattle will keep it packed tightly down. The idea is illustrated in Figure 2.—New York Tribune.

Preparations For the Garden Season.

That the farmer's garden is as a rule too much neglected will, I think, be generally conceded. And yet I believe there is a growing interest in this direction, and perhaps such as are enough interested to begin thus early in the year to consider the needs and requirements for the coming gardening season may welcome a few suggestions.

First, let every reader who has not already done so, send for several of the leading seedsmen's catalogues, nearly all of which may be had for the asking, or at least may be secured for a nominal sum, and make a selection of such seeds, both in flowers and vegetables, as will be needed for the season's use. Order the seeds early as by so doing the chances are better of receiving exactly what is ordered; and if any errors do occur there is time to make corrections, so that when the gardening season opens, you have on hand just those seeds, bulbs, etc., that are wanted for your garden, and the planting of early vegetables is much more likely to be attended to properly than where this work has been neglected until they are wanted for immediate use.

If the garden has not already received a bountiful supply of stable manure, there is no better time than this to make such application; and if put on now, unless too coarse and strawy, it will work down and into the soil nicely during the spring rains, and be in much better condition for appropriation by the growing plants than if neglected until the ground is settled in spring.

It is an excellent plan, too, to see to it now, while the year's supply of fuel is being provided for, as it is on most farms at this season, that an ample supply of bean poles, brush for peas, etc., is drawn and delivered for the garden; and this can be done, by a little forethought now, without any, or with scarcely any, real additional labor, and will be found a valuable saving of time in the busy season, while, if it is put off until then, it is too apt to be neglected entirely.

The thrifty farmer will, of course, see to it that all garden tools are looked after in advance, and needed repairs made upon them, or, where necessary, that they are replaced by new ones. The sash for hot-beds and cold frames, where these are used, should also be carefully looked after, and many other little details will suggest themselves to those interested in this line of work which it is unnecessary to call attention to, except in a general way.—E. J. Brownell, in The Country Gentleman.

Good Roads Notes

System in Road Building.

THE Governor in his message wisely emphasizes the desirability of system in road building. He would have the old State roads reopened and others constructed, so that the improved highways would form continuous lines, traversing county after county throughout the whole extent of the State. Such roads would, of course, connect the principal cities and large towns of the various counties and correspond somewhat to trunk lines of railroad, giving good traveling from town to town and from county to county, and each would greatly conduce to the development of the communities along its route and to the founding of new ones. The Governor seems to think it appropriate that the State itself should take the initiative in the building of such roads, because they will serve general and not merely local interests, and it is probably desirable that they should be constructed first of all.

Such roads, however, will not, as the Governor makes plain, answer the whole need. There must be a multiplicity of cross roads and side roads connecting different parts of the same towns and villages, and these are no less important than the others. All the people do not live on the main roads by any means. Many a man will drive over a side road to the village, or from one part of the town to another, a hundred times for every single time when he will drive to the next town or the next county on the main highway. It would be most illogical and unjust to say that while intercounty and intertown traffic shall have good roads intracounty and intratown traffic shall continue to wallow in dust and mud. This latter system of local roads is therefore as essential as the former. But, unlike the former, it may properly, and indeed should, be left to local initiative and direction.

We should have, then, two distinct yet connected and harmonious systems of roads. One would comprise such great highways as the old Albany Post Road, along the eastern bank of the Hudson River, and the Boston Post Road, skirting the Sound. The other would consist of intersecting roads, gridironing each county and town. The State roads might well be made of extra width and be constructed of trap rock, which is probably the best road metal in the world, after the most approved plan of Telford and Macadam. There is enough trap in the talus of the Palisades and in the quarries of Rockland County to build such roads from Montauk Point to Niagara Falls, and the distribution of it to nearly all points would be cheap and easy. Granite, however, might also be used, especially in combination with limestone.

The local roads might largely be constructed of local material at much less cost and yet be practically as serviceable as the others. Limestone, which is so widely distributed throughout the State, makes an admirable road if properly used, some preferring it to trap or granite because it is softer and therefore easier for the horses' hoofs. Some villages in Westchester County have provided themselves with capital roads by using the refuse chips and dust from the marble and limestone quarries of that region. Again, deposits of bowlders and gravel are to be found in almost every county, and a road built of broken bowlders with a top dressing of selected gravel comes pretty close to the best standard. But, whatever the material, all the roads of both systems should be built according to well devised and consistent plans, so that we shall be spared the sight, now too often visible, of a fine bit of road a mile or two long running "from nowhere to nowhere" or from a slough to a slough.—New York Tribune.

An Important Matter.

"Good roads" is an important matter to be dealt with at the present session of the Legislature, but like most important matters it is in danger of being complicated by too many conflicting plans. That heretofore pursued of inducing counties and local authorities to do their share, with co-operation from the State, is a good one to adhere to, and it will be better to be a little slow in the good work than to run up debts and mortgage the future. A bill just introduced proposes to issue State bonds not exceeding [illegible], subject to approval by a vote of the people, for the construction and improvement of highways. That would start a new and prodigal policy, which it is desirable to avoid. The value of improved roads is one that accrues as fast as they are constructed, and the people should be induced to pay for them as they go along, or incur only local and short time debts, at most, for sections that must be completed to be of use. The State help should be rendered liberally, but judiciously and without imposing heavy obligations to be met in the future. The work will have to be gradual, and will take a long time at best, but it will grow in appreciation as it advances.—New York Mail and Express.

Good Roads.

It may be well to add that the good roads movement existed long before there was a bicycle or a League of American Wheelmen, but the farmers of America owe much to the riders of the narrow track machine for having given the movement an added impetus.—Denver Republican.

The girl with high ideals seldom marries an acrobat.