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The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONTINUED.

Mary Hamilton had, from the moment of their first meeting, felt such confidence in Dolores that, as she had always declared, her very presence was tranquilizing and gave her a feeling of strength and security, as if her spirit were raised above the ordinary, every-day world. She experienced that effect now, with an indescribable sense of being restored to life and happiness, much as if she had been awakened from a horrible but too real dream. She could not forget the words she had heard, but, surely, she had strangely misunderstood the meaning of them. She sank back again into her chair, but she drew Dolores down beside her, and, with her arm close about her, she said in a questioning voice, but with a manner of perfect faith:

"I heard his words, dear. He said that he loved you, and—oh, Lorita—that he had never loved any other woman!"

"I know it, Maruja—but it was idle talk—that man never really loved me—he is not capable of it."

Mary drew away from her a moment and looked at her questioningly; and Dolores paused in what she had been saying. She had been tempted to add: "He is incapable of loving any one, and it is profaning the word to speak it with his name," but she felt that this would be useless now; so far, opposition to Clarence Stanley had, as is usual in such cases, only increased Polly Hamilton's passion. With a half impatient sigh Dolores continued:

"What he imagined to be his love for me is simply a mania to possess the great treasure of the Mendozas—a treasure which does, indeed, belong to me if it is ever found, and which no man or woman can truly possess and keep except through it rightful owner; but I shall never seek it. The man you are unfortunate enough to love, Maruja, sees in me simply the possessor of untold treasures, the charm of which is, perhaps, increased and exaggerated by the romantic family history of which I gave him the details. How I regret that I did so! How I wish I had then understood myself better—as I do now. I hoped the story of the wicked and treacherous Pedro Mendoza might have been a warning to him——"

"Lorita!" interrupted Polly, reproachfully. "You are very bitter against Clarence."

"That cannot be news to you, Maruja; you have known from the first my aversion toward Mr. Stanley. It is not merely that I do not and never could under any circumstances love Clarence Stanley—that gives no idea of my feeling in the matter—I loathe him!"

She would have said more, but she saw that any further conversation would lead to more than she now wished to say; and, rising hastily, she kissed Mary hurriedly, but with passionate tenderness. Then she hastened from the room. But, before closing the door, she came back and took Polly Hamilton once more in her arms; and the girl remembered afterward that she embraced her solemnly.

"Adios, Maruja!" she said. "My own dear, true friend. Love me always, Maruja, and never forget me! Dear girl!"

She drew her passionately to her heart, and Polly felt a strange sadness in that embrace, as if her friend were saying a long farewell instead of going to her room.

Scarcely had Dolores gone when Mrs. Hamilton sought her daughter; and if Polly had not been sunk in thought she would have seen at a glance that her mother was in a state of suppressed excitement, of a different nature from the painful anxiety which had been distressing her in regard to Polly's mysterious illness.

She put the evening's paper into the hand of Polly and pointed to the paragraph which she had found of such engrossing interest, and Mary read it:

"Wanted—The heir to an English earldom. The cable brings us the news this afternoon of the death of Lord Appleby and his only child, a beautiful and interesting boy of six years. Lord Appleby was the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Windermere. A second son, the Hon. Clarence Stanley, if still living, is now the heir to the title and estates, but nothing has been heard of him for many years, and it is supposed that he died in California, where he was last heard of. Failing an heir in the direct succession, the title and estates will pass to a distant branch of the family."

Polly dropped the paper with a sigh.

"How unfortunate!" she said.

"'Unfortunate?'" repeated Mrs. Hamilton.

"Yes; if I had thought of forgiving Clarence, I couldn't say so now; it would [illegible]

"Will [illegible] Clarence would even mention Maruja [illegible] Does he not know the [illegible] love him?"

"He may have known it, [illegible] hitherto, for Heaven knows I did love him—once. But my feelings have had a severe wrench, and I have been thinking deeply, for a few minutes, since Rita left me. First there was that scene with Mrs. Helmholtz, and upset me more than I cared to admit at the time."

"Nonsense, Polly!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton. "Are you losing your senses? Is Clarence to blame because a half-crazy creature—you called her so yourself—imagines a resemblance between him and her dead husband?"

"And I heard him making love to Rita. She declares he didn't mean it, but I heard his words all the same; and though she repulsed him, and she did repulse him, and she loathes him! Now, mamma, you know there must be something very wrong about a man when a girl like Rita says that she loathes him."

Mrs. Hamilton felt herself ready to choke with the revulsion of feeling caused by these inexplicable words, and finding language inadequate to express the chaotic condition of her mind, she was reduced to silence.

But this could not continue. She felt that she must speak before Polly should give utterance to something yet more incomprehensible, and, by a happy chance, she remembered Doctor MacDonald's prescription.

"My dear," she said, "you have had a trying day, and I think you are feverish. I will go to prepare the medicine the doctor ordered. You know you promised to take it."

And Polly drank the bitter stuff, making many wry faces as she did so, and Mrs. Hamilton put her to bed and tucked her in as she had done when she was a little child, and then she sat by her till she fell asleep.

After that she talked over with her husband the foreign news which had so interested her, and incidentally she mentioned that there had been "some mysterious kind of a quarrel" between the lovers.

"And Polly is mighty cool about it," she concluded, "and perhaps it is just as well she is, for it will teach Lord Clarence Stanley a lesson. But that is no reason why we, you and I, my dear, should not write to Clarence and offer our congratulations."

"Congratulations!" laughed Mr. Hamilton, "congratulate a man on the death of his nearest relatives?"

"Very well, then—condolences!" said Mrs. Hamilton. "But what is the use of humbug? We know how they all hate each other in that family. But to send a message to Clarence will be sure to bring him here, and if Polly once sees him she will forgive him as soon as he asks her."

"All right," said Mr. Hamilton, with easy good nature. "Suppose I go over to the hotel and call on Clarence? That will be the best way, and incidentally I'll tell him I have something about this Chicago business to talk with him about to-morrow."

"Just the thing!" assented Mrs. Hamilton. And when her husband had started on this mission, she gave herself up to dreams of the future glory of the young Countess of Windermere.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE'S MARTYRDOM.

Mary Hamilton said truly when she told her mother that she had experienced a revulsion of feeling in regard to Clarence Stanley; but wishing to spare the heart that had ever loved her entirely, she had not told all the truth. She had, indeed, been shocked and horrified by the words she had heard him speak to Dolores; and she had, insensibly, thought a score of things too terrible to put into form in regard to the apparent recognition of him by Madame Helmholtz.

It was well enough for Dolores to insist that Stanley did not love her—that his avowal was prompted merely by his passion for money and his desire to gain possession of the mysterious and wonderful Mendoza treasure! But the tones of his voice still rang in Polly's ears, and the passionate intensity with which he had declared his love was in striking and very painful contrast to the tranquil and common-place manner that had ever characterized his love-making to herself.

All the evening, after her mother had left her—for her sleep was soon over—and far into the night, Mary Hamilton reviewed her acquaintance with Clarence Stanley, and much that had so often seemed strange, even to her partial judgment, showed all too clearly now—but in dark and lurid colors.

"Oh, Rita! Rita!" groaned the unhappy girl, writhing in pain so great that it was worse to endure than physical suffering. "Is it you whom I have loved above all other women except my mother—is it you, dear Rita, that has brought me this great sorrow? For it is idle to conceal from myself that the bitterest drop in this most bitter cup is the knowledge that Clarence loves Rita and has never loved me!"

Again and again, through the weary watches of the night, did these thoughts, in every conceivable variation, chase each other through this poor girl's tortured fancy, till, quite worn out, at last she fell asleep from exhaustion; but not until another and yet sadder day had already begun to dawn.

It was late in the morning, and the household had already breakfasted, when Mary Hamilton awoke to that poignant realization of ever-present suffering which comes like a dagger-thrust on first returning to wakefulness after bitter sorrow. She woke with a long-drawn, moaning sigh—a sound which struck, like a blow, her mother, who was standing beside the bed, waiting for the dear eyes she loved to unclose.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Polly, with a rush of recollection which took the tears to her eyes; and then, catching the distressed look on Mrs. Hamilton's face, the daughter bravely smiled through her tears, though with a sinking heart, for she saw in one swift glance a new and utterly desperate sorrow in her mother's face.

"How sonnily I have slept!" she exclaimed, with an affectation of entire forgetfulness of the past night and all its suffering. "It is long since I have slept so late in the morning. Perhaps I shall actually become a fashionable girl at last and sleep as late as Bertha Sefton. But what is the matter, mamma, dear? You look troubled about something. No accident to any one, I hope? What new misfortune has come upon us? Has any harm come to Clarence? Is he ill? Is he dead?"

"Would to heaven that he had been dead before you ever saw his false and treacherous face!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, bitterly.

"Ah! Then he is not dead! Thank God for that!" cried Mary, as she suddenly sat up in bed, as if that very thought had brought renewed life and strength.

Mrs. Hamilton realized more acutely than before how her child's very life seemed wrapped in the welfare of the man who had, as she now felt convinced, horribly and cruelly deceived them all from the very first day.

"Since Clarence is not dead," Mary went on, with forced calmness and quite oblivious of the fact that she had but a few hours ago expressed almost entire indifference to him, "mother, can he be so very bad. Is he ill, then? Has any accident happened to him?"

"So far as I know, he is well and safe. He is sure to take exceedingly good care of himself at all times, and more especially now since he has become Lord Stanley and the heir to an earldom," said Mrs. Hamilton, her words and tones unconsciously betraying increased bitterness. "It is not of Lord Stanley that I have come to speak, Polly, dear. At least, not of him first. Dolores has——"

"Rita?" exclaimed Mary, sharply, a strange mixture of relief and alarm in her voice. "Oh, mamma, dear, no harm has come to Rita?"

"No harm has come to her," answered Mrs. Hamilton, with smiling and bitter contempt. "You dear, innocent child! No one is sacrificing life or comfort to spare you, though you would have died for either of them. Dolores is neither dead nor ill nor dying. She has simply eloped. That's all."

"Eloped!" repeated the girl, stupidly, as though the word possessed no meaning for her. "Eloped! And with whom?"

"Aye, with whom? That is the question. But there can be little doubt now as to the companion of her flight. She is gone, and he is gone, too, and the natural inference is, after what took place yesterday, that they have gone together. Dolores, the girl of whom you made a sister—the girl whom I treated as a daughter and loved next to yourself—has eloped with the man who was betrothed to you, Clarence Stanley and Dolores have gone together."

"I'll never believe it!" exclaimed Mary Hamilton, "I could not believe it! No, not if she stood here before me and confessed the perfidy with her own lips. She is all truth and honor. Clarence may—yes, although I have a loved him—I will admit that Clarence Stanley may be false; but Dolores—never!"

Mrs. Hamilton smothered an impatient sigh. She could not comprehend her daughter's devotion to this stranger, now that Dolores was, without doubt, proved her rival, and also her successful rival, for Mrs. Hamilton had reasons, not yet given to Polly, for feeling quite convinced that Dolores had grossly imposed on those who had in every way sought to befriend her.

"Tell me all there is to tell about Dolores," Mary continued, after a few moment's silence.

"It is little enough, but it means a great deal," said Mrs. Hamilton. "Frances, the girl who specially waited on her, gave me this letter but an hour ago. Read it for yourself."

She hurriedly smoothed out a crumpled paper and gave it into her daughter's trembling hands.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Curious Ball-Bearing Shears.

A Connecticut man is the inventor of a ball-bearing shears for use by tailors, tailors, etc., which is at least curiously. Two annular series of balls are disposed in the pivotal connection of the shears, which pivotal connection comprises an annular ball seat, from the centre of which projects a short "boss" interchangeably threaded to receive the pivot screw, the head of which is formed to serve a partial ball channel. When the two shear members are secured together there is a double series of balls involved, which reduces friction and increases the cutting capacity of the instrument. They can be readily adapted to any tension, and it is claimed for it that they will not become clogged in cutting. They are said to have worked well in the experimental shears that have been made and are now in extensive use in this New York City.

And Still He Lives.

In the good old days when there were such things as horse cars and people conducted on a downtown car.

Conductor—"Beg pardon, sir, but this racket has a place in it."

Passenger—"That's all right, conductor, so has the car."—Chicago News.

Good Roads and Good Money.

THE first problem in road making should be to keep the water off the roadway.—Buena Vista Advocate.

No, that is not the "first problem." The first is to provide the money with which to pay labor and buy machinery for grading, ditching, crushing stone, rolling the new roadbed, etc. Where is that to come from? Nowhere else of course but from the pockets of the people, in the shape of taxes. But it is going to be easier to do this than it ever was before. The Legislature if not at the adjourned session, then at the next session will pass a law taxing railroad franchises, and that probably will enable it to reduce State taxes from forty to thirty cents on the $100.

We are assured by Mr. Glass and Mr. Lindsay in the review of the convention's work which they published, that this can be done, and as is well known, the railroad companies have acquiesced in that form of taxation, though the "rate" to be imposed is yet to be settled. And if that reduction be made on behalf of the real estate owner, would not the country people be willing to increase their road taxes? We believe many of them would.

So this seems to be an opportune moment for the friends of good roads to set to work to secure the additional money they need to inaugurate a useful and well-paved system, without which the good roads movement cannot hope for the most satisfactory results.

A suggestion has been made, and repeated over and off, that the General Assembly ought to lend a helping hand to the good roads movement by appropriations from the State treasury—that is, that Virginia should contribute to the road funds of those counties which show a disposition to help themselves and which comply with such requirements as may be laid down by statute. No doubt, propositions of that character will be heard of in the Legislature soon. Indeed, we suspect that when the Legislature reconvenes Governor Montague will give expression to his views along that line. In his biennial address he dealt with principles of government, rather than details. It was understood then that later on he would send to the Legislature a message dealing with many matters of compounding State interest. That of good roads will no doubt be found among them, though we do not undertake to forecast the recommendations he will make. We are more inclined to the belief that he will discuss this question in his message from the fact that he is at this very time attending the good roads convention at Charleston, S. C., where he may gather a good deal of information on what has become a recognized science.

We repeat, that when State taxes are reduced the time will be auspicious for the country taxpayers to decide if they cannot afford to increase their road tax levies.—Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

Do We Want Good Roads?

Of good roads century Virginia has had amount of real, practical work in road building very little. It is money that makes the mare go, and it is money that converts bad roads into good ones.

The State of Virginia now has in her treasury a surplus of $700,000 or $800,000. Some of that might be used to encourage road building.

It is expected that State taxes will be reduced from forty to thirty cents on the $100. Some of this saving could be applied to the country road funds. In several counties it is proposed that that shall be done.

So it would seem the times are auspicious for raising the money to inaugurate a new road system in Virginia. And the way to encourage counties to spend more money on their roads is for the State to contribute something to every dollar raised on county account. This system is in practice in some other States, and is said to work well, has proved, indeed, a great incentive to taxpayers to agree to have their road taxes increased.

With a surplus in the State treasury, with the promise of lower State taxes, now is the time to make a start in road building. And the money end of the problem is the end at which to begin, if we would work it out satisfactorily.

In short, if we really wish good roads we must put up the money for them.—Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

Teddies is Dead.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Talfourd, Lieutenant-Governor-General of Indian Affairs in the Dominion of Canada, died at Wandsworth Common, at the advanced age of ninety-four. He was the original of Tom Teddies in Marryat's "Land Crabbed." The character of Teddies at one time was supposed to be a portrait of the novelist, who was in Canada in 1832 and for many years was in charge of Indian affairs at Ottawa.—St. James's Gazette.

Value of the Human Body.

An enterprising chemist has made the claim that the average human being is worth about $18,200 from the chemical standpoint. His calculations are based on the fact that the human body contains three pounds and thirteen ounces of calcium, and calcium, just now, is worth $500 an ounce.

OATHS STRANGE AND MIGHTY.

Many Odd Customs of Swearing Court Witnesses.

"How very few persons know the history and nature of the judicial oath and affirmation administered in courts of law," said Lawyer Emanuel M. Friend yesterday to an American and Journal reporter. Mr. Friend described the oath as a solemn affirmation and attestation or promise made under an immediate sense of responsibility to God, and the invoking of divine vengeance in case of falsely speaking under the same.

"Oaths are not the creation of municipal law," said Mr. Friend. "For they have been in use from earliest ages, and it has always been considered as supplying the strongest hold on the consciences of man as a pledge of future conduct, a guarantee of veracity.

"The substance of an oath has nothing to do with Christianity, and is used in all countries, though forms differ, the substance is the same, which is that the deity is called upon to witness the truth of what is said, as, for instance, a Jew is sworn on the Pentateuch or Old Testament, with his hat on, closing his oath with, 'So help me Jehovah;' and the Mohammedan on the Koran or Genoa by touching with his hand the rose of a Brahmin or piece of ice, touching a Brahmin by touching the hand of another such priest, a Chinaman, by breaking a china saucer.

"The swearing of a Chinaman is done thus: On entering into the witness box, he kneels down, and a china saucer being placed in his hands he strikes it against the floor, with its front of the box and breaks it. The earth translated more English is 'You shall tell the truth, the whole truth.' Then the saucer is repaired and the officer admonishes the witness continues 'If you do not tell the truth, your soul will be cracked like the saucer.'

"Chinese are also sworn by what is known as the joss stick formula, which is a ceremony of burning one of the sticks used by their idols in the presence of the idols which signifies that their idol is called upon to witness the veracity of what they speak.

"Abyssinians consider of the entrails of the right hand placed on the head, instead of contrary to the truth, the witness answers. In olden times they were punished by the burning of the palm of the right hand of the culprit, and when the hand was scorched, if the scar caused by the burning was there, the testimony of the witness was not taken. It is also said that the index and second fingers of the third were amputated, and that when, being called upon as a witness and the right hand was raised for the purpose of affirmation, if one or both of these fingers were missing the testimony could not be taken.

"The devout Hebrew, in affirming, raises the right hand and extends the thumb, index and second fingers, which forms the letter S, thus meaning the first letter of the word Shaddai or God.

"The devout Christian affirms in the same manner and it is said that the three fingers represent the Trinity. The forms of oaths vary according to where and for the purposes used, and are regulated principally by usage, and affirmations are permitted for the reason that, in many instances, persons, by reason of religious conviction, are prevented from taking the oath. But, as far as legal effect is concerned, the affirmation answers all the purposes of an oath, and when false testimony is given, where one has affirmed, the legal crime of perjury exists just the same as though an oath were taken."

A Children's Park.

Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," is building in California a park designed exclusively for the use of little children.

In the park there will never be any carriages or roads for them; only little paths or trails such as the maker of the park once followed in the Sierras, and there will never be a policeman with his club in sight. In the park the children alone will not be as much as a stick official or park commissioner, nobody under pay.

Joaquin Miller says that he expects the place to run itself now that he has got it started. There is homebreath, he to be only one man on the place, and he, with his family, a flock of sheep, some cows, horses, fowls, fishes for the ponds and fountains, and no rent to pay, will be a land and a happy one.

The work of building this park for children has been to the poet a labor of love. The idea came to him in 1897 but it is only now that he has been enabled to carry it out.—Philadelphia Record.

Marine Oak the Latest.

The latest relic craze in fashionable circles is "marine oak." Neat and convenient little cabinets, cases, clocks, etc., are now being placed on the market by manufacturers of marine furniture that are as clever an imitation of the handiwork of the cabin and the forecastle of sailors's sea chests as is possible to make them. The material used is the best oak, and stained with a dye which the furniture men have lately discovered that gives the wood a peculiar yellowish color wrought by the damp sea air on oak furniture.

These curious and handy little cases and cabinets are equipped with rusty locks, hinges, keys and chairs that complete the tout ensemble of bachelor furniture. With furniture of this kind a bachelor can fix up his room so that it will resemble in every detail the cabin of a sailing vessel.—The Marine Journal.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

Topics of Interest to the Planter, Stockman and Truck Grower.

The South and Live Stock.

W. C. Swaim, of Courtland, Ala., lives just forty miles below the quarantine lines. He believes that a great future is before the South as a live stock country, but he shares opposite views of many cattlemen who consider the danger of Southern fever as a great handicap. Speaking on this point he says:

"If the cattle are handled rightly the danger can be reduced to a minimum but the moment the breeder of the exposition management gets a little careless his herd is gone. I have had only one death among my Northern cattle in the past two years, and now see that I could easily have avoided that. The case was that of one of my young bulls, which I carried to a neighbor's cow. She was a dry, which did not of itself mean that the bull would catch the fever, but I could only depend upon the manual with double dexterity could do this.

"There is a great opportunity in raising Northern cattle, and that by bringing to the south their cattle when the stock is shipped below the quarantine lines or otherwise exposed to Southern fever, is a mistake. Use my own part I am not in favor of the dairy. It may be offered to me in the form, but a cow so left that her milk [illegible] promptly at a [illegible] for four or five months after maturity. Thus the breeder loses so much valuable time.

"The way I handle my cattle is to spray them with [illegible] and I have always found this works admirably, especially on which I keep my breeding stock in fenced pastures and never allow it to intermingle with the wild native cattle. I have constructed a corral of a dozen of chutes into which I can drive the pure breds from time to time and give them a good spraying. Such a course of procedure, combined with common sense management, makes it profitable as safe in the South as in the North.

"In my opinion the need of any state as well as the whole South is better cattle. The people have at last come to realization of this. I think and the future will see rapid strides made in the improved quality of our cattle and feed for stock. The ever present Jersey is a bar to improvement of cattle down my way. We have a few Durhams but not enough to begin to fill the needs of the country. It is a good business for the Northern breeder to work up and I think they will find it as satisfactory on investment as their deals in the S. outward.

"Two years ago I bought five heifers and one bull from Missouri breeders, giving over $2000 for the animals. With the single exception of one heifer they have done remarkably well. I have crossed my bull with native grade Durhams, and this spring expect fifty calves, which I will raise and fatten for the markets.

"Alabama offers plenty of inducements to cattlemen. We have no bad winters, and never worry whether there is a bumpers corn crop or not, realizing that the cattle will carry over just as well on hay. My farmers will average well with any of the south, offered in the ordinary present sale, yet their only feed all winter has been fifteen pounds of hay each day.

"We have the land and the whole world to handle Hereford's and other fine cattle, all that is needed is a little prodding of our southern and my State will soon take a much higher rank in the blooded stock raising circles."

Sheep Made Big Cotton.

A correspondent of Farm and Ranch says: "One of the most different problems with which South's farmers have had to wrestle is that of proper fertilization for cotton, on black land with dense clay subsoil. Stable manure gives the best results. On sandy loams heavy applications of nitrogenous manures have given too much 'weed' without a corresponding yield of lint and seed, and yet on our red forest lands, even in infancy, the cotton plant frequently shows eight to nine inch lint, and yields from 250 to 300 pounds of lint cotton per acre. Here we have a heavy yield without much weed, proving that heavy yield and good growth of 'weed' are not incompatible, but under proper conditions and good cultivation the 'weedy' growth is not every to a large yield of cotton. The writer had seven acres of sandy loam that had been a sheep pen, or series of pens. For twelve years the ground was planted alternately with cotton and corn. The first year the cotton was left sixteen inches apart in four foot rows. The result was an unprecedented yield, and not less pounds of seed cotton on the seven acres. Afterward it was planted in six foot rows, and thinned to four feet, and the average yield of five years, including a partial crop one year, was six pounds of lint and a pound of additional fertilizer was used. The same land also produced forty-two bushels of corn for the six aforesaid years. There is something more in this matter of fertilization for cotton than the character and quantity of the fertilizer. In one respect cotton differs from most staple crops, because the more fertile the soil, the greater distance the plants must have. It is the reverse in the case of corn.

Experiment With Upland Rice.

In 1900 I planted one pound on land that would have made fifteen bushels of corn per acre, writes W. D. Osborn of Logpit, Ala., in Home and Farm. And I harvested five and one-half bushels of clean, rough rice, cropped 115 pounds to a rice mill and had it shelled and received back seventy pounds of clean rice, pronounced by one of our merchants in Alexander City, Ala., to be as good as any that they sold. There were two grades, cracked and uncracked. I consumed what I made at the rate of sixty or seventy bushels per acre. I also had some of the rough rice ground on a grain mill and fed to my cow. I find it as good as corn meal. I notice in a bulletin from the South Carolina Experiment Station on the feeding of rice meal to hogs they find that rice meal is as good as corn meal or better. It is easily grown.

Plant after dinner or from [illegible] has sunshine, two or three feet rows, and cultivate two or three times and you are sure of a good crop. All stock love it. Cut in the dough stage it makes an excellent hay. Last year I planted a small patch and harvested several bushels, but I didn't consider it a great yield. It grows from three to four feet high and when it begins to mold the heads would drop like they had been cut off. Probably other reasons had a similar [illegible] I would like to hear from those who know what the matter and the remedy.

Another farmer's method of proof raises three acres on that land and intend to plant in cotton in spring and fill your barn with corn of the best variety [illegible] I filled my barn loft full with the hay, pulled and prepared the hay [illegible] grown and have lots of hay [illegible] I shall use much for this hay this winter, and have plenty to carry me through. I also make as much corn and [illegible] any other farmer in the state. Plenty of hay and corn and cattle to consume it is the secret of success with farming.

Dairy Cow Rations in the South.

The following rations made up of an economical feeding stuff are suggested by one of the [illegible] for dairy cows [illegible]

No. 1 Concentrated ration 20 pounds, cottonseed meal 8 pounds and cottonseed meal 3 pounds.

No. 2 Crab grass hay 10 pounds, cowpea hay 10 pounds and corn and cob meal 10 pounds.

No. 3 Corn stover 20 pounds, bean straw 6 pounds, cottonseed meal 3 pounds, cottonseed hulls 12 pounds.

No. 4 Crab grass hay 20 pounds, corn stover 12 pounds, cottonseed meal 3 pounds and cottonseed meal 3 pounds.

No. 5 Corn stover 18 pounds, wheat bran 4 pounds, cottonseed meal 4 pounds and cottonseed 6 pounds.

No. 6 Sweet potatoes 25 pounds, corn stover 10 pounds, cottonseed meal 1 pounds and cottonseed 8 pounds.

No. 7 Corn stalks 12 pounds, cowpea hay 10 pounds, sweet potatoes 4 pounds and cottonseed meal 3 pounds.

No. 8 Vetch hay 12 pounds, cottonseed hulls 10 pounds and cottonseed 6 pounds.

No. 9—Cowpea hay 15 pounds, shredded cornstalks 10 pounds, cottonseed meal 2 pounds and cottonseed 2 pounds.

No. 10 Corn stalks 25 pounds, cottonseed meal 3 pounds and bran 3 pounds.

No. 11 Cottonseed hulls 25 pounds, cottonseed meal 4 pounds and wheat bran 3 pounds.

Cantaloupe Blight.

The cantaloupe blight is serious here in some sections. As it is [illegible] and no doubt other sections will [illegible] make its acquaintance. [illegible] to see the look of [illegible] portrayed.

The cantaloupe blight is caused by a true parasitic fungus. It manifests itself as a number of small round spots upon the leaves or stems of the vine. In the yellowish portion the cantaloupe and it will be seen that the fungus is at work some time before the brown spots make their appearance. It will be noticed that the leaf tissue is being eaten away where the fungus is at work, and it is the destruction of tissue in the region that causes the yellow spot. The spots grow larger as the fungus spread, until the leaf dies and falls from the effects of the disease.

As the fruit approaches the size of an orange it will be necessary to repeat the spray in order to cover the new growth. Almost all spraying mixtures should be stirred while being used to prevent precipitation.

Best Varieties of Onions.

Onions are not grown in the South to anything like the extent they are in the North and West, but some farm growers are growing them very successfully. The varieties best adapted to the South are the Bermuda, Extra Early White Pearl, and the potato onions, although the standard varieties of other sorts also succeed and do very well.

Cow Peas in the Cotton Crop.

Keep the cotton and tobacco crops growing by frequent cultivation and sow cow peas in the cotton crop when cultivating the last time. In this way the land can be improved and some feed can be made.—Southern Planter.