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LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE
OR
A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER X.
Continued.

"If I'd been yer own brother—no, I never want to be that—if I'd been yer sweetheart as you was going to git married to, yer couldn't have done more for me than yer did. You regularly kept me for I don't know how many days; yer come to me late at night and give me grub, and all that time yer never peached on me. What did yer do it for?"

"I did it out of pity," she answered.

"Pity!" he exclaimed. "But that was no good. You couldn't make nothink out of pity."

"I didn't want to make nothink out of it," she said. "All as I thought of was doing yer a good turn."

"And all that I thought of was that you wouldn't ha' done what you did do if you hadn't cared for me a bit."

"I do care for you a little," she said, earnestly, "but not in the way you want. No, don't look like that or you will make me cry. See here, Foxey, I hold yer to yer word, yer know. Yer promised me to get a honest living. You'll go on doing it, wont yer? Yer wont turn bad again?"

"I don't know what I'll do," he said, as he turned to leave her. "Do yer think I care what becomes of me now?"

He was out of sight before she could say another word.

Her eyes were red when she re-entered the room in which she had left Saranne, for she had not been able to suppress her tears as she walked home.

But she did not tell Saranne what made her cry, and Saranne did not press her, being too full of delightful anticipations of the coming holiday.

CHAPTER XI.

From Light to Darkness.

"Wally."

"Yes, dad."

"I've been thinking lately that the sunshine of life is very unequally spread. Some bask in it from birth to death, while others are condemned to walk in shadow the whole of their days. Doubtless it is for some wise purpose that the Great Disposer of events has so ordained, but there are times when one is inclined—I say it reverently—to doubt the wisdom of it. Perhaps it is also ordained that these disturbing reflections should come to us when we see stretched before us the valley of Eternal Light."

"We disagree so seldom, dad, that I am not so sure whether it is distressing or not to hit upon a subject in which our ideas do not run in the same grove. You are growing melancholy again, and by so doing are breaking the contract we entered into to look only on the bright side. Not that I have the slightest notion, dad, except in a general way, why you should allow yourself to relapse into sadness. I have a very strong disposition not to allow it, and to order you—just as if our positions were reversed, as if I were your father and you my son—instantly to put on a more cheerful habit. Now I have something to say upon the theme you have started, and which apparently has suggested itself to you by the sight of Little Make-Believe and Saranne in the garden there gathering the pease for dinner."

"It was partly suggested by those two, Wally, and partly also by what is in my mind concerning ourselves."

"Concerning you and me, dad?"

"Yes, Wally. Go on, I love to hear you talk. I travel back to the days of your childhood, and reflect upon the joy your innocent, artless little ways brought to me. The contrast between you as you were then and you as you are now—for do you know, Wally, that within even the last few days a great change seems to have come over you?—the contrast between the child and the man—my child and my man—is a source of the most surprising delight to me; a delight, my boy, which has its deep anxieties, too."

"I can imagine it, dad, though I cannot reciprocate your feelings in what I experience by the change which has come over you. It is true that, to myself as well as to you, a change seems to have come over me, a change I can hardly describe; but I think that in a very short time I have grown much older; years seem to have taken the place of days. I know that I have not lost your confidence."

"No, Wally, no; never think that."

"I don't think it, dad; if I did I should not be able to hid my grief from you. And I know that, some time or other, you will confide in me, and give me an insight into the sorrow which weighs upon you. Bear this in mind, dad; I have been schooling myself, and I am prepared for news that is not entirely good, for were it so I should, before to-day, have been a participator in it. Putting ourselves out of the question, can you, in your whole experience, find two human creatures who have been more thoroughly condemned to walk in shadow—your own words, dad—than Little Make-Believe and Saranne?"

"No, Wally, I don't think I can; nay, I am sure I cannot."

"Look at them now, dad. Are they in shadow?"

"To all appearance they are in full sunlight, body and soul."

"Dad, don't you see how, in this admission—not drawn from fancy, but from reality—you have destroyed your own argument? It pains me more than I can express to see that, whatever your sorrow may be, you are disposed to be led from the paths of sunshine in which you and I have walked all our lives. Say that a cloud is hanging over us, shall that blot out light from the world, shall it cause us to love each other less, shall it not make us strong instead of weak? There, dad, I have brought tears into your eyes. Forgive me, dad."

"They are tears of joy, Wally. You have taught me a lesson. I thank God for it, and for giving me you."

* * * * * * *

Time passed with Little Make-Believe and Saranne as it passes in a dream.

Not for a few days, but for many weeks, did they abide in the country with Mr. Deepdale and Walter.

They were willing enough and would have been content to have remained forever with friends so faithful.

When in the early morning they heard the singing of the birds outside their window they could scarcely believe they were awake, and were often afraid to move lest the sweet sounds should suddenly change into the harsh cries of the Clare Market costermonger.

The trees bending down with the weight of fruit, the ripening and the cutting of the corn, the fragrant perfume which rose from hedge and field, even from the commonest roadsides, after the rain, the glorious sunrises which they were not too indolent to rise to see, the flaming sunsets which tipped the branches of the distant trees and shone in distant windows with fiery, ruby glow, the wheeling and the cawing of the rooks as they returned to their nests, the little waterfall which fed the brook in which Walter and his father fished—these and numberless other instances of nature's summer beauty filled their souls not only with wonder, but with worship.

Their wonder and their worship grew when Walter took them to the seaside, and they saw for the first time the boats and the ships coming and going, and the great ocean which stretched as Walter told them, to other lands in which people dwelt thousands and thousands of miles away.

Was it possible that the world could be so beautiful?

The squalor, the privations, the misery, the hourly struggle of their lives had vanished, and they breathed the air of Lotos land.

In more senses than one was this true.

For what Saranne, being very beautiful in her springtime—in which a beauty lies no painter's brush can catch—should have failed to make an impression upon Walter was scarcely possible.

He saw her now in a new light; in a pretty soft dress, with a healthy color in her cheeks, with sparkles in her eyes.

And there was a certain refinement in her which had no room to show itself in their squalid home in Clare Market; she was even ladylike—the very reverse of Little Make-Believe, whom nothing outwardly could refine.

It is written that love makes no distinctions; nobles have stooped to country maids, kings to peasants; wider gulfs have been bridged than that which up till now had divided Saranne from Walter.

When heart commingles with heart in innocence and honor, youth being there to favor the conjunction, it is easy to divine what will occur.

It occurred to Saranne and Walter, and they yielded to the spell of the enchanter whose presence bestows on all surrounding things a glory they never before possessed.

It is a song whose pictured images are mirrored in the midday's clouds, in the night's shadows, in the bosom of running water.

The breeze whispers it, the birds sing it; it is heard in the drowsy murmur of the woods.

Through all ages it has been sung by mortals below, by angels above.

It was heard on the first day by the first man and woman, and shall be heard until the last, ever carrying with it, when it is pure, a sweet and chastening influence.

For not alone in joy does it make itself known; it reigns in sorrow also, when death has taken a dear one from us, and the mantle then it wears is such as the angels wear.

In their rambles through field and wood, in their idlings by the water's side, in their excursions here and there to gather flowers, to visit poor cottages, one of Little Make-Believe's chief pleasures, to see how the hops were getting on, to pick blackberries, to witness country sports, Saranne and Walter were invariably together, Little Make-Believe invariably a little apart.

It was not premeditated; it happened so naturally and was accepted.

When missing her—which was not always the case—they turned and called to her, she joined them, with smiles on her lips and in her eyes, but otherwise she lingered in the background, occupied with her dreams.

Strange that she, who in her secret soul loved Walter with all the strength of which her nature was capable, with a love which in no wise weakened that she bore her sister—strange that she should be blind to what was passing between Walter and Saranne.

Stranger still that, for the first time since she had taken upon herself a mother's duty to a sister but little younger than herself, she should be so engrossed by a secret affection of her own as not to perceive a newer and more pregnant meaning in Saranne's every word and look.

But only for a little while was the veil before her eyes.

Mr. Deepdale being absent in London, whither he had been lately very often called, Walter and the sisters had a long, tiring happy day.

They went out as soon as breakfast was over and rode for a dozen miles in the carrier's cart to a cathedral town.

After visiting the cathedral and participating in the service they walked by devious tracks to another part of the country for the purpose of dining in a small, old-fashioned inn where an excellent cold meal was daily spread for travelers.

They dined in the upper room of the inn—which had only one story to it—from the windows of which a wonderful landscape of Kentish hill and glade could be seen.

Then, being urged thereto by the landlord—who informed them that they had plenty of time, and that they had only to be back by 4 o'clock to catch a coach which would set them down within a mile of their village—they walked two miles farther by other devious tracks, to see a famous tree called the Sisters, which was said to be not less than a thousand years old.

They went, and dallying on the road and in the fields, allowed the afternoon to slip by without a thought of home, Then suddenly Walter cried:

"By Jove, it's 4 o'clock! We must run if we want to catch the coach!"

They ran, laughing and almost breathless to the inn, where they learned that the coach had been gone a good half hour, after waiting for them for several minutes.

And then Walter said:

"By Jove, what's to be done?"

"I don't know!" laughed Little Make-Believe.

"And I don't know!" laughed Saranne.

They were not in the least disturbed. They had full confidence in Walter and had not the smallest doubt of his power to overcome even superhuman difficulties. He questioned the landlord as to the possibility of obtaining a conveyance. It was not possible, the landlord said.

A horse? Why, yes—they could manage a horse, said the landlord. But he could not see—this with a doubtful look at the girls—how that would get them out of the difficulty.

"No more can I," said Walter, merrily. "Three of us could certainly not ride on one horse."

They all laughed gayly at the idea.

"Shank's pony," suggested the landlord, "and step out."

"There's nothing else for it," said Walter. "Come, girls, we must walk."

And off they set on a fourteen mile walk at nearly 5 in the afternoon.

For the first two miles it was delightful; then fatigue began to make itself felt; they stopped to rest; walked on again; lagged; stopped to rest again—and again, and again, till Saranne said wearily:

"It's no use; I can't go any farther."

"Oh, but you must," said Walter, positively.

Twenty or thirty yards farther on Walter looked at her solicitously. She shook her head.

"I really don't think I can do it."

"Then, by Jove!" he said, "I shall have to carry you; for it must be done."

Without more ado he lifted her in his arms and carried her awhile; but although her arm was around his neck, and her face almost, nay, sometimes quite, touched his—what else could be expected on such rough and uneven roads?—it was beyond his strength to carry her far, and he was presently compelled to set her down.

"It will be a case," he said, "of the children in the woods. I wish we could find some blackberries."

Little Make-Believe had been hunting for some, and she called out that the hedge where she was standing was full of them.

They joined her immediately.

"The worst of it is," said Walter, putting some of the ripest berries into Saranne's mouth, "that the story isn't a bit of good without a wicked uncle."

He called out very loud:

"Will a wicked uncle oblige us by appearing?"

"Or a bear?" cried Saranne.

"Or a prince?" cried Little Make-Believe. "Or a fairy with a glass coach?"

"Meanwhile," said Walter, "until something does come we'll go on eating blackberries. Here's a fine bunch, Saranne."

So these three careless, happy people lingered by the roadside and gathered berries while the evening shadows were gathering around them.

Fortunately something did come; and they were not left to their own devices.

They heard the jolting of a cart over the road they had traveled.

"Here's the glass coach," said Saranne; "Make-Believe is always right."

Presently the cart came into view.

"I'm in luck," said the driver, pulling up in front of them; "the landlord down yonder told me I stood a good chance of catching you if I hurried. You look precious tired. I can take you six or eight miles if you care to ride."

There was no question about that, and a bargain was soon struck.

(To be Continued.)

Brave Annabel Lou.

Annabel Lou is only two,
And one can't tell—that is, very well—
What Annabel Lou is going to do.

Annabel Lou is afraid of a mouse,
Or a dog or a bird or a fly or a cat;
But she's not afraid to stroke the fur
Of a great, big fox, and give it a pat,
And pull its tail, and handle its claws,
And put her hand in its open jaws.

Annabel Lou is only two,
And one can't tell—that is, very well—
What Annabel Lou is going to do.

But perhaps I should say, to be quite fair,
That claws and fur and tail and head
Are not exactly as first they grew,
And are harmless quite, for the fox is dead,
And it hangs round the neck—indeed, 'tis true—
Of the beautiful mama of Annabel Lou.

—Clara Odell Lyon, in St. Nicholas.

Conundrums.

What black thing enlightens the world? Ink.

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it.

What game do the waves play at? Pitch and toss.

What soup would cannibals prefer? A broth of a boy.

What is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

Name something with two heads and one body. A barrel.

What sort of men are always aboveboard? Chessmen.

What coat is finished without buttons and put on wet? A coat of paint.

What is a muff? Something that holds a lady's hand and doesn't squeeze it.

When is a clock on the stair dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one.

Mr. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger, and Baby Bigger, which of this interesting family is the biggest, and why the biggest? Baby Bigger, because he is a little Bigger.

The Pancake Woman.

Children in cities are well acquainted with the waffle-man, but a traveler through Japan describes his equivalent, who appears as a pancake woman. He says:

"One of the delight of the children in Japan is the pancake woman, who, with her little brazier and its copper frying pan, offers great attraction to the urchins who gather round her stall.

"She is usually found on the corner of the streets nearest the schools; and, when the boys and girls clatter out with their wooden clogs and satchels of books, what more welcome sight than the pancake woman waiting on the corner for them! With a bowlful of delicious batter, a ladle, and a cake turner, she is ready for the onslaught.

"Her withered smile and wheedling tones draw the hungry crowd as well as the crisp smell of a sample pancake baked on the griddle.

"For a small coin worth one-tenth of a cent a blissful child may fry and turn his own cakes and eat them fresh from the griddle as he frys them. Happy is he who comes with a stringful of cash in his kimono sleeve, and who can fry and eat to his heart's content."

Topsy-Turvy China.

China, as seen with our eyes, is grotesque. She is the antipodes of all the rest of the world. She seems the upside down of everything. The needle in her compass points to the south; she says west-north instead of northwest. She enjoys her fireworks in the daytime. Her ladies use wheelbarrows when they are making calls. They drive cows instead of horses. The necks of their prisoners are put in the stocks. Their surname comes first, as Roosevelt Theodore. They mount their horses from the right side. The old men fly kites, while the small boys sit demurely and watch them. They keep on their hats as a sign of respect. Their crimson visiting cards must be a burden to them if they do much calling, as they are four feet long and about two wide. Their boats are drawn by men, their carriages by sails. They never drink milk, and their mourning color is white or pale blue. Their young women, no matter how beautiful they may be, according to Chinese ideas, are slaves, while the old mother of grown sons and the wrinkled grandmothers are queens and the most respected and beloved members of the household. Even the emperor's mother ranks higher than he does. When a son is fortunate enough to receive an honorable decoration, he brings it to his mother, who wears it for him.—Amourette M. Beecher, in Sunset Magazine.

For Our Boys.

Lord Melbourne said: "Young men should never hear any other language than this: 'You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you succeed or fail.'" Any observer knows that the boy who has his life planned for him, and the rough places made smooth without any exertion on his part, is apt to be indolent, discontented and incompetent. This is the kind of boy, when fortune fails him, who takes up the idea that the world owes him a living, and waits for his supposed inheritance. There are times, in the life of both boys and men, when they think if they had the chance they could do great things. The way to have the chance is to make it. Opportunity does not come to us heralded by trumpet and drum, and greatness is seldom thrust upon us, though men have achieved success through influential friends, or by the pushing of great talents; but the majority achieve it by a combination of poverty, ambition, hard work and determination. The hard road is the sure road, and strength of mind, as of muscle, is only to be had by persistent exercise and steady training. The true meaning of success is not to accumulate wealth, or gain the applause of the multitude—the majority of whom shout only because they hear the shouting of others. A truly great man wishes to stand pre-eminent for something higher and better than money or notoriety. One to be really successful in the higher meaning of the word, must be a hard, earnest worker, and must expect to take the knocks and buffetings he is sure to get from meaner, envious spirits. Modest merit is not necessarily overlooked, but merit, to be recognized, and hence to gain the reward it deserves, must exert itself to find it; it must not fail through inactivity, neglect of opportunity or untrained abilities. It must not hold back to be sought, but should "let its light shine," and hold itself ready at all times to make the most of whatever advancement comes in its way. Forward and impudent men are not preferred above retiring merit, but it often happens that men of inferior abilities are prompt and active in grasping opportunities, where superior merit holds itself in the back ground. "A barking dog is often more useful than a sleeping lion," and his presence is surely better known.—The Commoner.

Betty's Bargain.

"Every time I want to go anywhere I have to play with Ned," said Betty, putting her little brother in his go-cart rather crossly. "The other girls can go to pick flowers this morning, but I must amuse a tiresome baby all the time."

"It would be very nice not to have a little brother," said mamma, thoughtfully. "You could go where you pleased all the time, and a few little chores would not count."

"Wouldn't it?" said Betty, with a smile.

"Just think of the good times Nell and Grace have. I wouldn't have to leave my new story book so often and hunt playthings for Ned if he belonged to some one else."

"I'll buy him if he is for sale," said Mrs. Turner, who was coming up the walk. "How much do you ask for him?"

"A dollar," said Betty. And to her great surprise the visitor took out a fat purse and gave her a big silver piece.

"Run along with the girls and spend your money as you please," said Ned's new mamma, as she took the baby out of the go-cart. "I think I have made a good bargain."

"I'll get some oranges and candy and popcorn," thought Betty as she hurried after her friends. "They are not going very fast, and I can catch up after I get the things. They'll be surprised, I guess, to see what I bring to the picnic."

The man at the store gave her a small basket; and, when she went away with it filled with good things, she had only half her money left. "I'll save this much to buy the little cart for Neddie," she said to herself as she ran down the street. "He wants it so bad."

"Where did you get all these nice things?" asked the girls when they spread their dinners on the big rock in the woods.

"Mrs. Turner gave me a dollar," said Betty, "and I spent half of it."

"Gave you a whole dollar? What for?"

"I—I sold the baby," stammered Betty, getting red in the face.

"Sold Neddie for a dollar? My mamma would have given you ten times that much if she had known you wanted to get rid of him. What did you want the dollar for?"

"I wanted to buy Neddie a cart and—"

"But you can't get him a cart when he don't belong to you," said Grace. "I always thought you ought to be the best girl in the world because you had such a dear baby to play with, and here you sold him for a dollar."

"Do you think—" began Nell, but Betty was running home as fast as she could go. The goodies were left on the big rock, and all she cared for was to buy back the dear little brother.

"If you'll only sell him back to me," she gasped, laying the warm piece of money in Mrs. Turner's hand. "I'll earn lots and lots of dollars to pay you. I don't know what made me so wicked."

"Well, if you are sure you want him, I suppose I'll have to give him back," said Mrs. Turner, with a smile. "He is a little darling, and I am not surprised to have you come after him."

"Mrs. Turner said I made a good bargain, but I think it was very bad, mamma," said Betty. "I hope Neddie will never find out how near he came to being Ned Turner instead of Ned Brown."—Hilda Richmond in United Presbyterian.

To Construct a Corn Brace.

To make a firm support for stacked corn in the field, one helper took a rope five feet long and fastened a ring in one end and a snap in the other end. Taking two stacks in adjoining rows, put the rope around them; snap the snap into the ring at one side of the stock; then cut the corn and set it against this. When the shock was filled, he pulled the rope out by taking hold of the snaps. Adjust the rope half way up the stalk. This makes a very firm stand to husk from.—F. L. Risley in the Epitomist.

Hog Philosophy.

A symmetrically developed hog is the profitable porker.

A runty pig may be properly defined as one that eats its head off about three or four times a year.

The hog pen is the logical banking institution on the farm, and the farmer can draw on his account any day in the year.

Everlastingly at it is the successful hogman's motto. You can't make the most of the pigs and slight them for one single day.

The State fairs are the best educators we have for the rank and file of hog growers. They set higher ideals for men to work toward.

The high grade hogs now found on the average farm trace through the best and purest ancestry known to the hog breeding world.

Don't worry about feeding the sow till the litter is a day or two old, at least, and then go slow. Feed something light and cooling.

There is a better margin for profit in a well-fed litter of pigs than may be found in any other like investment of money on the farm.

Breed for Quality.

It has been said that the poorest horse to breed is the little horse of the draft type. But with the trotting stock the case is entirely different, for both size and quality are hard to obtain in the standard-bred horse. It is difficult to get much size without sacrificing quality. The tendency now is to breed more for quality than was true for many years when all shapes sizes and colors went, just so the horse had a standard record. It is not true that the large horse goes as fast and stands training better than the smaller animal. Some of the big horses go very fast, but as a rule they are "band-box" horses suitable for the show ring, or trotting exhibition miles. As a rule the great horses, the kind that can win a race or two every meet during the entire season, go into winter quarters sound, and keep it up year after year, are of the George Wilkes and Lou Dillon types, and weigh 800 to 1000 pounds. This is the class of horses that render the greatest service for physicians, livery men and others who require horses of great endurance. The large horses have to carry too much weight; their feet and legs cannot stand the continuous fast driving and hard work all their lives and keep sound, equal to the 800 or 950 pound Morgans.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Currant Cuttings.

A little foresight is worth money, especially in setting out currant bushes. Cuttings from currant bushes are so easily propagated that there is small sense in paying nurserymen the comparatively high prices demanded for better varieties when it is within the capacity of even the most amateur fruit grower to raise his own currant bushes. Of course it takes more time to raise them than it does to buy them, but it costs less. With currants as well as with most other productions it costs no more additional labor or money to care for and produce a good variety than it does a common one. With a start of a dozen bushes of Fay's Prolific, the writer has raised 200 fine bushes from cuttings made from the original twelve. The year after planting these twelve furnished, by severe pruning, 120 cuttings, and of these over 100 lived and produced bushes. The second year excellent results were obtained by cutting new wood late in August and immediately planting in moist ground, a practice which does not seem general. It can be strongly recommended. This new wood gave immediate and good growth and got finely established roots before winter. They were planted in nursery rows a foot apart, six inches in the row, in good rich ground, and they wintered nicely without loss, straw and leaves being used as mulch protection. In spring these cutting had a long lead over those which had been stored away in the cellar; they had the advantage of almost a third of a season's growth. Three years from the August cutting, under good conditions, currants will yield well. In planting the cuttings care should be taken to select well drained ground in which an excess of water will not stand and freeze around them.—Y. M. L. in Indiana Farmer.

Cribbing of the Grain.

The shocks of corn and fodder do not all stand up alike. While a good number will settle and stand perfectly straight, there are always shocks here and there that twist or fall down. If these shocks are permitted to remain until the field of corn is gathered, the fodder will likely be entirely ruined. Such shocks will not turn rain and a few showers will make the fodder worthless. Even the corn may be badly damaged in the down or twisted shock. Haul in such shocks as soon as possible, when they are dry. If they cannot be hauled in, then reshock them in the field. After considerable time and labor have been spent in harvesting the fodder, it is certainly not wise to lose even a small percent of it that might easily be hauled in. It is not likely that shocks standing straight one month after harvest will twist enough to damage by rains until they are sufficiently dry to shred or haul to the barn. As soon as possible the fodder should be in the dry. A wet fall very seriously injures the feeding value of cornfodder. Oftentimes October and November are good months for shredding and when December comes, rains early hinder the work.

More attention must be given to corn not entirely out of the sap than to dry corn. Usually such corn has a sappy cob and if thrown in a heap the silks and shelled corn in the centre of the heap prevent proper ventilation and fermentation sets in. In this way the corn may be badly damaged. A tight crib is more likely to have corn heat and damage than an open one. The V-shaped trough with pigeonholes in it is a good ventolater. These troughs are made to fit crosswise in the crib at irregular intervals, especially near the place of filling the crib. This permits the free circulation of air through the heap. If troughs are not used ordinary fence rails crossed occasionally will permit air to pass through.

Where shredding is practiced the shelled corn is difficult to handle because of its tendency to heat. It must be made free of cut stalks and dirt. Then if not too sappy it may be spread and stirred two or three times. Then it will dry.—W. B. Anderson in the Indianapolis News.

Dairy Cows Loose in Shed.

Prof. Fraser, of the Illinois station, says in Circular No. 93: The plan of allowing dairy cows to run loose in a shed looked so reasonable, and those dairymen who had tried it reported so favorable concerning the results obtained, that it was decided to put the method into actual operation. Accordingly a shed 30x68 feet adjacent to the dairy barn was arranged for the purpose; mangers were built on each side, and the two bull pens were retained at the corners. This shed is a one-story building with windows and doors on both sides, thus affording excellent ventilation. Twenty-two cows have been cared for in this manner with most satisfactory results. From the experience at the university the past two years it has been found that the cows keep much cleaner than when stabled and that the milking stable is in a more sanitary condition, consequently it is easier to produce clean milk. By this method there is less difficulty in providing cows with an abundance of fresh air, they are more vigorous and healthy and have better appetites than when kept in the stable. Since they can move about and get exercise they will not suffer in cold weather if the temperature is somewhat lower than in the ordinary stable. Labor is saved, as the shed can be bedded much more easily and quickly than can stalls; there is little stable cleaning to be done and the manure is hauled directly from the shed to the field at any time most convenient and when least damage is done the land by tramping. Another advantage is the saving of fertility much more completely. Many barns do not have cement floors and so there is more or less waste of the liquid portion of the manure. Since land is becoming so high priced no farmer can afford to allow any fertility to be wasted, and by this method all the liquid is saved, as it is absorbed by the bedding. If only enough bedding is used to keep the cows clean they tramp the manure so thoroughly that it does not heat to make the air impure. If manure is hauled directly from the stable to the field there is a considerable portion of the year when it must be allowed to accumulate in the yard where it will leach badly, or it must be hauled onto the land when it is so wet and soft that much injury is done by tramping; this is especially true on clay soil.—Weekly Witness.

Where It Belonged.

An amateur authoress who had submitted a story to a magazine waited for several weeks without hearing from the editor concerning it. Finally she sent him a note requesting an early decision, because as she said, she "had other irons in the fire."

Shortly after came the editor's reply:

"Dear Madam,—I have read your story, and I should advise you to put it with the other irons."—Harper's Weekly.