A FELON'S LOVE.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER V.

The sun had barely risen when the smoke from the huts showed that Redmount had once more awakened to the labor of another day. The delicious scent of the wood fires as the flames rose in the fresh morning air proclaimed that tea was being made to be served out preparatory to the two hours' work that had to be got through before breakfast-time.

Men stumbled out of their huts, lov..l and soap in hand, and straggled down to the creek to wash the "cob-webs" out of their sleepy eyes.

"Mornin', Doctor," cried one, as he passed the kitchen door.

"Good hand at plum-duff, Doctor?" inquired another. "We'll see what you're made of on Sunday, mate. None of your stickjaw, mind. Haw, haw!" And so on, each one having some rough, good-natured greeting for the "new chum."

Thomas Baynes, the cook, was a smart, dapper-looking fellow, about the average height, but slim, and he went about his work with a rapidity and style that created a good impression at once. In appearance he was dark almost to swarthiness, but this had evidently been produced by exposure to the sun. His boyish-looking face and youthful figure would certainly never have led any one to suppose that he was a married man; and, as many of the men remarked on first catching sight of him, he had "gone in for double harness pretty early in the day."

The doctor, as the cook is generally styled on a station, proved himself to be as punctual as he was competent, and as the clock struck seven he rang the great bell outside the hut which called all hands to their meal. Up they came, running and skylarking, from the shed, hungry as wolves, and eager to see what sort of a hand the "new chum" was likely to turn out.

"Blessed if those scones ain't tip-top," remarked a bearded stockman with his mouth full. "You keep at that, youngster, and we shan't fall out. We 'eard as 'ow you were a married man—what's yer name? Tom? Well, all I can say is, you've took the plunge pretty early. Why, you ain't got no whiskers yet. How old are you?"

"Twenty-three," replied Tom Baynes, his face flushing at being made the subject of a general scrutiny.

"Twenty-three! Well, you don't look it."

"Never mind, Tom—you'll grow old fast enough," shouted another. "You musn't mind Black Dick's talk—he don't mean 'arf what he says."

"Where's the missus?" inquired the man who rejoiced in the name of Dick.

"She is tired," replied Baynes. "She is never strong at the best of times."

"That's bad news. We was in hopes of 'aving a few quadrille-parties and sich like when we 'eard a lady was coming up to line us. 'Owever, you give 'er my werry kind respects and tell 'er as 'ow I'll call in some time this afternoon and drop a card," continued the man, who had a high opinion of his own witticisms.

Thus, with some coarse jests and chaff, the meal passed off, and as the men strolled back to the shed the general opinion seemed to be that the youngster knew what he was about, and was a better cook than the dirty old fellow who had preceded him. Soon after they had departed, and while Baynes was engaged in washing up tin plates and pannikins, Mr. Hall looked into the kitchen.

"Getting on all right, Tom?" he inquired cheerily. "That's a good job. Rogulsh lot of men up here at these times, but they mean no harm—you'll soon get used to them. You think you'll manage the work, eh? There are a good number of mouths to feed."

"I am not afraid of the work, sir," replied Baynes, "and think I shall get on all right with the men. They all seem good-tempered enough."

As he spoke Mr. Hall fancied he detected a curiously sad tone in the man's voice, and he thought what a soft, gentle voice it was compared with the rough tones of the ordinary bush hand.

"Your wife—is she pretty well this morning after her long journey?" he asked, scrutinizing him rather sharply.

"Yes, sir, thank you," replied Tom, stooping down as he answered, to pick up a cloth he had dropped.

"Mrs. Hall will look in and see her," continued the master of Redmount, "some time in the course of the morning."

"Thank you, sir," answered Baynes; "but I would much rather—that is, she would rather not—she is in such a very nervous state, and her eyes trouble her so much, that if Mrs. Hall would excuse her, perhaps she may grow stronger with rest and care, and then—"

"Oh, very well!" said Mr. Hall, turning upon his heel. "When she is feeling better will do as well, only my wife thought she might help her a little with some needlework and such things; but if her eyes are so bad—"

"They are not so bad as all that," Baynes remarked hurriedly—"only sometimes. I am sure she will be happy to undertake any needlework Mrs. Hall wants doing. She is not quick, but she is very clever with her needle. If I might go up to the house and fetch the things she will set to work at once."

"Time enough for that when she is well enough to see Mrs. Hall," returned the squatter. "Women like to chat together over that sort of business, I always find."

"There is something very odd about that young chap, with his soft voice and his shy manner," Mr. Hall thought as he walked on to the shed. "His wife suffers from bad eyes, too, yet she can do needlework—has a nervous complaint, and evidently is not anxious to be invaded. I wonder what—Pshaw—it's only my fancy, I suppose!"

A few weeks passed by, and shearing was a thing of the past. The station hands had settled down into their ordinary routine of work, and the extra men who had been employed during the busy season had passed on to find similar jobs elsewhere.

"It is very strange," remarked Mr. Hall one day to his wife, "that one never sees Mrs. Baynes. What can really be the matter with her? He tells me that her eye-sight is so bad that she cannot bear the light."

"That is odd," replied his wife, "for, if her eyesight is so bad, how in the world does she manage to hem these handkerchiefs so beautifully? I never saw better work in my life."

"Well, that is curious!" interposed Jack Hall. "And shutting herself up too so persistently in Baynes' hut makes no end of gossip on the station. A fellow asked me yesterday when I was over at Humberra whether it was true that we had a maniac shut up here. If gossip of that sort is the talk of a place fifty miles away, we shall soon be getting a fine name for ourselves here at Redmount."

"Oh, as for gossip, you'll find that everywhere!" remarked his father. "And, after all, Tom Baynes is the smartest cook I've had for many a day, and a pleasant enough fellow, too, now he's got over that shy sort of manner which he had when he first came up."

"Perhaps he is jealous of the other men, father," suggested Mary slyly, "and does not like them to look at her."

"That's possible," replied Mr. Hall. "I remember a man on board ship once who kept his wife locked up in her cabin for three months, and carried all her meals in to her himself."

"What a brute!" cried Mary. "Do you mean to say he never let her out at all?"

"Only at night-time in fine weather, and then he marched her up and down the deck for only an hour or two. Even on these nocturnal occasions she was so thickly veiled that nobody could get a glimpse of her features."

"Perhaps she was a 'pig-faced lady' that he had married for her dollars," said Jack; "or she might have committed some crime, and he was helping her to escape. A murder perhaps—Good gracious, Baynes, how you made me jump!"

CHAPTER VI.

As Jack Hall was speaking, Tom Baynes happened to be passing the open door with an armful of plates and dishes, and these he suddenly let fall with a crash upon the ground.

"Dear me," cried Mrs. Hall, "how dreadfully careless of you, Tom! How are we to replace them? What could you have been thinking about?"

"I am so very sorry, ma'am," he replied. "I must have slipped on something—I really don't know how;" and he leaned up against the veranda-post, looking as though but for that support he would have fallen down.

"Well, there—don't look so scared, man!" said Mr. Hall good-naturedly. "Pick up the pieces—why, the lad looks quite frightened. There are worse accidents than that at sea—up and on shore, too, for the matter of that!"

Baynes did as he was told, but he had turned white to the very lips. As he walked away with the broken crockery in his cook's apron, he repeated to himself—

"Ay, and on shore, too, for the matter of that."

After a few months Mrs. Baynes' retirement ceased to excite much curiosity. She was an idiot, she was too ugly to face the daylight, she was anything that could possibly be suggested whenever her name was mentioned; but Baynes was voted by all hands to be an obliging fellow and a capital cook, so the men soon ceased to worry him about his wife.

One day Baynes asked permission to be allowed to repair and occupy an old hut which stood in a bit of neglected garden upon the hillside some two hundred yards or more from the men's quarters. Mr. Hall told him he might do as he pleased, so, with the assistance of one of the men, he took possession of the place, and very soon managed to make it snug and comfortable.

Thither he removed his few goods and chattels, including Mrs. Baynes; but at what hour he made the exodus was never known, for the first intimation the station had of his having left his old quarters was the smoke issuing from the chimney of the renovated hut early the next morning.

Mrs. Hall had, by her husband's advice, ceased to offer to call upon Mrs. Baynes.

"The woman is queer, or a great invalid," he remarked. "Her husband suits me well enough, and she does your needlework. Why worry about her? 'Leave well alone' is my advice."

Mrs. Hall found it extremely convenient to have a woman upon the station, even if she did choose to remain invisible. As Tom Baynes had at first stated, his wife was not quick at her work, but was a wonderfully skillful needlewoman, and she saved Mrs. Hall many a weary hour's darning.

One evening in the middle of April, some five months after Tom Baynes' arrival, he was sitting in the kitchen with some of the men, when a swagman carrying a bundle slung on a stick walked up to the door and asked for a night's lodging.

"Looking for a job, mate?" asked one of the men, as he glanced up from his game of euchre.

"Yes."

"What lay are you on?"—"Knock-about hand."

"New chum?"

"Ay; not a very old one anyhow, governor."

"How long have you been out?"

"Only a few months; but I'll answer your questions better after I've got outside a square feed and a pot of tea. I'll be bound. I've come a goodish step today."

"Here you are, mate!" interrupted Tom Baynes, placing a plentiful supply of bread and meat in front of him. "Sit down and tackle that, and never mind their jaw."

The men laughed and went on with their game, until the stranger, having satisfied his hunger and lighted a pipe, seemed more inclined for being put through his paces.

"Any chance of a job here?" he presently inquired of the company in general.

"Yes, I should think there ought to be," answered one. "You had better go up to the house and see the boss in the morning. He is pretty short-handed since German Charlie and Big Jack went off to Sullivan's to blow their cheques."

Baynes was sitting on a bench on one side of the hearth, resting his chin on his hands, and looking moodily into the flickering log-fire.

"Where have I seen your face before?" asked the stranger suddenly. "Somewhere, I'll swear."

"I don't remember ever having seen you," replied Baynes, scrutinizing the other's features; "indeed I am sure I never have. What may your name be?"

"Mine's Bob Luke. What's yours?"

"Luke!" echoed the cook, with a start.

"Yes, Luke. Anything wrong with it? You seem to know the name somehow—perhaps you know something against it?"

"No," said Baynes, I never knew anybody of that name. It was not that—I am subject to a stitch sometimes which takes me suddenly. Know anything against it? Ha, ha! How could I? Why, I never even heard of it!"

"I thought perhaps you might, that's all," rejoined the new-comer. "There was a man called Luke—a relation, too, of mine—and he got into trouble, but his character was cleared from the charge. It makes me feel touchy when happens to bear the same name, and when I saw you start I thought perhaps you'd heard about it, and—and what may your name be?"

"Mine? My name's Tom Baynes. I'm a Londoner, and a new chum, too, like you."

(To be Continued.)

CONSUELO'S GUESTS.

Taking the Kneipp Cure Every Morning at Beautiful Blenheim.

Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough, inherited from her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the talent of an expert entertainer. Progressive and charming, clever and rich, she is constantly devising new ways to amuse her guests and succeeds far beyond most other hostesses in England. For a month back she and her husband have been amusing themselves and their friends with what they call recuperation parties. Blenheim, one of the finest old country seats in England, is at its loveliest in the early fall, and just now is crowded with guests, mostly young people resting after their dissipations of summer and building up against the ravages of a winter society campaign yet to come. The Kneipp cure has many devotees among Consuelo's guests, and every morning they may be seen walking barefooted on a dewy lawn as large as a city square. Somewhere near 100 people are staying at Blenheim, and over half that number are taking the Kneipp cure, believing that dew upon the feet in the morning acts as a nerve tonic, freshening up the entire system for all day. The time for the dew cure is between 5 and 6 in the morning, for after that the sun has absorbed the dew. The walk is taken before breakfast, with only a glass of milk in the stomach. The bath follows, then comes breakfast, and after breakfast the Kneipp girls play tennis. It takes only a few days of this treatment to bring back bright eyes and roses, but whether improved condition is due to the Kneipp cure or to the regular life and early hours which the young duchess imposes upon her guests may well be regarded as an open question.

TO BEAUTIFY DOORS.

It is seldom that the door of a room is made a decorative feature. Too often it is hidden behind a portiere—an altogether meaningless arrangement when we consider that if only the door were well made and skillfully fitted it would successfully exclude all draught, and the addition of another would be quite unnecessary. Since the fashion of hiding the door in this way has been adopted the architrave has not been regarded as of any importance, and consequently the modern door is, as a rule, badly proportioned and by no means well designed.

During the periods from which we take many of our present best ideas of decoration—namely the Louis XIV., XV. and XVI.—doors were treated with the utmost care and skill; not only were they carved or painted, but their locks and hinges were beautifully designed and finished—so much so that an old French lock is of value as a work of art. This is as it should be. The door should receive equally as much attention as the fireplace or window. It need not be elaborately carved, but it should be well designed and furnished with appropriate lock and hinges. Then, again, the door should always be hung in such a manner that the part of the room in which the occupant usually sits is screened, and it should open into the room to facilitate the entrance, and also give the impression of hospitality.

The hall door should be more substantially built than that of the room, and looks best if plain in design and solid in color. It should have bold architectural moldings, but no elaborate decorative detail, and its lock, hinges and handle should be skillfully wrought in a suitable metal, such as iron or bronze. In one case the metal work should be appropriate to the door, as, for instance, wrought iron or bronze with oak, copper with mahogany and brass with walnut.

Boiler-Maker Huntley a Hero.

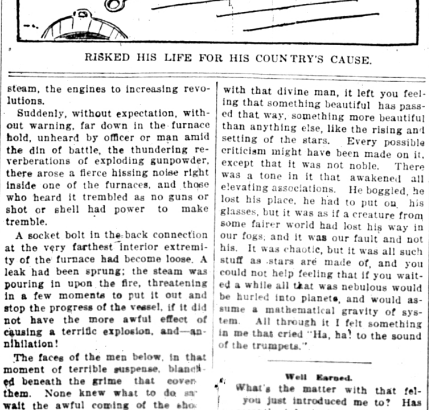
Climbed Through the Castine's Fiery Furnace, Tightened a Socket and Saved the Boat and Crew.

The duty of the boiler-makers on warships is of the most dangerous nature. In action, between actions and out of action the repairs that they are called upon at a moment's notice to effect are sufficient to send a chill of fear through the hearts of most men. They will creep right inside a boiler or furnace which has but a few moments before been full of boiling liquid or red hot coals. They will screw up nuts and fasten bolts or repair leaking pipes or joints in places that other men would consider impossible to approach. While the ship's big guns are making the vessel tremble and the enemy's shells are bursting in every direction, these men, with positively reckless fearlessness, will venture down in the bowels of the fighting ship, amid roaring machinery, hissing steam and flaming fires, to rectify an accident which unrepaired might send the ship and all her human freight to the bottom more surely and more quickly than shell or shot from the best guns of the enemy. These men are heroes.

Most people in the United States will remember that when the Bancroft went to work to batter the walls of San Juan, for some reason she had to slip out of action and her place was taken by the little gunboat Castine, which without delay opened her batteries upon the fort.

Very few people, even on the vessel herself, know what a close shave she and her crew had of paying a permanent visit to the dreaded haven of Davy Jones.

The Castine carried on board three of these boiler-makers already referred to, Fish, another, and one Huntley of Norfolk, Va. The Castine went into action under full steam, her triple screws revolving at the fullest speed her 2,700 horse-power could make them, and her battery of eight guns started her quivering with excitement and the fierce delight of battle. The furnaces were heated almost to white heat and the forced draught was urging the flames to greater heat, the boiling water to higher production of steam, the engines to increasing revolutions.



RISKED HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

Suddenly, without expectation, without warning, far down in the furnace hold, unheard by officer or man amid the din of battle, the thundering reverberations of exploding gunpowder, there arose a fierce hissing noise right inside one of the furnaces, and those who heard it trembled as no guns or shot or shell had power to make tremble.

A socket bolt in the back connection at the very farthest interior extremity of the furnace had become loose. A leak had been sprung; the steam was pouring in upon the fire, threatening in a few moments to put it out and stop the progress of the vessel, if it did not have the more awful effect of causing a terrific explosion, and—annihilation!

The faces of the men below, in that moment of terrible suspense, blanched beneath the grime that covered them. None knew what to do, so wait the awful coming of the shot they knew must come.

None! Nay, but there was one! The first to pull himself together the first to whom returned the fear-driven senses was Bollermaker Huntley. His name does not appear on the navy list. Even his first name was unknown to his confrere, Fish. Only Bollermaker Huntley of Norfolk, Va. But that is enough, and his deed should be sufficient to find for him a niche in the annals of fame whenever and wherever the story of the United States and her navy is told.

One instant of startled horror.

Then, without hesitation, without trepidation, with stern, set jaws and fierce devoted determination on every line of face and form:

"Turn off the forced draught!" he cried.

"Good God, Huntley! What are you going to do?"

"Bank the fire. Quick!"

"Great God! It's certain death!"

"For one. Unless for all! Turn off the draught, bank the fire!"

The orders were carried out feverishly.

"Now a plank."

And before they could stop him this hero had flung the plank into the furnace, right on the top of the black coal with which it was banked, and had himself climbed and crawled over the raging mass, far back to where the steam was rush like some hissing devil from the loosened socket.

For three minutes he remained inside that fearful place and then the work was done—the ship was saved—and his friends drew him out of the door, the forced draught went to its work again and in an instant the furnace was once more a raging hell!

But what of Huntley?

Scorched, scalded, insensible, well nigh dead, he lay upon the iron floor of the furnace-room, while around him stood his mates, dousing him with water and using every known means for his resuscitation. He did not die. And when once more he opened his eyes and was able to be carefully lifted into daylight there arose such cheers from the throats of those dirty, grimy mates as never greeted taking of city or sinking of fleet.

The story is briefly chronicled in the log of the Castine, and Huntley simply claims that he "did his duty."

But while the United States remain a nation, so long as the banner bearing the silver stars on the field of blue above alternate stripes of red and white remains the symbol of purity, bravery and patriotism to American hearts the whole world over, so long when her heroes are spoken of one name should never be omitted, that of Bollermaker Huntley of Norfolk, Va.

Emerson's Essay.

When Emerson in 1867 delivered the Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, James Russell Lowell, who heard him, wrote this comment, which is in small compass an illuminating criticism of Emerson as an essayist: "Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual, even with him. It began nowhere and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful has passed that way, something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of the stars. Every possible criticism might have been made on it, except that it was not noble. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses, but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault and not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of, and you could not help feeling that if you waited a while all that was nebulous would be hurled into planets, and would assume a mathematical gravity of system. All through it I felt something in me that cried 'Ha, ha! to the sound of the trumpets.'"

Well Earned.

What's the matter with that fellow you just introduced me to? Has he recently inherited a great fortune or did he do something in the war for which people have made a hero of him? He seems to be wonderfully swelled up over something. "Oh, I forgot. I ought to have mentioned the fact that his dog took a prize at the bench show last week."—Ex.

Trouble Ahead.

Uncle Jayville—"Well, I swan, I wouldn't be one o' ther freaks in this museum!" Aunt Jayville—"What's ther matter?" Uncle Jayville—"Can't yer see that there South Sea cannibal sittin' next ther fat boy?"—New York World.

Consoling Thought.

"Remember, brother," said the minister, "you cannot take your money to the world beyond." "H-m!" said the man who is mostly front. "Then I won't have to pay any debts I happen to leave behind."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

If a girl suffers from chapped lips she never blames the chaps.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Soil Water and Crops.

To make one ton of dry matter in our grain crops, the use of from 300 to 500 tons of water is necessary. In Wisconsin, King found that a two-ton crop of oat hay required over one thousand tons of water per acre, equal to about nine inches of rainfall. The average rate for field crops at large is given by European observers at 325 times the weight of dry matter produced, being at the rate of about three inches of rainfall actually evaporated through the plant.

To evaporate this water it is necessary that the ground containing the roots should not be too full of water. One would suppose that with water flooding the roots of the plants the latter would be able to take both food and water with added ease, but such is not the case, except with aquatic and semi-aquatic plants. With most plants the action of the roots stops at the point where they reach "flood" water. Thus if at the depth of eighteen inches "flood" water be struck, the roots below the eighteen inches will cease to operate, and if the water condition continue they will rot off. A bulletin of the California experiment station says on this point: "This is simply apparent in some of the irrigated orange groves of southern California, where the fine roots of the trees fill the surface soil as do the roots of maize in a cornfield of the Mississippi states; so that the plow can hardly be run without turning them up and under. In these same groves it will be observed, in digging down, that at a depth of a few feet the soil is too water-soaked to permit of the proper exercise of the root functions, and that the roots existing there are either inactive or diseased. That in such cases abundant irrigation and abundant utilization alone can maintain an orchard in bearing condition, is a matter of course; and there can be no question that a great deal of the constant cry for the fertilization of orchards in the irrigated sections is due quite as much to the shallowness of rooting induced by over-irrigation, as to any really necessary exhaustion of the land. When the roots are induced to come to and remain at the surface, within a surface layer of eighteen to twenty inches, it naturally becomes necessary to feed these roots abundantly, both with moisture and with plant food. This has as naturally led to an over-estimate of the requirements of the trees in both respects. Had deep rooting been encouraged at first, instead of over-stimulating the growth by surface fertilization and frequent irrigation, some delay in bearing would have been amply compensated for by less of current outlay for fertilizers, and less liability to injury from frequently unavoidable delay, or from inadequacy, of irrigation."

The above is an illustration of the necessity of having land well drained. It also shows why well-drained land will stand drouth better than undrained land. On the latter kind of land the roots of plants remain near the surface, and when drouth comes they easily dry up. On well drained land the roots strike deep and when drouth comes they are protected by several feet of earth in which is a fair supply of capillary water.

Pruning Ornamental Shrubs.

Shrubs may be pruned at any season wen the object is only the removal of dead wood and other unsightly parts. When living parts are to be removed, however, the summer is preferable, since wounds heal more readily during the growing season. When the aim of pruning is the production of flowers, greater care and judgment are necessary. Shrubs that bloom in the early months of the year demand different treatment from those that bloom in the late summer and early fall months. The former develop their flower buds during the season previous to flowering and carry them by means of bud scales, wax, down and other devices during the winter. It may be seen, therefore, that if these plants be pruned during the autumn, winter or early spring, the crop of flowers may be materially lessened. If the late flowering species be pruned during the summer the same result may follow. Hence the rule, prune after the blossoms fall. Many of the subjects die back in the branch that produces the flower head, leaving an unsightly, withering or dead part. Other species seem slow to overcome the effort made in flower production. In any event the pruning done after flowering will have the effect of producing more thrifty growth and an increased development of flower buds. Lilac, Japan quince, flowering currant and other early bloomers should be pruned in early June; hydrangea, burning bush, etc., late in the autumn, or at latest before growth starts in the spring. In fact, in the case of all late flowering shrubs, particularly if not perfectly hardy, the pruning may be postponed until the buds first begin to swell in the spring. In this way the shrubs need be attended to only once and at a time when there will be no danger of cutting out flowering wood, as might often be the case if the pruning were done before cold weather sets in.

Non-flowering shrubs may be handled in the same way as flowering, with the exception that evergreens must not be pruned late in the year or in the winter, since the wounds made dry out badly and are slow to heal over. The best month in which to prune them is April, because they recover most quickly after treatment in that month.

The amount of wood to cut out at a time must be decided by the operator. It will depend largely upon the specimen, the variety and its behavior in the locality. These matters will soon be learned by the observing operator, who will quickly learn how to handle his specimens as well as a professional and probably a good deal better than most of the men that pose as experienced pruners and travel from place to place hacking things to pieces. Aside from the rules given all he need remember is to keep the specimen within natural bounds and not to trim its subjects to one form, but allow them each to follow the general lines of their natural growth, in which they will always be beautiful.—M. G. K., in Farmers' Review.

Soil Moisture and Soil Stirring.

The Kansas Experiment Station is studying the effect of various modes of soil treatment upon soil moisture. That the well-known effect of a mulch can be approached by proper tillage of soil is a fact not as widely acted upon as good farming dictates. One of the station fields which contained ten round numbers 26 per cent of water in the first foot of soil, on July 7, 1898, and one portion plowed, another disk-harrowed and a portion left untreated. The ensuing dry weather in the course of four weeks, notwithstanding several light rains, reduced the moisture of the untreated part to 15 per cent and that of the disked land to 18 per cent, the plowed ground retaining 21 per cent. The last two were in excellent condition for seeding, while the first would plow up lumpy and unsatisfactory.

The weight of an acre of the dry soil to the depth of one foot may be taken as 1,000 tons. Each per cent of water in soil to that depth represents about sixteen tons of water per acre, or one-seventh of an inch. The water apparently lost by the untreated soil was 176 tons per acre, equivalent to over one and one-half inches of rain. This is about one-half what the soil would hold after a soaking rain. The real loss was much more than this, since as water escaped from the upper foot, other would be drawn up from below by capillary attraction. The figures given are minimum quantities, therefore.

Stubble ground should unquestionably be plowed while the moisture is still in the soil. Experiments of the station show that simple plowing is quite as effective for moisture conservation as any tillage yet tested. If time does not permit plowing, the speedy work of the disk harrow compares favorably in efficiency. In either case if rain follows sufficient to start the weeds, kill them with a harrow. This will at the same time break up any crust and form a good soil mulch. This treatment not only insures a perfect seed-bed for wheat in respect to moisture, but the soil has time to settle to the firm condition so advantageous to wheat, and the bareness, warmth and moisture are the most favorable to the formation of nitrates from organic matter. Nitrates are highly important for successful wheat production.

Conventions of Horticulturists.

The convention season is at hand, and a few words on the subject will not be out of place. To those that attend the manner of conducting such conventions is of prime importance. When people go a long distance to attend such assemblies they usually do it for the purpose of learning new things and better methods. This fact should be constantly in the minds of the officers. It too often occurs that a very large part of the time is taken up with routine work and in discussions that are not instructive. We have seen some unimportant amendment to the constitution consume the entire time of a session; we have seen a "fight" over officers take up another session; we have seen the vindication of some officer become the principal topic in another session. We have attended conventions that were very profitable by reason of good papers and good discussions on horticultural subjects. We have attended other conventions that appeared more of a farce than anything else. From such conventions we have gone away painfully impressed with the idea that the people that had been to the expense of coming from a distance would probably not do so again. The presiding officer holds the situation largely in his hands. If he be inert the work of the convention will lag, and foreign topics will be allowed to consume the precious hours. If he be energetic and understand his business, the speakers and those engaged in the discussions will be held to the topics before the convention, and much will be accomplished. Every presiding officer would do well to study up on parliamentary law.

Storing Silage.

I have never seen a silo built so perfectly that some of the ensilage would not spoil, writes L. A. Clinton in Rural New Yorker. It is very difficult to prevent the air from getting to the surface of the ensilage, no matter how well it is packed and covered. It must be expected that some will spoil on top, as that is nature's way of sealing the contents of the silo underneath. This covering of moldy ensilage on the top should not be removed until the ensilage is to be fed out to stock. When feeding commences a layer must be removed from the entire surface each day. If this layer removed is not more than two inches deep, it will be sufficient to keep the surface from spoiling. If the amount of stock to be fed is not sufficient to use this amount each day, then with a sharp hay knife a section should be cut down through the middle. The vertical wall of ensilage which is left exposed will not spoil to any extent. There is no possibility of cracking the ensilage too tightly, unless there is need of hurrying the operation of filling the silo, the ensilage can be left to settle, and it will pack itself sufficiently. One or two men should be kept in the silo to distribute the ears of corn as they fall, and occasionally to pack around the silo walls.

Wheat and Oats.—Wheat and oats are the best two whole grains, barley and corn next, then buckwheat, and rye the poorest. This is according to experience, and not according to analyses, though that places them not far from that order. It is a mistake to feed too much corn, and it is just as bad, almost, not to feed enough of it. I believe in making corn or corn products about twenty-five per cent of the entire weekly ration in winter—in hot weather use less.—Ex.

Kindness to Cows.—Gentle treatment is conducive to good milking power; rough treatment will only make the animal hold up her milk and refuse to let it down, thus lessening not only the quantity, but also the percentage of butter fat in the same.

See that the eggs are clean before being sent to market.