# DICK RODNEY;

## Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"Hallo!" said Tom Lombourne, suddenly looking aloft, as the topsails flapped and shivered; "she's yawing or steering wild; what is that Spaniard about?"

"But where is he?" added Carlton, as we now missed Antonio from the wheel; "Antonio, where are you?"

"Gone overboard, I hope," exclaimed the second mate, with something more that need not be repeated, as he rushed to the wheel, and, after making it revolve a few times rapidly, he filled the sails and steadied the brig. This was done just in time, for the Eugenie had a press of canvas on her, and, had she been taken aback, the consequences might have been serious.

"Look about for the skulking lubber," said Lambourne, in great wrath, "and see some him well with a slush-bucket; another moment and the craft would have been broached to!"

"He must have crept behind the longboat and got into the forecastle," suggested Carlton.

"I'll bring him up with a round turn for playing this trick!" grumbled Lambourne.

"Hush," said I, as a strange sound fell upon my ear.

"What is it?" asked the others, listening.

"A cry—did you not hear it?"

"No—nonsense!" said they, together, "it was a cry that came from somewhere."

"I did hear something," said Will White; "but it was a sheave creaking in a block aloft, I think."

"No, no," said I, pausing by the capstan, as a terrible foreboding seized me; "it came from the cabin."

"There is no one there but the Captain, Hislop, and the boy Bill, who sleeps in the steerage, and they are all three sound enough by this time," said Lambourne.

"But the sound was from the cabin," I persisted, hastening aft.

At that moment another cry, loud and piteous—a cry that sank into a hoarse moan, echoed through the brig, "piercing the night's dull ear," and ringing high above the welter of the sea alongside, the bubble at the stern and stern, or the hum of the wind through the taut rigging.

We all rushed aft to the companion, and at that instant Antonio sprang up the cabin stair. By the clear splendor of the tropical moonlight we could see that his usually swarthy visage was pale as death, while his black eyes blazed like two burning coals. He grasped his unsheathed knife,the blade of which, as well as his hands and clothes, were covered with blood!

My heart grew sick with vague apprehension, and my first thought was for a weapon; but none was near.

"What have you been about, you rascally picaroon—and why did you leave the wheel?" shouted Lambourne, becoming greatly excited; "the masts might have gone by the board—what devil's work have you been after below?"

Then the dark Spanish creole grinned, as the blood dripped from his hands on the white and moonlit deck.

"Knock him down with a handspike, Carlton," added Lambourne, who could not leave the wheel; "knock him down—the shark-faced swab!"

On hearing this, Antonio drew from his breast a revolver pistol, one of a pair which we knew always hung loaded in Weston's cabin, and fired straight at the head of Carlton—who dodged the shot, which killed the seaman named Will White, who stood behind him.

The ball pierced the brain of the poor fellow, who bounded convulsively nearly three feet from the deck; he fell heavily on his face and never moved again, for he was dead—dead as a stone.

In its suddenness this terrible deed paralyzed us with horror, not unmixed with fear, as we were all unarmed and completely in the power of this Spanish demon, the report of whose pistol brought all the startled crew tumbling over each other out of the forecastle.

"Aha, maldita! Santos y Angeles!" said the Spaniard, waving the pistol, the muzzle of which yet smoked, toward us in a half circle, as a warning for all to stand back; "did you think to run your rigs upon me? I am Antonio el Cubano, and don't value you all a rope's-end or a rotten castano, as you shall find. I am now the captain of this ship, and shall force you all to obey me, or else"—here he swore one of those sonorous and Blasphemous oaths which run so glibly from a Spanish tongue—"I will shoot you all in succession, till I am the last man left on board; and when I am tired of the ship I can burn or scuttle her. Do you understand all this?"

Dead silence followed this strange address, the half of which was scarcely understood by our men, as it was said in Spanish.

"Basta!" (avast) I see that you do understand," he resumed; "and now begin by obedience. Throw this carrion—this bestia muerta—overboard."

But perceiving how we all shrank back—

"Overboard with him!" he added, brutally kicking the inanimate body of poor Will White; "or demonio, I shall send the first who disobeys me to keep him company."

He grasped me by the hand—his hateful clutch was firm as a smith's vise—and then he leveled his pistol at the head of Ned Carlton.

For a moment the latter stood irresolute, and then, seeing the black muzzle of the revolver within a foot of his head, he muttered a deep malediction, stamped his foot with rage on the deck, and said:

"Mr. Rodney, bear a hand with me to launch this murdered man—this poor fellow—overboard!"

"Obey!" thundered Antonio.

Like one in a dream I bent over the dead man, on whose pale face, glazed eyes and relaxed jaw the bright moonlight was shining, and in my excitement and bewilderment I nearly slipped and fell into the pool of blood which flowed from his death wound.

I had never touched a corpse before, and an irrepressible shudder ran through all my veins. But, that emotion once over, I could have handled a dozen with perhaps indifference; and there are few who, after touching the dead, have not experienced this change of feeling.

Ned Carlton, with a sound like a sob in his honest breast—a sob of mingled rage and commiseration—raised the yet warm body; I took the feet, and through one of the quarter-boards which was open, we launched it into the great deep, and as the brig flew on, rolling before the early morning wind, there remained no trace of poor Will White, but his blood, a dark pool upon the deck, and the crew stood staring at it and at each other with blank irresolution, horror and dismay expressed in all their faces.

Empty-handed and defenseless as we all were, each was afraid to speak or act, lest he might be the next victim whom the merciless Cubano would shoot down.

With a growl of defiance Antonio now turned away, and, brandishing the revolver in token of the obedience he meant to exact, he descended slowly into the cabin, where we soon heard him smashing open the lockers, and busy with the case-bottles in the steward's locker, or Billy the cabin boy's pantry.

His departure seemed a relief to all, but in half a minute after he was gone below little Billy, or "Boy Bill," as he was usually termed, whose sleeping place was the steerage, rushed up the cabin stair in his shirt and ran among us, sobbing with fear and dismay.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### Conference of the Crew.

Some time elapsed before the poor boy became sufficiently coherent to be understood, but it would seem that on hearing the first cry, which had alarmed me, he sprang out of his berth, which was at the foot of the companionway, and on looking into the cabin, he saw by the night light which swung in the skylight, the Cubano, armed with a bloody knife, rush from the captain's state-room into that of the mate, which was opposite.

Another choking cry acquainted him that Antonio had stabbed Hislop in his sleep; and fearing that his own turn would come next, he had crept into an empty cask which lay below the companion-ladder, and remained there, trembling with dread, until he took an opportunity of rushing on deck and joining us.

This terrible revelation added to our dismay.

We were now in a desperate predicament, without a captain or mate to navigate the brig, and at the mercy of a well-armed desperado, to whom homicide was a pastime; thus, all who had handled him so severely on the night we crossed the line began to feel no small degree of alarm for their own safety, being certain that more blood would be shed the moment he came on deck.

All dressed themselves with the utmost expedition, and it was resolved to hold a council of war. Lambourne was still at the wheel; and to be prepared for any emergency, he resolved to reduce the canvas on the brig. So the royals were taken down, all studding-sails taken in, and the topsails were handed; all this was done as quietly as possible, lest any sound might arouse the fiend who seemed now to possess the Eugenie.

Lambourne ventured to peep down the skylight, when he saw Antonio drinking rum from a case bottle, without troubling himself with a glass. Then the Spaniard proceeded to attire himself in the best clothes of Captain Weston; he forced open several lockfast places, and took from them money and jewelry, which he concealed about his person. What his ultimate object could be in performing these acts of plunder on the open sea, we could neither conceive nor divine. but on chancing to glance upward, he caught a glimpse of Tom's eyes peering down.

There was an explosion, a crashing of glass and a ball from a revolver, fired upward, grazed Tom's left ear and pierced the rim of his sou'-wester as a hint that our Cubano had no intention of being overlooked in his operations below.

We heard him close the cabin door with a bang, and after locking it, throw himself on the floor behind it, with the intention of sleeping, probably, but with the full resolution that no one should enter without disturbing him; and in this way, after examining his pistols, he reposed every night afterward while on board.

"By jingo! I thought the killing o' them birds would lead to bad luck somehow," said Henry Warren, an old forecastle hand, with a reproachful glance at me, as he threw the two albatrosses overboard.

We now held a solemn conference to meet the emergency which was certain to come anon, and to consider the best means of subduing and disarming the culprit.

"Whoever goes nigh him in the cabin, either by the door or the skylight, risks being stabbed or shot," said Tattooed Tom; "so we must go to work some other way, shipmates, and that other way must be considered."

"We might close and batten the skylight and companionway, and then starve or smoke him out," suggested one of the crew, Francis Probart, our carpenter.

"Smoke him out!" echoed Tom.

"Yes, as we do rats."

"By what?"

"Fill a bucket with spun yarn and greased flax, with sulphur and bilge-water—ain't that the medical compound for rats?"

"Nonsense," said Tom; "you would burn the ship——"

"As he has often threatened to do," said Carlton, "and may do yet."

A most extraordinary scheme was proposed by one man—that we should launch the longboat, throw into her some bags of bread and gang-casks of water, unship the compass, double-bank the oars, and shove off for the coast of South America, after scuttling the brig and leaving Antonio to his fate.

We were in a horrible state of perplexity, and I seemed to see constantly before me the gashed bodies of my two kind, brave and hospitable friends —Captain Weston and Marc Hislop—lying in their berths dead and unavenged, with their destroyer beside them!

We had the capstan-bars, and with these it was proposed to assail him when next he came on deck. Then we had the carpenter's tools, among which a hand-saw, an auger, an adze and a hatchet, made very available weapons, and these, with the old cutlass and harpoons which figured on the night we crossed the line, were speedily appropriated. I was armed with a heavy claw-hammer, and, vowing firmly to stand by each other, we resolved to reach Antonio the moment he came out of his den.

While these things employed in devising the means of punishment, the dark shadows of night passed away; the morning sun came up in his tropical splendor, and the blue waves of the southern sea rolled around us in light, but not a sail was visible on their vast expanse.

The cool seemed pale and excited, as they might well be, and with buckets of water we cleansed the deck from the blood that stained it.

The morning advanced into noon, and the vessel was steered her due course, for the wind was still fair, and Carlton was at the wheel, and the men were all grouped forward, when suddenly Antonio appeared on deck with a knife in his sash and a revolver in each hand.

He was so pale that his olive face seemed almost a pea-green, and a black crust upon his cruel lips showed the extent of his potations in the cabin. He glanced into the binnacle, and perceiving that the brig was still being steered her old course, he cried, in a hoarse voice:

"Hombres, alargarse a la cuesta!" (men, bear toward the land) and pointing to the direction in which he knew the vast continent of South America—from which we were probably four or five hundred miles distant—must be, he added orders in English to shape the brig's course due west, and stamped his right foot on the deck to give his words additional force.

(To be continued.)

### MAIL NUISANCE

#### That Threatened to Inundate the Family of a New Father.

At an Adelaide street residence the servant went to the door, met a perspiring and scowling letter carrier, and took in a basketful of mail. It was the third such lot of the day, and there had been a like delivery for a week. "Dump it into the furnace," roared the young man who is the head of the family. "I'm going to see the postmaster, write the head of the department at Washington, and get out an injunction. I'll see if there is not some way to abate this nuisance." "But there may be some other mail; something that we want to read," interposed a gentler and feebler voice. "I don't care if there is. I don't care if there's a draft or a postal order in every other envelope. Chuck the whole outfit into the furnace and don't lose any time doing it. Whoever's working this rig on me may think he's smart good and plenty. It's the confoundest, meanest, smallest, most impertinent thing I ever heard of." "But it's only a joke, my dear." "I'll joke 'em. Do you know that we've received over a car lot of catalogues, prospectuses, and all that sort of thing from female seminaries in the country? There were over 200 in the first batch and that was the smallest one received. Dump the whole batch into the furnace, I say. Nice thing! I guess not, sending up those female seminary advertisements and our little girl not two weeks old yet. You can bet that I'll stop the thing or know the reason why."—Detroit Free Press.

### BOY'S ESSAY ON HORNETS.

#### He Finds id Them a Practical Lesson for Busybodies.

A hornet is the smartest bug that flies anywhere, quotes the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. He comes when he pleases and goes when he gets ready. One way a hornet shows his smartness is by attending to his own business, and making everybody who interferes with him wish they had done the same thing. When a hornet stings a feller he knows it, and never stops talking about it as long as his friends will listen to him. One day a hornet stung my pa (my pa is a preacher) on the nose, and he did not do any pastorating for a month without thinking about that hornet. Another way a hornet shows his smartness is by not procrastinating. If he has any business with you he will attend to it at once and then leaves you to think it over to yourself. He don't do like the mosquito, who comes fooling around for half an hour, singing, "Cousin, cousin," and then when he has bled you all he can, dash away yelling "No kin." A hornet never bleeds you; but if he sticks you, you will go off on a swell. I don't know anything more about hornets, only that Josh Billings says: "A hornet is an inflamible (Josh was a poor speller) buzzer, sudden in his impreshuns, and rather hasty in his conclusions, or end."

#### A Curious Collection.

A London man who always takes a cigar when invited out to dinner, though he does not smoke, has now a collection of half a century's accumulations, each cigar wrapped up and labeled with the date and occasion on which it was taken.

Only those who dwell where there are mountains without valleys experience joys without sorrows.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

"Rocking Chair Travels," by Annie Willis McCullough—"Little Messengers," Juvenile Story by Mary E. Butts—What Two Little Girls Saw.

#### Rocking-Chair Travels.

You sit down snug and quiet,
A book upon your knee—
A wonder-book that tells about
The lands across the sea;
And then a strange thing happens,—
You do not leave your chair,
But see and read about these lands
It seems that you are there.

You see the queerest people,
They talk a language new,
The buildings are not those you know,
The streets are strange to you.
But you are never frightened,
It's pleasant to be there,
For you can always quickly come
Back to your rocking chair.

It does you good to journey
In such an easy way,
To learn about the big, big world,
And how it looks today.
This way a child should travel,
The road is very fair;
It's safe and best for little ones
To go by rocking-chair.
—Annie Willis McCullough in Youth's Companion.

#### Little Messengers.

Very tired of the dull, cold weather, of the bare trees and the muddy paths was little Rose. It seemed to her that the bright, beautiful summer would never come.

"Do not be impatient," said mamma. "Summer is already on the way, and she has sent little messengers out to say that she is coming."

"Where are they?" asked Rose.

"Go up the hill a little way and then turn into the field," replied mamma. "And I think you will find more than one herald all sweetly dressed in green. Perhaps there will be others in brown and black costumes. Wrap yourself up warmly, for March loves to nip a little girl's nose and ears."

"He will find me gone, and I am glad of that," said Rose.

"He is not as pleasant always as his brother and sister months," answered mamma. "But he is very useful to good Mother Earth, and I hardly see how she could get through her housecleaning without him."

Then Rose was in the open air she felt better. The first tree that she passed held out an armful of baby catkins for her to see, and she could not help smiling at their little soft, fuzzy bodies. Soon she was out of the disagreeable road and on the brown hillside. She glanced down as she set her feet upon the spongy turf, and there, looking straight up in her face, was little Clover in his new green dress.

"Why, you darling, I didn't know you were here," said Rose. "How glad I am to see you!"

"Glad! glad! glad!" sang a joyous voice close by.

Rose looked up. There was dear Song Sparrow atilt on the very topmost spray of a wild cherry tree. He was pouring out his happy heart in a bewitching carol to the spring.

"He is one of Summer's messengers," said Rose. "The winter is over; the winter is over,' that is what he says. 'Be glad! be glad, little girl!' "

Rose looked about her for other little green folk. It was but a moment before she spied Baby Mullen in his new velvet frock. He was very young, indeed, a mere infant; but he seemed to feel quite at home and nestled close to the dear Earth as if quite sure that she would take care of him.

Not far away little Fi-finger nestled in a family of Grasses. They were taking good care of him, for he seemed just a bit timid and trembling. While Rose was bending over Fi-finger some one called as plain as could be: "Phoebe! Phoebe!"

"My name isn't Phoebe," said Rose, laughing aloud. "But I suppose you are Mr. Phoebe, and you are calling Mrs. Phoebe. I am glad you spoke, for I should not have seen you, and I want to tell mamma about you."

But there were other folks abroad that day on important business. A solemn-looking person is black suddenly darted from a near-by hedge.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Crow?" called out Rose, delightedly. "I know what you are going to do with that twig in your mouth. You are going to make a treecradle for the little black baby Crows."

Before Rose had finished speaking a queer little fellow in brown and black

"Chickadee! Chickadee!" he said, in a loud, clear voice.

"Oh, you are here, are you?" said Rose, whirling around in the direction of the voice. "But you have been here all winter. I know you very well, you dear thing, but I am very glad to see you."

What a frolicsome place the outdoor world is, indeed. Rose turned from looking after Chickadee, and there on the fence rail were two little brothers running a race. They were at the end of the rail in an instant, and then what a leap they made to the bough of a tree. How slim and trim and dainty they were in their red fur coats!

"I wonder if they live in that tree," said Rose. "They must be glad that winter is over. But they look nice and plump. I suppose they are good, industrious little brothers, and always lay up all the nuts they need on their pantry shelves. I hope you weren't afraid of me, you dear Squirrels,"

Our little girl's discontented mood was gone entirely. She was home and told her mother about the bright little folks she had seen.

"I am going out again tomorrow," she said. "It is stupid to stay in the house and fret."

—Mary F. Butts.

#### Clever Mr. Thrush.

Myra and Tessie were starting for school one blowy day in spring. The wind came puffing through the trees and up the road. It twisted Tessie's coat around her body until she could hardly walk.

"What a windy day!" she exclaimed, when she got her breath.

"But it's spring," said Myra. "The brook just sounds as if it was singing, 'Spring is coming! Spring is coming!' And there's a pair of thrushes beginning to build a nest in the old apple tree near the fence. I gave them some crumbs from my own breakfast this morning."

As they came to the apple tree near the fence a great gust of wind rushed through its branches and blew Myra's hat off.

"There goes my hat!" said Myra. "Catch it!"

The hat flew up in the air, circled a few times, and settled on a little branch of the apple tree and stuck there.

Myra began to cry. "I can't go to school without a hat, and——Oh, what will mamma say?"

Ponto, who always went with Myra as far as the gate, was sorry. He sat down and barked at the hat, but it did not budge.

Then Tessie threw up a stone, but the stone only shook the branch a little.

Then Patrick came and good-naturedly climbed the tree, but the branch was too slender for him to get near the hat, and he could not touch it, even with his stick. Myra cried harder than ever.

Then Mr. Thrush came along. "Dear me," he chirped to Mrs. Thrush, "there's that sweet little girl who gives us crumbs crying for her hat. "I'll have to get it for her myself!" He flew to the twig where the hat was caught, gave two or three little pecks at the ribbon that held it, and the hat swung off, flew around, and fell at Myra's feet!

"I always knew, dear," twittered Mrs. Thrush, "that you had more sense than those stupid human creatues! Why didn't they think of flying up and pecking the ribbon loose?"

Eva Lovett Carson.

#### Spiders Spin Ropes.

Spiders have been set to work spinning ropes for human servants. This novel idea has been put into operation at Chalais-Meudon, near Paris, where a spider factory for the special manufacture of balloon ropes for the military aeronautic section is now in full swing. The spiders have to work pretty hard for their living, as each little creature is made to spin thirty to forty yards of thread before he is allowed to have a rest. The method of working the spiders is ingenious; twelve spiders are placed above a reel, to which their threads are attached, and the reel is gently revolved, so that it winds off the thread as fast as the little spiders produce it. Eight of the sets of thread, after being washed to rid them of their sticky out covering, are then woven into cords. These are found to be both stronger and lighter than the silken cords which have hitherto been used by balloonists, and the only drawback to their popularity is that they are at present remarkably costly.

#### Long Time Dead.

"The fact is," admitted the alderman when at last cornered, "that a great many of our ordinances are dead letters." "Dead!" exclaimed the citizen in disgust. "Why, hang it, man, most of 'em are buried!"

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS.

## 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.

#### Plowing in Oats.

I have tried the above method of covering them, says a contributor to Wallace's Farmer, but did not find it very satisfactory for several reasons.

First—It is quite difficult at times, in early spring, when oats should be sown, to get the plow to scour among the heavy stalks that will be found upon the corn fields of a careful and painstaking farmer without plowing the oats under too deeply for best results.

Second—The seed will be thrown together somewhat in the furrows and is not scattered as evenly as it should be for best results.

Third—It plowed only about three inches deep, as I think it should be, the harrow will bring many of the stalks to the surface and partly defeat the plan. * * * I think it will be found that more lodged oats are caused by putting the seed in too well than by not putting it in well enough.

It is quite an objection to have the seed thrown together in the furrows, for it has been my experience and observation that the more evenly oats are scattered the better the results. They should occupy the whole surface of the ground, thus giving each plant its share of warmth, light and air. This is the chief objection, I think, to drilling oats. It crowds the plants too much together in the drills. I do not consider it impracticable to plow a stalk field deep enough and thorough enough to cover up all the litter and put the ground in good shape for a meadow, and plow the oats in at the same time. I would prefer to break, rake and burn the stalks, then cultivate the oats and grass seed in, going across the ridges and harrowing thoroughly afterward. If I used the plow at all would plow and then sow afterward and harrow down smooth and firm. An objection to plowing at all in my mind is that it leaves the ground too loose and unless the soil is rather heavy, it will dry out too much for the best results. But if the soil is dry enough, and the season permits, this can be avoided by plenty of harrowing or perhaps the use of the roller, and the whole plan will work better. On the contrary if it is rainy and the soil wet and sticky, and the stalks make it hard for the rolling cutter to handle, causing the plow to choke, it will be found a very slow and tedious way to put in oats, and most likely be abandoned.

#### Some Cheesemaking Methods.

The first thing which I observe in the manufacture of cheese is cleanliness, not only in the factory, but as well among the different cows and their keepers, writes W. L. McLain in American Cheesemaker. All the animal heat should pass from the morning milk before it is mixed with the evening's milk. The milk as it is transported without being jarred or jostled very much. In the factory I receive the milk that is in cans which are not only cleansed and steamed. It must be sweet and pure. Add enough coloring to give a rich color and then at the milk should be 85 deg. and add diluted rennet. I dilute it to prevent red before the rennet is thoroughly mixed. It takes about five minutes to mix. I require from 25 to 35 minutes for a good curd.

After I have a floating curd, I draw off the greater part of the whey and add some moderately warm water. This is to weaken the lactic acid and reduce the acid to the proper amount, when heat as before, not heating above 96 deg. in cooking. In cooking the curd has the curd under his control, if he has not added too much rennet. Rennet does not aid in ripening cheese and I use as little as I can. It simply changes the milk into a gelatinous mass. When the whey is drawn off the curd should be soft and retain moisture, thus being under the complete control of the maker, and it must then cool slowly to 85 degs.; then add salt, but not too heavy. It should be in proportion to the amount of rennet. When the curd is in its normal state I commence curing. It should be entirely free from all taints and odors, should remain in the press from four to six hours, then be removed and dressed and placed in press again until next morning.

The curing room should always be darkened and the same moderate temperature kept, with good ventilation, not allowing gases and foreign substances to enter the room. The cheese should be greased well and turned at six in the morning and again at six in the evening and again at six in the morning of each day. Ten to twelve days are required for my cheese to cure.

Milk test—A room especially for that purpose, with milk, acids, and a temperature the same. I take a certain amount of acid of a certain known strength to a certain amount of milk at the same temperature. No man can test correctly without knowing first how to test the strength of his acid used in testing. In no two rooms will the test be the same, as in making cheese. A person must be his own guide, and commander of the situation. In no two days are the results of making cheese the same. Or in no two factories are the results the same. Man, under different circumstances and conditions, must be master of the situation.

#### Clover Hay Worm.

A correspondent of the Homestead writes that while putting in hay from a stack the last loads were found fairly alive with a small worm about half an inch long and of dark color, which appeared to be quite lively. The hay was stacked on rail bottoms. He desires to know what they are, whether they will work in hay in the mow that has been put in directly from the swath and whether if in the same little customer in another dress that works in clover seed and is called the midge. The Homestead replies:

If, as we are inclined to believe from the letter, the hay is clover hay, the worm is probably the clover hay worm, which is very common in the eastern parts of the West in the spring of 1895. The color of the worm is dark brown and the lower parts of stacks and mows are, in February and March, fairly alive with them. They also work on hay later in the season. They are the larvae of a pretty moth that has a silken luster and two bright spots on the wings. It is not entirely settled whether the moth lays the eggs that produce the worm exclusively after the hay is put up, or whether eggs are not also laid on the clover in the field. The clover hay worm works in mows as well as in stacked hay, and while hay so affected may be fed out to the cattle if fed early enough, the worms then being consumed along with the hay, if observed until later the work of the larvae so fills the hay with webs that the cattle will refuse to touch it. From another part of our correspondent's letter we find that he is putting this hay into a silo. We like that, but if we did not, we would advise him not to do this, as he will be thereby preparing for a bigger crop than ever of the hay worm for the next year. Hay in stacks is generally worked on from the bottom up for about a month in the winter, and we know of combating the insect is to take off and feed all the good and burn that that is seriously affected. If it gets into the hay mow the best thing to do is to clean out the mow thoroughly and burn that part of the hay that seems to be affected, and then turn in the chickens. Prof. Webster, in Ohio, in 1891, however, found that the majority of the larvae can be killed by re-stacking the hay and dusting it with two pounds of powdered pyrethrum mixed with ten pounds of flour, to each ton of hay. We would suggest to all our readers who have any considerable quantity of clover hay, either in the stack or in the mow, that now is the time to examine thoroughly, particularly the lower layers of the stack, and see whether it is affected. If it is, and that part of the hay that is being worked upon can be got at, it should be destroyed during this month and next, as later on some moths will be developed yearly, ready to lay eggs for the following season.

#### Early Vegetables.

From Farmers' Review: Cauliflower should be in as general use as is cabbage. Its good qualities merit its general use. Would you be without cabbage from year to year? Then why be without cauliflower? Do you grow it and use satisfactorily the plant? Try it. If you have good success and are as fond of it as some are, you will not let a spring pass without planting it. If you like celery try to grow it. For raising early vegetables now is the time to begin work. Make a hot bed and have early plants ready for the open ground as soon as the weather will admit of their being put out. Place several loads of horse manure in a flat topped pile and give it a good wetting. After several days it will be steaming vigorously and should be forked over, the similar pile and wet again. After this process has been repeated two or three times, make the manure into a solid bed two feet deep, place a frame on the bed and fill in with four inches of good soil well pulverized. Sow your seeds, cover lightly and keep the soil moist. Cover the frames during nights and cold days with glass sashes if you have them, but if not, use the best covering you have, such as old carpet or wagon sheet. With this little care you may have an early supply of vegetables. They grow better during early summer before it gets hot and dry, and tomatoes will continue to bear till frost if irrigated, or if the drouth is not severe.

#### Winter Forcing of Rhubarb.

When at W. W. Rawson's place, at Arlington, I made inquiries about forced rhubarb, writes a contributor to Rural New Yorker. Their plan is to put a glass roof over the entire crop. This sounds more troublesome than it really is. The process is simply that of erecting a roughly-constructed house over the bed. A board wall is set up, about five feet high in the back, and another wall about four feet high in the front. Sashes, supported by scantlings, roof the space, and the ends are boarded up. This covering is put over rhubarb in February, or the beginning of March, according to the season. No heat is given artificially, but the structure conserves the sun's rays, and the increased temperature soon causes the rhubarb to start. Beds treated in this way should not be under three years old, to get the best results, and it would not be wise to use the glass covering over the bed two seasons in succession. The plan is much less wasteful, as far as plant vitality is concerned, than the lifting of the roots.

#### Danger in Cotton Seed Meal.

The Texas Experiment Station, commenting on the effect of cotton-seed meal on pigs, says: "Some hogs resist the poison and are practically cotton-seed proof." So far as our experience has gone, most hogs are more or less attacked by this poisonous agent. The calf-feeding so far attempted with cotton-seed meal, has been terminated by death of the subject fed, though Rioter St. Heller doubtless had stoppage at the pylorus, which caused death. From these cases of cows and calves affected, apparently from the use of cotton-seed meal, it may be stated that for calves and some mature cows cotton-seed meal, especially if old or damaged, is a dangerous food, though strong calves may be fed it for a quarterly long enough to make veal of them with no apparent harm.—N. C. Experiment Station.

#### Milk Sent to Creameries.—There is a profit to the farmer in milk sent to creameries over that kept at home, provided the cost of hauling it to and from the creamery be not too great. But this obstacle is done away with where one farmer is secured to do the hauling. As the creamery the farmer has his milk put into the hands that will bring a higher average price than will the milk if kept at home and made into average farm butter.

Bogus Land in Illinois.—One of the most troublesome features of Illinois agriculture is the so-called "bogus lands" or "alkali spots" scattered promiscuously over the central and northern portions of the state. They amount in the aggregate to thousands of acres and are practically unproductive.