FATE.

High in the spaces of sky
Reigns inaccessible Fate;
Yields she to prayer or to cry?
Answers she early or late?

Change and rebirth and, decay,
Dawning and darkness and light—
Creatures they are of a day,
Lost in a pitiless night.

Men are like children who play
Unknown by an unknown sea;
Centuries vanish away;
She alls—the eternal She.

Nay; but the Gods are afraid
Of this hoary Mother's nod:
They are of things that are made,
She waits—the eternal She.

They have seen dynasties fall
In ruin of what has been,
Her no upheavals appall—
Silent, unmoved and serene.

Silent, unmoved and serene
Reigns in a world unl-rate,
Eldest of God and their Queen,
Featureless, passionate Fate.
—W. L. C. in The Fortnightly Interview.

The Lady of the Valley.

BY JAMES W. KILBURN.

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It was yellowing fall weather when I came upon the camp, flanked by a cornfield. A woman, whom I had seen upon the road, sat on a stump smoking. A red shawl was knotted under her arms and earrings protruded from her head handkerchief. She knocked the ashes from her pipe, but her eyes—set deep in a worn face—looked only at the blue line of mountains behind me. I sat upon another stump, and presently she said:

"Will the lady have her fortune told?"

"The last one you told me did not come true," I replied, and was rewarded by seeing that pipe removed with as much surprise as is compatible with one of her stamp. Her eyes were now dark wells, to be fathomed by no light plummet.

"'Tis not always a poor gypsy's fault," she said.

"You told me I should cross the water and marry a dark man, and I've done neither."

"There is water still there, lady, and the dark men are not all 'dead!'"

"'Twas at Tivoli Fair," I proceeded, "the day the lion got loose and the keeper was hurt." I paused, remembering all that the day had involved. There had been robbery and arrests, and it was said that the gypsies were implicated. The incident had been forgotten, but not the personality of the woman who had interested me. Suddenly the name came to me, given by the woman at Tivoli.

"Daylia Herne! Don't you remember me, Daylia? And the talk we had?" There was a tense contraction of the whole figure, as though some wild, secret thing were roughly awakened from under the frozen coverlid of winter.

"'Twas not I," she said imperturbably. "I never saw Tivoli Fair in all my mortal life. Some other gypsy, lady! But I can tell the lady a better fortune nor that!" Knowing that directness is not the route by which such creatures arrive I said: "Perhaps so, but I should like to find Daylia Herne again. Have you ever heard of her?"

She knocked the ashes from her pipe and through the veil of defenselveness there seemed to leap a gleam of longing, the longing of an alien to touch once more the beloved soil.

"I've seen her, lady. Oh, yes! A bad lot, she was!"

"I should like to know what became of her," I persisted.

"Hard to tell what becomes of the likes of her!"

"Do you know where Daylia went after Tivoli Fair?" I asked.

"Yes, yes, lady! I'm thinking it was the time Daylia died. She took a hard cold and died, Daylia did, and a good riddance she was! Many's the time I've said to her, Daylia, mend your ways!' But, tchk! There's no use talking to such cattle! Tchk, lady, you can't tell 'em! She was a bad lot!"

"Yet she was a good mother," I said.

"Ay, lady, she had a boy, maybe you mind him, Daylia's boy?"

"Yes, he was a beautiful youth. What became of him when she died?"

"He went far away, and was well rid of her, I'm thinking!"

"Then you never saw him after-

"Will the lady have her fortune told?" ward?" I persisted. She floundered slightly.

"Oh, yes, lady, he come to be a fine man, he did. The finest you ever seen! And to think you mind the boy!"

It was needless to look at her to know the intense, pent eagerness of every line, as she leaned forward, with a hand upon the stump and her eyes devouring my face.

"He had curly hair and beautiful eyes," I said.

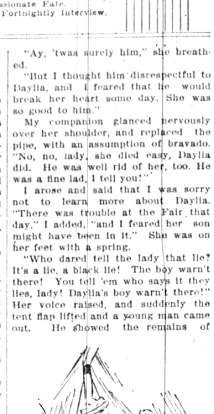
"Ay, 'twas surely him," she breathed.

"But I thought him disrespectful to Daylia, and I feared that he would break her heart some day. She was so good to him."

My companion glanced nervously over her shoulder, and replaced the pipe, with an assumption of bravado. "No, no, lady, she died easy, Daylia did. He was well rid of her, too. He was a fine lad, I tell you!"

I arose and said that I was sorry not to learn more about Daylia. "There was trouble at the Fair that day," I added, "and I feared her son might have been in it." She was on her feet with a spring.

"Who dared tell the lady that lie? It's a lie, a black lie! The boy warn't there! You tell 'em who says it they lies, lady! Daylia's boy warn't there!" Her voice raised, and suddenly the tent flap lifted and a young man came out. He showed the remains of



"Where's Daylia's son?" I asked suddenly.

beauty, but his face was now sodden with drunken sleep.

"Shut up,there!" he called, "tell the lady's fortune, can't you? Don't mind her, lady, she's a fool!"

"Ay, I'm just a fool, don't mind me, lady! Let the gypsy tell the lady's fortune," she repeated, her gaze following him. "Maybe you haven't a coat now, lady? There's them that'll want coats over bad this year."

"No, the coat was for Daylia's boy," I said, as I left her.

I took the road skirted by a woods, and presently there came a crackling of underbrush, the red shawl of the gypsy broke through the leaves, and she stood panting beside me.

"Hold on, lady, stop a bit!" she said, with a hand on her heart. "Lady, if I tell you true where Daylia went before she—she died, mebby you can get me a man's coat, too. It'll be cold after awhile, and there's them that'll need it bail!"

"Tell me all about Daylia Herne," I said. She lowered her voice and came nearer.

"'Twas this way, lady, and you tell it straight to them as said Daylia's boy was there when the robbing was done at Tivoli. He hadn't a mortal thing to do with it, Daylia done it herself! But Daylia, she got caught and locked up for five years for it, and no more'n she ought to've got. That's why she didn't come for the coat, she was locked up in jail, lady, see?"

Perhaps there is a mystery in the air of autumn. At any rate I felt it. I could not then aver that this woman was Daylia Herne, therefore I told her I should have a coat ready for her the next day if she would come after it.

But the next day she did not appear. The young woman I had seen in the camp came, however, and asked if I were the lady who had promised the old woman a coat.

"Because she won't die easy till she gets it, lady," said she.

I offered to accompany her back to the camp and take the coat. We hastened by way of the cornfield, and when we reached the woods, an old man came out of the tent, smoking.

"She's gone," he said, with a backward jerk of the thumb. The young woman took her baby from the wagon where it lay whimpering, and followed me into the tent. A figure lay upon a straw pallet, under a ragged cover, and the face, now stripped of years by death's serenity, awakened my mingled emotions.

"Where is Daylia's son?" I asked, suddenly. The young woman started and stared at me.

"La, lady, how'd you ever know her?" she said. I explained to her, and while walking the baby back and forth, she said: "It can't do her no harm now, nor him neither. She was so fierce about being known lest the law'd get him. The law don't want to be bothered with Jack Herne no more'n we do, I guess. He was around here yesterday getting all he could out of her; 'twas him made her heart get so bad. She wanted that coat for him. You see, Daylia was sort of cousin to pap, and she come and nursed us all through fever last year. Oh, she was the good sort! But a fool about that there son of hers. My man drove him off last night and told him if he ever shows his face here again we'll give him up for the robbing at Tivoli Fair that time. Did you mind that time, lady? 'Twas the time he loosed the lions and got up a robbery, all himself. Oh, he was a whelp! And Daylia Herne, she got him away and let herself be caught, vowing she'd done it, and got herself locked up for five years for it. Daylia Herne locked up five mortal years for stealing, and pap, he's known her to keep a whole camp straight in her time by being so straight herself. Why, she hated stealing like sin, and wouldn't eat stole food, Daylia wouldn't. Since she come out of jail she's hid away, feared lest she'd disgrace him—Daylia Herne disgrace the likes of him!"

Afterwards I went my way marveling over the mysteries that are held from our solving—especially the divine and tragic mystery of motherhood.

HER IDEA OF CHAMOIS.

Servant Used Dinner Material with Which to Wash Windows.

There is a prominent doctor in Germantown who is busy telling a little joke on himself, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. It appears that he employed an Irish servant, who had just arrived from the "ould sod." Startling out one morning, he noticed his office windows were rather dirty, and calling Bridget he instructed her to clean them before he returned. At the same time he told her that he would stop and purchase a new chamois skin and send it home, and with this she was to clean the windows. After he had gone his rounds he returned to his office. Glancing at the windows he found them thickly streaked with grease. He called Bridget, and the following colloquy took place:

"Bridget, didn't I tell you to clean the windows?"

"Yes, sor."

"And didn't I tell you to use the new chamois?"

"Yes, sor."

"Well, did you use it?"

"Sure, I did, sor."

"Let me see the chamois," said the doctor, and Bridget promptly brought it. Then for the first time he learned that his wife had left the house a half hour before he did in the morning and had sent home some tripe. The doctor declines to say what happened to the chamois skin.

JOY IN EVERY CALLING.

Only Necessity the Employment of One's Natural Faculties.

A liberal education often makes all the difference between the delights of Paradise and the monotony of drudgery. If a liberal education did nothing else but to take the drudgery out of life, by helping us to see glory in toil, and only enabled us to be artists instead of artisans—to see the uncommon in the common—it would pay us handsomely to secure it.

There is no honest calling so humble that it may not be raised a thousandfold by unfolding one's natural faculties. For example, how much more a machinist sees in the piece of iron he steels he works upon than does a man who knows nothing of its chemistry, composition or possibilities. His educated mind sees possibilities in the molecules of the bar; he knows of their motion, while the other man sees only a dead mass which, he thinks, would not interest anyone. The former understands the laws of force, attraction, repulsion, adhesion, and cohesion; the properties of the molecules in various metals are, to him, sources of entertainment and pleasure, while the other man understands nothing of the chemical ingredients or natural philosophy of the bar, and stares at it blankly, without interest.—Success.

Economical Substitute for Ice.

The evaporation of water, under favorable conditions, produces a degree of cold sufficient to render ice unnecessary for drinking purposes, and this is not theory merely, but a habit of centuries, still practiced by the people of hot countries. The vessel must be of earthenware, so porous that the liquid will slowly percolate through and evaporate on the outside, and if swung by cords, in a breeze, under a porch or vine, as in Greece and Palestine, rapid cooling takes place, and ice becomes needless, as it is sometimes in those countries, an impossible luxury.

It would indeed be a triumph of utility if philanthropy would introduce the jar and the knowledge to the poor of our cities, to whom the essentially tropic summer is sometimes as great a hardship as winter. Even health might find in temperate coolness evidence of those sudden congestions incident to the immoderate use of super-refrigerated liquids. The key to the situation is the porous jar, which should not be much of a problem to some of our potteries.—University News.

Why He Didn't Gamble.

The East Side "kid" is nothing if not precocious. A diminutive Italian, not yet nine years old, was a witness in an assault case tried before Deputy Police Commissioner Thurston. The boy had been clubbed "when he wasn't doin' nothin' but stand on the corner."

"Were you playing craps?" the officer says?" Col. Thurston asked."

"Naw."

"You know how to play it?"

"Sure!"

"Then how did it happen that you weren't playing on this occasion?"

Leaning forward eagerly and holding up his hand, school-boy fashion, the mite explained:

"I didn't have no pennies that day."—New York Post.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

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CHAPTER XII.

Waylaid By the Ogre.

This spirited way of doing things struck Charlie as just about right.

It suited his own aggressive nature, always bent upon carrying the war into the enemy's country and striking quick blows.

"That's kind of you, Artemus," he said, immediately, "and I shall be only too pleased to meet the captain."

Fate decreed that they should meet Capt. Brand as they sauntered toward the exit.

Both gave him a cold bow.

It was no more nor less than he was accustomed to from these friends of Arline, and yet he looked after them suspiciously.

Ah! had he but dreamed of whither they were bound, and for what purpose, the ogre would have considered that the case called for something beyond suspicion.

"Keep an eye on him, Artemus," said Charlie.

"Well, rather. It would precipitate matters if he chanced to see us meet the original ghost, of we may so term Capt. Brand."

But apparently the ogre had awakened to the fact that he was assailed by a thirst which would not be denied for the last they saw of him he was heading in a bee line for the barroom.

Once clear of the hotel, the two friends turned along the avenue.

Artemus knew where he was going; this was his life's stamping ground, over which he had ranged for years, always searching for that will-o'-the-wisp which until now had eluded his grasp—a sensation that would take the theater-going public by storm, and give him a reputation at a bound.

So he led Charlie at length into a public house, where many men came and went, where silver and cut glass gleamed upon the buffet back of the bar, and tables dotted a social chat.

Before they reached a distant table, Charlie had located his man; it was easy enough after he had points given to him.

Nor was Artemus an iota out of the way in his rough-and-ready diagnosis of the man's character.

Charlie saw he had been a bluff, genial sailor, and these years of wild life on the Sahara, with the wandering tribes of nomads into whose hands he had fallen, had not eradicated these predominant traits.

Warmly he shook the hand of the wanderer.

Eye looked into eye and read there the nature of the man back of it.

And Capt. Brand was thanking heaven mentally that his child had been beloved by one whom he recognized in his soul to be nature's nobleman.

Long they sat there and conversed.

The hours passed unheeded.

Charlie was enthralled by what he heard.

There was no braggadocio about this man, as in the case of the ogre, and yet he had evidently passed through adventures beside which even the imaginary ones of the other paled into insignificance.

He asked eager questions about his child, and it could be seen how anxious the father was to enfold her in his arms.

Taken in all, they passed a most pleasant time of it, and were finally astonished when one of the waiters came with the information that midnight had arrived—it was time to close the house, and would the gentlemen have the kindness to vacate?

Which, of course, they did.

Arrangements were made for another meeting.

Capt. Brand also yearned to embrace his wayward boy, whom he felt sure he could easily lead into the right path.

Charlie walked on air as he returned alone to the hotel, Artemus pleading private business elsewhere. Possibly his study of dramatic art included also the stars of the stage, and he thought it his duty to see some divine Casino girl to her home.

"There were many directions to keep Charlie's poor mind in trouble, and ward off sleep.

This appearance of the real Brand on the scene was a remarkable event—so opportune that he could not but look upon it as a providential. Indeed, had the affair been left entirely in his hands, the chances were he would never have conceived so brilliant a climax as to raise Brand from the grave he was supposed to occupy in Africa, and bring him upon the scene to confound the ogre.

Little did this latter individual dream of what was in store for him, or that he stood upon a volcano that was ready to explode.

It was a man very well satisfied with the way the world treated him, who sauntered into the Windsor late that night, and ran upon his bete noir at the very first turn.

Charlie believed Brand had been waiting for him; his manner seemed to declare it.

What could he want?

There was something so exceeding audacious about the fellow's game that Charlie was forced to admire his nerve, even though he felt angry with him at the same time because he had deceived Arline.

Capt. Brand—as we may still call the old rogue, through courtesy, though well aware that this was not his right name—Capt. Brand had evidently made up his mind that the time had come for a plain understanding with this young fellow who courted Arline.

He had fortified himself for the interview with various potations calculated, according to his way of thinking, to put courage into a man.

So he had kept watch, waiting for Stuart to appear.

And doubtless his particular thirst needed attention at frequent intervals.

Charlie saw at a glance the man was hardly himself, as usual, when the liquor was in the wit went out.

He might have preferred avoiding the interview if given his choice, since no good could come of it save to let this man understand they were deadly foes; but Brand intercepted him, and appeared to be decidedly in earnest.

Charlie knew no reason why he should run away. He believed he could give the fellow as good a thrashent, a Roland for an Oliver, and perhaps find a chance to pick up some information.

It occurred to Charlie at that moment how much of truth there might be in the old saying to the effect that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Capt. Brand exhibited a fair sample of it; he was not only mad, but slightly inebriated; not enough to interfere with his utterance, but to muddle his wits a bit, and render him incautious.

Of a truth, whisky has ere this played the deuce with the most wonderful plans that were ever conceived in the minds of men.

Charlie could not refuse the horny palm offered to him. It had served its owner many a good turn, and also brought him into much trouble.

"I want to see you, Stuart—very important—couldn't wait till morning. Come this way, if you please. Know it's late, but won't detain you long. Must get it off my mind."

So Charlie, obliging always, went with him.

Brand had his eye on a couple of chairs in a corner where they would be isolated.

What he had to say was of a private nature, and admitted of no eavesdropper, nor would it have been safe for any curious person to have loitered near while he was in this chaotic condition of mind.

Prudence does not ally itself with the indulgence in strong drink.

"Ah," said the other, dropping into a seat, with the air of a weary man, fairly well loaded, "this is something like comfort, Stuart. I've learned, in my long and wearisome exile, the value of taking it easy while you may. Trouble flies fast enough as it is. By the way, excuse me, but I quite neglected to ask you to join me in having something."

"Thanks, I should have declined anyway."

"Then no harm done. Now, of course, you wonder what I've buttonholed you for."

"Naturally so."

"Can't you guess?"

"Too tired to make the effort tonight; besides, I'm not good at conundrums."

"Ha! ha! this is a conundrum sure enough—I consider all girls' puzzles."

"Then it is about—h'm—your daughter?"

"About sweet Arline, sure enough. As a fond parent I am, of course, solicitous concerning her future, and especially since she will in due time wish to give up the obedience she has so willingly shown toward my authority, and assume the sacred relation of wife toward some bright young man. That solicitude, my dear Stuart, brings to a critical moment in my career—brings me in contact with you."

Charlie pretended to be dense; he even assumed surprise and perplexity.

"How can your future concern me, Capt. Brand?" he asked.

"Ah, you are disposed to be humorous, my lad. Or perhaps you wish to conceal your confusion under a brave exterior. Very good; every man to his taste, and I am ready to meet you fairly. Now let us reach an understanding."

"I am quite agreeable," cheerfully.

The returned exile rubbed his hands together, and new hope forced a smile upon his face.

"I will say this, Stuart, that of all the beaux who have come courting my sweet girlee I don't know of anyone I would rather have for a son-in-law than yourself," remarked the astute captain, sagely.

"Ah, thanks, awfully."

"Of course, I'm concerned about her welfare, her future happiness. What fond papa would not be interested? I have been studying you, young man, when you little dreamed your fate was being decided, held in the hollow of my hand, so to speak."

"What conclusions did you reach?" asked Charlie, calmly lighting a fresh weed from the old cigar.

"I made up my mind that you were a very clever, clear-sighted, reasonable fellow; that my child could be safe in your hands, and would never regret having transferred her liberty—"

"That was very good of you," smiling.

"And I finally concluded that the time had arrived, subject to a condition, when I might give over my charge forever—when Arline would no longer be subject to my parental authority, for you know she has been a very dutiful daughter."

"You mention a condition, sir?"

"Yes, only one."

"May I ask what it concerns?"

Capt. Brand smiled broadly.

"Myself and my future support," he said.

The cat was out of the bag.

Capt. Brand desired to make terms with the man upon destiny had appointed to be his successor.

Charlie felt the deepest disgust for so base a wretch, and determined to bait him as the toreador does the maddened bull.

"Let me see, do I understand just what you mean? You now receive a certain allowance from your daughter, which she has willingly given you as a pledge of her affection. This you fear may be stopped should she marry?"

"Yes, yes; you have it down very pat."

"And believing that I have at least a fair chance to secure her consent to be my wife, you are desirous of entering into some specific arrangement with me whereby this allowance may be continued during your lifetime."

"That is it, exactly; you could not have hit it better had you thought the whole thing out."

Charlie's manner gave him great hopes that he had found a ready dupe.

"Now, be perfectly frank, captain—are you fully satisfied with the amount?"

"Well, there's a point I wanted to put before you. There are times when, truth to tell, I have thought the dear child, of course, unconsciously, was treating me shabbily. Twice the amount would put me on Easy street, and I'm sure she wouldn't miss it at all."

The glow of avarice was in his face—his eyes snapped eagerly, and Charlie could see his fingers working as though in imagination they already clutched the golden prize.

"Ah! twice the amount would satisfy you, then, captain?" Charlie queried, softly.

"I am sure of it. And on my part, I would agree to use all the influence I possess in order to make her yours forever. Think of it, my hearty—that sweet girl is worth any sacrifice. There are men, doubtless, who would quadruple the annuity if they could secure so rich a prize; but, sir, my conscientious scruples stand in the way. Above all things, I must see her happy."

Charlie was secretly amused—it was as good as a play to him.

"A laudable ambition for a fond parent, I am sure. And the curiosity I entertained regarding the limit of your desires has been most amply satisfied."

"Curiosity! Do I understand you aright, sir? Do you mean to—er—imply that you had no other motive in making such rigid and searching inquiries into the sacred feelings of a parent's heart? Curiosity, the devil!" he snorted.

"It is a cool word, but—it covers the case, so let it pass."

"Perhaps—er—my terms have been a little bit too high, but it might be possible for us to affect a compromise."

"Oh, no—not a bit too high! Indeed, five times as much would not be considered excessive if you could deliver the goods."

"You doubt my ability?" eagerly.

"I know it for an actual certainty," as he looked squarely into the captain's bold eyes, that now fell before his gaze.

"I can prove my power over the girl. I will influence her to turn coldly from you; when next we talk terms, my price will be double what I ask now. There are others, Mr. Charlie Stuart, who aspire to secure what you have spurned."

"What of the fine sense of honor that compels you to consider your daughter's happiness?" tauntingly.

"Bah! mere words, and you know it!"

"What of that wonderful sense of intuition which warned you I was the mate appointed by Destiny to watch over your daughter's future—and yours?"

(To be continued.)

NOT LOVERS OF THE SEA.

Proverbs of Various Races Reflect On Sailors' Occupation.

"No man will be a sailor," said Dr. Johnson, "who has contrivance enough to get himself into jail." Dr. Johnson was, however, a landsman, while many of the following expressions are the opinions of seafaring people. "He who trusts himself on the sea is either a fool or he is poor or he wants to die." This Gallicism is no stronger than the following saying, by the maritime Dutchmen: "Better on the heath with an old cart than at sea with a new ship." "Better walk poor than to sail rich," says the Spaniard, and in the same spirit his Italian neighbor responds "Praise the sea, but stay on shore." Another maritime nation, the Danish, gives us this strong opinion: "One penny is better on land than ten at sea." German woodsmen say: "The sea has no branches (to cling to), therefore it is better to stay on shore," and the French rustics agree with them: "Admire the sea as much as you will, but don't stir from the cowsheds."

The Arab fears the sea as much today as he did in the fifteenth century, when he thought the hand of Satan would arise from the "sea of darkness" and seize his frail bark. "It is better," he says, "to hear the belching of the camel than the prayers of the fish," and he further outlines the dangerous nature of the elements when he says: "The sea has a tender stomach, but a head hard as wood." A facetious work a century old has it thus: "The ship is a fool, for he changes his mind with every breeze; the water is a fool, for it is never still; the wind is a fool, for it blows without ceasing; and he who makes an end at once of navigation."

MACHINE MADE TORCHON LACE.

Austrian Invention Imitates Hand-Made Product.

Some fair imitations of hand-made lace are already manufactured by machinery. A recent invention by an Austrian named Mattisch renders it possible to reproduce one more variety, known as torchon lace. The real article is moderately coarse but pretty lace and is used on garments which it is desirable to put through a laundry.

Herr Mattisch, after being associated with the lace industry in Vienna and inventing a machine which did not give satisfactory results, went to Nottingham, England, where he perfected the model in 1899. It was then necessary to make the jacquards for each pattern that it was desirable to produce. This part of the work was performed upon the inventor's return to Vienna. Hitherto it has been necessary to have a separate machine for each design. With the Mattisch machine it is only necessary to substitute one jacquard for another, as in weaving cloth.

The inventor does not intend to organize a company to make lace, says the New York Tribune, or even the production of more machines. He has already put nearly $100,000 into his experiments and is now looking for a company to buy his rights. The Nottingham lace manufacturers profess not to be disturbed by the prospect of competition and says that the Mattisch machine will injure French manufacturers chiefly. In Vienna the papers think that a new era in lace making is ahead.

In seasonable weather the season- ing often comes high.

POULTRY

Place for the Incubator.

Under most circumstances a small building out of doors is the best place in which to locate the incubator during the time it is to be in operation. This place is necessary as a safeguard against fire. There might be times when it would be more advantageously located in the house were it not for the danger from fire. The objection to an outer building, however, lies in the fact that the temperature is very changeable unless the building is exceptionally well built. Where a good many chicks are to be raised or where several incubators are to be kept in service for some months at a time a building constructed partly below ground is best. We have seen such houses that had been constructed at a moderate cost. The lower walls went five or six feet below the surface of the ground, and consisted of concrete to the thickness of a foot or more. In such cases the floor was of concrete and the second floor of boards was only a short distance above the ground. The upper portion of such building can be used for the storage of food and the like. The lower part, in which are placed the incubators, can be kept at a very even temperature. The cellar of the residence is hardly the place for incubators, on account of the dampness of the cellars as ordinarily constructed, and the danger of fires above mentioned.

Cornish and Indian Games.

The Indian Game has many fine qualities to recommend it to the breeder, and for many years past has been one of the most popular of fowls. In plumage the male is green-black without penciling; the wings, chestnut, with bay and metallic black wing bar; the feathers of the neck hackle are short and hard, green-black, with delicate crimson-brown shafts. The plumage of the hen is very difficult to ob-

Cornish Indian Game hen.

tain in accord with the standard, and should be a combination of red-brown and green-black throughout, green predominating. Along the breastbone of both male and female the feathers part and allow the skin to show just at or above the upper part of the keel-bone. This is a distinctive feature of the breed, and shows from the time the chicks shed the down.

Strength of Ancestry.

To have a strong breed of fowls we must have birds bred up from strong ancestors. In our present knowledge of the different breeds we cannot tell just what the comparisons between the different breeds are in this respect. Doubtless as time goes on we will have tests to discover these relative facts. There is a strong impression that one breed is much stronger than another breed, but we have no definite data to back up these rather vague impressions. In a small way we can tell something about the strength or ancestry in individual strains. Thus, if we have had in our flocks rather weak birds and have permitted them to reproduce themselves and have seen the same weakness in their progeny we know that the proper strength is lacking for the development of a proper strain of valuable birds. The best we can do is to watch these birds and weed them out of the flock. If we cure a sick bird, that bird should never again be permitted to lay eggs for hatching purposes. The very fact that she has been sick makes it probable that she lacks in hardiness.

Spraying to Thin Fruit.

Trees sprayed at the time they are in bloom will not set as much fruit as those sprayed either before or after blooming. The pollen that is struck with any sprays of common strength is destroyed practically. It may put out a feeble effort toward germination. When trees are sprayed in blossom of course the pollen in a good many flowers escape, for the reason that all flowers do not open at the same time and many will not have opened sufficiently to receive the spray. It has been suggested that this is a good way to thin the fruit on trees. The suggestion has been entertained by scientists, and if it is ever put into practice it may result in the finding of an easy method of thinning. At the present time thinning is not generally practiced on account of the immense amount of work required and because at the end of the season the added value of the apples is almost offset by the cost of thinning. Men dislike to do work that gives them no gain. In the case of peaches, thinning pays even when men have to be employed to do the thinning. There is one advantage in attempting to thin by means of killing the pollen in some of the blossoms, and that is the irregularity with which the fruit would set. Hand work done in the most approved fashion leaving the fruit at regular intervals. No experiments that we know of have attempted to prove the value of spray as a thinner of fruit.

A tablespoonful of kerosene added to four or five quarts of starch will make the colored starched clothes iron easier.