

THE CONQUEROR MAN.

PART I

There was once a man, Clay Montgomery by name, who loved a girl and desired to marry her. This is a familiar beginning, you will observe, and sets no winding rivers afloat, but have patience, gentle reader, we proceed to tragedy.

The girl, whose name was Delicia, and whose other name was Lang, returned that love. She liked Clay's low-voiced fervor; and his ties, inconspicuously agreeing with his silken socks, found favor in her sight. When he spoke of matrimony, she melted in a sweet confusion, but retained sufficient presence of mind to make clear her acceptance of the proposition.

They were engaged, and for a matter of six months enjoyed an option of Paradise; then they quarreled. It was a quarrel of little beginnings, but assumed proportions. Her temper was fire, and his was tow. At the first sign of trouble the devil arrived with belows, and soon all was over between them.

Delicia took her frightfully lacerated heart to Virginia for the summer months, and Clay to his club, as outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual dissolution.

Just at the first they exchanged a few burning words. She sent him back his ring and a welter of letters. He replied that life would never be quite the same again.

Time went by, as it frequently does, down a long lane that seemed to have no turning. Then one day in July Mrs. Fallet came upon the scene and trailed her careless sweetness across Clay Montgomery's lonely path.

Mrs. Fallet was a widow of some thirty summers and of one winter of considerable discontent. She had been a widow for three years; her dead husband had never really understood her; and she had gray eyes with black lashes—all of which spells something coming as plainly as the two green lights on the tail of a train.

Over and beyond this the lady was possessed of an income pleasantly large, a mass of dark hair which never came off at night, and a dimple in her chin.

Clay met Mrs. Fallet for the first time at a dance at the Country Club, and evinced his immediate appreciation of the goods the gods provide by writing his name wherever she would allow it upon her card.

At the thirteenth dance, which was also the fourth she had had with him, Mrs. Fallet chose to sit in the dusk upon the veranda, and Clay, having settled himself in a deep wicker chair, she unfurled a small pale butterfly of a fan, and sighed.

"No moon," she said in a slow, amused drawl; her voice had cadences of compelling sweetness. "I'm glad of that. Silly staring thing, the moon, don't you think? Like a rustic at a Punch and Judy show, eternally gaping. You'd think its big white face would be dripping tears by this time—tears of boredom—shouldn't you?"

"I thought," said Clay, "that women like moonlight." Delicia had adored it. "Very young ones," said Mrs. Fallet; "perhaps they do. I'm thirty"—calmly she ignored the winter of discontent—"and I like the stars: they're less obvious."

Clay Montgomery, seated in another wicker chair of equal depth, crossed his legs, and nodded. For the first time since Delicia had trod on his heart he experienced a sensation of comfort.

"Was it you?" asked the widow suddenly, then remodeled her question, closing and undoing the buttons of her dress. "I'm told you are engaged to that very pretty Miss Lang?"

"She is pretty, isn't she?" said Clay with an effect of coolness. "Adorably pretty," said Mrs. Fallet. "like a Dresden shepherdess or a Duchesse rose; I congratulate you."

"And I," said Clay, "will have to return your congratulations unopened. I was engaged to Miss Lang."

Mrs. Fallet conveyed an infinity of sympathetic regret by an upward look and a small, cooling sound.

"The engagement was broken three months ago," said Clay. He added with bitter pride. "She threw me over." When his companion did not speak, he went still further in a flare of confidence, "I have your condolences now?"

"You have my congratulations," said Mrs. Fallet, as if you find a thing of that sort a mistake, you're well out of it." She even smiled.

But Clay, who had been wearing his desolation as a ribbon in the buttonhole, balked at that.

"When there's just one girl in the world," he began, shamefacedly stubborn.

"Hear! hear!" said the widow softly. Her smile grew to a laugh, prettily mocking. "Just one girl—my dear man! It's a weary world, and full of women. There are, I assure you, great quantities of girls. If there is one you could be happy with, there are half a dozen. They grow on bushes. The woods are full of them. Any road you take has a girl at the end of it, and a few others along the way. It's an exploded theory, this one-love-of-a-life thing; it's only—"

"I wonder," said Clay abruptly, "if you really believe it, or if you're ragging me?"

Mrs. Fallet sat upright and clasped her hands about her knees. She looked incredibly slim and supple and young. Her voice lost its laughter quite suddenly.

"Believe it!" she said. "I know it; that's all."

After a moment of silence Clay shifted in his chair, and Mrs. Fallet laughed. "Smoke if you really like," she said; "I don't mind."

"I haven't smoked in over a year," said Clay grimly.

cases, wondered less strongly, and smiled to herself.

"You're a nice boy," she said, "and I like nice boys. I dare say, you know it. Perhaps you'd like to come and see me. We might have other interchangeable views on the Great Game. Are you sufficiently disengaged—to want to come?" Clay said he was; his tone carried conviction.

"I am at 34 Portland Place," said Mrs. Fallet lazily, and dropped the little fan as she turned.

When Clay picked it up for her, she looked at him with a blending of curiosity and liking; then she laughed. First and last, she laughed a good deal.

"Forgive me," she said, "but I must tell you. I knew all the time that your engagement was broken. I heard of it before we met to-night. Now, I suppose, you will not care to come. I am a deceitful cat."

"To-morrow night?" said Clay without the slightest hesitation. And Mrs. Fallet said he might.

After which the acquaintance proceeded with undeniable celerity. Mrs. Fallet was an engaging companion, and before a month had passed Clay Montgomery wore a willow no longer, but laid it away in a campfire, as to speak; before two months had passed he had attained that pitch of intimacy which has to do with Christian names and sends flowers biweekly. If Delicia was not forgotten, at least her memory glimmered through a fog, for which her one-time lover was not altogether to be blamed. If ladies resembling Dresden shepherdesses will quarrel with their Corydons, and send them packing, there is no conceivable reason why red roses, or rock-dwelling sirens, or anything else that is delightfully bad for young men, should not happen along and get the benefit of the mistake.

Mrs. Fallet was frank in her sirenism. Where her black-lashed eyes allured, her mouth spoke words of wisdom and restraint.

"I am a great deal older than you," she said upon one occasion, "and I've been around a bit. I know most varieties of masculine emotion, and while from a collector's point of view they interest me, still they do not spoil my perspective, if you see what I mean."

"I see," said Clay. "You're afraid I'm in love with you—well?"

When she only laughed, staring at him a little curiously from under lowered lids, he added irrelevantly:

"You're thirty, by your own statement; I'm twenty-eight."

"Between us yawns a gulf," said Mrs. Fallet dramatically. Then she laughed again. "My dear boy, you drive me to bromidiams; as, for instance, 'A woman's as old as she feels'—what?"

Clay corrected her briefly. "As old as she looks. I wouldn't give you a day over twenty-five."

Mrs. Fallet thanked him with a little grimace.

They were sitting upon the small vine-shadowed balcony of the sitting-room, and the light from lamps within, discreetly rose-shaded, aureoled Mrs. Fallet's head.

After five minutes Clay asked a question: "What difference in age was there between you and—?"

"Between me and my husband?" said Mrs. Fallet calmly, when he stammered. "A trifle of twenty years."

She laughed at the stricken silence that ensued—a brief laugh, jaugled a little from its usual careless melody. Neither of them seemed to notice it, though.

"He was fifty," said Clay in horror. "Obviously," said Mrs. Fallet; "otherwise he must have been ten. Is thy servant a cradle-robber?"

"But fifty—an old man; it's unbelievable."

"It's quite true," said Mrs. Fallet. "He died at forty-seven. He would be fifty now, if he were alive."

"It's unbelievable," said Clay again, stubbornly. "You—Lilia—why weren't you happy with him?"

Mrs. Fallet leaned back in her chair and laid the backs of her hands against her closed eyes.

"My head aches," she said. "With him I was with anyone else, dear boy! I've had lots of things in my life—excitement, and sensation, and amusement; I fancy that's all there is to have. When it comes to happiness, I am finally and forever—if you'll pardon the phrase—from Missouri; you will have to show me. I haven't seen it, and I decline to take any one's word for it."

"Let me show you," said Clay, with a tremor in his voice.

"Now that," said the widow, with a well-bred yawn, "is somewhat cruder than I should have expected of you. The remark is obvious!"

She rose and entered the sitting-room by means of a long French window.

"Sit in the big chair," she directed, "and I'll play to you. If the spirit moves me, I may even sing. When I talk of what used to be, I am frequently taken that way. Oh, death in life—the days that are no more!"

But Clay came and stood by the shining dark piano with one elbow on the top. He had grown used to the widow's mockeries, and sometimes saw beneath them.

"Don't talk like that," he said, "you're unhappy now."

"There were some people here to supper last night," said Mrs. Fallet, "after the play, and I made them a Welsh rabbit. I should have known better."

"That is not true," said Clay grimly. "Yes; oh, yes, it's true!" said Mrs. Fallet, still not looking up. "Men are like that, and women too, I know; I've been through the mill. That was why I married—no, wait! You don't see what I mean. There was a silly boy and a girl affair when I was eighteen. My people interfered, and while I was still bewailing an empty life, I met—Hugh Fallet. You see? He liked my youth—I wasn't bad-looking, of course—my freshness and belief in things. His own attitude—just a little bored, entirely sophisticated—seemed to me then the most attractive side of life. Afterwards when I got back my spring and could have been silly and irresponsible and happy, it wasn't any use; my hands were tied. So I got to see things as he did, and that jarred on him somehow. He wanted the idyllic faith in me—dew on the rose, bloom on the peach, all that sort of thing that he had outgrown himself. I couldn't live with him and keep it, and without it I irritated him. We weren't frightfully happy." She drew a long breath, and her hands dropped from the keys. "Anyhow, that's no reason I should help you to a like mistake; my sad story is intended as a warning, dear boy—ware the rebound! Some day, perhaps, who knows—you may have your little Dresden lady again, quiet and happy. Then you'll be glad I didn't listen to you; then you'll be glad I laughed."

"You're not laughing," said Clay. Mrs. Fallet left the piano and went over to a silver bowl of gardenias gleaming white among stiff leaves.

"Am I not?" she said, and stooped her face to the flowers. Her eyes were full of tears.

Clay followed and stood beside her. He took her hand and lifted it to his lips. She allowed the caress with a sort of passive submission.

"I did care about the little Dresden lady, as you call her," he said honestly. She nodded, wordless, at that; "I'm not pretending I didn't. It broke me all up when she threw me over. I cared a lot. But that's all over and done with. It's you I care for now and I want to marry. I'll be square with you, I never thought a man could love twice."

"Twice!" said the widow. Her hand still lay in his, but she kept her face averted. "Twice, did you say? Seventy years ago, I suppose, and into you that hath shall be given; it's quite true."

"Do you believe that I do?" insisted Clay.

Mrs. Fallet laughed softly and unsteadily.

"You think you do, which is somewhat the same thing, not quite. Oh, I dare say you're altogether honest with yourself and me—"

"Yes," said Clay, "at least I am honest." At the hurt in his tone the woman beside him turned suddenly and lifted her eyes. Behind the shadow of the lashes was a gleam of regret, and a great longing exquisitely fused.

"Hush!" she said. "I wouldn't hurt you for the highest star in heaven!—only, I know, I know."

She let him take her in his arms and kiss her. Her face was very beautiful in the soft light. Not a line touched the satin smoothness of her skin; only after a moment she smiled, and then a shadow creased one corner of her mouth.

"Whom the gods would destroy," she said. "Let me go. I must be mad; and I'm old enough to know better."

"You will marry me?" said Clay, exaltedly masterful.

"If you are quite beyond reason—"

"Reason!" he laughed it to scorn. "I can make you happy; I know it."

"I told you," she said, "I told you, didn't I? It isn't my fault—Then in the face of light, in an ecstatic way, she laughed with a tinge of recklessness. "Happy! Do you think we shall be happy?"

"If you love me," said Clay tenderly. "That's because I do," said Mrs. Fallet. "That I have my doubts."

That was in September; in October Delicia came back to town and received from kindly disposed acquaintance, the news of Clay's defection. She met it with incredulity, followed successively by anger, distress, and dismay. Having consumed the time of her stay in Virginia profitably enough in an ecstatic way, it seemed to her inner eye altogether unfitting that Rome, at home, should have done likewise. She remembered the passionate renunciation of the world, the flesh, and the devil which had been embodied in his last epistle to her; she reviewed with considerable bitterness the scenes of their earlier attachment, and she held converse with a mutual friend, a man of gossiping tendencies, somewhat after this fashion:

"Such a rage for engagements, positively everybody is getting married!" thus Delicia varied.

(Concluded next week.)

Remember that your birthright is health. A diseased condition is unnatural. Nature hates disease. She is always working against it, trying to cleanse it as fast as it is made.

But Nature cannot work without material. If you do not eat, you will starve in spite of all Nature's effort. You must eat good food. Nature cannot make bad food into good food and good food. If you eat good food and your stomach is diseased the food you eat is lost.

It is here that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery finds its place. It is made to assist Nature; to give her what she lacks. It cures the diseased condition of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, so that good food is not fouled being made into blood and flesh. It eliminates poisonous and effete material, and so prepares the way of Nature and makes her paths straight. In the whole range of medicines there is nothing which will heal the stomach and cleanse the blood like "Golden Medical Discovery."

—Don't read an out-of-date paper. Get all the news in the WATCHMAN.

Working Women who are exposed to the strain of daily labor, the changes of weather, and who must work no matter how they feel, are those most liable to "female troubles." Irregular periods and suppression, lead to more serious diseases until the woman, the shadowed eyes, the nervous twitchings of the body all tell the story of serious derangement of the delicate womanly organs or arrest of their functions. In all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has wonderful efficacy. It quickly restores regularity, and gives health to the diseased parts. The nervousness ceases, the cheeks become full and bright. The whole body reflects the conditions of perfect health.

When constipation clogs the system Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will work an absolute cure.

Two Worth Reprinting. An easy way to save \$4 is to run these two anecdotes, which are taken from Kansas exchanges. They are better than most of those submitted at the stipulated rate. The first one is from the Manhattan Mercury, and the second is from the Cherryville Journal:

A tramp applied to a Manhattan woman the other day for something to eat. "Poor man," she said, "have you a wife or family?" "Madam," he indignantly replied, "do you suppose that I would depend upon total strangers for something to eat if I had a wife?"

An old lady went to the Episcopal church for the first time Sunday. She sat patiently through all the service, and going home her daughter asked her if she enjoyed it. "Oh, it was a very fine sermon, when the preacher got around to it," she replied, "but, my dear, it took him so long to do up the choral first."—Kansas City Star.

Digestible Crust. There is no difference between the constituents of bread crust and those of the inner part of the loaf. But the crust contains less moisture, and so is richer in solid constituents. There is also an increased amount of soluble carbohydrates in the crust, owing to the action of intense heat upon the outside of the loaf during baking, and its flavor is more stimulating to the flow of the digestive juices. Crust and stale bread are more digestible than the soft interior of a loaf of new bread, because the salivary juices act readily upon the drier breads. Soft new bread is resistant to the salivary attack, and seldom receives the necessary treatment in the mouth. Persons who prefer the crust will be glad to know that in this case the more palatable food is also the more digestible.

The Saltiest Ocean. The origin of the salt in the sea is usually attributed to the constant washing of salts from the land by rain and rivers, and the gradual depositing of them in the sea, through evaporation. In every 100 parts of sea-water there are about two and one-half parts of salt. It has been computed that there are 4,500,000 cubic miles of rock salt in the oceans, 14 1/2 times the bulk of the continent of Europe above high-water mark. The Atlantic is much saltier than the other oceans. Prof. Alexander Woelkoff of St. Petersburg believes that this is due to the large amount of water vapor that is carried on to the continents bordering this ocean, which are comparatively low where they front the sea.—Youth's Companion.

Babies—Lean and Fat. Weigh the baby every day. All you need is one of the automatic weighing machines of small size such as the old-fashioned housekeeper uses in the kitchen when doing up fruit, and an oblong basket with a flat surface. Any mechanic will find means of securely fastening this basket on the top of the scales, and when you have painted the entire contrivance white, made a pink or blue nest of padded China silk for the inner side of the basket and trimmed its outer side with enormous bows of satin ribbon, you will have a charming-looking extra cradle into which to temporarily deposit baby while its ordinary cradle is being aired.

Here's a Rara Avis. A remarkable record is credited to a housemaid in New York who has completed fifty years of faithful service in one family during which she has had but one day off. Every member of the family, to the second and third generation, was proud to show her honor, and the fiftieth anniversary was made a notable family celebration. Exactly as it should have been, Princess Eulalie of Spain said sometime ago that the American people were slaves of their servants. If this housemaid in New York has tyrannized over the family for fifty years the master and mistress and the children and grandchildren adopted a peculiar way of showing their rebellious resentment.

Value of Responsibility. Greater than the value of contact with facts is the value of responsibility. In a man's life it is the arrival of some responsibility which arouses his powers and makes durable the qualities of manliness. The effect of responsibility is instantaneous. It is like a magnet in its power to charge the individual with the faculties needed for the matter in hand; a light is generated among the fragments of information. Even after a systematic education these fragments seem to lie in the mind in a chance order until this light appears and shows them ready for use; then abilities develop which never would develop, even with practice, without responsibility.—March Atlantic.

Only Made It Worse. Harry was taken out to dinner for the first time in his life. His mother kept him at her side, because his mother is a wise woman. But he acted like a perfect little gentleman until the dessert course. Then his mother found occasion to reprove him. "Harry!" she exclaimed, in such a loud whisper that everybody at the table could hear it, "what do you mean by wiping your spoon on your napkin? You never do that at home!" "No, mamma," answered Harry, in an even louder whisper, "but at home we always get clean spoons."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT. Kind hearts are here, yet would the tenderest hearts Have limits to their mercy: God has none! —A. A. Procter.

Washing and Massage.—Hair that is glossy and full of color and vitality is beautiful in itself. When it is dull, colorless and lank, it is inexpressively ugly. The latter condition tells its own story, and calls loudly for attention and treatment. We may find that it is an indication of ill health and a lack of vitality in the whole system, or it may point simply to a condition of the scalp, which will yield readily to local treatment. Nervous tension and strain, indigestion and constipation all affect the scalp very quickly. An impoverished state of the blood, due to any one of these causes or to others, robs the roots of the hair of their needed store of nourishment as much as any other cell in the body. Consequently, in searching for a means of making our hair more beautiful, we may find ourselves far afield, with the necessity of curing organic troubles serious in themselves as well as in their effects.

When we come to local conditions we will find the treatment much more simple. It is safe to assume that there is a plentiful supply of dandruff, and that the scalp is tense and drawn, while the hair is either abnormally oily or abnormally dry most of the time. We can safely begin our treatment with a thorough washing and massage. That treatment, repeated frequently, may be the beginning and end of our cure. When the dandruff is thick and "cakey," coming off either in scales or powder, it is better to precede the shampoo with a thorough soaking of the scalp in either vaseline, olive-oil, or lanolin. This should be left on twenty-four hours. It will soften the dandruff, and make it possible to wash it out the next day. When it has not been put through a preliminary treatment of this kind, the dandruff cannot be washed out without very vigorous scrubbing with a hard brush, and that is not good for the delicate cells of the scalp.

The washing itself may be done simply with hot water and olive-oil soap melted to a jelly or there may be first an egg shampoo followed by the soap-and-water cleansing. A good egg shampoo mixture may be made of the white of an egg, unbroken, two tablespoonfuls of olive-oil soap jelly, and a teaspoonful of alcohol if the hair is very oily. After this mixture has been thoroughly rubbed into the scalp, the yolk of the egg may be applied. Of course a very thorough washing of both the scalp and the hair with hot water and the same soap is required afterward. It is better to use a sponge for this purpose, making a lather of the soap and not rubbing the soap directly on the hair. Hot water should be used for rinsing too, until the end, when there may be a cold shower. The rinsing must be very thorough. It is almost better not to wash the hair than to leave soap in it. The surprising part is that there is no better proof that the oil has not been thoroughly washed out than to have the soap stick tenaciously when we try to rinse it out. It is held by the oil, and when it comes out until more soap has been put on. A drying with the warm palms of the hands and towels is far better for the scalp than the hot air from any machine. The sunshine at all seasons, and a little stirring breeze in the summer, need not be scorned. Rubbing the hands seems to polish the scalp, and gives it the much-coveted gloss that makes it so beautiful. Rubbing the scalp gives it the hair vitality and life. It stimulates the circulation in the little arteries, feeding the hair roots, and relieves the tension. Even after the hair has been washed, it is well to continue the massage of the scalp until it fairly glows. If the hair is inclined to be too dry, it is the best possible time, when the pores are open, to apply a little white vaseline, so little that the scalp will absorb it all. If the hair is of the oily variety, nature will attend to the oiling all too soon.

Reasonable Point of View.—Most of the hair specialists have now come to the conclusion that the old-fashioned idea of washing the hair only once a month was as heretical and unhygienic as that of the Saturday-night bath. Those of us who have oily hair are now advised to have it washed once a week, and those who have dry hair at least once in two weeks. Plain common sense shows us the reasonableness of this point of view. Why should we expect our hair to keep any cleaner than the rest of our bodies? What would be the condition of an article of clothing worn a month without washing? The hair with its oily texture and fine meshes, is a standing invitation to all the dust that flies. In addition to the dirt from the outside we have the accumulation of superfluous oil, perspiration, and old cuticle. Logically if there were time and opportunity for so strenuous a plan of action, and if it did not take away too much of the natural oil, we should wash our heads every morning as regularly as we take our baths. Dandruff is an accumulation of dried oil. When it collects it clogs the pores of the scalp, consequently it should be washed out at once. Massage between washings stimulates the circulation and helps to keep the dandruff from forming.

Use of the Iron.—We will probably need to use the iron, but it must be with care, if we are to avoid numberless broken ends. Many of us will resort thankfully to the use of a little additional hair, but let it not be overmuch. We must remember that, used in large quantities, it is not only in bad taste, but overheats the scalp, cuts off ventilation, and causes excessive perspiration, consequently dandruff. The unsanitary rat should be thrown away, and the false hair kept as clean as the rest of the hair.

Barley Gruel.—Blend two tablespoonfuls of barley flour with a little cold milk, and stir into one quart of scalded milk. Cook in double boiler two hours. Add a little salt and sugar. Strain.

Oatmeal Gruel.—To three cupfuls of boiling water add one-half cupful of coarse oatmeal and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cook five hours in double boiler. Dilute with hot milk, and strain.

Farina Gruel.—One tablespoonful of farina, one pint of water, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Put into one pint of boiling water the salt and farina; cook for twenty minutes; strain, and add sufficient milk to obtain the desired consistency.

Rice Water.—Wash two tablespoonfuls of rice. Add one pint of cold water and a little salt. Cook one hour. Dilute with boiling water, and strain.

FARM NOTES. —If the sheep are kept on the pasture too late they will eat right down into the roots and do more harm than grass will do them good.

—The future of mutton crop depends upon the attention given the young lambs and the degree to which they are kept going from start.

—A yield of 12 tons of silage may easily be obtained from one acre of corn. Allowing 30 pounds of silage as a daily ration, one acre of corn will furnish four cows with silage for 200 days.

—Wireworms sometimes destroy seed corn. It has been found that they may be destroyed by the following: Dilute arsenate of lead paste to the consistency of paint. Put the seed in it and stir, then spread out to dry before planting.

—Corn alone is not a satisfactory grain to feed ewes, as it produces too much fat, which apparently tends to accumulate internally and impair the breeding qualities and lessen the general vigor, instead of imparting a tone to the system.

—No form of lime should be mixed or used directly in combination with manure, or with fertilizers containing organic nitrogen or ammonium salts. These materials should be applied after the lime has been thoroughly incorporated with the soil.

—Hen manure unmixed with absorbents or chemicals suffers very rapid loss of nitrogen, but this loss can be effectively prevented by the free use of fine dry loam, or the admixture of such materials as kainit, acid phosphate, muriate of potash or land plaster, or a combination of some of these.

—During a three-year observation in Canada it was found that the amounts of nitrogen brought down to the soil in rain and snow were 4323 pounds, 8364 and 6802 pounds per acre, respectively. Approximately 85 per cent. of the total nitrogen was furnished by the rain and 15 per cent. by the snow.

—France classes the worth of a hen more for the production of meat and eggs than she does for fine feathers or standard looks. Some years ago the poultrymen aimed for show records, and, while no doubt gained their point, they at the same time ruined the stamina and thrift of the hen for commercial purposes. To day it is different. Utility has taken a front seat, and all breeds are bred up to conform with the ideas of the market poultryman.

—The purposes of intercultural tillage are: First, to kill weeds; second, to keep the surface soil receptive to rainfall; third, to prevent the evaporation of soil moisture. Cultivating corn four inches deep as compared with two inches deep may reduce the yield 10 per cent, owing to pruning the roots. Four or five cultivations have not been shown to increase the yield when the soil is not unduly compacted from heavy rainfall, provided it is free from weeds.

—In storing seed corn the ears should be thoroughly dried before freezing weather, and stored in a dry, well-ventilated room or building. They should be stored so as to permit perfect ventilation about each one. Racks made by using six inches by one-inch boards as uprights, with plastering laths nailed on opposite edges of the uprights so as to form shelves about four inches apart, provide at small cost a very desirable place for storing seed ears.

—Fowls should have empty crops in the morning and the crop should never be quite full until it is time to go to roost. For the first feed grain scattered in the litter in the morning is preferred, the sooner the better. This induces them to exercise. In the middle of the day a warm, moistened mash should be given, about what they will eat. At the night before they go to roost a liberal feed of grain should be scattered in the litter. Fowls should be kept busy.

—The country's feed supplies for the coming year promise to be much larger than those provided by the harvests of 1911. According to the July crop report we are promised 270,000,000 bushels more corn, 217,000,000 bushels more oats and 34,000,000 bushels more barley than last year gave us. This is a gain of 11,848,000 tons of feed grains over last year—if it all materializes. The pastures, too, are much better this year than last. The hay crop is estimated at 600 pounds per acre above that of last year. More of the corn crop will be saved because of the wonderful increase in the number of silos built this year.

—Barley and peas furnish a satisfactory green crop to feed to cows during either the first two or three weeks of October. Light frosts do not injure either of these plants. One and one-half bushels each to the acre may be sown together the first of August and deeply harrowed in with a wheel harrow. The yield will not be as large as in the case of oats and peas, six tons to the acre being about an average crop. The land from which the oats and peas were taken earlier in the season can be utilized, thus producing two crops in one year, equivalent to four tons of hay to the acre. Should the month of August be unusually dry, this crop might prove a failure, especially on light soils. It is stated that in the vicinity of the seacoast peas will not grow late in the season, owing to the dampness of the atmosphere, due to numerous fogs. Barley may be grown by itself if it would thrive under such conditions.

—The frosts at this time of the year give one an inkling of the approach of winter. It is estimated that annually the loss caused by frosts will run into many millions of dollars. In the spring the loss is caused mostly by the tree fruit crop, and late crops in fall likewise fall prey.

—Frost is a condensation of moisture on plants in the shape of minute ice crystals. According to scientists, the air a short distance above the earth is usually several degrees above freezing at the time frosts occur. The plants and the earth itself, however, radiate heat very rapidly after sunset, and may touch a point where the surface is below the temperature of freezing. At once the moisture in the air is deposited on these surfaces in the form of ice crystals.

—Frosts are prevented by winds—they stir up the air which prevents it from forming in layers. In this stirring by the winds the cold air which is nearest the earth mixes with the warmer air above, and, consequently, the freezing temperature at the surface is not reached. Clouds act as a blanket to the layers of air just above the earth and retain the heat. The radiation of heat from the earth and from plants goes on very much more slowly when the sky is overcast with clouds.