

THE LITTLE ROOM OF DREAMS.

Next to the shelving roof it stood— My boyhood's cozy bed; So near I felt the serried storm Go charging o'er my head...

THE MURDERER.

From the open door of the galley, where the cross, sleepy cook was cooing his slow burn, a bath of light lay across the deck...

The men worked in silence, though the mate was aft on the poop, and nothing prevented them from talking as they passed the buckets to and from the tub under the pump...

"A hand come aft here!" from the poop, robust and peremptory. Conroy, one of the two Englishmen in the port watch, laid down the bucket he was carrying and moved aft in obedience to the summons...

The silent, hurried sailors pressed on with their work, while the big bark purred through the water to the drone of wind thrusting in the canvas. The rooms were abaft of the galley when the cutery began which caused them to look apprehensively toward the poop without ceasing their business of washing down. First it was an oath in explosive German, the tongue which puts a cutting-edge on profanity...

"Is dat vat I tell you, you verfuckter fool? Vat? Vat? You don't understand ven I speak? I show you vat—" The men who looked up were on the wrong side of the deck to make out what was happening, for the chart-house screened the scene from them. But they knew too well the meaning of that instantaneous silence which cut the words off. It was the mate biting in his breath as he struck. They heard the smack of the fist's impact and Conroy's faint, angry cry as he failed to guard it; then the mate again, bull-mouthed, lustful for cruelty: "Vat—you lift up your arm to me? You dog!" More blows, a rain of them, and then a noise as though Conroy had fallen or been knocked down. And after that a thud and a scream.

The men looked at one another, and nods passed among them. "He kicked him when he was down on the deck," the whisper went. The other Englishman in the watch swore in a low grunt and dropped his broom, meeting the wondering eyes of the "Dutchmen" and "Dagoes" with a scowl. He was white-haired and red-faced, a veteran among the nomads of the sea, the oldest man aboard, and the only man in port watch who had not felt the weight of the mate's fist. Scowling still, as though in deep thought, he moved toward the ladder. The forlorn hope was going on a desperate enterprise of rescue.

Slade, saved him from falling, and held him by the upper arm with one gnarled, toil-roughened hand, peering at him through the early morning gloom.

"Kicked you when you was down, didn't he?" he demanded, abruptly. "Yes," blubbered Conroy, shivering and dabbing at his face. "With his sea-boots, too, the—the—"

Slade shook him. "Don't make that noise or he might kick you some more," he advised, grimly. "You better ter go now an' swab that blood off your face."

"Yes," agreed Conroy, tremulously, and Slade let him go. The elder man watched him move forward on shambling and uncertain feet, with one hand pressed on his flank, where the mate's kick was still an agony. Slade was frowning heavily, with a tincture of thought in his manner as though he halted on the brink of some purpose.

"Conroy," he breathed, and started after the other. The younger man turned. Slade again put his hand on Conroy's arm. "Say," he said, breathing short, "is that a knife in your belt?"

Conroy felt behind him, uncomprehending, for the sheath-knife which he wore, sailor fashion, in the middle of his back. "What'd you mean?" he asked, vacantly. "Here's my knife."

He drew it and showed it to Slade, the flat blade displayed in his palm. The white-haired seaman thrust his keen old face toward Conroy's, so that the other could see the flash of the white of his eyes.

"And he kicked you, didn't he?" said Slade, tensely. "You fool!" He struck the knife to the deck, where it rattled and slid toward the scuppers.

"Eh?" Conroy gaped, not understanding. "I don't see what—" "Pick it up!" said Slade, with a gesture toward the knife. He spoke as though he strangled an impulse to brandish his fists and scream in a nasal whisper. "It's safe to kick you," he said. "A woman could do it."

"But—" Conroy flustered, vaguely. Slade drove him off with a wave of his arm and turned away with the abruptness of a man disgusted beyond hearing.

Conroy stared after him and saw him pick up his broom where he had dropped it and join the others. His intelligence limped; his thrashing had stunned him, and he could not think—he could only feel, like fire in his mind, the passion of the feeble soul resenting injustice and pain which it cannot resist or avenge. He stooped to pick up his knife and went for water to the tub under the head-pump, to wash his cuts in cold sea-water, the cheap balm for so many wrongs of cheap humanity.

It was an accident such as might serve to dedicate the day to the service of the owners of the Villingen was early and sudden; but, save in these respects, it had no character of the unusual. The men who plied the brooms and carried the buckets were not shocked or startled by it so much as stimulated; it thrust under their noses the always imminent danger of failing to satisfy the mate's ideas of seaman-like efficiency. They woke to a fresher energy, a more desperate haste, under its suggestion.

It was after the coffee interval, which mitigates the sourness of the morning watch, when daylight had brought its chill, gray light to the wide, wet decks, that the mate came forward to superintend the "pull all round" which is the ritual sequel to washing down.

"Lee fore-brace, dere!" his flat, volubrious voice ordered, heavy with the man's potent and dreary cordiality. They flocked to obey, scurrying like scared rats, glancing at him in timid hate. He came striding along the weather side of the deck from the remote, august poop; he was like a dreadful visitation upon his faithful, short-legged, tending to his feet, the belly bearded, vibrant with animal force and personal power, his mere presence cowed them. His gross face, the happy face of an egotist with a sound digestion, sent its lofty and vague regard over them; it had a kind of unconsciousness of their adulation, of their wrong and resentment—the innocence of an aloof and distant tyrant, who has not dreamed how hurt flesh quivers and seared minds rankle. He was bland and terrible, and they hated him after their several manners, some with dread, one or two—Slade among them—with a ferocity that moved them like physical nausea.

He had left his coat on the wheel-box to go to his work, and was manifestly unarmed. The belief which had currency in the forecastle, that he came on watch with a revolver in his coat-pocket, did not apply to him now; they could have seized him, smitten him on his blaspheming mouth, and have him over the side without peril. It is a thing that has happened to a great officer more than once or ten times, and he, solemnly to be by every man of the watch on deck, has been entered in the log, and closed the matter for all hands. He was bolder of defense than they, for they had their sheath-knives; and he stood by the weather-braces, arrogant, tyrannical, overbearing, and commanded them. He seemed invulnerable, a thing too great to strike or defy, like the white squalls that swooped from the horizon and made of the vast Villingen a victim and a plaything. His full, boastful eye traveled over them absent, and they cringed like slaves.

"Belay, dere!" came his orders, over-loud and galling to men surging with cowardly and insufferable hate. "Lower tobsail—haul! Belay! Ubber tobsail—haul, you sons of dogs! Haul, dere, blast you! You vant me to come over and show you?" Abjectly, desperately, they obeyed him, spending their utmost strength to placate him, while the naked spirit of murder moved in every heart among them. At the tail of the brace, Conroy, with his cuts stanching, pulled with them. His abject eyes, glowing the white in sidelong glances, watched the great, squat figure of the mate with a fearful fascination.

Eight bells came at last, signaling the release of the poor watch from the deck and the tension and the officer's presence. The forecastle received them, the stronghold of their brief and limited leisure. The unkempt, weather-stained men, to whom the shifting seas were the sole arena of their lives, sat about on chests and on the edges of the lower bunks, at

breakfast, while the pale sunlight traveled to and fro on the deck as the Villingen lurched in her gait. Conroy, haggard and drawn, let the coffee slop over the brim of his hook-pot as he found himself a seat.

"Well, an' what did he punch you for this time?" It was old Slade who put the question, seated on a chest with his back against the bulkhead. His pot was balanced on his knee, and his senile, sardonic face, with the scanty white hair clinging about the temples, addressed Conroy with slow mockery.

Conroy hesitated. "It was all over coilin' away some gear," he said. Slade waited and he had to go on. He had misunderstood the mate's order to coil the ropes on the pins, where they would be out of the way of the deck-washing, and he had flung them down on the poop instead. It was the mistake of a fool, and he knew it.

"Ye-es," he drawled, as he kicked a punch an' you'd he? "Kicked me!" cried Conroy. "Why, I thought he was goin' to kill me! Look here—look at this, will you?"

With fumbling hands he cast loose his belt and flung it on the floor and plucked his shirt up so as to leave his side bare. He stood up, with one arm raised above his head, showing his naked flank to the slow eyes of his shipmates. His body had still a boyish delicacy and slenderness; the labor of the sea had not yet built it up and thickened it to a full masculinity of proportion. Measured by any of the other men in the watch, it was frail, immature, and tender. The moving sunlight that flowed around the door touched the fair skin and showed the green putrid spots on his neck, swollen and horrid, like some vampire fungus growing on the clean flesh.

A great Greek, all black hair and eyeball, creaked softly between his teeth. "He looks like a hell!" he said, softly, in his purring voice. "Dem is kicks, all right—ja!" said some one else, and yet another added the comment of a heavy oath.

Old Slade made no comment, but sat, balancing his hook-pot of coffee near the bulkhead, and under his heavy, knitted brow Conroy lowered his arm and let the shirt fall to cover the bruises. "You see?" he said to Slade. "I see," answered the other, with a bitter twist of his old, malicious lips. Setting down the pot which he held, he came to the fore and looked at Conroy had thrown down. It seemed to interest him, for he looked at it for some moments.

"And here's yer knife," he said, reaching it to the youth, still with his manner of mockery. "There's some more of 'em, but I want to kick with a knife in their belts."

He and Conroy were the only Englishmen there; the rest were of the races which do not fight bare-handed. The big Greek flashed a smile through the black, shining curls of his beard, and he winked a smile without speaking. Through the fore-castle, however, he and Conroy were the only Englishmen there; the rest were of the races which do not fight bare-handed.

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Conroy flushed hotly, the blood rising hectic on his bruised and broken face.

"If he thinks it's safe with me," he cried, "he'll learn different; I didn't have a chance aft there; he came on me too quick, before I was expecting him, and it was dark, besides. Or else—"

"I'll be dark again," said Slade, with intent, significant eyes fixed on him, watching the mate's expectant you. But—it don't do to talk too much. Talk's easy—talk is—"

"I'll do more than talk," responded Conroy. "You'll see?" Slade nodded. "Right, then; we'll see," he said, and returned to his broom.

His bunk was an upper one, lighted and aired by a brass-framed port-hole. Here, when his meal was at an end, he lay, his pipe in his mouth, his hands behind his head, smoking with slow relish, with his very old face upreared and his legs, muscular forearms showing below the shirt-sleeves. His years had ground him to an edge; he had an effect, as he lay, of fineness, of subtlety, of keen and fastidious temper. Forty years of subjection to arbitrary masters, of pantomime from the forepeak, a Machiavelli for the forecastle.

Once Conroy, after seeming to sleep for an hour, rose on his elbow and stared across at him, craning his neck from his bunk to see the still mask of his face.

"Slade," he said, uncertainly. "What?" demanded the other, unmoving.

Conroy hesitated. The forecastle was hushed; the seamen about them slumbered; the only noises were the soothing of the water outside, the stress of the sails and gear, and the rattle of pantomime from the forepeak. It was safe to speak, but he did not speak.

"Oh, nothing," he said, and lay down again. Slade smiled slowly, almost paternally.

It took less than eight hours for Conroy's rancor to wear dull, and he could easily have forgotten his threat against the mate in twelve, if only he had been allowed to. He was genuinely shocked when he found that his vapors were taken as the utterance of a serious determination. Just before eight bells in the afternoon watch he went forward beneath the forecastle head in search of some rope-yarns, and was cutting an end off a bit of waste-line when the Greek, he of the curly beard and extravagant eyeballs, rose like a demon of pantomime from the forepeak. Conroy had his knife in his hand to cut the rope, and the Greek's sudden smile seemed to rest on that and nothing else.

"Sharp, eh?" asked the Greek, in a whisper that filled the place with dark drama. Conroy paused, apprehending his meaning with a start.

"Oh, it's all right," he growled, and began to saw at the rope in his hand, while the Greek watched him with his fixed, bony smile.

"No," said the latter, suddenly. "Data—a not sharp—no! Look-a 'ere; you see dis?"

He drew his own knife, and showed it pointing toward Conroy in a damp, swarthy hand, whose knuckles bulged above the haft. His rough, spatulate thumb rasped along it, drawing from

it the crepitation that proves an acute edge. "Carve him like-a da pork," he said, in his stage-conspirator's whisper. "An' de point—now, see!"

He glanced over his shoulder to be sure that none overlooked them; then, with no more than a jerk of his hand beside his hip, threw the keen blade toward the wooden door of the bosun's locker. It traveled through the air swiftly and stuck, quivering on its thin point, in the stout teak. The Greek turned his smile again for a moment on Conroy before he strode across and recovered it.

"You take 'im," he whispered. "Better dan your little knife—vayis." By the mere urgency of his proffering it, the exchange was made, and Conroy found himself with a knife in his hand that fell through the strands of the manila line as though they had been butter, an instrument made and perfected for a murder.

"Yes, but look here," he began, in alarm. The broad, merciless smile was turned on him.

"Just like-a da pork," purred the Greek, and nodded assuringly before he turned to go aft.

The bull-roar of the mate, who was awaiting his turn with the rope-yarns, roused Conroy from a scared reverie over the knife. He started; the mate was hustling furiously forward in search of him, full of uproar and anger.

"Dam' lazy Schwein, you goin' to sleep dere? You vant me to come an' fetch you? You vant anoder schmack on de Maul to keep you awake—yes?"

He stamped into view around the forward house, while Conroy stood, convicted of idleness by the rope in his hand, only half awake. At the same moment a population of faces came into being behind him. A man who had been aloft shuffled down to the rail; a couple of others came into view on the deck; on top of the house, old Slade knelt to see under the break of the forecastle head. It seemed as though a skeptical audience had suddenly been created out of his boast of the morning, every face threatening him with that shame which vanity will die rather than endure.

In a panic of his faculties he took one step toward the mate. "Hey?" The mate halted in his stride, with sheer amazement written on his face. "You vant yer head knocked off—yes?"

"No, I don't," said Conroy, out of a dry mouth. According to the usage of ships, even that was defiance and a challenge.

He had forgotten the revolver with which the mate was credited; he had forgotten everything but the fact that eyes were on him. Even the knife in his hand passed from his mind; he made a mere show of pretense at fortitude, expending every force to maintain his pose.

"Put dat knife away!" ordered the mate, suddenly. He arrested an automatic movement to obey, fighting down a growing heat of indignation.

"I've not finished with it yet," he answered. (Concluded in next issue.)

IMPATIENTLY AWAITING GREAT NEW CIRCUS.

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows Arouse Keen Interest.

"Circus Day," the big holiday for which young and old impatiently wait at this particular season promises to eclipse all other events of the calendar year at Altoona, Monday, July 7th.

It would seem as though everybody in this locality were planning to attend. The very name of the great new circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey combined—has been sufficient to arouse far more interest than has ever before been shown in the coming of any amusement enterprise. And word from the Ringling Brothers, who are the directors of this gigantic super-circus, is to the effect that those who attend the performances will witness the greatest program ever presented in America.

This is likewise true of the mammoth street parade, which will positively take place showday morning, the mammoth menagerie and all else connected with this biggest of all amusement institutions. The famous showmen have made a complete survey of both the great circuses and merged the finest and best of each into one. Hundreds upon hundreds of performers will appear in the gigantic maintenance. There will be scores upon scores of the cleverest dumb actors. A gorgeously costumed pageant, of stupendous size, will open the program. Great companies of characters, representing the best-loved stories of fable and nursery lore, will appear. They will be splendid and many groups of beautiful horses in jeweled trappings. The army of clowns and acrobats will be of fun and numbers. All contribute to the biggest circus in history.

Love and Common Sense.

"No, Herbert," she said in a low tone, "it is impossible. I fear to trust my future with you."

"And why?" "I have watched your conduct very closely. It lacks the mark of such devotion as my soul craves."

"I don't come to see you four nights in the week?" "Yes, but I have detected a calculating selfishness in your nature which I fear."

"What do you mean?" "You have never yet failed to leave me a portion of the pie."

"But that is only common sense." "I know it is Herbert, and therefore it is not love."—Chicago Journal.

Nervy.

"What are you writing, old man?" "An article entitled 'Advice to Graduates.'" "Eh! Advice to grad—Well, of all the presumptions!"

The Tie That Bound.

Lawyer—On what grounds madam, do you wish a divorce from your husband? Client—Why, I married him for his money and he has lost everything.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. Not only through heroes the world lives and thrives, But through its sweet commonplace mothers and wives. They are daisy and buttercup women of earth.

Who grace common things with their sweetness and worth. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Look over your supply of towels, both kitchen and hand towels of linen crash, and if you find some very thin, but not worn out, take two of them of like pattern and stitch them together all the way around and they serve as well as a heavier or new towel.

Hot weather always brings to mind two things when one's thoughts turn to clothes—one is bathing suits, than which nothing could be much cooler, and the other is thin and dainty underwear to lighten the weight under the thin summer frocks. Of the first, much can be said in favor of the coolness. Almost all the season's suits are sleeveless and V-necked, a pretty style always, but especially so when developed in changeable taffeta, as so many of the beach suits are, with elongated shoulder points that, instead of meeting with a seam, fit in a knot and two perky ends. This particular suit was of a rich brown, shading into gold, and the shoulder knots as well as the hem of the skirt were faced with gold silk.

All the bathing suits are bloomed, with cuffs that fit tight just below the knee. One pretty model of plain taffeta in a lovely shade of deep sea blue, or maybe you would call it green, was neatly trimmed with vertical tucks to the sides of the long-waisted tunic top, while the edge of the tunic was cut much shorter on one hip than on the other and showed generous glimpses of the silken bloomers, which had cuffs tucked to match.

About those other cool things—summer underwear—the best and nicest thing to be said is a return of the flowered vogue. If your purse is long and your tastes luxurious, you may indulge in flowered chiffons and Georgettes, or even dainty sprigged wash silks, crepe de chine, satin, or puffy-wilow. They are so lovely in themselves, these silks, that little trimming other than hemstitching or tucks is necessary, and, if you make them yourself, are not such an awful extravagance after all. But if your practical soul rebels at silks and chiffons, try voile, of flowered cotton. Just head your camisoles or chemises with bias folds of net and run them with pastel shaded ribbons. You have no idea how lovely these are going to look under a thin organdie, Swiss or voile frock.

Some hints about short sleeves for summer seem to have been pretty well found. One even sees blouses of a sober lingerie turn of mind curtailed to above the elbow. Well, let her with white, dimpled elbows enjoy the vogue while she may, but if freckles and tendency to scrawiness make her sister hesitate, let her adopt one of the many compromises, such as long transparent cuffs of organdie attached to what would have been a thin voile sleeve, or stick to the wrist-length sleeve, of which there are a goodly number.

Speaking of color and summer clothes, the organdie dresses this year are exquisite as to tint and tone, not that this is their only charm, for certainly nothing could be daintier and more charming than the dresses one sees in the shops. As for printed voiles, the colors are striking, and a dress—or dresses—will come in handy at almost any time.

White hats are here in much evidence. For sports wear, for seashore wear, for dress wear—although pastel shades to match the frock and hats made of the same material as the frocks are much the rage. Then there is always black tulle, the joy and comfort of many a fair damsel.

There is nothing so coveted by the average woman as a slender youthful figure. Indeed, judging from the deep interest taken by the fair sex in outdoor sports of the most vigorous sort, it would seem as if women were seriously endeavoring to take as much natural exercise as possible to keep the figure trim.

Of course outdoor sports, such as horseback riding, golf or "hiking" are naturally most beneficial, as there is everything to promote vigor and energy in these athletic pastimes. Any one of these sports will live up the circulation and bring a healthy complexion.

Many women find it impossible to take time to indulge in these outdoor sports, but a series of the right sort of exercises taken in one's home will prove a tremendous help in improving the circulation as well as the general health.

Of course all the exercise imaginable will be little or no avail if one is not careful of diet and digestion, and the woman who wishes to reduce as well as build must be most careful of this factor.

It would be useless to exercise strenuously with the intention of reducing weight and then follow this by eating rich and fatty foods. Nor would it do for one to over-exercise and then not take sufficiently nourishing food. This should be gauged carefully, so that it will be unnecessary to go to either extreme.

Those fond of living in the open during the summer vacation days, and cooking their meals over a fire built atop the rocks on some mountain slope, may find bacon stew a welcome addition to their menu. It is simply and easily made. The amount of bacon and other ingredients must be gauged by the camp cook, in proportion to the number in the party.

When the fire is going well, set the camp kettle over it and put in the bacon which has been cut into tiny cubes. Cook it, being careful not to let it burn until the bacon is well browned; then drain off the fat from the cubes of meat and set them aside. Add some water to the fat and add carrots and potatoes diced, and an amount of onion to suit the taste. Sprinkle in a little salt and pepper for seasoning. Let it cook together until the vegetables are done, then return the cubes of bacon to the stew, stir them in well and serve. One should be careful not to have the fire so hot that the liquid will evaporate.

FARM NOTES.

—Cows are nervous, timid and sensitive and they suffer with homesickness. The newly-purchased cow is apt to fall off in her milk flow for a time until she gets used to new surroundings.

—Young pigs are often afflicted with chorea or St. Vitus dance. It usually follows where a lack of vitality is found. The symptoms show mostly in the hind legs, which kick out often. Inbreeding is the common cause, but this is not well understood by veterinarians.

—If your horse is found to be ailing while in harness do not continue to work it until quitting time, with the idea that it is liable to get well in a short time, or that the continued work will not make matters any worse. Such treatment has caused the death of many good horses that would have recovered in a short time had they but had the opportunity to rest from the outset of the attack.

—Lime is not a direct fertilizer. While it frequently makes a marked difference in corn yields if broadcasted, its best showing is in legumes, such as clover and cow peas. While lime makes plant food available, loosens up light soils and firms loose soil, its most valuable purpose is correcting soil acidity and making it friendly to the growth of legumes. It is a mistake in not following the use of lime with legumes.

—Extreme care is necessary in selecting cows, for no amount of skill in feeding and handling will stimulate a profit from a truly poor cow. A good dairy cow is one with a large capacity for using food above the maintenance and requirements, and one that uses this food for milk production. In determining the most desirable breed one must consult his own likes and dislikes first. The man who likes a Holstein cow and dislikes a Jersey will be more successful with the former.

In order to reap the full benefit of lime, it must be given a chance to do what it delights in doing—growing legumes, which in turn stores up fertility and humus in the soils. The farmer who will not carry out this slight rotation in crops where lime has been applied will never get the full value of lime.

It is not uncommon to find two farmers using lime under apparently the same conditions—their farms merely divided by a public road, and the nature and composition of their soils practically the same—and one will produce better results, while the other will have little or no results at all. There is a reason for this. The one farmer possessed some knowledge of lime, knew of its chemical action on soil and applied it as an indirect fertilizer, following its use with legume crops, which in turn stored up nitrogen in the soil, added humus that was badly needed.

The other farmer lacked knowledge of lime and its chemical effect, and applied it as a direct fertilizer to his crops, which at best gave only a slight showing. He is then thoroughly convinced that soil is not in need of lime and goes on farming in the same way for years and years, when lime intelligently applied would have given him the most gratifying results.

The efficiency of any form of lime is primarily measured by the total percentage of calcium and magnesium oxide contained, no matter whether it is in the form of oxide, as in burned lime; hydroxide, as in hydrated lime or carbonate, as in ground limestone, shells or air-slaked lime.

Calcium and magnesium oxide may be compared of about equal value, says Professor W. B. Dickey, the chief difference in the efficiency of the different forms is in their concentration, since 1120 pounds of burned lime is chemically equivalent to 1480 pounds of hydrated lime, and to 2000 pounds of ground limestone. Tests by practical men as well as on a scientific basis have repeatedly proved that, if applied in equivalent amounts, the different forms of lime give practically equal results, and any one of them will do the work required.

There is no occasion to worry over the assertion that soil is in need of lime. The richest farms of Lancaster county have been very heavily limed with caustic lime for the last 100 years or more, and with a magnesium lime at that. If the organic matter supply is kept up by sod, or manure, caustic lime wisely applied in moderate amounts will not damage soil, crops or soil bacteria. In cases where the freight rate is high and the haul to the farm is long, the most concentrated form of lime is often the cheapest.

Professor Dickey says the efficiency of lime is also influenced largely by the evenness of spreading and the thoroughness with which the lime is mixed with the soil. The more soil particles in contact with lime particles, the better and quicker will be results. Therefore, it is desirable to have a lime drillable, and at least reasonable fine. Extreme fineness in ground limestone, however, is not necessary, especially if it increases the cost greatly. If all the fine dust is present, a limestone that will pass a 10-mesh screen is so much cheaper that it can be applied in larger amounts and will give more lasting results. Because it always contains some lumps, and because it cannot be spread by machinery, lump lime is generally considered about equal in efficiency to hydrated lime.

Increased labor in handling, slaking and spreading lump lime also adds materially to its low first cost.

Ground, burned lime is the most concentrated drillable form of lime, but cannot be held in sacks long on account of slaking and swelling. The discomfort to men and teams in handling caustic lime is also an argument for ground limestone. The latter has no burning effect, and can be held for any length of time without loss or change of form.

When purchasing lime, it is better economy to buy a simple form of lime alone, rather than any vaunted combination of lime with some other plant food. Lime combined with a fertilizer is, in too small amounts, as generally applied, to be of much practical value in correcting soil acidity. If the soil is sour the full efficiency of manure and fertilizers cannot be secured and the great value of good clover sods and legume cover crops in keeping up and improving soil fertility cannot be taken advantage of.