

The Girl a Horse and a Dog

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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(Continued.)

"It is; I have a deed from my grandfather." So much I said, but I didn't go on to explain how the quick wit of a girl who now hated me had saved that deed from being a mere scrap of waste paper. Not that I knew how she had done it—but the tangible fact was safely in my pocket.

Fifteen minutes after this breakfast table talk I was bidding a temporary good-by to the wreck on the Cinnabar ledge, and was about to take the road to Atropia with Beasley; both of us intent upon catching a way-freight to Angels. Daddy had lent me the piebald pony for the ride to the railroad station—this either with or without Jeanie's consent; I didn't know and forbore to ask—and the harlequin-faced dog was ready to trot at the pony's heels. But the blue-eyed maiden had shut herself up in her room, and I thought she wasn't going to come out and see me off.

At the final moment, however, after Beasley had already steered his nag across the dump head, and I was about to climb into my saddle, she came to the cabin door, and was both curiously embarrassed and a bit breathless.

"Please!—one minute!" she begged; and as I took my foot out of the stirrup: "Do you know what they have done with—?"

"With Bullerton?" I helped out.

"No, I don't know; but I suppose they've taken him on to the county seat at Copah with the others."

"Then—then—please let him go! If you refuse to prosecute—"

"Make yourself entirely easy," I broke in, a bit sourly, maybe. "I'll agree not to play the part of the dog in the manger."

"Thank you—so much!" she murmured; and then she backed away quickly and went in and on through to the kitchen, leaving me to follow Beasley, which I did, with the sour humor telling me that of all the puzzling, unaccountable things in a world of enigmas, a woman's vagaries were the least understandable. For, after all was said and done, and after all that had happened and been made to happen, it seemed to be palpably apparent that Jeanie Twombly was still in love with the feet.

CHAPTER XIX.

Angels, Desert and Urban.

Our stop-over in Angels, Friend Beasley's and mine, was of the shortest. Our business with Father William Dubbin was the merest travesty upon a trial at law, and was speedily concluded.

Since there would be no passenger train until afternoon, Beasley and I resumed our places in the freight's caboose, and in due time were set down in Brewster, the breezy little metropolis of Timanyon Park.

Here my captor—and friend—appeared to be very much at home. He took me to the best hotel, where he was greeted with affectionate camaraderie by a clerk who wore a diamond big enough to serve for a locomotive headlight, shook hands with, and introduced me to, a number of gentlemen in the lobby, and presently gave me orders to go up to our rooms and "take a wash," preparatory to meeting a certain friend of his at luncheon; the meeting contingent upon his being able to "round up" the friend in time for the feast.

It still wanted a half-hour of the appointed luncheon time when I descended to the lobby. A little before one o'clock Beasley came in with a middle-aged man who looked as if he might have been the retired manager of a Wild West show; not long-haired, or anything like that, but with the cool eye and bronzed, weather-beaten face of one who lived under house roofs only when circumstances forced him to. A moment later I was shaking hands with Mr. William Starbuck, mine owner, ranchman, a director in the Brewster National bank, president of the Brewster Commercial club and the prime mover in a lot of other civic activities too numerous to mention.

I may pass lightly over the events of the three days following; days in which Mr. William Starbuck, who seemed to be known to all the old-timers in Brewster as "Billy," and to the younger generation as "Uncle Billy," labored untrigly in my behalf; procured me the necessary working credit at the Brewster National, helped me in the telegraphic ordering of new machinery, helped Beasley to rustle up a small army of mechanics to go ahead of us to the Cinnabar, and last, but not least, made my peace with the railroad company in the matter of the stolen and smashed inspection car; this being a thing which he was easily able to do because he was the brother-in-law, once removed, of the railroad company's vice president and general manager.

On our last day in Brewster, and as a parting favor, I asked Starbuck how I should proceed in regard to quash-

ing the indictment against Bullerton, and when I did so he gave me a shrewd look out of the cool gray eyes, with a gentle uplifting of the shaggy brows. "If you are determined to let Bullerton go, all you have to do is to do nothing. If you don't appear in Copah to prosecute him and his would-be mine jumpers, the case against them will be dismissed, as a matter of course. But really, you know, you ought to make an example of them."

"In the circumstances, I can't," I returned, so we let it go at that; and an hour later Beasley and I were on our way back to Atropia and Cinnabar mountain.

CHAPTER XX.

Cousin Percy Wires.

It was on the evening of the fourth day's absence that Beasley and I left the train at Atropia and took the mountain trail in reverse for a return to the high bench on Old Cinnabar, Beasley riding a borrowed horse, and I the calico pony, which Daddy Hiram had sent down to the station by one of the newly imported workmen.

Just as we were leaving the railroad station Buddy Fuller, the operator, ran out to hand me a telegram. Since it was too dark to see to read it, and I supposed, naturally, that it was nothing more important than a bid from some machinery firm anxious to supply our needs, I thought it might wait, stuck it into my pocket—and promptly forgot it.

Our talk, as we rode together up the now familiar trail, was chiefly of business; the business of reopening the mine; and it was not until we were nearing our destination that the ex-marshalsaid:

"Still stickin' in your craw that you ain't a-goin' to pop the whip at Charley Bullerton?"

"It is," I answered.

"Well, now, why not?"

"Principally because I have promised somebody that I wouldn't prosecute."

"Not Hi Twombly; he'd never ast you to do anything like that."

"No; not Daddy Hiram."

He didn't press the matter any further, and we rode on in silence. As we approached the neighborhood of the mine, evidences of the forthputting activities began to manifest themselves.

Daddy Hiram met us at the door of his newly repaired cabin across the dump head and insisted upon taking care of the horses. Beasley and I washed up at the outdoor, bench-and-basin lavatory; and when we went in, Jeanie had supper ready for us.

She didn't sit at table with us—from which I argued that she and her father had already eaten—and I thought she purposely avoided me; avoided meeting my eye, at least. I didn't wonder at it. Her position, as I had it figured out, was rather awkwardly anomalous. By this time, I had fully convinced myself that she was in love with Bullerton, and was probably engaged to be married to him; and that it was only her native honesty that had driven her to take sides against him in the struggle for the Cinnabar, prompting her to do the one thing which had knocked his nefarious scheme on the head—namely, the recording of my deed.

Knowing nothing but hard work, Daddy Hiram was running the deep-well pumps himself, or rather, taking the night shift on them; and about ten o'clock, just as I had made up my mind to go to bed and let the repairing activities take care of themselves, I saw Jeanie going over to the boiler shed with a pot of freshly made coffee for her father. Here was my chance, I thought.

"I'm as the dust under your pretty feet, Jeanie; please don't trample me too hard. Bullerton—that is—er—we had a scrap the next morning after you went away, you know, and I . . . well, he rather got the worst of it. And when I had him down and was trying to make him tell us where you were—even your father thought you'd gone off with him—he said you'd planned to go with him to get married, but that you had fallen to show up at Atropia in time for the train."

"He told a lie, because that is the way he is made and he couldn't help it," she said simply, still as cool as a cucumber. "He said we were going to Angels to get married, and I—I didn't say we weren't; I just let him talk and didn't say anything at all."

"Won't you tell me a bit more?" I begged.

"You don't deserve it the least little bit, but I will. It began with the deed; your deed to the mine. One day, when you were over at the shaft-house, and had left your coat here in the cabin, I saw him take the deed from your pocket when he didn't know I was looking. He read it and put it back quickly when he heard me stirring in the other room. I knew it hadn't been recorded; and you and Daddy had both spoken of that. I felt sure he'd take it again, and perhaps destroy it. At first, I thought I'd tell you or Daddy, or both of you. But I knew that would mean trouble."

"We were never very far from the fighting edge in those days," I admitted. "Bullerton had shown me the gun he always carried under his arm, and had told me what to expect in case I were foolish enough to lose my temper."

"I know," she nodded. "He killed a man once; it was when I was a little girl and we were living in Cripple Creek. He was acquitted on the plea of self-defense. So I didn't dare say anything to you or to Daddy. What I did was to steal your deed myself, when I had a chance. Daddy has some blank forms just like it, and I sat up one night in my room and made a copy. It wasn't a very good copy—your grandfather's handwriting was awfully hard to imitate. Besides, I didn't have any notarial seal. But I thought it might do for—something to be stolen. Then I hid the real deed and put the copy back in the envelope in your pocket."

"And Bullerton finally stole it, just as you thought he would," I put in.

"He did. You are dreadfully careless with your things; you are always leaving your coat around, just where you happen to take it off. I knew then that the next thing to be done was to get your deed recorded quickly. He—he was urging me every day to run away with him, and I was afraid to tell him how much I despised him; afraid he'd take it out on you

"It's no use, whatever," she objected; nevertheless, she did sit down and let me sit beside her.

"I know just how distressed you must be," I began, "and perhaps I can lift a bit of the load from your shoulders. There will be no legal steps taken against you—against Charles Bullerton."

"Thank you," she said; just as short as that.

"And that isn't all," I went on. "After we get into the ore and have some real money to show for it, I'm going to make over a share in the Cinnabar to your father and put him in a position to do the right thing by you when you marry. And he'll do it; you know he'll do it."

"How kind!" she murmured, looking straight out in front of her.

"It isn't kindness; it's bare justice. Between you, you two have saved my legacy for me."

"I wish, now, it hadn't been saved!" she exclaimed, as vindictively as you please.

Truly, I thought, the ways of women are past finding out; or at least the way of a maid with a man is.

"Can't I say anything at all without putting my foot into it?" I asked in despair. "You break a man's back with a load of obligation one day, and toss him lightly out of your young life the next! I haven't done anything to earn you—to earn the back of your hand, Jeanie; or if I have, I don't know what it is."

"You have committed the unpardonable sin," she accused coolly. "I don't wonder that Miss Randle took your ring off."

I wasn't going to let the talk shift to Lisette; not if I knew it, and could help it.

"What is the unpardonable sin?" I asked.

"To misunderstand; to think a person capable of a thing when a person is not; to—just take it for granted that a person is guilty—oh—with a little stamp of her foot—I can't bear to talk about it!"

I guess it's a part of a man's equipment to be dense and sort of stupid—in his dealings with women, I mean. Slowly, so slowly that I thought the catch would never snap and hold, my foot mind crept back along the line, searching blindly for the point at which all this fiery indignation toward me had begun; back and still back to that moment of our deliverance—Daddy's and mine—at the shaft-house door, with this dear girl untwisting her arms from her father's neck, and with me saying, "I'm not hurt, either. Welcome home, Miss Twombly—or should I say Mrs. Bullerton?"

"Jeanie!" I gasped; "do you mean that you're not going to marry Charles Bullerton—that you never meant to?"

"Of course, I'm not!" she retorted, with a savage little out-thrust of the adorable chin. "But you thought so small of me that you simply took it for granted!"

I wagged my head in deepest humility.

"I'm as the dust under your pretty feet, Jeanie; please don't trample me too hard. Bullerton—that is—er—we had a scrap the next morning after you went away, you know, and I . . . well, he rather got the worst of it. And when I had him down and was trying to make him tell us where you were—even your father thought you'd gone off with him—he said you'd planned to go with him to get married, but that you had fallen to show up at Atropia in time for the train."

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and Daddy. So I just let him go on and talk and believe what he pleased. Of course, he wanted to ride with me the morning we went away, but after we got down the road a piece, I made an excuse to go on ahead by another trail."

"That much of what he told your father and me—when we were having the scrap—was true. He said you went on ahead."

"I didn't go to Atropia, as he expected me to," she continued calmly. "I took the old Haversack trail across the mountain to Greaser siding. I knew that the Copah trail would stop there on the side-track. When I got as far as the Haversack I thought I heard somebody following me. I was scared and didn't know what to do. I was afraid my copying of the deed had been discovered and that the original would be taken away from me, so I hurried to hide the real deed. The old Haversack tunnel seemed to be a good place, but while I was in there Barney began to bark, and I looked out and saw that the noise I had heard had been made by a stray cow from one of the foothill ranches. So I remounted and rode on to catch the train to Copah. At Greaser siding I tried to make Barney lead the pony home, and Barney tried his best to do it. But Winkle wanted to graze, and I had to go off and leave them when the train came. That's all, I think, except that I had to wait two days at my cousin's in Copah before I could get the deed back from the recorder's office. They were awfully slow about it."

"It isn't quite all," I amended. "You haven't told me how you happened to come back with Beasley and his posse."

"That was just a coincidence. I reached Atropia on the early morning train and met Mr. Beasley and his men just as they were starting up the mountain. Cousin Buddy Fuller had told me how he had telegraphed to Angels for Mr. Beasley, and I was scared to death, of course, because I knew what it meant. So I borrowed the Hagertys' pony and came along with the posse."

There was silence for a little time; such silence as the clattering and hammering of the carpenters and steam-fitters permitted. Then I said: "And when you got here, the first thing I did was to call you 'Mrs. Bullerton.' I don't blame you for not being able to forgive me, Jeanie, girl; honestly, I don't."

"It was worse than a crime," she averred solemnly; "it was a blunder. What made you do it?"

"Partly because I was a jealous fool; but mostly because I was sore and sorry and disappointed. I thought Bullerton had beaten me to it."

"No," she said quite soberly; "it was Miss Randle who beat you to it."

I gasped. There were tremendous possibilities in that cool answer of hers; prodigious possibilities.

"But say!" I burst out; "didn't I tell you that Lisette had pushed me overboard long ago?"

"I know. She was sensible enough to see that you and she couldn't live on nothing a year. But now that you are rich, or are going to be . . . I'm sure you are not going to be less generous than she was. What if she did take your ring off in a moment of discouragement, and knowing that you couldn't buy her hats? You can be very sure she put it on again as soon as your back was turned."

There we were; no sooner over one hurdle before another and a higher one must jump up. I groaned and thrust my hands into my pockets. A paper rustled and I drew it out. It was the telegram Buddy Fuller had handed me, still unread. I opened it half absently, holding it down so that the glow of the nearest flare fell upon the writing. Then I gave a little yelp, swallowed hard two or three times and nearly choked doing it, and read the thing again. After all of which I said, as calmly as I could:

"But, in spite of all that I had told you about Lisette, you asked me once to kiss you."

"Is it quite nice of you to remind me of it?" she inquired reproachfully.

"It wouldn't be—in ordinary circumstances; it would be beastly. But, listen, Jeanie; haven't you been mad clear through, sometimes, in reading a story, to have a coincidence rung in on you when you knew perfectly well that the thing couldn't possibly have happened so pat in the nick of time?"

"I suppose I have; yes."

"Well, don't ever let it disturb you again. Because the real thing is a lot more wonderful and unbelievable, you know. Listen to this: it's a wire from my cousin, Percy; the one who sent me out into the wide, wide world to look for a girl, a horse and a dog, and who is the only human being outside of Colorado who knows where I am likely to be reached by telegraph. He is in Boston, and this is what he says: 'Recalled home when we reached Honolulu, out-bound. Lisette and I were married today. Congratulate us.'"

For a minute there was a breathless sort of pause, and I broke it.

"Jeanie, dear, was it just common honesty and good faith that made you take all these chances, with the deed, and with Bullerton?"

"Yes, I'm commonly honest," said the small voice at my shoulder.

"Bullerton is a shrewd, smart fellow," I went on. "I'll venture to say that he never made such a bonehead break as I did the morning you came back. You must think something of him or you wouldn't have asked me not to prosecute him for trying to murder your father and me."

She looked down at her pretty feet, which were crossed.

"I think—a little something—of myself," she said, with small breath-

catchings between the words, "I owed myself that much, don't you think? If I didn't deceive him outright, I'm afraid I did let him deceive himself. So that made me responsible, in a way, and I couldn't let you send him to jail, could I?"

"But what about me? Are you going to send me to a worse place than any jail—for that is what the whole wide world is going to be to me without you, Jeanie, dear."

Her answer was 'ust like her: She turned and put up her face to me and said, "Kiss me again, Stannie." And though all the car-ners on the job were looking on, as I suppose they were, by this time, I took her in my arms.

It was a short spasm; it sort of had to be in the public circumstances. When it was over, I folded Percy's telegram, took out my pencil, and with the dear girl looking on, printed my reply on what was left of the message blank. This is what I said:

"The same to you. Have found the G., the H. and the D., and Miss Jeanie Twombly and I are to be married as soon as we can find a minister. Incidentally, I have learned how to work. Hope it will be a comfort to you, Grandfather Jasper—if he is where he can hear of it—and to all concerned."

"STANNIE."

[THE END]

THANKSGIVING DAY FOR WORLD URGED.

Bishops, clergymen, professional men and politicians are indorsing a movement for the observance of an annual Thanksgiving day for the world.

Events have moved so rapidly in the last few years and the progress made by the Conference on Limitation of Armament appears to be so encouraging, that these leaders are urging an international day of thanksgiving, in which the nation express their appreciation to the Almighty of the blessings conferred on mankind.

The American Thanksgiving day, of New England origin, dealing with thanks for preservation against cold and hunger and Indians, has been outgrown, leader of the new movement contend. They say the time has come for a Thanksgiving day in which all the world can participate.

Governor Sproul, Mayor Moore, the Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, Bishop Joseph D. Berry, Dr. W. W. Keen and the Rev. Dr. Emory W. Hunt, president of Bucknell University, indorse the movement.

"I am in hearty accord with your suggestion for a universal or worldwide day of thanksgiving in each year," Governor Sproul wrote to Dr. Theodore Heysham, Baptist clergyman, of Norristown, who is promoting the world's Thanksgiving day movement. "It is so important that we should turn aside from our regular toil once a year to give thanks for the blessings and bounties which we enjoy, that I can think of nothing that would be more appropriate than to have the entire world bow its head in reverence at the same time."

Mayor Moore believes that an international day of thanksgiving will be "of great service to the world."

Dr. Emory W. Hunt said: "Thanksgiving day on the old basis of the experience of the Pilgrims is out of date now, when a shortage in one section is immediately rectified by our transportation system."

Dr. Conwell declares that Thanksgiving day has "been a great blessing to the United States and, as a matter of course, would be a much greater blessing to the whole world."

Bishop Berry says: "I am in favor of all movements that will help international agreements and promote a spirit of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings to nations of the earth."

Potato Spraying Pays.

For the fourth consecutive year, farmers have conclusive evidence that potato spraying pays. Figures gathered from fifty-seven counties, where the local county farm bureau conducted 402 spraying demonstrations last summer on over ten thousand acres, have just summarized as follows:

Four years' results with potato spraying in Pennsylvania—1918, 1919, 1920, 1921.

No. counties	12	26	42	57
No. demonstrations	32	224	318	402
No. acres sprayed	314	1787	6192	10140
Av. yield unsprayed bu	108	126	183.3	150
Av. yield sprayed bu	142	160	258	233
Av. inc. per acre bu	34.8	42.9	74.7	74.3
Av. per cent increase	32.3	34.	33.3	46.7

The average per cent. increase in four years is 36.6 on 34 farms. 80 acres were sprayed in Centre county in 1921. The average increase per acre for 1920 and 1921 was 75 bushels.

The outstanding feature for the year's report lies in the fact that despite the extremely dry and hot weather of last summer, there was practically no decrease in the extra yield of sprayed over unsprayed vines compared with the previous year. In both 1920 and 1921 the increase per acre was slightly over 74 bushels, for the State average. When the average cost of spraying an acre of potatoes—\$10.56—is taken into consideration, it is seen that it is most certainly a paying proposition.

There has been a steady increase in the average yield of sprayed over unsprayed in each of the four years since The Pennsylvania State College agricultural extension division has advocated spraying through field demonstrations. This figure has just about doubled, due to the more efficient methods and practices adopted as the movement has taken hold with farmers of the State.

Spraying last year carried potatoes safely through the dry spell, as it had carried them through the late blight of the previous year. It has been proved beyond question that Bordeaux mixture applied to potato vines acts as a stimulant under all circumstances, according to Prof. E. L. Nixon, extension plant disease specialist at the College.

—A flat pocketbook and a flat tire are about the worst combination.

FARM NOTES.

—How about getting a little of your favorite harness dressing and by applying it extend the life of the harness.

—Freezing not only injures milk but makes it difficult to get an actual sample for testing. Protect yourself and do not injure nature's best food by letting it freeze.

—Male birds should be with the flock at least two weeks before eggs are saved for hatching. It is time to be sure that you have your male birds for this season's breeding.

—Watersprouts and the surplus limbs take too much water from the trees in time of drought; prune out those which are not needed on the tree and save the water for the fruit.

—Buttermilk is equal to skimmed milk for feeding hogs, while whey is half as valuable. Whey, being low in protein, is not well suited for young pigs and should be fed to older animals.

—For tree wounds paint is a good dressing. Mix white lead and raw linseed oil and have it rather thick. A bit of raw linseed will give the paint very nearly the color of the bark of the tree.

—The quality of the eggs marketed is what determines the price. When eggs of all kinds are mixed together, remember that you get just as little for the good eggs as is paid for the poor ones.

—Not every one knows that the first Pennsylvanian to appreciate the value of forests was William Penn himself. In 1681 he provided that for every five acres cleared in Pennsylvania one acre should be left in woods.

—Cabbage and lettuce seed to be started in green houses or in small quantities in the garden for an early crop should be on hand. In southern Pennsylvania seed may be sown now. In the northern part of the State a week or two later.

—If a heavy load of snow or ice comes on the berry bushes and shrubbery, go around and knock off all possible with a pole. It may save their breaking down. The careful fruit culturist keeps a watchful eye on his plants and bushes all the time.

—When the roughage for dairy cows is clover or alfalfa hay, the grain rations may be 200 pounds corn and cob meal, 100 pounds ground oats and 100 pounds gluten feed; or 250 pounds corn and cob meal, 100 pounds wheat bran and 100 pounds gluten feed.

—Prune grapes after severe winter weather is over and before the vines bleed. Sixty buds on the bearing wood of a grape vine are about the maximum for a strong vine; a less number is better for vines of weaker growth. Sixty buds should give 150 bunches of grapes. Leave only two buds on each bearing shoot.

—The young calf should be fed whole milk for at least three weeks and then gradually changed to skim milk with the addition of grain and hay, say specialists at The Pennsylvania State College school of agriculture. A dry, airy stall, admitting an abundance of sunlight, provides a favorable environment for maximum growth.

—In about six or eight years from the time the tree was planted in its permanent place, the apple should begin to bear. The pear tree will average about the same age. The peach, under favorable conditions, often bears at three years of age; in any event at four years, unless injured by frost or otherwise. The plum at four to five years. Sour cherries at four and sweet cherries at six or seven. Raspberries, blackberries and dewberries, if planted in the spring, should bear a light crop the next year. Strawberries the same. Currants and gooseberries usually bear the third season after planting. Grapes may bear very lightly the third season, but not much fruit should be expected earlier than the fourth year.

—Leaving manure in piles in the field is an antiquated method that should never be practiced, for the reason that it results in fertilizing the spots where the heaps lie too heavily, giving them fully three times as much of the fertilizing elements as they need, while three times as much ground receives less than it needs, or not enough to make a showing.

Where manure is permitted to remain in heaps on a field for a few weeks or a month, it is an impossibility to spread it so as to get an even distribution of organic matter and of the elements of fertility.

It is preferable to spread the manure direct from the wagon with a fork. For the most economical results, manure should be hauled direct from the barn as soon as it is made and scattered over the fields by means of a spreader.

In this way, and in this way only, can the full value of manure be saved, provided, of course, enough bedding is used in the barn to nicely absorb all the liquid excrement, the plant food of which amounts to nearly one-half of the total in the manure and liquid excrement.

—There is no more important factor in market gardening than earliness. A few days' or a week's difference in marketing very often makes the difference between profit and loss. The prices realized for extra-early crops stimulates considerable activity in that line.

In this connection an experiment in potatoes some years ago by the Rhode Island Experiment Station is worth recording. The tubers were cut into pieces not smaller than an English walnut (rejecting the two or three eyes nearest the stem end). The pieces were placed side by side in the bed, skin side upward, and covered about four inches deep with fine, rich earth. The growth was controlled by proper regulation of the cold-frame sash.

At planting time the tubers, the sprouts of which were just breaking the surface of the soil, were carefully lifted with manure forks, separated by hand and placed in well-fertilized rows in March and entirely covered with soil.

It required 216 square feet of cold-frame to sprout sufficient potatoes to plant an acre in 80 to 82-inch rows, 12 inches apart. Eight men transplanted an acre in a day.