WEAVING.

My life is but a weaving Between my God and me; I may but choose the colors-He worketh steadily. For oft He weaveth sorrow; And I, in foolish pride,

Forget he seems the upper, And I the under side

I choose my strands all golden,

And watch for woven stars;

I murmur when the pattern Is set in blurs and mars. I cannot vet remember Whose hands the shuttles guide;

And that my stars are shining

Upon the upper side. I choose my threads all crimson, And wait for flowers to bloom, For warp and woof to blossom

Upon that mighty loom. Full oft I seek them vainly: And fret for them denied-Though flow'ring wreaths and garlands May deck the upper side.

My life is but a weaving Between my God and me; I see the seams, the tangles-

The fair designs sees He, Then let me wait in patience And blindness; satisfied To make the pattern lovely Upon the upper side.

-By Florence Maryatt.

WHAT DREAMS ARE WORTH.

(Concluded from last week.) Maive wasn't deeply interested in any of his stories. She had got from him on his first visit the news she

wanted most. "There was a friend of yours on you unawares round corners by day board there," he told her. "Cordover and by night. The Duke was an ec-Very friendly indeed, he was. I exist mainly on nuts. He also liked thought at first he loved me for myself alone, but later I found out he me. I gave it to him. You don't lines under her eyes, and streaks of mind?"

then from India. Queer, manly, ious. It seemed to him that Maive stilted letters they were. But Maive should be exempt from any touch of did not tell Uncle Jack this. Her time. He went round and bearded weekly letter to him was the one her in her den. Very fierce and rough pleasure she had in life. She wrote he was with her, as all tawny-haired a bit of it every day.

"Your letters to me are my greatest pleasure," he wrote back to her. "Only to be out-measured by the pleasure it will be to come home."

He thought at that time that he

might get home the following year. Meantime Uncle Jack was awfully kind, and life was very dull except on let you go scraping on like this. letter days. She let him take her out to theatres, and twice he drove her and waiting? Wasting all your loveto Richmond in his two-seater. He was busy buying a practice. "For it's time I settled down,"

Uncle Jack. And then, one night, driving her home from the play through the lamplit streets, he took both her hands in

his and said: "Maive, dear. You must know that Mike I keep on climbing those infernal stairs. I can't keep away from you. I love you. This isn't any sort of life for you. I've heard of a practice going in the country. Chuck this job and take on a permanent one, Maive. I can't ever tell you

He kissed her fingers that were all pricked and stitched with sewing for somebody else.

"Couldn't you try?" he said. "I'm

not a bad fellow, taking me all round. him. I have few tricks, and only the usual vices. Couldn't you try, Maive? I don't see how I'm to get on without

She shook her head. "There's some one else," she said.

He looked a little wild and ruffled. "Is there, confound him?" said Jack Stapleton. "Well, who knows? I may outsit him. Anyway, here I am, and if you get sick of me hanging along together in the autumn wind around, you must shoot me. I can think of no other way you will get Through it went Maive on her way to rid of me."

She climbed those steps up to the dark schoolroom and sat down, out of breath as one always was on arriving there. From the front of her dress she took a slip of paper that was wearing rather thin. She kissed it, Aunt Jill died, but now he was so and held it against her face, and said: "I am waiting for you. Can you hear me telling you, half across the

When Michael was seven, he went to a day-school, and there was no hair proceeding from the middle of longer any place for Maive in that it, that looked as if, in bygone days, particular situation. Jack proposed to he might have wagged it when pleasher again the day she left.

"I know of an excellent job that is simply crying out for you, Maive. If

you'd consider it!"

But she wouldn't consider it. She had her dreams. And life is finished only when we part with them. She got a post as governess to two little girls in a vicarage in Hampstead. They never had the proper outfit of maids there, because the Vicar was an economical man, and used to go down to the larder with a tape measure and measure the joint and count the potatoes. So that, taking things all round, Maive had rather a hard time there. But she never mentioned that in her weekly letters to India.

He never missed one mail. "You are," he wrote, "the one tie I have with home. If it were not for you, I should not have felt the least bit disappointed at having to abandon my leave home this year. Perhaps, with luck, I may get back in 1927." Now she kept his photograph on

her dressing-table. He was all she had ever hoped and dreamed of. Those

steady eyes, that lean, still face.
The little girls from the vicarage went to school, and once again she was at a loose end. Maive was not twenty-four. Not exactly pretty, but with something very charming about her. Still with that look of a fairy The same insane expectation of life.

poses, but never quite at home.

Jack Stapleton had bought a practice at Hazler's Copse, attracted there mainly by the fact that Maive loved the place and had been a girl there. There were lavender bushes in the little garden, and the nightingales sang louder there, they say, than anywhere else in England. Maive went down to inspect his new house and came away homesick, full of memories of those old days before Aunt Jill had died, and of the east wind that had gone whitling down the village street and away to the woods where the nightingales sang.

If it had not been for him, she knew she would have married Jack. He was such a dear, and so kind. But one wanted more than that. You thing on earth just for comfort, said

if you like.
"If there is some one else, why the devil doesn't he come and fetch you?' said Jack angrily. "This sort of life is playing old Harry with you. You aren't strong enough for it, dear." He had taken her out to lunch from

one of those scholastic agencies where they keep jobs parked and ready for ready for jobs. Maive flushed and looked away

from him. "I can't explain," she said. "You'd only think me silly and romantic. But I've got to wait for him."

She took a job to teach the scion of a noble house his alphabet. That job took her to Scotland, and Jack did not see her for two whole years.

Those two years made rather a difference to Maive. Perhaps it was the raw Scotch climate that was too much for her. Perhaps she found the noble house a trying one to live in. The passages were all stone, and the nursery wing was three flights up. Bit-ter winds whistled there and caught -a Mayor in the Something or other. centric man and caused his family to people to go abroad in all weathers. When Maive returned to London.

gray in her pretty hair. Did she mind!

He wrote to her from Ceylon, and happen to us all, but Jack was furmen are apt to be when aroused.

Her den was a bed-sitting-room, which modestly veiled its bedroom qualities during the day under a decent veiling of chintz.

"I'm not going to have any more of this tomfoolery," said Jack. Who-ever he is, he's not worth his salt to ly youth, slaving for other people's nasty children. Pah, I've no patience with you!"

He held her shoulders and shook her.

"You aren't looking well. You aren't well. You've got to chuck this." In vain she assured him she was quite well. Strong as a horse. Litit isn't to see that precocious little tle, thin women are notoriously wiry. Tough as a mountain eagle, she said she was. She didn't tell him anything about those silly fainting fits she had been having of late. It would have been something like a confession of failure to have mentioned that just then.

"If he doesn't come in three months, young woman, you marry me," said Jack. "If I have to take you off by force. Do you understand? I'm go-"I like you awfully," she said unsteadily. "But I can't—marry you. It's not like that."

force. Do you understand? I'm going to give it out broadcast, and you can write and tell him.

She cried a little, and pleaded with

"A marriage has been arranged," said the newspapers in spite of her tears, "between Miss Maive Falls, daughter of the late Colonel Falls, and Doctor Jack Stapleton, of Hazler's Copse."

It was autumn. The hoop season was well advanced in the park, and small boys, and nurses, and amiable dogs, and wooden hoops all swept that went whistling under the trees.

see Mr. Charlesworth.
Mr. Charlesworth lived in a small house off Notting Hill. He had given up his ordinary practice, but he was still her guardian and managed all her affairs. He had been old when ancient and so fragile that Maive hardly liked to shake hands with him for fear of breaking him. The only robust thing about Mr. Charlesworth now was that mole with the black

Sitting there in the dingy little room full of ancient photographs only slightly more faded than Mr. Charlesworth himself, Maive told him about it. He wasn't her ideal of a confidant,

but she had to tell somebody. "I noticed the announcement," said Mr. Charlesworth, and sniffed. determined young man. And what is your objection?"

Falteringly Maive told him the romantic story of her one real love. Mr. Charlesworth polished his glasses, and put them on again, and looked at Maive. She could almost feel him invoking that God of his, and

presently he said in that thin, wornout voice of his, "You are as big a fool as your aunt."

"How dare you say a word against dear Aunt Jill!" flashed Maive hating

Her memories of her round, kind aunt were all so mellowed with time. Mr. Charlesworth laughed his thin. worn-out laugh. "Don't lose your temper with me, young lady. It's waste of time. Your Aunt Jill was

trapped and kept for domestic pur- I wanted to marry her. But she wouldn't have me."

He took out his pocketbook. There was a picture there, and he looked at it, a queer, little smile on his withered face. Then he took something out of the flap and held it in the hollow of his hand. It was a white silk rose of his hand. with a green silf leaf. Funny and tirely." old-fashioned now, like the tawdry ornament off a doll's bonnet, it seemed sewing to Maive. But in its day it, too, had

ball," said Mr. Charlesworth. "She Dreaming dreams, as she had done wouldn't marry me. I wasn't dashing enough. I just loved her with a plain, serviceable sort of love that solid ones." would have lasted a lifetime. But she wanted fireworks. God knows what she wanted! The millennium. And couldn't afford to miss the loveliest she went on waiting for it. I believe at the last, when she was getting old, Maive. That would be like selling your heritage for a mess of pottage, if you like.

"If there is some one else, why the "If there is some one else, why the her fads, your Aunt Jill. She's started you well off on the same path."

in him some glimpse of the passionate young lover of long ago. She recalled Aunt Jill to mind-Aunt Jill, who had seemed to her so dull, and so prosaic, and so unromantic. Aunt Such an expensive doctor, too, she applicants, and applicants parked and Jill, whom she had always pitied because nobody loved her. How wrong she had been about everything!

"My advice to you is, if this young man wants to marry you, have him!" said Mr. Charlesworth. "A husband on the hearth is worth two in the clouds, and you are no longer a child. This other business. It's too new-fangled. It's too much like those cinematograph stories. Like as not he will never come back. Like as not he was just playing the fool. You say he writes to you? Well, write and tell him that if he's not back by Christmas, you are going to marry somebody else. Romance is all very well," said Mr. Charlesworth. "But you want a little common sense. Something that will wear."

Maive went slowly home. In the park the autumn wind had blown the nurses and the hoops and the small boys home to tea. There was nothbut a few dead leaves sailing along like fairy ships at sea.

"I must give up my dreams and settle down to life," said Maive. "I suppose they are right, Mr. Charlesworth and Jack. I've been just playing at things till now. I'll write and tell him."

There wasn't any need to write and tell him. When she got back, he was waiting in the hall.

"I got home this morning," he said, and took her in his arms. These things happen once in a cen-

tury, or so, sometimes to princes and rich men only. To queens, or princesses, or society debutantes. Sometimes to little nursery governesses living in the modest sort of bedroom that disguises its obviousness during the daytime under a veil of chintz. She sent a note round to Mr.

Charlesworth. One can not blame her if it was a rather triumphant little ople who are not brave enough to believe in romance! You poor ones, who are not steadfast enough to wait! Take your serviceable sort of love and creep away to Notting Hill. What can you know of mist. He would stay with her, but he raptures like this!

He had come to her. But it wasn't very easy telling

Jack. Jack took it wonderfully well. He turned rather white under his tan, but all he said was:

"I'm not going to be awkward about it. As you know, all I want is to see

you happy." He behaved more reasonably than she had dared to hope. He drove her to the station himself, and they parted as though they were just two friends who had been spending the

afternoon together. And if he did walk Hazler's Copse all night, and return so haggard and weary at daybreak that the housekeeper took him for a tramp and set the dog on him, no one ever knew except the nightingales, who, they say, sing louder there than anywhere else in England.

For Maive it was a wonder-time of dreams come true. Geoffry was there, and he was even more wonderful than her dreams had made him. She stole sideways glances at him to be quite sure he was true. There had never, she said, been a romance like their romance. No two people had ever been so completely in sympathy

"We were made for each other," he said. "And so we waited for each other." Wonderful days of love-making,

those! For one thing and another thing, they were to be married at Christmas. He had duties here, and duties there, and it wasn't possible earlier.

"And what are three months, after waiting nine years?" he said. With her savings, and what remained of her ninety pounds a year, Maive could just hold on for three months, provided nothing unexpected turned up. But it would mean she would have to curtail some of her ideas about her trousseau. She was

so happy just then that nothing worried her very much. "It ought to be spring, not autum,"

she said. He said nothing. His blue eyes held that dreaming look she had come to know, and then he would tell her about his life abroad. Of the white tents in the plain, and sunset over the desert. And the call of a bugle that waked you at morning, and the cry of the night jarrs singing to the moon.

"I shall take you back there with me," he said, "and you will learn to love it as I do. India gets into a man's blood. Soldiering gets into a man's blood. I couldn't leave it now. It's a fine life."

He told her of the frontier marches, and a man with a rifle behind a rock, waiting for you.
"That's life," said Geoffry de Cord-

over. "A man's life. It's all so tame and soft at home." And while he talked, there was that dreaming look in his eyes that she had learned to know.

that only part of him had come back. been, of late, a trifle fine-drawn and Part of him remained out there in the testy as to temper. bleak places of the earth, where the tents huddled white in the plains and

She sat in her bed-stitting-room, sewing her trousseau. Sewing pretty things for herself again, as she had

"Only these," said Maive, "are more

It was when Geoffry was sitting with her one day, over tea, that she had one of those tiresome fainting fits. And it took her rather longer than usual to come round.

in the end she had to go to a special-Maive looked at him, trying to see ist in Harley Street to please him. Laughing at him for his fussiness, she went. Silly fainting fits that did nobody any harm. It was childish to see a doctor about a thing like that.

sighed wistfully. She went in, laughing. It seemed several years later, and they were sitting in her room. She had made tea, but neither of them had touched it. Really it was the same afternoon. Geoffry sat with his lean, brown hands knotted loosely between

his knees, looking at her. "Don't worry, darling. I'll give it all up. I'll chuck the Army and stay at home. I can retire. We'll live in the South of France, and you'll soon

She couldn't believe it. The doctor, she said, must be wrong. "I've always been strong as a horse. Look at the things I have done."

"You haven't looked after yourself properly." He spoke almost accusingly. "He says you haven't had proper food or taken reasonable care of yourself. Darling, why didn't you, when you knew so well you belonged to me all the time? To work too hard-and neglect yourself-and the result is

He gazed down at his knotted hands. He wasn't reproaching her, but it was a tragedy. For he was a man with a future.

Maive thought of those Scotch winds and the noble family who lived mainly on nuts. She remembered that vicarage, where they never had the right number of maids, and the Vicar counted the potatoes and measured the joint with a tape measure. One could, of course, account for it all if one wished to.

He held her in his arms. "Don't worry, darling. I'll send in my papers. I'll stay at home," he

Very tender and kind he was to her, but she could not help seeing that he thought she had been rather a fool. And when they were together, would watch him, sunk in one of silences, that dreaming look in his eyes, when she knew that he saw the white tents from afar off and heard

would always be hearing that bugle Maive laughed softly to herself, but her eyes were wet. "It was beauti-ful," she whispered. "But it wasn't

serviceable." And suddenly she wanted Jack's comfortable and unromantic shoulder to cry on. His hair wasn't the kind she admired, and she had never liked brown eyes. I can not begin to explain it, but she wanted him. She was rather frightened at being ill, and one thing and another, and she did not feel she could go on being frightened without Jack. Not glamorous, he wasn't. Not part of any wonderful dream. But awfully necessary when you were in trouble.

She sat up very late, writing to Geoffry.
"Don't answer, dear," she said. "It will make it easier for both of us. It was wonderful, and I can not ever explain even to myself what it was. But it wasn't the sort of love that is much use for every day. And I can't spoil your whole life—for it would be spoil-

ing it, no matter what you say.' He did not answer it. He was a man with a future. The next thing she heard of him was that he had been ordered back to his regiment in Khartoum. The day she saw that in the paper, she went to Hazler's Copse. She had not written to Jack. It was so difficult to know what to say. But there had been nights when she lay awake, cold with terror. What was it

Mr. Charlesworth had said? "I dare say, toward the end, she would have come to me. But I was set in my habits then, and didn't want to make a change."

If Jack had come to that state of

mind, what would she do? She went to Hazler's Copse by an afternoon train and left her bag at the inn. It was getting dusk. A few leaves drifted down from the golden trees like fairy ships at sea. Rags

untidily about the sky.

She passed the little house where as a girl, she had sat sewing beside Aunt Jill. Through her mind there ran the lines Aunt Jill had been so fond of reading:

of the early autumn sunset still hung

"Who is the Potter, pray? And who the Pot?" Perhaps the answer to that is not quite so easy as we have imaginedjust as life itself has not been nearly

so easy as we imagined. "I wanted it all crepe de chine and

Jack was walking in his garden, alone. A little thicker-set and more middle-aged than when she had first known him, and that tawny, unruly hair was streaked with gray, but not one whit more amenable for that.

The thick grass muffled her footsteps until she stood beside him. What he had heard—what he had guessed-what he had hoped for, one can never know, but they had noticed

He had come back. But she knew in the village that the doctor had

He started when he saw her. "There is a late nightingale sings

She said: "Jack. It-didn't wear, dear. Do you understand?"

He understood. Away down Hazler's Copse that been a thing of beauty.

sewed them long ago, while Aunt Jill late nightingale burst into song. They

"I stole that the night of her first read by the shaded light of the lamp. are said to sing louder there than anywhere else in England.—From The Good Housekeeper.

Wild Flowers Which Require Protection.

to the State law governing the taking dian field peas and \$37.76 per acre of wild flowers, shrubs and trees from corn last year at the Edgeley from lands belonging to others, and presents herewith a list of such growths as are recommended for especial protection. The list is prepared by the Pennsylvania Chapter, Wild

Flower Preservation Society. Trees and Shrubs Needing Protec-Judas Tree, American Holly, Moun- June. tain Laurel, Pinxter Flower or Pink Azalea, Black Alder or Winterberry.

Ferns Needing Protection.—Maidenhair, Christmas Holly, Evergreen Christmas festoons and wreaths.

The various lilies, wild orchids, per pound. Wood Anemone, Liverwort or Hepatica, Bloodroot, Indian Turnip (Jackin-the-Pulpit), Spring Beauty, Yellow Adder's Tongue, Virginia Cowslip, Marsh Marigold, Columbine, Pitcher Plant, Foam Flower, Bishop's Cat, Bittersweet, Bird Foot Violet, Pipsissewa, Spotted Wintergreen, Trailing Ashutter Charles and Parket Plant College (1997). ing Arbutus, Shooting Star, Wild Blue Phlox, Closed Gentian, Fringed Gentian, Butterfly Weed, Cardinal

Plants Which Can Be Picked With Impunity.—Yellow Buttercup, Blue Violet, Dandelion, Ox-eye Daisy, St. John's Wort, Chicory, Bouncing Bet, Bindweed, Horsenettle, Japanese Honeysuckle, all Asters and Goldenrods. If material is needed for large botanical classes, for nature study, for decorative purposes, it should be taken from gardens, greenhouses and nurseries, and if gathered in the open which, after permission is given, no one would gainsay.

500-Mile Alaska Trail Marked By Willow Trees.

One of the most remarkable instances of native ingenuity discovered in northern Alaska is a posted trail, 500 miles long, through an unusually desolate region of the Illiam-

na Lake district. The trail is marked for its entire length by posts made of willow trees, sank deep into the ground. Nearly every post has sprouted out and grown into a large tree. Every now and then along the route native characters and English words denote distances from various camps and vilthe bugles calling him through the lages. The important cannery towns of Togiak and Nushagak are situated

along the marked trail. The long willow guide highway was built something after the poll tax system. Each summer any native traveling along the route was expected to set as many willow posts as his time might permit. Often for small offenses natives were fined to set wil-

low posts. Today the willow lined trail serves during summer for a mail route and a stage line follows its circuitous wandering. But in mid-winter when the snow lies deep the dog sledges are al-ways certain of the location by the silver coated willow branches, and the leader dogs instinctively know that to follow the tree lined trail means a sure swift end of the journey.

Sixty-Four Years Old, Garden Blooms

Again. Its design dating from the time it was laid out in 1862, the flower gar-den in front of the botany building of The Pennsylvania State College continues to vie with the many beauty spots of the campus for the visitors'

admiration. The famous old garden was designed by Dr. Horace B. Enos and planted by some of Penn State's first agricultural students. Pictures showing the students in the act of planting the first garden now hang in the botany building which was built 15 years

later, in 1887. Continual care and planting insure blooming flowers throughout the spring and summer. The flowers grown are used by the botany depart-

ment for classroom purposes. While many suggestions have been made to replace the old garden with modern landscape architecture, members of the botany department prize the garden too highly to permit its destruction.

New Refractor Keeps Street Lamps' Glare From Uneasy Sleepers.

Uneasy sleepers who are annoyed by street lights shining into their eyes will be glad to know that a recently developed refractor keeps a street light from the upper stories of dwellings, comments the Pennsylvania Public Service information committee. Street lighting units have been completed, which will give each street the precise kind of illumination it needs. Main business streets will filmy lace," said Maive, and she laughed with wet eyes. "Aunt Jill was right. It didn't wear." have their "White Way" lights of high intensity. Secondary business streets will have less brilliant and have their "White Way" lights of more definitely directed illumination. Residential sections will have lights whose rays shine where they are most needed.

> The new type of refractor permits light to be directed mostly on the street and partly on the sidewalk, but only a small part of the illumination is allowed to fall upon the house-front and none upon the upper

FARM NOTES.

-At this time of year the seed stalks of rhubarb are starting to develop. To throw the strength of the plant into leaf and root development, these should be broken out as fast as they appear. There is little value to rhubarb seed as a means of propagation of the plant, since from the seed of one plant you may get a dozen dif-

ferent types of rhubarb.

—Dairy calves should be carefully and liberally fed. Well-fed calves develop into large and more efficient cows than do those which are stunted when young. If doubtful as to methods in feeding get a bulletin on the subject from the county agricultural agent.

Recently this paper called attention turns of \$18.65 per acre from Canasubstation, according to a report made by Superintendent O. A. Thompson to P. F. Trowbridge, director of the North Dakota experiment station. The return was considered especially good in view of the fact that the field peas were badly damaged by untion .- Flowering Dogwood, Redbud or favorable weather during May and

The average daily gain per hog for 129 hogs was 1.16 pounds on the peas, 6.22 acres furnishing pasture for eight days. The hogs were then turn-Wood, Spinulose Wood, the various ed in a ten-acre corn field, where they clubmosses (Lycopodium) used for made a daily average gain of 1.7. made a daily average gain of 1.7 wild Flowers Needing Protection. pounds each for 17 days. The value of the gains was computed at 10 cents

An outbreak of hog cholera would be peculiarly unfortunate, be-cause hogs look like good property, and farmers need all they can get out of them. A dead hog pays neither interest nor taxes. Dr. R. A. Craig of Purdue university notes the existence of some cholera in Indiana and urges precautions against its spread. The warning is particularly timely because, as he says, "vaccination of hogs against cholera has not been practiced generally. Herds haven't been vaccinated because there wasn't much cholera-which is just the time to be on watch. When cholera is prevalent everybody is on guard and no warning is needed.

Doctor Craig advises farmers to be on the lookout for sick hogs, to warn neighbors of the existence of cholera, to be especially careful at silo filling time on account of the exchange of fields and woods should be confined to the troublesome weeds the removal of which, after permission is given, no nosis of hog cholera will result in saving a large percentage of the herd if vaccination is practiced," he points out. And, he might have added, will stop the spread of the disease in the neighborhood, and so save many thousands of dollars.

—Pastures for pigs are practically necessary in profitable pork produc-tion successful Centre county hog-growers have found. In the State at large the same experience has been had by leading swine men. All but four of the 121 ton litters produced in Penna, last year were supplied with ing period. This helped materially keeping the cost of production down to 7.3 cents a pound and indicated that most successful hog growers in Penna. realize the value of good pasture in producing pork profitably.

The ton litter record disclosed another important and interesting fact: in practically every pasture the pigs had either alfalfa, red clover, sweet clover or Dwarf Essex rape. These are the four best hog pasture crops in this State. An acre of good alfalfa, red clover or rape should take care of at least 20 pigs during the five summer months and these pigs should gain at least 100 pounds each during the time or a total gain of around 2000 pounds of pork. If we save 133 pounds of grain on each 100 pounds of pork produced this would be a saving of 2660 pounds of grain which at 2 cents a pound is worth \$53.20, a good profit from an acre of land. Compared with the income from oats and other cultivated crops this return shows the value of the pasture crop. It does not have to be cultivated or harvested and the fertility is left

scattered on the fields where needed. -In reviewing some of the experiment station sheep-feeding tests it is interesting to note that in practically every case corn silage has prov-ed valuable sheep ration. While these station reports are given wide circulation, it is doubtful if the rank and file sheep feeders know the true value of corn silage as a ration. It is with this thought in mind that I am recording some of the recent sheep-feeding tests, writes A. L. Haecker in the Iowa Farmer.

Indiana experiment station compared hay with silage for sheep, and with a thorough test covering three years, found silage economical as a sheep ration. They were able to get larger and cheaper gains on both ewes and lambs by feeding silage with hay than with hay alone. In the Iowa test they found corn

silage greatly lowered the cost of feeding both ewes and lambs. some tests the silage group cost half as much as the hay and grain group. At the Colorado experiment station, silage was compared with hay in feeding lambs and ewes, and the result of the experiment showed the silagefed group gave four pounds more gain than the group that was led hay alone. The lambs from the silage-fed ewes were larger and stronger. Corn silage was made to pay a value of \$6.80 per ton for wintering ewes. This would give a profit on silage of \$2.80 per ton, basing \$4 per ton as cost of silage. With a 100-ton silo this would allow the sheep feeder \$280 profit on his siloed corn over and above corn harvested for grain alone. The Michigan experiment station

has thoroughly tested out the feeding of corn silage to lambs and ewes, and in all cases found silage a valuable and economical ration. Farmers keeping sheep or intending to feed sheep would do well to look into these recent experiments. We are likely to see an increase in the growing of sheep in this country, and economic feeding is the most important item of the business.