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OCTOBER.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight,
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle, golden freighting,
Bright leaves sift noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting.

When comrades seek sweet country haunts
By twos and twos together,
And count like miners, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

SECRET OF THE WELL.

The study door opened softly. Christopher Schuyler finished the sentence he was writing, and then looked up.

The dimpled, rosy and altogether welcome face of his bride of a week confronted him.

"You said you would be ready in half an hour," said she, reproachfully, "and its more than an hour."

Dimples and roses then betook themselves outside the door once more, and Mr. Schuyler, suddenly remembering that he had promised to drive with his wife that afternoon, wiped his pen on the wiper which nature provides all but bald-headed men, turned his manuscript face down, slammed a paperweight upon it, and rushed, hastily after the departed one, shouting:

"All right, darling; soon as I find my hat!"

"I propose not to have a hat-tree in every room in this house," observed the young lady, while Mr. Schuyler was frantically instituting an unavailing search for some kind, any kind, of head-gear. She then contemptuously bent one finger at a bust of Schopenhauer, and Schuyler, with an exclamation of relief, captured from the philosopher a soft felt hat and adorned his own head with it without much loss of time.

But does any one suppose that the preparations were over?

"Button my glove," ordered the head of the family, and her husband obeyed.

"Oh, my veil! Chris, dear, its on the dressing case," and Chris, dear, went upstairs two steps at a time after it.

"But that isn't the right one Chris! Would you have me wear a terra cotta veil with a Nile green hat? Heavens!"

The catastrophe averted, there was still a parasol to subdue, a wandering ribbon to reduce to order, and curls about, above and around her ears to arrange in a more orderly, but not less coquettish manner.

"You hear the whispered words she hears,
You little ringlets round her ears."

chanted her bond slave, and lifted his mistress to her seat in the carriage, bestowing a hug and receiving a pinch on the way.

"Where shall we go, sweetest?" said he.

"Let us go where you have often promised to drive me, but never did, faithless man," she answered. "To the ancestral halls of the Schuylers."

"As you like, but I warn you, Winifred, they are now the ancestral halls of the Murphys, Sullivans, O'Tooles and O'Briens. The Schuylers haven't lived there for fifty years, for when the mills were built in Schuylertown the hands took possession of all the waste land anywhere about, and ended by swarming into the mansion itself."

"No matter, I want to go there, just the same. And on the way you can tell me all the legends connected with the old house. Didn't you say it was 200 years old?"

"Or thereabouts," said he, declining to commit himself.

"Wasn't there ever a murder or suicide or something equally shocking in it? Come, freeze my young blood at once with the most unpleasant tradition you can think of! Wasn't there a bloody crime, and somebody hanged?"

"No Schuyler was ever hanged that I know of," said Christopher, "but doubtless, there are many, even now, who richly deserve it. Concerning legends, I can tell you about 'Dancing Damaris!' how delicious!"

"And about old Syrenia Schuyler who was a witch in the days when witches were fashionable."

"Ah, my blood is already commencing to congeal," said Winifred, comfortably settling back.

"Old Syrena lived and died in the house where we are going. She must have been an uncomfortable person by all accounts. Her neighbors each side of her had to give up tying their cattle in the stalls, because by her magic power they became unloosed as fast as the farmers tied them. Once she was far away from home and found it needful to return to get a piece of cloth she had left behind her. She retraced her steps and was gone only a few minutes bringing the cloth. Another time some boys near the Schuyler house treed a squirrel, the largest they had ever seen. They shot at it a number of times, but failed to hit it. Finally they left it and were going away, when it ran down out of the tree and turned into a large striped cat. The cat ran before them and they began to pelt it with stones, but the stones made no more impression on the cat than the shot did on the squirrel. The cat ran through a closed window into the Schuyler house, and immediately after old Syrena looked out of the window at the boys, who took to their heels with great unanimity. The theory is, of course, that Syrena took the form of both squirrel and cat."

"Dear old Syrena!" murmured Winifred.

"But that isn't all about Syrena. She might have lived in ease and comfort, but she wouldn't. She owned farms and let them, but never would collect her rents or any other bills, and when people called to pay her, she would not let them into the house, or she would throw the money out of the door. Of course she lived alone; witches always do, you know, except for cats"—

"And squirrels," amended Winifred.

"And a person going to see her one cold day found her starved, frozen and dying. The neighbors came to care for her, and she died that night, but in the midst of a terrible racket. Loud voices and footsteps were heard, shouts in the woods near by and echoes of horses galloping, and in the houses dishes rattled bells rang, the tongs and poker conversed, and whispers, mysterious rattlings, and rustlings continued till poor old Syrena was laid in her grave, where she has peacefully rested ever since, I hope."

"And doesn't her ghost appear, I beg leave to inquire?"

"Never did, I believe. That was reserved for Dancing Damaris."

"Oh! delightful. Now tell me all about Dancing Damaris."

"I think Dancing Damaris first appeared on the scene more than 100 years ago. She was an active little mulatto girl and where the Madame Schuyler of that day got her I'm sure I don't know, but she must have frequently regretted the acquisition. She danced, danced everywhere, on her way to church—and no such solemn dances as David danced before the ark, either—bringing in the dinner, on the lawn in front of the drawing room windows when illustrious guests were assembled on her way to the well—for Dancing Damaris's principal duty was fetching in the water.

"As a faithful biographer I am compelled to admit that she fulfilled this duty wretchedly; of course, you might know so many jigs and hornpipes frequently interfered with an overflowing water bucket, and in a trying moment my respected ancestor, Madam Schuyler, observed that it would give her great satisfaction if Damaris should happen to get drowned in the well. This accident really occured, the active little mulatto being discovered dead in the water within twenty-four hours after Madam Schuyler had thus relieved her mind. It wasn't good-by to Damaris, however. Soon the servants began to make complaints among themselves, and it coming to the ears of the mistress, she summoned them to her in a body, and by strict questioning heard some strange stories. Damaris still danced about the well o' nights and the living feared to go for water. Some had seen her dancing along the ridgepole of the house; others had not seen her, but had heard her familiar double shuffle rapping over the oaken floor, and her loud, rapid giggle night after night.

"Those who saw her said she was a most unpleasant person to meet suddenly on a dark night, especially if one's conscience wasn't quite easy. Her garments dripped, her eyes goggled and rolled, her complexion was any ashy purple, and her incessant dancing was accompanied by threatening and beckoning gestures. Mme. Schuyler said she didn't believe a word of it, but nevertheless she took to burning night lights and had a servant sleep in her room. One day she took a water pitcher and went to the well herself and was not seen to return, and when search was made the old lady was found at the bottom of the well. When the dead woman was drawn from the water, it being then after dark, Damaris's malevolent chuckle and giggle were heard by the workers, and, of course, it was said that she had pushed her mistress into the well. For many years it was rumored that the mulatto's light fantastic toe haunted the well, and a little later Schuyler dug a new well and filled up the old one to destroy the superstition of Dancing Damaris."

"That was most unkind, I'm sure, when we meet with so few really reliable haunted places," breathed Winifred regretfully.

"And here is the house," said Christopher, drawing rein suddenly.

It had indeed been a fair mansion of yore. It was large, it was lofty, manywindowed, and with ample wings extending to the sides and rear. The front entrance was still imposing, for the great door swinging open to admit its many occupants, showed a deep hall with oaken beams and a wide and winding staircase with hollow steps, which, once trod by belles and beaux in the olden time now re-echoed to the heavy tread of the weary mill hand or his hard-working wife. At this time of day the place swarmed with children, some of whom bloomed with a beauty not exceeded by any Schuyler of them all.

"Will you get out and go through the house?" asked Christopher.

"No—no, I think not;" faintly answered Winifred. "It would destroy my ideal. I can now imagine anything I like about it. Drive on, do. Oh, what a em—!" and she buried her face in her handkerchief. From within the handkerchief came a remonstrative voice. "Aren't you going to tell me any more stories about it?"

"There are no more, my dear."

"Why, I know better," said Winifred indignantly. "Wasn't there ever a hidden treasure, concealed diamonds, boxes of gold, gems rich and rare, secreted for some lucky heir to discover?"

"By George!" said Christopher suddenly, "I wish I could find Uncle John's money!"

"There; didn't I say there were other legends that you'd remember if you tried?"

"But this," explained her husband, "is distinctly modern. It only dates back forty or fifty years."

"Well?" was Winifred's only reply, in her most eager, coaxing manner, and so winsome was she that Christopher first looked around to see if there was any danger of detection, and then took a hasty kiss.

"You see," he commenced, much refreshed by the interlude, "my grandfather had a half-brother. Everybody called him Uncle John. Most of his life was spent at sea, but when he was nearly 60 years old he came, poor and sick, to grandfather for a home. Uncle John was a physical wreck. Nobody supposed he could live more than a month or two, but as a matter of fact care and attention prolonged his life for fifty years. When he lay dying he called my father, then a boy of 12 or so, and confided to him the fact that he had $3,000 somewhere, and it was to become my father's property at Uncle John's death. But this was absolutely all he told. The whereabouts of the money he failed to cummunicate, for some reason or other; perhaps he had kept it secret so long he could not bear to part with it. He died a few hours later, and no one but my father ever believed that Uncle John had a cent. There was some search made—not much—but nothing was ever found."

"Chris," said Winifred, after a pause, "if that money where found to whom would it belong?"

"To you, darling, responded the infatuated man.

"Do you mean, truly, that it would be legally yours?"

"I'm the very fellow."

"Then, Christopher Schuyler, you must set about finding it at once."

"Most happy, I'm sure, but if the united intellects of the past generation couldn't study up what had become of it, I don't see much chance for me."

"What shameful indifference to a plain duty," sighed Winifred. "Were Uncle John's clothes all ripped to pieces? His pocketbook picked apart? His books carefully looked over leaf by leaf? The walls of his room sounded? His——"

"And his house torn down, the garden dug up and the nearest pond dragged," interrupted Christopher with a great laugh, as they stopped in front of their own door, and he lifted his wife out of the carriage with the same formalities which were observed in putting her in.

So reprehensible was Christopher's indifference that several days elapsed before it occurred to him to say to Winifred, who was hanging about him, pressing his hair, disarranging his desk putting a flower in his button hole, and otherwise distracting his attention from the manuscript he was attempting to copy. "By the way, this was Uncle John's desk."

"And you never told me before?" cried Winifred, flying out of the chair on which she had temporarily perched. "How do you know that Uncle John's money isn't in it, in some secret drawer, perhaps, opening with a concealed spring?"

"I went through all that nonsense when I was a boy" replied Mr. Schuyler loftily. "I, too, fancied I should be the hero to solve the mystery, and begged my father to let me search for secret springs and hidden drawers and the rest of the trash, but of course, I never found any. Father was very sure, however, that Uncle John meant what he said," he added, musingly.

"Yet there may be a secret in the old desk which you haven't discovered," murmured Winifred, walking around the desk with a gaze as fixed as if she expected a secret drawer to fly out at her.

She sat down on the floor and began to pull out the drawers one by one. Each was palpably honest and contained no hidden receptacle, though she searched above, below, behind all. She restored them to their places with a sigh, and sat down in front of it. Christopher looked at her and laughed.

"How mercenary!" said he. "What cupidity!"

"Mercenary! Indeed I am! I would walk a mile for $3,000!"

"Now my feelings are quite different. I would indeed like to know the fate of the shekels, but only in the spirit of the Yankee who lost a cent and spent three days hunting for it, and when twitted about it, said he didn't care nothin' 'bout the cent, but he'd like to know where the darned thing went to."

"Chris," said Winifred peering over a large picture which was glued to the inside of the desk lid, "isn't that funny? See this long waisted lady talking to the sworded gallants, her hair isn't much longer than theirs; and see this horse walking with his hind legs and trotting, no, galloping—with his forelegs. And the the ship in the background, apparently stranded in a sylvan grove, but I suppose we are expected to understand that this brook in the foreground winds round through these woods and in the course of a few minutes's walk becomes many miles wide and deep enough to float a large ship.

"And what an odd old inscription: 'A view of Exton park, belonging to the Rt. Houble, the earl of Gainesborough, to whom this plate is inscribed by his lordship's most dutiful and most obedt servt, T. Smith.' I suppose this is T. Smith sitting on the bank with a sketching book in his hand, absorbing at his leisure the lovely effects of the deer, the waterfall, the row-boat on the river and the castle in the background. I see that the fashion of docking horses tails is not at all modern, for these poor things have their tails docked, and the picture is dated October, 1764. Do you suppose it is really as old as that?"

"Very likely."

"Chris," continued she, "this picture is a curiosity. Let's have it framed."

"Certainly, if you wish."

"I will unglue it carefully and you shall take it in town for a suitable frame and glass, and I will hang it—let me see—in the upper hall between the windows."

"As my lady pleases."

His lady forwith pleased herself by ordering hot water and various cloths and towels and sponges, and with these appliances went through a process of soaking and loosening the picture, which left its old quarters with some reluctance. She finally lifted it daintily by its moistened edges and laid it, time-stained, yellow, but unharmed, on the table. At the moment she did this she saw another paper, also yellow and time-stained, which the removal of the picture had brought to light.

"What is that?" inquired Chris.

Winifred carefully smoothed out her picture before glancing at her husband. He was standing entirely motionless, looking at the paper.

"Winifred," he said, "I believe you're a witch!"

"Certainly," said Winifred; "can you doubt it?"

"This paper unless I am attacked by softening of the brain, which seems to me very probable, was secreted by Uncle John and tells the whereabouts of the debatable money."

"Really, Chris? Really? I don't believe it."

"Listen to what the old gentleman says: 'As I have a comfortable home and am in no present need of money, I shall put three thousand dollars in gold at the bottom of the well of Dancing Damaris, which my half-brother is now filling up. At my death, when this paper will be found, the money shall go to Christopher Schuyler. Signed John Vandewater Schuyler.' The spelling is phonetic. Can this be authentic? Winifred, is this a hoax you have arranged for my benefit?"

"I?" said Winifred, indignantly. "How can you say such a thing?"

"How absurd it would be for me to go hunting up a well that disappeared from sight fifty years ago."

"No matter, you must do it," cried Winifred. "But suppose there has been a house built over it! All sorts of things may have occurred since then!"

"I happen to know that the site of the old well is nearly if not quite in the middle of old Mr. Murphy's potato patch."

"Dreadfully unromantic!" sighed Winifred. "But, oh! to relieve my mind do, dear Chris, go and dig!"

"To dig I am ashamed, I must confess, for such a purpose in the nineteenth century, but I shall never know peace if I don't, for I shall always think—there laid a fortune to my hand and I would not grasp it?"

"Oh, yes, of course you must investigate!"

As a side issue the tale of Christopher's dealings with Mr. Murphy became a standing joke with the young couple. The astute son of Erin, who could neither read nor write, nevertheless succeeded in obtaining double the worth of his potato patch from the young man, who deemed it best to purchase the land before digging in it.

Then one day the daily papers related a romantic tale of the discovery of certain hidden treasures in an old unused well. The types set the amount at a very large sum, but Christopher and Winifred knew it was neither more nor less than the sum mentioned by Uncle John; yet a not inconsiderable addition to the income of the poor storywright.

"Winifred," said to Christopher one day, "how does it happen that you do not inquire about the landscape you wanted framed?"

"I forgot it," confessed Winifred. "When one becomes unexpectedly possessed of a fortune, one forgets lesser things."

Chris took his wife by the hand, led her to a sofa, sat down beside her with his arm around her and with her head on his shoulder (let it not be forgotten, as some palliation of this conduct that, they were lately married) thus related:

"When I took the landscape to be framed the dealer asked various questions about it, and finally said he would like to keep it a few weeks to show in his window. I forgot all about it till to-day, when I happened to think of it and went after it. He then told me this picture is one of a set of twelve; the other eleven belong to a museum in the city, and they are anxious to complete the set, and will pay you as many hundreds as Uncle John left thousands. Now, darling, it rests with you. You shall have your picture back or the money—choose?"

"What beautiful romantic things happen to one when one marries, especially if one marries a Schuyler," said Winifred.

"And will you sell this picture, dearie?"

"My poverty, but not my will, consents," said she.

"And what will you do with the money and with Uncle John's money, you grasping little thing?"

"Since the old Schuyler house of your ancestors has passed away from us forever, let us make the beginning of a new Schuyler house, only on a smaller scale."

"And then perhaps we may be ancestors ourselves some time," said Chris reflectively.

Devil Quotations.

Devil take the hindmost—Hudibras.

Give the devil his due.—Shakespeare.

The devil has his elect.—Thomas Carlyle.

He must nedes go that the dyvell dryveth.—"All's Well."

Go, poor devil. Get the gone!—"Tristram Shandy," Volume 2.

The bane of all that dread the devil.—Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy."

The devil did grin for his darling sin.—Coleridge's "Devil's thoughts."

Tell the truth and shame the devil.—Shakespeare, "King Henry IV."

If thou hast no name to be known by let us call thee devil.—Shakespeare.

The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape.—Shakespeare "Hamlet."

Oh, shame to men, devil with devil damned!—Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Abashed the devil stood and felt how awful goodness is.—"Paradise Lost."

Seem the saint when most I play the devil.—Used by both Shakespeare and Milton.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.—Shakespeare, "Merchant of Venice."

God sends meats, and the devil sends cooks.—Garrick's Epigram on "Retaliation."

He must have a long spoon that eats with the devil.—Chaucer's "Squiere's Tale."

No man means evil but the devil, and we shall take him by his horns.—Shakespeare.

The devil hath not an arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.—Byron's "Don Juan."

That one hunting which the devil designed—Dryden' "Theodore and Lenora."

Stole the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in.—Pollock's "Course of Time."

There are few better razor straps than can be made from a remnant of old leather belting that has revolved long beneath a dripping of oil from machinery. A razor first strapped on such a strip of leather and then upon a piece of calfskin is easily kept in good order.

A Jog Through N. E. Kansas.

BY J. A. G.

Toward the latter end of August myself and wife decided on a trip eastward through the north tier of counties, this state.

I will mention names familiar to many of the HERALD's readers. Names of parties who followed Greeley's advice; came west years ago made for them selves homes, and grew up with the country.

Our first day's drive was across Phillips county, passing through Logan, Marvin and Kirwin, then north to Kensington. On our approach we encountered a dust storm which obstructed our view. We urged our team forward to gain shelter. We had barely cleared the railroad crossing when the western bound train came whizzing by, missing the rear end of our carriage by a few feet. We had reached shelter none too soon, as the fury of the gale increased it brought showers of hail and rain. A frequent saying is "it never rains in Kansas," but parties who witnessed this rain as it fell in torrents, flooding the streets in ten minutes time, became rather skeptical as regards this assertion.

The towns we passed through were of minor importance, excepting Kerwin. This town is known by all the first settlers of this county; as here was located the land office. Here many land contests were decided, titles perfected and patents granted to homesteaders.

Our second day's drive took us across Smith into Jewell county to Barr Oak, this being one of our objective points. Here we found located H. L. Horner and S. Forney. The latter being fortunate in the capture of a Somerset county girl in the person of Ada Horner, now Forney. While here we had a pleasant visit with these young families. Mr. Horner is engaged in the hardware and implement business. This firm also has the agency for the Air Motor wind mills, for which there is a great demand. He is assisted by Mr. Forney, who erects the towers and puts the mills in running order. Our Kansas farmers realize the economy in utilizing the winds for motive power instead of exhausting muscle in operating a hand pump.

Leaving Barr Oak we crossed Jewell, Republic, Washington and Warshall into Nemaha county, passing through their respective county seats. The public buildings compare favorably with those of older states in architecture, being constructed on the modern improved plans. Among the most prominent are the school buildings, they being commodious and attractive.

On nearing Brown county we made inquiry for Pennsylvanians, and found to our delight we were in their midst. We were directed to Pennsylvania Avenue to find the Somerset county people. This was easily found, as this is to Brown county what Pennsylvania Avenue is to Washington, D. C., a thoroughfare through one of the best communities of the county, hemmed in by groves, evergreens, fruit trees and stately mansions. The surroundings denote thrift, energy and comfort, many of the farmers being on the retired list enjoying the fruits of their labors, while the farm work moves along through the energy of the son or substitute.

On this avenue we first passed the farm and residence of Wm. M. Lichty, who was away on a visit to Black Hawk county, Iowa. Next, to my surprise, I found Comrade U. S. Kregar. He is enjoying single blessedness, having his farm cropped by a tenant. One-half mile farther on we found found Mahlon Fike snugly located. As it was near the hour they would have us partake of their hospitality. We spent several hours very pleasantly chatting about bygone days. A little farther on lives C. Keim, who was engaged in making cider. Here we were cordially invited to test the virtue of this beverage. The next farm beyond is also occupied by a Pennsylvanian named Pollin. Just east of this is located A. M. Schaulis on the north, and John Hoover on the opposite side. Mr. Hoover, a brother of Edward, the sheriff, is a true type of the Pennsylvanian, social and unassuming. He has made for himself and family a home they may well be proud of. The lowing of cattle denote his vocation. He deals extensively in stock, feeding, buying and selling. We found A. M. Schaulis the same Alex he was twenty-five years ago, though favored by fortune and surrounded by conveniences, which he justly deserves, he still superintends his affairs with diligence. His well filled barns and spacious cribs of corn show that he is no idle dreamer; while he appreciates the dollar he is not neglectful of the comforts of life, as his surroundings show. While here we made his home our headquarters. In this immediate vicinity lives our friend Mahlon Miller, nicely located on one of Brown countie's best farms, having thereon a beautiful grove of native timber, a live stream of sparkling water and a beautiful fish pond well stocked with the finny tribe. His is a Kansas farm with eastern environments.

Farther on we found Ephraim M. Schaulis, the Beacheys', Saylors', Livengoods' and many others who hailed from Somerset county. Every where we called we were treated with due respect.

My next visit was Morrill. Unexpectedly the first to greet me was Norman Musselman, who had come from Falls City on official business relative to the Falls City *Journal*, he being publisher and proprietor of that paper. His first inquiry was; have you seen Dan Lichty? My reply was no, I have not seen him for thirty-three years. I was soon ushered into his presence, and recognized in him an old teacher and friend. Mr. Lichty escorted me to his pretty home and exacted a promise of a future visit which was complied with a few days later. We spent the day very pleasantly. But my advice is, don't visit him if your time is limited, or you may miss the train, as we came near doing. He will talk east or west, English or Dutch, pioneer or retired, as "he has been there." He is listed with the latter, yet a man of his temperament cannot abandon his former avocation very readily. If you desire he will locate or sell you a farm, but does not solicit patronage.

From Morrill we went to Cameron, Missouri, via Hiawatha, near which place are located Frank Sipe and Ezra Trent. Mr. Trent's farm is one among the best: by industry and perseverance he has achieved success. To Mr. Sipe is accredited the honor of being the owner of a number of the finest horses in the State

On our arrival at Cameron we visited C. P. Lint and family, consisting of wife, son, and Joseph Rhodes, Sr., who is permanently located here. Mr. Rhodes thinks the climate of Missouri is well adapted to a man well up in years. He found the winters of Illinois too severe and the western coast too moist. He closed out in part his land interests in Lee county, and reinvested in Cameron and vicinity. Missouri is making rapid strides in enterprise. The moss backs are giving way to the energy of northern influx and capital. The log cabins are superceded by dwellings of modern architecture, while the old rail fences serve as fuel for the heater. This transformation is going on steadily without a boom or relapse. The past business experience of Mr. Rhodes leads him to believe that investments here made will prove profitable and safe.

Missouri has the facilities for future development. The rich soil so well adapted to agriculture and fruit culture, of which there is abundance; her navagable rivers and railroad centres sustain her commercial relations, while the climate is all that could be desired; being modified between extreme cold and scorching heat.

C. P. Lint is engaged in the milling business. His mills are a model of perfection. With the improved rolls and mill machinery he is enabled to produce a grade of flour second to none. His engines also furnish power for the electric plant, located in the mill basement, for the city lights.

As we have reached the east terminus of our trip, we leave our return for another number.

Draining.

Drainage is being studied now by farmers as never before, and in all sections of the country it is becoming a matter of first importance. There are very few farms upon which more or less tiles could not be used with great profit, and as a rule the farmer who begins to drain his farm will be so fully convinced of the benefits derived there from that he will continue putting in drains until he has finished the work on the whole farm. A heavy clay soil can never be farmed to the best purpose unless it is drained and except for special crops, most of mucky and low lying lands are benefited by a thorough system of drainage. A very few sections of the country have a sub-soil that is in such condition that drainage is not necessary. These are the sections where the soil rests on a stratum of gravel that allows the surface water to pass away through underground channels. In some places a stratum of clay lies above the gravel, and this must be cut through before the water can reach its outlet. These places are so few and limited in area that in comparison with the whole country or that part of it where drainage is needed, that they are of little importance in considering the subject.

Drainage acts in two ways. It allows the surplus water to run away quickly, leaving the soil in a shape to be tilled in a short time after heavy rains, and paradoxical as it may seem, it keeps the soil in a condition to retain more moisture than it would if undrained. A hard, compact clay soil that in dry times will become baked and lumpy if not drained, will, when a proper system of drainage is in operation, become loose and friable and retain moisture enough to withstand a drough that will wither crops on low black lands. This is because the drains running through the lands are not only pipes for carrying off water, but they also allow air to penetrate every part of the soil, and this air carries the moisture with it, and results in benefit to the growing crop. It took a long