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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Grand Clearance Sale Of Summer Footwear At BICKEL'S.

We have commenced a grand clearance sale of all summer footwear. We have too many tan shoes and Oxfords and will not carry a pair over. Every pair must be closed out during this sale and will go during this sale at away down prices. So look out for some great shoe bargains at Bickel's.

Men's $5.00 Tan Shoes at	$2.50
Men's $4.00 Tan Shoes at	$2.25
Men's $3.50 Oxford Shoes at	$2.25
Men's $2.50 Oxford Shoes at	$1.50
Ladies' Fine Russett Shoes at	$2.00
Ladies' Fine Russett Shoes at	$1.25
Misses' Fine Russett Shoes at	90c
Misses' Fine Strap Sandal Slippers at	50c
Men's Fine Vici Kid Shoes, Patent Leather Trimed at	$1.25
Men's Fine Tan Coin Toe Shoes at	$1.20
Men's Fine Slippers at	75c
Boy's Fine Slippers at	35c
Ladies' Fine Slippers at	40c
Boy's Fine Tan Shoes at	$1.00
Children's Fine Shoes at	50c

It will pay you to visit this great sale and secure some of the bargains being offered.

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THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY OLIVE SCHREINER

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER XXII.

LYNDALL'S STRANGER.

A fire is burning in the unused hearth of the cabin. The fuel blazes up and lights the black rafters and warms the faded red lions on the quilt and fills the little room with a glow of warmth and light made brighter by contrast, for outside the night is chill and misty.

Before the open fireplace sits a stranger, his tall, slight figure reposing in the broken armchair, his keen blue eyes studying the fire from beneath delicately pencled, drooping eyelids. One white hand plays thoughtfully with a heavy flaxen mustache, yet once he starts, and for an instant the languid lids raise themselves. There is a keen, intent look upon the face as he listens for something. Then he leans back in his chair, fills his glass from the silver flask in his bag and resumes his old posture.

Presently the door opens noiselessly. It is Lyndall, followed by Doss. Quietly as she enters he hears her and turns.

"I thought you were not coming."

"I waited till all had gone to bed. I could not come before."

She removed the shawl that enveloped her, and the stranger rose to offer her his chair, but she took her seat on a low pile of sacks before the window.

"I hardly see why I should be outlawed after this fashion," he said, resenting himself and drawing his chair a little nearer to her. "These are hardly the quarters one expects to find after travelling a hundred miles in answer to an invitation."

"I said, 'Come if you wish.'"

"And I did wish. You give me a cold reception."

"I could not take you to the house. Questions would be asked which I could not answer without prevarication."

"Your conscience is growing to have a certain virgin tenderness," he said in a low, melodious voice.

"I have no conscience. I spoke one deliberate lie this evening. I said the man who had come looked rough. We had best not have him in the house. Therefore I brought him here. It was a deliberate lie, and I hate lies. I tell them if I must, but they hurt me."

"Well, you do not tell lies to yourself at all events. You are candid so far."

She interrupted him.

"You got my short letter?"

"Yes; that is why I come. You sent a very foolish reply. You must take it back. Who is this fellow you talk of marrying?"

"A young farmer."

"Lives here?"

"Yes; he has gone to town to get things for our wedding."

"What kind of a fellow is he?"

"A fool."

"And you would rather marry him than me?"

"Yes, because you are not one."

"That is a novel reason for refusing to marry a man," he said, leaning his elbow on the table and watching her keenly.

"It is a wise one," she said shortly. "If I marry him, I shall shake him off my hand when it suits me. If I remained with him for 12 months, he would never have dared to kiss my hand. As far as I wish he should come he comes and no further. Would you ask me what you might and what you might not do?"

Her companion raised his mustache with a caressing movement from his lip and smiled. It was not a question that stood in need of any answer.

"Why do you wish to enter on this semblance of marriage?"

"Because there is only one point on which I have a conscience. I have told you so."

"Then why not marry me?"

"Because if once you have me you would hold me fast. I shall never be free again." She drew a long, low breath.

"What have you done with the ring I gave you?" he said.

"Sometimes I wear it. Then I take it off and wish to throw it into the fire. The next day I put it on again, and sometimes I kiss it."

"So you do love me a little?"

"If you were not something more to me than any other man in the world, do you think"— She paused. "I love you when I see you, but when you are away from me I hate you."

"Then I fear I must be singularly invisible at the present moment," he said. "Possibly if you were to look less fixedly into the fire you might perceive me."

He moved his chair slightly so as to come between her and the firelight. She raised her eyes to his face.

"If you do love me," he asked her, "why will you not marry me?"

"Because if I had been married to you for a year I should have come to my senses and seen that your hands and your voice are like the hands and the voice of any other man. I cannot quite see that now. But it is all madness. You call into activity one part of my nature. There is a higher part that you know nothing of, that you never touch. If I married you, afterward it would arise and assert itself, and I should hate you always, as I do now sometimes."

"I like you when you grow metaphysical and analytical," he said, leaning his face upon his hand. "Go a little further in your analysis. Say, 'I love you with the right ventricle of my heart, but not the left, and with the left auricle of my heart, but not the right, and, this being the case, my affection for you is not of a duly elevated, intellectual and spiritual nature.' I like you when you get philosophical."

She looked quietly at him. He was trying to turn her own weapons against her.

"You are acting foolishly, Lyndall," he said, suddenly changing his manner and speaking earnestly, "most foolishly. You are acting like a little child. I am surprised at you. It is all very well to have ideals and theories, but you know as well as any one can that they must not be carried into the practical world. I love you. I do not pretend that it is in any high, superhuman sense. I do not say that I should like you as well if you were ugly and deformed, or that I should continue to prize you whatever your treatment of me might be, or to love you though you were a spirit without any body at all. That is sentimentality for beardless boys. Every one not a mere child (and you are not a child, except in years) knows what love between a man and a woman means. I love you with that love. I should not have believed it possible that I could have brought myself twice to ask of any woman to be my wife, more especially one without wealth, without position and who"—

"Yes; go on. Do not grow sorry for me. Say what you were going to—'who has put herself into my power and who has lost the right of meeting me on equal terms.' Say what you think. At least we two may speak the truth to one another."

Then she added, after a pause:

"I believe you do love me, as much as you possibly could love anything, and I believe that when you ask me to marry you you are performing the most generous act you ever have performed in the course of your life or ever will, but, at the same time, if I had required your generosity, it would not have been shown me. If, when I got your letter a month ago, hinting at your willingness to marry me, I had at once written, imploring you to come, you would have read the letter. 'Poor little devil!' you would have said and tore it up. The next week you would have sailed for Europe and have sent me a check for £150, which I would have thrown in the fire, and I would have heard no more of you." The stranger smiled. "But because I declined your proposal, and wrote that in three weeks I should be married to another, then what you call love woke up. Your man's love is a child's love for butterflies. You follow till you have the thing and break it. If you have broken one wing and the thing flies still, then you love it more than ever and follow till you break both. Then you are satisfied when it lies still on the ground."

"You are profoundly wise in the ways of the world. You have seen far into life," he said.

He might as well have sneered at the firelight.

"I have seen enough to tell me that you love me because you cannot bear to be resisted and want to master me. You liked me at first because I treated you and all men with indifference. You resolved to have me because I seemed unattainable. That is all your love means."

He felt a strong inclination to stoop down and kiss the little lips that defied him, but he restrained himself. He said quietly, "And you loved me"—

"Because you are strong. You are the first man I ever was afraid of. And"—a dreamy look came into her face—"because I like to experience, I like to try. You don't understand that."

He smiled.

"Well, since you will not marry me, may I inquire what your intentions are, the plan you wrote of? You asked me to come and hear it, and I have come."

"I said, 'Come if you wish.' If you agree to it, well; if not, I marry on Monday."

"Well."

She was still looking beyond him at the fire.

"I cannot marry you," she said slowly, "because I cannot be tied; but, if you wish, you may take me away with you and take care of me. Then when we do not love any more we can say goodby. I will not go down country," she added. "I will not go to Europe. You must take me to the Transvaal. That is out of the world. People we meet there we need not see again in our future lives."

"Oh, my darling," he said, bending tenderly and holding his hand out to her, "why will you not give yourself entirely to me? One day you will desert me and go to another."

She shook her head without looking at him.

"No; life is too long. But I will go with you."

"When?"

"Tomorrow. I have told them that before daylight I go to the next farm. I will write from the town and tell them the facts. I do not want them to trouble me. I want to shake myself free of these old surroundings; I want them to lose sight of me. You can understand that it is necessary for me."

He seemed lost in consideration. Then he said:

"It is better to have you on those conditions than not at all. If you will have it, let it be so."

He sat looking at her. On her face was the weary look that rested there so often now when she sat alone. Two months had not passed since they parted, but the time had set its mark on her. He looked at her carefully, from the brown, smooth forehead to the little, crossed feet on the floor. A worn look had grown over the little face, and it made its charm for him stronger, for pain and time, which trace deep lines and write a story on a human face, have a strangely different effect on one face and another. The face that is only fair, even very fair, they mar and flaw, but to the face whose beauty is the harmony between that which speaks from within and the form through which it speaks power is added by all that causes the outer man to bear more deeply the impress of the inner. The pretty woman fades with the roses on her cheeks and the girlhood that lasts an hour. The beautiful woman finds her fullness of bloom only when a past has written itself on her, and her power is then most irresistible when it seems going.

From under their half closed lids the keen eyes looked down at her. Her shoulders were bent. For a moment the little figure had forgotten its queenly bearing and drooped wearily. The wide dark eyes watched the fire very softly.

It certainly was not in her power to resist him nor any strength in her that made his own at that moment grow soft as he looked at her.

He touched one little hand that rested on her knee.

"Poor little thing!" he said. "You are only a child."

She did not draw her hand away from his and looked up at him.

"You are very tired?"

"Yes."

She looked into his eyes as a little child might whom a long day's play had saddened.

He lifted her gently up and sat her on his knee.

"Poor little thing!" he said.

She turned her face to his shoulder and buried it against his neck. He wound his strong arm about her and held her close to him. When she had sat for a long while, he drew with his hand the face down and held it against his arm. He kissed it and then put it back in its old resting place.

"Don't you want to talk to me?

"No."

"Have you forgotten the night in the avenue?"

He could feel that she shook her head.

"Do you want to be quiet now?"

"Yes."

They sat quite still, excepting that only sometimes he raised her fingers softly to his mouth.

Doss, who had been asleep in the corner, waking suddenly, planted himself before them, his wiry legs moving nervously, his yellow eyes filled with anxiety. He was not at all sure that she was not being retained in her present position against her will and was not a little relieved when she sat up and held out her hat for the shawl.

"I must go," she said.

The stranger wrapped the shawl very carefully about her.

"Keep it close around your face, Lyndall. It is very damp outside. Shall I walk with you to the house?"

"No. Lie down and rest. I will come and wake you at 3 o'clock."

She lifted her face that he might kiss it, and when he had kissed it once she still held it that he might kiss it again. Then he let her out. He had seated himself at the fireplace when she reopened the door.

"Have you forgotten anything?"

"No."

She gave one long, lingering look at the old room. When she was gone and the door shut, the stranger filled his glass and sat at the table sipping it thoughtfully.

The night outside was misty and damp. The faint moonlight, trying to force its way through the thick air, made darkly visible the outlines of the buildings. The stones and walls were moist, and now and then a drop, slowly collecting, fell from the eaves to the ground. Doss, not liking the change from the cabin's warmth, ran quickly to the kitchen doorstep, but his mistress walked slowly past him and took her way up the winding footpath that ran beside the stone wall of the camps. When she came to the end of the last camp, she threaded her way among the stones and bushes till she reached the German's grave. Why she had come there she hardly knew. She stood looking down. Suddenly she bent and put one hand on the face of a wet stone.

"I shall never come to you again," she said.

Then she knelt on the ground and leaned her face upon the stones.

"Dear old man, good old man, I am so tired!" she said, for we will come to the dead to tell secrets we would never have told to the living. "I am so tired! There is light, there is warmth!" she wailed. "Why am I alone, so hard, so cold? I am so weary of myself! It is eating my soul to its core—self, self, self! I cannot bear this life! I cannot breathe, I cannot live! Will nothing free me from myself?" She pressed her cheek against the wooden post. "I want to love! I want something great and pure to lift me to itself! Dear old man, I cannot bear it any more! I am so cold, so hard, so hard! Will no one help me?"

The water gathered slowly on her shawl and fell on to the wet stones, but she lay there crying bitterly, for so the living soul will cry to the dead and the creature to its God, and of all this crying there comes nothing. The lifting up of the hands brings no salvation. Redemption is from within, and neither from God nor man. It is wrought out by the soul itself with suffering and through time.

Doss, on the kitchen doorstep, shivered and wondered where his mistress staid so long, and once, sitting sadly there in the damp, he had dropped asleep and dreamed that old Otto gave him a piece of bread and patted him on the head, and when he woke his teeth chattered, and he moved to another stone to see if it was drier. At last he heard his mistress' step, and they went into the house together. She lighted a candle and walked to the Boer woman's bedroom. On a nail under the lady in pink hung the key of the wardrobe. She took it down and opened the great press. From a little drawer she took £50, all she had in the world, relocked the door and turned to hang up the key. Then she paused, hesitated. The marks of tears were still on her face, but she smiled.

"Fifty pounds for a lover! A noble reward!" she said and opened the wardrobe and returned the notes to the drawer, where Em might find them.

Once in her own room, she arranged the few articles she intended to take tomorrow, burned her old letters and then went back to the front room to look at the time. There were two hours yet before she must call him. She sat down at the dressing table to wait and leaned her elbows on it and buried her face in her hands. The glass reflected the little brown head with its even parting and the tiny hands on which it rested. "One day I will love something utterly, and then I will be better," she said once. Presently she looked up. The large dark eyes from the glass looked back at her. She looked deep into them.

"We are all alone, you and I," she whispered. "No one helps us; no one understands us. But we will help ourselves." The eyes looked back at her. There was a world of assurance in their still depths. So they had looked at her ever since she could remember, when it was but a small child's face above a blue pinafore. "We shall never be quite alone, you and I," she said. "We shall always be together, as we were when we were little."

The beautiful eyes looked into the depths of her soul.

"We are not afraid. We will help ourselves!" she said. She stretched out her hand and pressed it over them on the glass. "Dear eyes! We will never be quite alone till they part us—till then!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

GREGORY ROSE HAS AN IDEA.

Gregory Rose was in the loft putting it neat. Outside the rain poured. A six months' drought had broken, and the thirsty plain was drenched with water. What it could not swallow ran off in mad rivulets to the great "sloot" that now foamed like an angry river across the flat. Even the little furrow between the farmhouse and the kraals was now a stream, knee deep, which almost bore away the Kaffir women who crossed it. It had rained for 24 hours, and still the rain poured on. The fowls had collected—a melancholy crowd—in and about the wagon house, and the solitary gander, who alone had survived the six months' want of water, walked hither and thither, printing his webbed footmarks on the mud, to have them washed out the next instant by the pelting rain, which at 11 o'clock still beat on the walls and roofs with unabated ardor.

Gregory as he worked in the loft took no notice of it beyond stuffing a sack into the broken pane to keep it out, and, in spite of the pelt and patter, Em's clear voice might be heard through the open trapdoor from the dining room, where she sat at work, singing the "Blue Water"—

"And take me away,
And take me away,
And take me away
To the Blue Water"—

that quaint childish song of the people that has a world of sweetness and sad, vague yearning when sung over and over dreamily by a woman's voice as she sits alone at her work. But Gregory heard neither that nor yet the loud laughter of the Kaffir maids that every now and again broke through from the kitchen, where they joked and worked. Of late Gregory had grown strangely impervious to the sounds and sights about him. His lease had run out, but Em had said: "Do not renew it. I need one to help me. Just stay on." And she had added: "You must not remain in your own little house. Live with me. You can look after my ostriches better so."

And Gregory did not thank her. What difference did it make to him, paying rent or not, living there or not? It was all one. But yet he came. Em wished that he would still sometimes talk of the strength and master right of man, but Gregory was as one smitten on the cheek bone. She might do what she pleased, he would find no fault, had no word to say. He had forgotten that it is man's right to rule. On that rainy morning he had lighted his pipe at the kitchen fire and when breakfast was over stood in the front door watching the water rush down the road till the pipe died out in his mouth. Em saw she must do something for him and found him a large calico duster. He had sometimes talked of putting the loft neat, and today she could find nothing else for him to do. So she had the ladder put to the trapdoor that he need not go out in the wet, and Gregory with the broom and duster mounted to the loft. Once at work, he worked hard. He dusted down the very rafters and cleaned the broken candle molds and bent forks that had stuck in the thatch for 20 years. He placed the black bottles neatly in rows on an old box in the corner and piled the skins on one another and sorted the rubbish in all the boxes, and at 11 o'clock his work was almost done.

He seated himself on the packing case which had once held Waldo's books and proceeded to examine the contents of another which he had not yet looked at. It was carelessly nailed down. He loosened one plank and began to lift out various articles of female attire — old fashioned caps, aprons, dresses with long pointed bodies such as he remembered to have seen his mother wear when he was a little child. He shook them out carefully to see there were no moths and then sat down to fold them up again one by one. They had belonged to Em's mother, and the box as packed at her death had stood untouched and forgotten these long years. She must have been a tall woman, that mother of Em's, for when he stood up to shake out a dress the neck was on a level with his, and the skirt touched the ground. Gregory laid a nightcap out on his knee and began rolling up the strings, but presently his fingers moved slower and slower, then his chin rested on his breast, and finally the imploring blue eyes were fixed on the frill abstractedly. When Em's voice called to him from the foot of the ladder, he started and threw the nightcap behind him.

She was only come to tell him that his cup of soup was ready, and when he could hear that she was gone he picked up the nightcap again and a great brown sun "kapje," just such a "kapje" and such a dress as one of those he remembered to have seen a Sister of Mercy wear. Gregory's mind was very full of thought. He took down a fragment of an old looking glass from behind a beam and put the "kapje" on. His beard looked somewhat grotesque under it. He put up his hand to hide it. That was better. The blue eyes looked out with mild gentleness that became eyes looking out from under a "kapje." Next he took the brown dress and, looking round furtively, slipped it over his head. He had just got his arms in the sleeves and was trying to hook up the back when an increase in the patter of the rain at the window made him drag it off hastily. When he perceived there was no one coming, he tumbled the things back into the box and, covering it carefully, went down the ladder.

Em was still at her work, trying to adjust a new needle in the machine. Gregory drank his soup and then sat before her, an awful and mysterious look in his eyes.

"I am going to town tomorrow," he said.

"I'm almost afraid you won't be able to go," said Em, who was intent on her needle. "I don't think it is going to leave off today."

"I am going," said Gregory.

Em looked up.

"But the 'sloots' are as full as rivers. You cannot go. We can wait for the post," she said.

"I am not going for the post," said Gregory impressively.

Em looked for explanation. None came.

"When will you be back?"

"I am not coming back."

"Are you going to your friends?"

Gregory waited, then caught her by the wrist.

"Look here, Em," he said between his teeth. "I can't stand it any more. I am going to her."

Since that day when he had come home and found Lyndall gone he had never talked of her, but Em knew who it was who needed to be spoken of by no name.

She said when he had released her hand:

"But you do not know where she is?"

"Yes, I do. She was in Bloemfontein when I heard last. I will go there, and I will find out where she went then, and then, and then! I will have her!"

Em turned the wheel quickly, and the ill adjusted needle sprang into 20 fragments.

"Gregory," she said, "she does not want us. She told us so clearly in the letter she wrote." A flush rose on her face as she spoke. "It will only be pain to you, Gregory. Will she like to have you near her?"

There was an answer he might have made, but it was his secret, and he did not choose to share it. He said only:

"I am going."

"Will you be gone long, Gregory?"

"I do not know. Perhaps I shall never come back. Do what you please with my things. I cannot stay here."

He rose from his seat.

"People say forget, forget!" he cried, pacing the room. "They are mad! They are fools! Do they say so to men who are dying of thirst—forget, forget? Why is it only to us they say so? It is a lie to say that time makes it easy! It is afterward, afterward, that it eats in at your heart! All these months," he cried bitterly, "I have lived here quietly, day after day, as if I cared for what I ate and what I drank and what I did! I care for nothing! I cannot bear it! I will not! Forget, forget!" ejaculated Gregory. "You can forget all the world, but you cannot forget yourself. When one thing is more to you than yourself, how are you to forget it?

"I read," he said—"yes, and then I come to a word she used, and it is all back with me again! I go to count my sheep, and I see her face before me, and I stand and let the sheep run by. I look at you, and in your smile, a something at the corner of your lips, I see her. How can I forget her when, whenever I turn, she is there and not there? I cannot, I will not, live where I do not see her!

"I know what you think," he said, turning upon Em. "You think I am mad; you think I am going to see whether she will not like me! I am not so foolish. I should have known at first she never could suffer me. Who am I, what am I, that she should look at me? If any one says it is not, it is a lie! I am not going to speak to her," he added, "only to see her, only to stand sometimes in a place where she has stood before."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GROWING TOMATOES.

Field Culture on a Large Scale For Canneries, Etc.

Everybody is familiar with tomatoes as a garden crop in a small way, but field culture for the use of canneries and wholesale consumers is a matter not so generally understood. Concerning this The Rural New Yorker advises thus:

Dates of planting vary with the latitude as a matter of course. In the canning districts about New York tomato seeds are planted for this purpose about April 1 in frames without bottom heat. They are sown in drills about seven inches apart. The soil has previously been made light and rich, and the seeds are covered half an inch deep and well packed with the pressure of a board on which the planter walks while planting the next row. The soil is then well watered, the sashes put on and kept rather close until the seedlings come up, after which abundant ventilation is given in clear weather. An average of 1,000 plants, requiring about one ounce of seed, is commonly grown under each ordinary sash, six feet by three. The plants should be kept well weeded and the space between the rows often stirred with a narrow hoe. Good plants can often be raised in seed beds in the open ground without the use of sashes, but the danger of loss by late frosts is too great to put much reliance on this method.

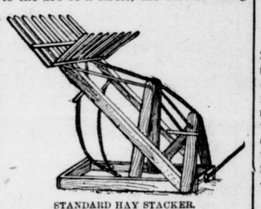
Good corn or potato land, especially if light and well drained, will usually produce satisfactory tomatoes in an average season. The field is plowed and harrowed in the usual manner about the middle of May and furrowed out in checks three feet apart each way. Fertilization is effected by putting a shovelful of composted manure or a handful of a complete chemical fertilizer in each check and incorporating it well with the soil. The plants are set out from May 25 to the middle of June, choosing dull weather when possible. The plants are taken to the fields standing in buckets of water and dropped by boys in the checks. They are firmly set by men following closely after.

If the plants are tall and drawn, they are layered to some extent—that is, they are laid nearly flat and the roots and stem covered with earth to within three or four inches of the top. Additional roots are thrown out from the buried stem, and the plant is less likely to suffer from dry weather. A better stand of tomatoes can be expected from transplanted plants, and by puddling the roots in thin, rich mud just before planting, but at the low prices ruling for the past few years the plants are generally transferred directly from the frames to the field with as little handling as possible. A larger proportion of plants will live under ordinary conditions where chemicals are used to fertilize the checks or hills than in the case of stable manure or composts, as there is less tendency to dry out at the roots before the plants become established, though the yield, especially late in the season, is rather in favor of animal manures.

Cultivation begins within a week after the plants are set and is continued after each rain or at intervals of ten days in dry weather until the growth of the vines interferes. One or two dressings with a hand hoe are generally needed to take out the weeds in the hills, and at the last working the hills are ridged up somewhat in order to keep the tomatoes from too close contact with the soil. The practice of pinching out the top of the growing plants to induce an early formation of laterals is not generally followed now, as it has not been found to add greatly to the yield. The tomatoes begin to ripen in August, and from that time until frost they are picked two or three times a week and hauled directly to the canneries or market. The contract price for several years has been varied from $5 to $8 per ton, according to locality. Six dollars is considered a fair price in northern New Jersey and usually yields a small margin of profit over expenses in the hands of an experienced grower.

New Standard Hay Stacker.

The cut shows a standard hay stacker invented by a Colorado man which is very simple in construction, strong and durable and has no castings. It is a combination of base frame, swinging derrick and stationary standard. The standard is the most novel feature about this machine. It serves to shorten the draft and elevate the draw rope to the arc of a circle, the derrick being



STANDARD HAY STACKER.

pivoted in the center of gravity, thereby minimizing the power required to elevate. The draft is the same at all points until the hay is delivered. One horse does the elevating. It is claimed that the new invention will do an equal amount of work in less than one-fourth the time required by the old style derricks. Its capacity is estimated at from 75 to 100 tons a day.

The California russet, the potato commanding the highest price in the Philadelphia market the past winter, has its name from its peculiar color of deep russet brown. The tubers are oblong, have few and shallow eyes, making them a favorite in the kitchen. The report from state growers is of productiveness and freedom from rot, says The Ledger.

Preliminary Instruction.

McJigger—Has Prudentz bought his automobile yet?

Thingumbob—No; he hasn't finished his course of instruction with Professor Philip Flopp yet.

McJigger—Oh, he's teaching him how to run one, eh?

Thingumbob—No, indeed. He teaches acrobatics.—Philadelphia Press.

FARM AND GARDEN

THE SOY BEAN.

Its Value to Stock, Hogs and Sheep, How to Plant and Harvest.

Some of the following reasons on account of which the Kansas station recommends the soy bean to farmers of that state will apply in some other sections and may interest those who are considering the question, "Will it pay to raise soy beans?"

The soy bean stands drought as well as Kaffir corn or sorghum. It is not touched by the chinch bugs, the grain

THE SOY BEAN.

is a richer feed than linseed meal, and the plant enriches the soil on which it is grown. It will cost the Kansas farmer from 40 to 55 cents per bushel to raise the soy bean, $13 to $18 per ton. Pound for pound soy beans are worth a little more than oil meal, and feeders are paying $24 to $30 a ton for oil meal.

A bountiful supply of protein will greatly increase the milk yield. Soy beans are rich in protein. Three to four pounds of soy beans per day added to the usual dairy ration of hay, fodder, sorghum and corn will increase the winter milk yield of the average Kansas cow from 25 to 100 per cent.

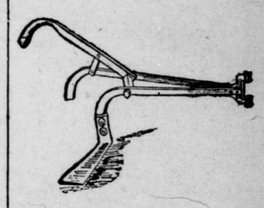
Fed to young pigs, soy beans will make them grow more rapidly and have better health. Fed to fattening hogs, soy beans will induce them to eat more, make more gain for each bushel of feed eaten and shorten the fattening period.

Soy beans fed to young stock will push their growth and "keep the calf fat," which is so necessary to economical feeding. Fed to fattening animals, soy beans will produce the same results as linseed meal at less cost.

Kansas sheep men should raise soy beans and secure the results obtained from linseed meal with a home grown feed at reduced cost.

Soy beans quickly and cheaply increase the yield of other crops.

The soy bean should not be planted until the ground becomes warm and the danger of severe frost is over. While the plants may not die if the



SOY BEAN KNIFE ON CULTIVATOR BEANS.

seed is put in earlier, they do not thrive. The beans should be planted in rows 30 to 42 inches apart, with the single beans dropped one to two inches apart in the rows. One-half bushel of seed per acre is required. We prefer surface planting and cultivate the same as corn. Level culture is necessary to harvesting a full crop.

The crop should be harvested when the pods turn brown and before the beans are fully ripe. If left until the beans become thoroughly ripe, the pods will open and the beans will be scattered on the ground.

The only satisfactory way we have found for harvesting the crop is to cut the plants off just below the surface of the ground and rake them into windrows with a horse rake. Where not over ten acres are grown this cutting can be done by removing the shovels from a two horse cultivator and bolting to the inner shank of each beam a horizontal knife about 18 inches long, the knife set out from the cultivator and sloping back from point of attachment to point so as not to clog. Any blacksmith can make these knives.

Mixing of Sweet and Field Corn.

I have been growing sweet corn for 20 years, and when I have planted sweet corn within the range of field corn I have had them more or less mixed. I grew field corn for market, and when the sweet corn came in range with it I would have a small strip of sweet corn, but it would conform to the size of the field corn. I am satisfied that they would mix the first year. —Charles Black, New Jersey.

Got Worst of It Too.

"Poor man! I suppose you've been a soldier and had to have your legs amputated?"

"Oh, no, lady. I'm a seafarin man an wunst 'ad a nargyment wiv a shark."—Ally Sloper.

His Eyes Open.

"Have you considered what matrimony means?" asked old Dar la Mark.

"Oh, yes," replied young Spendy. "That's why I want to marry your daughter."—Philadelphia North American.