

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes and
GRANULATED EYELIDS.
Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain
Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00
Murine Eye Salve, in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00
EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

OUT OF THE QUESTION.



Free—I hear George and his wife
never quarrel now.
Maud—No, you see they're one now,
and it takes two to make a quarrel.

GIVEN UP TO DIE.

Doan's Kidney Pills Effect Marvelous
Recovery.

Mrs. M. A. Jenkins, Quamab, Texas,
says: "I was bloated almost twice
natural size. I had the best physici-
ans but they all failed to help me.

For five weeks I was
as helpless as a baby.
My back throbed as
if it would break and
the kidney secretions
were in terrible con-
dition. The doctors
held out no hope and
I was resigned to my
fate. At this critical
time, I began using Doan's Kidney
Pills and soon felt relief. I continued
and was cured."

Remember the name—Doan's.
For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a
box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Public Want Ads.

Wanted—Several nice old gentle-
men to represent us financially. Nothing
to do but utter wise remarks and
endorse dividend checks. Good wages,
from fifty to one hundred millions a
year.

Wanted—A financier who will guar-
antee to keep us supplied with half-
colleges and half-librarians while we
supply the other halves. No experience
required. Good rake-off.

Wanted—At once. A large number
of stockholders to take charge of our
food supply and keep us from eating
too much. No regular hours. Palm
Beach in winter. Adirondacks in sum-
mer.

Wanted—A few select persons to
represent us socially and do the
things we haven't time for. No brains
needed. All expenses paid. No worry.
—Success.

Remembering Each Other.

He sat on the sand at Atlantic City
in a bathing suit. About ten feet
away she was drawing pictures in the
sand with a small brown forefinger.
He noticed her complexion, her curves
and the glint of gold in her hair. He
wanted to speak, and yet—Finally he
summoned courage and walked over
to her.

"Didn't I talk with you for about
five minutes two summers ago?" he
asked.

"Two years ago," she said dreamily.

"Two years ago—let me see—did I
wear blue silk stockings?"

Beware the Dog!

A family moved from the city to a
suburban locality and were told that
they should get a watchdog to guard
the premises at night. So they bought
the largest dog that was for sale in the
kennels of a neighboring dog fancier,
who was a German. Shortly
afterward the house was entered by
burglars, who made a good haul, while
the big dog slept. The man went to
the dog fancier and told him about it.
"Well, what you need now," said the
dog merchant, "is a leadie dog to take
up the big dog."—Everybody's.

The Modern Polonius.

"Now, my boy, don't expect to work
wonders in this world."
"All right, dad."
"You can get quicker returns by
working smokers."

It Would Seem So.

"Say, pa."
"What is it?"
"Does Uncle Sam ever lose his col-
lar button under the weather bureau?"

No man can justify censure or con-
demn another, because, indeed, no man
truly knows another.—Sir Thomas
Brown.

**Let Us
Cook Your
Breakfast!**
Serve
Post
Toasties
with cream or milk
and notice the pleasure
the family finds in the
appetizing crispness and
flavor of this delightful
food.
"The Memory Lingers"

Zelda Dameron

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XXII. (Continued.)

He repeated the words, "I have
been as honest to you as I could be
in everything. It was quite wrong of me
to yield everything to Zeldita's hands. The
very way in which she used my father's
name was a relief to him.

"At Rodney's you saw a thousand
dollars to bind a bargain. Is that what
you call it?" For the sake of the
strip, I think I understand that. But
are there debts, are there other things
that must be paid? And if not, I
have two houses we can get money for
them. We must face the whole matter
now. Please keep nothing back."

"I have told you everything. I have
equated your money as a speculation
—gambling for the name for it that I
have kept the farm and this house un-
touched. Everything else has gone and
I have given an option for the sale of
that strip of ground on the creek. And
I sold a block of lots to someone to sell
in an irregular way. I could not sell
property without an order of court,
that was required by your mother's
will, but my necessities were great
and Rodney arranged an abstract to
sell himself—but I let him do it. I am
the guilty one; it is my crime."

"Let us not use unpleasant words.
You must let me help—or find help."
"Yes; but not Rodney; not your
uncle," he said, hurriedly. "He is vi-
olent, very violent. He would have no
mercy on me. And I am an old man
and broken, very badly broken."

"I shall have to tell Uncle Rodney,
but you need have no fear of him, I
promise you that. Mr. Carr is your
lawyer, isn't he?"
"Yes; but he has been away. I took
advantage of his absence to do things
he would never have countenanced."

"There is Mr. Leighton."
"No, no, not that man!" She had
tried to avoid any reference to the in-
terview of the night before, but the
mention of Leighton's name brought
the whole wretched scene clearly be-
fore her again. It was he, more than
her uncle, that she relied on.

"I'm sorry you feel toward him as
you do, father. I believe that we might
trust him. I look upon him as a
friend."

Edra Dameron was weak and the
talk was wearying him. He closed his
eyes and rested his head on the back
of the chair, moving it from side to
side restlessly. He was beaten and he
was not heroic in defeat. He was
stung by the failure of his gambling
operations. He had lived entirely in
dreams for a year that it was diffi-
cult for him to realize the broad day-
light of a workaday world. Echoes of
the harrowing things that had passed
between him and the child of his blood
haunted him. She had summoned the
apparition of her dead mother and had
called him a liar; and he had insulted
her to the brasses when he knew
but he was now leaning upon her help-
lessly. He did not know, and he could
not understand, the motives that were
prompting her. He had thrown away
his money and she did not arrange
him for it; she was even devising
means of covering up his ill-doings;
and the fact that one could overlook
and pardon the loss of a fortune was
truly beyond his comprehension.

"Try to cheer up," she said, resting
her hand on his shoulder for a mo-
ment. "Don't talk to anybody about
business of any kind. I'm going down
to see papa, and you needn't be afraid
of him, or of anybody."

Rodney Merriam greeted Zelda
cheerily.
"Am I not the early bird?" she de-
manded, walking into the library. "I
had hoped that you would congratulate
me in genial and cheering words. It's
my birthday. I would have you know."
"At my age—"

"You've said that frequently since we
got acquainted."
"As I was saying, at my age, birth-
days don't seem so dreadfully impor-
tant. But I congratulate you with all
my heart," he added, sincerely, and
with the touch of manner that was al-
ways charming in him. He drew out
the drawer of his desk. "Of course
haven't any gift for you; but there's
some rubbish here—hardly worth con-
sidering—that I wish you'd carry away
with you."

He took out a little jeweler's box and
handed it to her.
"I've rarely been so perturbed," she
said. "May I open it now, or must I
wait till I get home—as they used to
tell me when I was younger."
"If you're interested in an old man's
taste, you may open it. I'm prepared
to see you disappointed, so you needn't
pretend you like it."
She bent over the gift with the eagerness
of a child, and pressed the catch.
A string of pearls fell into her
lap and she exclaimed over them joy-
ously.

"Rubbish, did you say? Verily, I
that was poor, am rich!"
She threw the chain about her neck
and ran it through her fingers hurriedly;
then she brushed the white hair
from Rodney Merriam's forehead and
kissed him.
"You dear, you delicious old dear! I
know you hate to be thanked—"
"But I can stand being kissed. Put
those things away now; and don't for-
get to take care of them. You can
give them to your granddaughter on
her wedding day."
"I can't imagine doing anything so
foolish. I can see myself cutting her
off without a pearl."
The suggestion of poverty carried an
irony to the mind of both. Her father
was a rascal, who had swindled her
out of practically all of her fortune.
He was a lying hypocrite, Merriam said
to himself; and here was his daughter
as calm and cheerful as though there
were no such thing as unwhappiness in
the world. His admiration and affec-
tion rose to high tide.
"I'm sorry if I seemed a little—pre-
cipitate—yesterday," she said. "But it
was all new and strange. And I have
known that you did not like father.
You will overlook whatever I did and
said yesterday, won't you?"
"It's a good plan to begin the world
over every morning. I want to you
you in any way I can, Zee. I began at
the wrong end yesterday. The fault
was all mine!"
"Father and I have had a long talk
about his business. He approached it
with the weight on his own account. I
told him that I was coming to you.
Father has met with misfortune. He
has told me frankly about it; he specu-
lated with the money that belonged
to me—and the money is all gone."
"Yes; I am not surprised."
"There is the house we live in and

the farm, they are still free. He says
they belong to me."
"It is his own pledged them for
debt in my way, they pass to your
possession to-day. They are yours
now."
"Yes, I understand about that. This
is my father's birthday," and she
smiled.

"But there are some things that are
not quite right. Father has told me
about them. There is something about
an order of court, which affords a piece
of property that he has sold through
this Mr. Belmont. Father takes all the
blame for that, I suppose. It was your
uncle who told me to sell the last night. But
I'm glad I heard it from father. I hope
you will not be hard on him. He has
talked to me in an honorable spirit
that I respect very much."
"Zee, he isn't worth it!"
"Please don't," and the sob clutch-
ing her throat again. "I didn't come to
ask what it was worth; but to get you
to help me."

"Yes; to be sure. It must be
done your way," he replied, quickly.
"But it's the right way. Now I want
you to tell me what to do. People have
bought property of my father, and I
now seem to have a right to it. I'm not
sure that it was his fault—it must
have been Mr. Belmont's way of
doing it. But it makes no difference,
and father takes all the blame. Now a
title given in this way is not right—is
that what you say?"

"We say usually that titles are good
or bad—and he smiled at her.
"But there must be a way of mak-
ing this good."
"Yes; perhaps several ways. That
is for a lawyer. You are the only
person that could take advantage of an
omission of that sort. I suppose."

"That is what I wish to know. And
it wouldn't be very much trouble to
make it right."
"We must ask a lawyer. Morris un-
derstands about it. He is considered a
good man in the profession. The ad-
vantage of calling on him is that he is a
friend and knows Belmont."

"I told father I might ask Mr. Leigh-
ton to help us."
"Rodney looked at her quickly. Edra
Dameron, Zelda's daughter, and Mor-
ris Leighton. The combination sug-
gested unhappy thoughts.
"Morris is coming up this morning.
He said he, and he's usually on time.
That's one of the good things about
Morris. He keeps his appointments."

"I imagine he would. Uncle Rodney,
I'm going to ask you something. It
may seem a little queer, but every-
thing in the world is a little queer. Did
you ever know anything like this? It
was the sob again and she frowned
hard in an effort to keep back the
tears. "I mean about mother—and Mr.
Leighton's father?"
"The man wanted again to the old
man's check, and he bent toward her
angrily.
"Did he throw that at you? Did
Edra Dameron, after all your mother
suffered from him, insult you with
that?"

"Please don't! Please don't!" and
she thrust a hand toward him appeal-
ingly. "I used to see the word past in
books and I don't know what it means,
but now it seems that life isn't going
at all; it's just a lot of yesterday's."
"The old man walked to the window
and back.
"It was your mother's mistake; but
it must not follow you. When did your
father tell you this?"
"Yesterday—last night. I had pro-
posed him. It is all so hideous, please
never ask me about it—what happened
at the house—but he told me about
that."

"He's a greater dog than I thought
he was; and now he has thrown him-
self on your mercy! I've a good mind
to say that you're a better person. Mor-
ris' father was a gentleman and a
scholar; and Morris is the finest fellow
in the world."
"Yes; but please don't scold! It
won't help me. I'm a poor creature."
"No; I can't ever scold anybody. My
hands are always tied. I'm old and
foolish. Talk about the past coming
back to trouble us; you have no idea
what it means to me; it's the past,
the past, the past until to-day is eter-
nally smothered by it." And then the
bell rang and he went to open the door
for Morris.

"Morris," he began at once, "we can
omit the preliminaries this morning.
Mr. Belmont has a meeting. His
daughter is entitled to the prop-
erty left her by her mother, or its
equivalent. There has been a sale of
property that is not quite regular, and
"We wish to make it quite legal—
quite perfect," said Zeldita.
"And we wish to avoid publicity. We
must keep out of the newspapers."

"I understand," said Morris.
Zelda had purposely refrained from
mentioning her father's own plan of
continuing himself as trustee to hide
the fact of his malfeasance; but with
Morris present, she felt that her uncle
was easier to be deceived.
"We have agreed to continue the
trusteeship, just as it has been. Father
and I have had a perfect under-
standing about it."
"Not as you don't do it that way,"
shouted Merriam.

But Zeldita did not look at him. Her
eyes appealed to Morris and he un-
derstood that in anything that was
done Edra Dameron must be shielded;
and the idea of hiding Dameron's
irregularities struck him as reasonable
and necessary.
"You can give your father a power of
attorney to cover everything he has
left of yours if you wish it," said Mor-
ris.
"I won't hear to it; it's a farce; it's
playing with the law," declared Rod-
ney.

"Uncle Rodney, I'm glad the law can
be played with. There's more sense in
it than I thought there was. You will
do it for me that way, won't you—
please? And there are some people
who have paid father for an option
on what he calls the creek property. I
wish to protect them, too."
"You needn't do that," said Morris.
"We can repudiate the option probably.
It's not your affair, as the law views
it."
"But I wish to make it my affair. I
wish to do it right away. I've heard
that important things can't be done
right away, but these things must be
done—"

and she smiled at Morris and then at
her uncle.
"You understand, Zee, that if you
give this power of attorney you are
brushing away any chance to get back
this money."
"Yes; perfectly. And now, Mr.
Leighton, how long will it take?"

Morris looked at Merriam as though
for his approval. "Under agree, of course, Mr. Leigh-
ton. You needn't ask him—and the
two men laughed. There was no mak-
ing the situation tragic when the pres-
ent chiefly concerned the loss of the
title. She had accepted the loss of the
bulk of her fortune and the fact of her
father's perjury without a quaver. She
seemed, indeed, to be an excellent spir-
it, and commended her consent to the
others.

"If this is that," said Rodney Merriam,
"of course it's all right."
"I'll come back here at 4 o'clock and
you can sign the power of attorney if
you wish. But there's one thing I'm
going to do on my own responsibility.
If necessary, I'm going to get back
that option on the creek strip that Mr.
Dameron gave me and Belmont took
from me. I'm not disposed
to show him any mercy."
"I'd rather you didn't if my father
pleaded himself to it."
"Let Morris do his way," laughed
Merriam. "You'll be sure Belmont
won't be satisfied."
"I'm afraid he won't," said Leighton,
and left them.

(To be continued.)

SPEED OF A TELEGRAM.

The difficulty of sending a tele-
graph message from Russia are amply
illustrated in Antonio Scarfoglio's
"Round the World in a Motor-Car."
Upon asking the telegraph operator at
Pogranichnaya to send his message,
the official announced gravely that he
was unable to do so. The key was de-
posited in St. Petersburg. Signor Scar-
foglio assured him that the message
was not in cipher, but in Italian.
"Italian? Italian? First of all,
what is Italian?" questioned the oper-
ator.

"Italian, my worthy sir, is a very
well-known language which is spoken
in Italy, a country which enjoys a
constitutional monarchy, a liberal gov-
ernment, an army, navy, and marine."
"Ah, yes, yes, macaroni!" I remem-
ber the country of macaroni!"
"So now you can transmit the mes-
sage at once, so that it shall arrive
at Torino at once?"
"Did you say Torino?" he asked.

"Torino, Torino."
He began to look through a book,
chanting, "Torino, Torino, Torino.
Here it is, Torino, in Texas, United
States of America. Why did you want
to talk about Italy?"
"But it is not Texas; it is Torino
in Italy." Then I ventured, "They
make vermuth there, don't they?"
"Ah, I understand now; but if you
pronounce the names of towns so badly
nobody can understand you. It is
Turin; Turin, not Torino."
"But why do you want to pay me?
You must understand that your tele-
gram cannot go."
"Why not?"
"If, my dear sir," he resumed, "you
had allowed me to speak, I should
have told you from the first that I
cannot telegraph in Latin characters
for the simple reason that I do not
understand them."

"But there is a tablet hung up here
saying that the office accepts tele-
grams written in Latin characters."
"That is very true, but it only ac-
cepts them when the employe who is
able to transmit them is present. Now
he is not here."
"Where is this gentleman?"
"He is on holiday. A poor work-
man has a right to his repose. Rus-
sia, as you will admit, is a civilized
and progressive country."
"I am profoundly convinced of it.
But can't he be found and asked as a
special favor?"
"The permission of the director is
necessary."
"And where is the director?"
"In the country. To-day is St.
Prosperino, a great Russian feast; to-
morrow is St. Nicodemus, another
great feast. The day after to-morrow
is St. Pancracius, and no office in Rus-
sia is open."
"So that?"
"So that you have some chance of
finding him next week; on Monday
or Friday, because the other days are
feast-days."
"And my telegram will remain
here?"
"Until Monday at least."

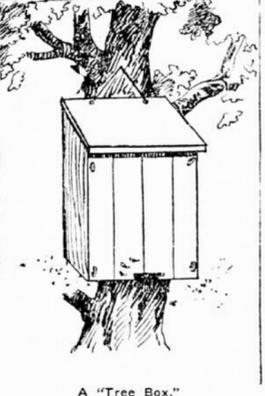
FACTS ABOUT COFFEE.
Java Plantations and the Mocha
Found in Arabia and Abyssinia.
The old coffee houses have long since
disappeared, but the popularity of the
beverage remains, the Westminster Ga-
zette says. Only two plants of the spe-
cies are cultivated to any great ex-
tent, namely, Arabia coffee and Lib-
erian coffee. As a rule the coffee
shrub first flowers in its third year
and then only bears a small crop of
fruit. The fifth year is usually the
time of the first considerable yield. In
Java three gatherings are made an-
nually, called the "early," the "chief"
and the "after crop," but only the sec-
ond is of great importance. The flow-
er enjoys only a very ephemeral exis-
tence, as the setting of the fruit four-
teen hours and the petals wither and fall
almost immediately. A coffee estate
in full flower is a very beautiful sight,
but its glory is very soon past.
The name Mocha coffee is applied
generally to the coffee produced in
Arabia and Abyssinia. The best portion
of the crop, it is said, goes to Turkey
and Egypt, being purchased on the
trees by traders, who themselves look
after the picking and preparation.
Abyssinia is the original home of coffee
and it is still grown there in its
native luxuriance and primitive abun-
dant. The finest coffee of Arabia is
grown in the Yemen province, and the
best beans are reserved for consump-
tion in the country or by the court of
the sultan of Turkey, the khedive of
Egypt or the shah of Persia—in other
words, by the principal rulers of the
Mohametan world. In the British
empire the chief coffee producing coun-
tries are India, Jamaica, British Cen-
tral Africa and Ceylon. Small quanti-
ties of the product are grown also in
Queensland and primitive abun-
dant, while in almost every part of the
tropical regions of the empire one or
other species of coffee is cultivated for
local use.

FARM AND BEE

SECRETS OF HONEY BUSINESS

Bees Will Store Just as Much in Old
Box or Washing Machine as
in Finest Hive.

Bees will store just as much honey
in any kind of an old box, keg or de-
serted washing machine as in the
finest hive that was ever made, and
that is one of the big secrets of the
bee business; the principal thing is
to keep the box cool by shading it dur-
ing the heat of the day, though shade
at other times I consider objection-
able.
Close to the hive have an abun-
dance of water, some salt and slaked
lime, writes A. F. Benney in Farm
Press. The best watering device I



A "Tree Box."

snow of is a board set at an angle
of about twenty degrees with a can
or bucket at the high end which
looks just fast enough to keep the
board wet a little. The container must
be kept covered, else the bees will get
in and drown.
Secret No. 2. Do not molest the bees
after they get to work, and give them
an abundance of room in which to
store honey—2,000 to 3,000 cubic
inches is not too much.
No. 3. Bees will sting, for they are
built that way. The remedy is to
wear veil and gloves until you get to
like having the little dears prod you.
Take an old box of about 2,000 cu-
bic inches capacity and across one end
fasten a dozen sticks the size of your
finger, nailing into the ends of them
through the sides of the box. Cleat
the cover boards together, cut a hole
one half by six inches in the lower end
and fasten it on with screws. Now
tie a wire loop in the top of the box
to hang it up by and you have what I
call a "tree box." With several of
them, which cost me just 15 cents,
I got honey enough to sell for \$100.

But I sorted it carefully, putting the
clean white comb into jars (Mason)
and selling it for 15 cents a pound.
The rest of the honey I strained and
put in jelly tumblers, Mason jars and
tin (gallon) cans and it averaged me
11 1/2 cents a pound. Labels can be
bought at a low price which aid in
selling. At the end of the season I
had besides the honey several swarms
of bees and could have had more.

Long Churning.
The principal causes for long chur-
ning are here given in the Montana ex-
periment station bulletin, and possi-
bly those mentioned may find out
what is wrong by comparison with
these different causes.
1. Cream may be too cold.
2. Cream may be from "strippers."
3. Cream may be too thin.
4. Cream may be too thick, and
thus whip up into a lather when the
churning commences, and by sticking
on the side of the churn is not really
churning, even if the churn is revol-
ving.
5. Churn may be too full.
6. You may be churning too fast
and thus carry the cream right around
with the churn.
Of course, there are bacterial infec-
tions that will cause slow churning,
but I would hardly suppose that you
would be looking to that extent. Prob-
ably in looking over your work
some of these causes may give you a
clue.

Bees and Cucumbers.
A correspondent of one of the lead-
ing bee journals is authority for the
statement that more than 100 growers
of hot-house cucumbers in Massachu-
setts have found it necessary to keep
bees in their buildings to "set" or
fructify the cucumbers. Over 1,000 col-
onies are now being used in this way
and in most cases it has been found
necessary to replace these colonies
each year. This has created a steady
demand for bees, and the benefits de-
rived have been so apparent that this
demand promises to grow. At present,
however, an earnest effort is being
made to determine if possible, why col-
onies thus kept in hot-houses are short
lived, since the necessity of replacing
them almost yearly is not only very
expensive but seems a great sacrifice
of the industrious little insects.

Vermion on Pigs.
Keep your pigs free from vermin
and also free from worms and you will
not hear so much about "cholera."
Many hogs die from the above causes
and the trouble is laid to cholera. If
the genuine cholera ever gets into
your herd of hogs you will quickly
know it, and all the doctoring you
may do will be of little use. The
many so-called cures are general fail-
ures. Kill those showing the disease,
and put all the others on new ground
where no hogs have been, and feed
them but very little, and you may
stamp out the disease to a consid-
erable extent.

Good Pastures.
Shade from the hot sun and pure
water are as essential to good pastures
as plenty of grass.

STUMP SPLITTER IS UNIQUE

Old Method of Using Wedge or Dyna-
mite Improved Upon by Large
Conical Screw.

The usual method of removing
stumps of trees from the ground is
to split them by the use of a wedge
or a blast of dynamite, says Scientific
American. The accompanying illus-



Unique Stump Splitter.

tration shows a new method. It con-
sists in screwing a wedge into the top
of the stump. The wedge is in reality
a large conical screw, provided at its
lower end with a fine thread used for
starting the cone into the wood. The
shaft of the screw is provided with a
hand wheel, by which it may be steady-
ly and turned. Extending laterally from
the shaft is a long arm, at the end
of which a whiffletree is coupled. A
horse may be hitched to the whiffletree,
to turn the shaft and screw the wedge
into the stump. When the stump is
too large for the threaded cone on
the shaft to split effectively, another
cone section may be added. After the
stump has been split by means of the
cone into a number of small parts
these parts can easily be excavated
and removed.

POTATOES WERE LEFT OVER

Seed Remained in Ground All Winter
and Produced Strong, Vigor-
ous Plants.

Sometimes potatoes left in the
ground over winter will produce good
crops the following year. Of course
such instances are rare and are not
easily accounted for. The photograph



Left-Over Potatoes.

from which the accompanying cut was
made was sent by a man living at
Stamford, Conn. He says this hill
was from seed which remained in the
ground all winter and grew strong,
vigorous plants the next spring. The
ground had been heavily fertilized for
rhubarb.

Comfort for Hired Men.

I once knew a man who believed it
was right to provide a comfortable
room for the hired man, and was glad
to see that he had plenty to eat of
good wholesome food. He also found
that it paid, for he has never had any
trouble to keep his help when hands
were scarce and his help takes an in-
terest in the work too. I know, be-
cause I have worked for him for a
number of years and do not expect to
make a change soon.—A Hired Man.

Exercise for Horses.

Exercise is essential to the welfare
of both mare and foal. Green pas-
torage is, of course, the ideal environ-
ment for the brood mare, and especial-
ly by its cleanliness has a salutary
effect in the prevention of ills. The
early foal without the advantage of
this environment is peculiarly liable
to the contraction of disease from
germs lurking in the stable.

FARM NOTES

The application of lime to cabbage
soil is highly recommended.
Thin the early endives and keep the
cultivation going between the rows.
Bee hives should be made so that
they can be opened without jarring
them.
Stirring honey unnecessarily causes
it to candy sooner than it otherwise
would.
Avoid breaking or treading on the
bees when gathering cucumbers or
melons.
The best way to combat the Hessian
fly, is to seed the wheat fields as late
as possible.
On the same day that the plowing is
done the harrow or packer should fol-
low the plow.
The cool days of middle autumn af-
ford the best time of the year to paint
the farm buildings.

Eat the string beans while they are
crisp. Take a dish of them over to
the neighbor who has none.
One hundred pounds of nitrate of
soda per acre will help shove late
cabbages along wonderfully.
Close stopping of fruiting cucumbers
is necessary or a lot of useless wood
and foliage will be made. Young
plants, of course, will need more free-
dom.
Fruit trees, like most other plants,
appreciate good soil, although