

miss manuring some of our quarters for one year and give them a dressing of lime. It is carted from the kiln in lumps and emptied down in heaps on the quarters. A quantity of the surrounding soil is then thrown over it, and there it remains until it has fallen into dust, when it is distributed all over the surface and forked or dug in. It is a bad plan to allow empty ground to remain smooth and firm on the surface. In digging or trenching the surface should always be left in as rough a state as possible.

BENEFITS OF THE ENSILAGE SYSTEM

Professor Thorold Rogers has written to the *London Times* as follows on the subject of ensilage:—"A good many persons have been making experiments on ensilage during the past year. But nearly all have tried it with a view to seeing whether green forage would keep sound in an airtight and watertight pit, duly weighted on the surface, in default of being absolutely closed. That it would keep under such conditions ought to have gone without asking. What ensilage does is to (1) increase the nutritive power of green forage; (2) to obviate waste; (3) to save time; (4) to increase the productive powers of the soil. It does the first, if in no other way, in making the forage more digestible; the second, by saving a deterioration by exposure to weather; the third by putting the least possible time between cutting and storing; the fourth, as a sequence of the third, by enabling the farmer to cut a double crop yearly, by giving him opportunity for enlarging his stock of cattle, and by enormously increasing the amount and value of manure. I know from the correspondence which I have had (at one time nearly that of a department in a Government office) that the construction of silos is going on on the new plan practised in the United States, and sketched in my little book on the subject, in India and Australia, as well as generally in Europe. A day or two ago I gave leave to a correspondent to translate my book on ensilage into Swedish. Most English silos of which I have read are made in too shallow masonry. It stands to reason that this increases the expense per cubic yard. They should be from 20 to 25 feet deep if they are to be made in the cheapest way. The main object of ensilage is to get two crops a year off the same land. Silos are profitable if they obviate loss; most gainful when they increase produce."

F. D. Curtis gives the following remedy for gapes in chickens:—Caustic lime, either air or water slacked. It should be in a dry, powdered state. Take the chicken in the left hand and open its mouth, keeping it upright, and then drop a pinch of the dry lime into it. Hold in this position a few seconds, until it is obliged to breathe, when it will inhale some of the lime, then let it go.

THE STORY-TELLER.

LITTLE WHITE SOULS.

By Florence Marryat.

AUTHOR OF "FIGHTING THE AIR," "LOVE'S CONFLICT," ETC., ETC.

(Concluded.)

"What is the matter?" demands Ethel. "I hope it is not bad news." "Yes, it is very bad news. They have never gone after all, Mrs. Dunstan, and Jack is so vexed I

should have left Mudlinah before he started."

"But now you are here, you will not think of returning directly, I hope," says Ethel in an anxious voice.

"O, no, I suppose not—it would be so childish—that is unless Jack wishes me to do. But I have hardly recovered from the effects of the journey yet; those transits shake abominably. No, I shall certainly stay here for a few weeks, unless my husband orders me to return."

Yet Mrs. Lawless appears undecided and restless from that moment, which Mrs. Dunstan ascribes entirely to her wish to return to Mudlinah and her flirtation with the colonel, and the suspicion makes her receive any allusions to such a contingency with marked coolness. Cissy Lawless busies herself going amongst the natives, and talking with them about the late disturbance at the castle, and her report is not satisfactory.

"Are you easily frightened, Mrs. Dunstan?" she asks her one day suddenly.

"No I think not. Why?"

"Because, you must think me a fool if you like, but I am, and the stories your servants have told me have made me quite nervous of remaining at the castle."

"A good excuse to leave me and go back to Mudlinah!" thinks Mrs. Dunstan; and then she draws herself up stiffly, and says: "Indeed! You must be very credulous if you believe what natives say. What may these dreadful stories consist of?"

"O! I daresay you will turn them into ridicule because, perhaps you don't believe in ghosts."

"Ghosts! I should think not, indeed. Who does?"

"I do, Mrs. Dunstan; and for the good reason that I have seen more than one."

"You have seen a spirit? What will you tell me next?"

"That I hope you never may, for it is not a pleasant sight. But that has nothing to do with the present rumors. I find that your servants are really frightened of remaining at the castle. They say there is not a native in the villages round about who would enter it for love or money, and that the reason the Rajah Mati Singh has deserted it is on account of its reputation for being haunted."

"Every one has heard of that," replies Ethel, with a heightened color, "but no one believes it. Who should it be haunted by?"

"You know what a bad character the Rajah bears for cruelty and oppression. They say he built the castle for a harem, and kidnapped a beautiful English woman, a soldier's daughter, and confined her here for some years. But, finding one day that she had been attempting to communicate with her own people he had her barbarously put to death with her child and the servants he suspected of conniving with her. Then he established a native harem there, but was obliged to remove it, for no infant born in the house ever lived. They say that as soon as a child is born under this roof the spirit of the white woman appears to carry it away in place of her own. But the natives declare that she is not satisfied with the souls of black children, and that she will continue to appear until she has secured a white child like the one that was murdered before her eyes. And your servants assure me that she has been seen by several of them since coming here and they feel certain she is waiting for your baby to be born that she may carry it away!"

"What folly!" cries Mrs. Dunstan, whose cheeks have nevertheless grown very red. "It is all a *rose* in order to make me go home again. In the first place I should be ashamed to believe in such nonsense, and in the second, I do not expect my baby to be born until I am back to Mudlinah."

"But accidents happen sometimes you know, dear Mrs. Dunstan, and it would be a terrible thing if you were taken ill up here. Don't you think, all things considered, it would be more prudent for you to go home again?"

"No, I do not," replied Mrs. Dunstan, decidedly. "I came here for my child's health, and I shall stay until it is re-established."

"But you must feel so lonely by yourself."

"I have plenty to do and think of," says Ethel, "and I never want company whilst I am with my little Katie."

She is determined to take neither pity nor advice from the woman who is so anxious to join the colonel again.

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied Mrs. Lawless, somewhat timidly, because it makes it easier for me to tell you that I am afraid I must leave you. I dare say you will think me very foolish, but I am too nervous to remain any longer at Mudlinah. I have not slept a wink for the last three nights. I must go back to Jack!"

"Oh! you must go back to Jack," repeats Mrs. Dunstan, with a sneer at Mrs. Lawless. "I hate duplicity! Why can't you tell the truth at once?"

"Mrs. Dunstan! What do you mean? I mean that I know why you are going back to Mudlinah as well as you do yourself. It's all very well to lay upon 'Jack' or this ridiculous ghost; but you don't deceive me. I have known your treachery for a long time past. It is not 'Jack' you go back to, but to a cantonment for—but my husband, and you are a bad, wicked woman."

"For your husband!" cried Cissy Lawless, jumping to her feet. "How dare you insult me in this manner! What have I ever done to make you credit such absurdity?"

"You may call it an absurdity, madam, if you choose, but I call it a diabolical wickedness. Haven't you made appointments with him, and walked at night in the garden with him, and done all you could to make him faithless to his poor trusting wife? And you a married woman too. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Mrs. Dunstan, I will not stand this language any longer. I flirt with your husband—a man old enough to be my father! You must be out of your senses! Why he must be fifty if he's a day!"

"He's not fifty," screams Ethel in her rage. "He was only forty-two last birthday."

"I don't believe it. His hair is as gray as a badger. Flirt with the colonel, indeed! When I want to flirt I shall look for a younger and a handsomer man than your husband, I can tell you."

"You'd flirt with him if he were eighty you bold, forward girl, and I shall take care to inform Mr. Lawless of the way you have been carrying on with him."

"I shall go down at once, and tell him myself. You don't suppose I would remain your guest after what has happened for an hour longer than is absolutely necessary. I wish you good morning, Mrs. Dunstan, and a civil tongue for the future."

"Oh, of course, you'll go to Mudlinah. I was quite prepared for that; an excellent excuse you have

found to get back again. Good day, madam, and the less we meet before you start the better. Gray haired, indeed! Why many men are grey at thirty, and I've often been told that he used to be called, 'Handsome Charlie' when he first joined the service."

But the wife's indignant protests did not reach the ears of Cissy Lawless, who retires to her apartments, and does not leave them until she gets into the transit again and is rattled back to Mudlinah. When she is fairly off there is no denying that Ethel feels very lonely and very miserable. She is not so brave as she pretends to be, and she is conscious that she has betrayed her jealous feelings in a most unladylike manner, which will make Charlie very angry with her when he comes to hear of it. So what between her rage and her despair, she passes the afternoon and evening in a very hysterical condition of weeping and moaning, and the excitement and fatigue, added to terror at the stories she has heard, bring on the very calamity against which Mrs. Lawless warned her. In the middle of the night she is compelled by illness to summon her Dye to her assistance, and two frightened women do their best to alarm each other still more until with the morning's light a poor little baby is born into the world, who had no business strictly speaking, to have entered it till two months later, and the preparations for whose advent are all down at Mudlinah. Poor Ethel has only strength after the event to write a few faint lines in pencil to Colonel Dunstan, telling him she is dying and begging him to come to her at once, and then to lie down in a state of utter despair which would assail most women under the circumstances. She has not sufficient energy to even reprove the Dye, who laments over the poor baby as if it were a doomed creature, and keeps starting nervously, as night draws on again, at every shadow, as though she expected to see the old gentleman at her elbow. She wears out Ethel's patience at last for the young mother is depressed and feeble and longs for sleep. So she orders the nurse to lay her infant on her arm and go into the next room as usual and lie down beside Katie's cot; and after some expostulation, and many shakings of her head, the Dye complies with her mistress's request. For some time after she is left alone, Ethel lies awake, too exhausted even to sleep, and as she does so, her mind is filled with stories she has heard, and she clasps her fragile infant closer to her bosom as she recalls the history of the poor murdered mother, whose child was barbarously slaughtered before her eyes. But she has too much faith in the teaching of her childhood quite to credit such a marvelous story, and she composes herself by prayer and holy thoughts until she sinks into a calm and dreamless slumber. When she wakes some hours after it is not suddenly, but as though someone were pulling her back to consciousness. Slowly she realises her situation and feels that somebody, the Dye she supposes, is trying to take the baby from her arms without disturbing her.

"Don't take him from me, Dye, she murmurs sleepily, 'he is so good—he has not moved all night.' But the gentle pressure still continues and then Ethel opens her eyes and sees not the Dye but a woman, tall and finely formed and fair as the day, with golden hair floating over her shoulders, and a wild, mad look in her large blue eyes, who is quietly but forcibly taking the baby from her. Already

she has one bare arm under the child and the other over him—and her figure is bent so that her beautiful face is almost on a level with that of Mrs. Dunstan's.

"Who are you? What are you doing?" exclaims Ethel in a voice of breathless alarm, although she does not at once comprehend why she should experience it. The woman makes no answer, but with her eyes fixed on the child with a sort of wild triumph draws it steadily towards her.

"Leave my baby alone! How dare you touch him?" cries Ethel, and then she calls aloud, "Dye! Dye! come to me!"

But at the sound of her voice the woman draws the child hastily away, Ethel sees it reposing on her arm, whilst she slowly folds her white robes about the little form and hides it from view.

"Dye, Dye," again screams the mother, and as the nurse rushes to her assistance the Spirit woman slowly fades away, with a smile of success upon her lips.

"Bring a light! Quick!" cries Ethel. "The woman has been here; she has stolen my baby. Oh, Dye, make haste; help me to get out of bed. I will get it back again if I die in the attempt."

The Dye runs for a lamp and brings it to the bedside as Mrs. Dunstan is attempting to leave it.

"Missus dreaming!" she exclaims quickly as the light falls on the pillow. "The baby is there—safe asleep. Missus get into bed again and cover up well, or she will catch cold!"

"Ah! my baby!" cries Ethel hysterically as she seizes the tiny creature in her arms, "is he really there? Thank God it was only a dream. But, Dye, what is the matter with him, and why is he so stiff and cold? He cannot—he cannot be—dead!"

Yes, it was true! It was not a dream after all. The White Woman has carried the soul of the white child away with her and left nothing but the senseless little body behind. As Ethel realizes the extent of her misfortune, and the means by which it has been perpetrated, she sinks back upon her pillow in a state of utter unconsciousness.

When she once more becomes aware of all that is passing around her, she finds her husband by her bedside, and Cissy Lawless acting the part of the most devoted of nurses.

"It was so wrong of me to leave you, dear, in that hurried manner," she whispers one day when Mrs. Dunstan is convalescent, "but I was so angry to think you could suspect me of flirting with your dear old husband. I ought to have told you from the first what all those letters meant and I should have done so only they involved the character of my darling Jack. The fact is, dear, my boy got into a terrible scrape up the country—and the colonel says the less we talk of it the better. However it had something to do with that horrid gambling that men will indulge in, and very nearly lost Jack his commission and would have done so if it hadn't been for the dear Colonel. But he and I plotted and worked together till we got Jack out of his scrape, and now we are as happy as two kings; and you will be so too, won't you, dear Mrs. Dunstan, now that you are well again and know that your Charlie has flirted no more than yourself?"

"I have been terribly to blame," replies poor Ethel. "I see that