

Walter Brownfield;

THE MYSTERY OF PRESTON FLAT.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

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CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

"Well, Bill, did you bring him?"

asked a voice which Walter recognized as Jack Hawkins'. He could not understand the strange affinity between the farmer Hawkins and Bill Martin.

"I did," Bill answered.

"Is he all right?"

"Yes, he'll jine us; he can't help it."

The team was hitched, Bill got out and Walter did the same. They then repaired to the cabin. Walter moved and acted like one under some strange spell, some irresistible force seemed driving him on to ruin. Inside the cabin they were all grouped together, and a plan for the robbery of the Bushville bank laid. Walter had his part assigned him. An hour passed in which the plot was fully laid and all arrangements made.

"You understand it all now, young man," said Jack Hawkins, in a voice of thunder, as he laid his hand roughly on Walter's shoulder.

"Y—y—yes," stammered Walter.

"You can either jine in and help us or swing to the nearest tree."

It was a choice between death and dishonor—which should he accept?

CHAPTER XV.

UNCLE DAN'S PREDICTION.

Carefully as Mr. Miles had kept his opinion of Walter Brownfield locked in his own heart, his very manner aroused the suspicion of his family that something was wrong. The coolness with which Walter was treated was perceived by all, and both old heads and young began to put many strange things together.

Pinky Miles perhaps suffered more on account of the youth than any other member of the family. Her naturally sympathetic heart went out to the unfortunate Walter when he came there a few weeks before, a homeless wanderer. His face was so pale and so sad, he looked so weary and friendless, she could not help pitying him. Then when she discovered in him the true germ of manhood, a noble heart, and highly intellectual brain, then was admiration mingled with her pity. He was her ideal of a true manliness. How different when compared with the rough clownish fellows of Preston Flat, who seemed to know nothing save to run horses on Sunday and attend corn huskings. In form he was more slender than they, not nearly so muscular, but of gentler, well-bred air contrasted strongly with the rough men of Preston Flat. The Flat had its bullies and heroes whose achievements were with the fist. Walter was Pinky's hero, but far different. He was a refined hero, "Could he be so bad?" was the question which arose in her mind again and again. Was it possible that he who was so gentle and kind would associate himself with men whose whole aim was plunder and bloodshed?

Although Mr. Miles had not charged Walter, nor hinted at his suspicions to his family, yet Pinky knew as well that he had suspicions as if she had heard them. She had read of men being deceitful, and playing the part of good men when in places of whom they knew at heart, but Walter could be playing no such part; his manner was perfectly natural.

Scandal had begun to whisper from neighbor to neighbor that the pale youth knew more about the robbery of the Californian than he would dare tell. All these rumors were kept from the ears of Mr. Brown. The wounded man still kept his bed, though his arm was healing and he was otherwise doing well. Walter seldom went into his room, for he felt that there was a vague suspicion in the family that he was one of the would-be murderers. If his mental suffering was great Pinky was certainly so. She seldom saw Walter and never more than spoke to him. She dared not trust herself to speak with him, in the old confidential way. Bitterly did her mind recall the many pleasant hours spent in his company, and above all that delightful ride through the forest road to church, and return. All these memories were received manner and misinterpreted it.

"She, too, mistrusts me," he said to himself, as he sat upon his favorite block behind the barn. "They all suspect me; they all think me a thief; they all think me a murderer. Pinky mistrusts me with the rest. Oh, what have I done to deserve this?" he groaned.

As he sat there he wondered if the great and good Father, who watches over all, had forsaken him. That sainted mother, who now slept in her grave, had taught him when a child to call on the Lord in his hour of trouble and He would not forsake him. Walter's heart was full and he prayed to God to have mercy on him and bring him out pure through this fiery ordeal. All was darkness so dark could be seen in the horizon. Walter moved and acted like one in a dream.

One afternoon Pinky Miles put on her calico sun-bonnet, which made her sweet face and dark eyes more beautiful than ever, and went across the field to the hut of her Uncle Daniel Dodge, who was in reality a pensioner on Mr. Miles' bounty. She found Uncle Daniel and Aunt Margaret in the kitchen, the good old man sitting in his favorite arm-chair with his stout cane in his hand. Aunt Margaret was parsing apples, her round pink face showing but few wrinkles, and the old-fashioned iron cap making the good old woman look pretty.

"Good mornin', good mornin', Pinky; bless your soul, come in and have a seat," said Uncle Dan as she came to the door.

"Why, Pinky," said the old lady, "how glad I am to see ye; do come in and have a seat. You must not be tired 'crossin' the fields."

"O, no, Aunt Margaret, I am not," Pinky answered, a smile on her beautiful face. "A walk across the field, which can't be more than a mile at most, doesn't weary me."

"Well, well, set down anyhow, and tell me all the news. What's the latest from Bushville?"

"There's nothing, Uncle Dan," said Pinky.

"How's Mr. Brown gettin'?"

"Better, we all think he'll be able to go about soon," said Pinky, her eyes drooping sadly at the mention of the wounded Californian's name.

"How they never found the man who shot him?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"No,"

"That does all seem strange, somehow," said Uncle Dan, shaking his head, knowingly. "I can't understand it all, but it will come out all right I reckon."

"Are they still trying to find the men?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"The sheriff is at our house consulting with father and Mr. Brown every few days," said Pinky. As she spoke her beautiful dark eyes were bent upon the floor.

"Her ye heard what the people have been saying about yer hand?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"Who?" asked Pinky, as her heart gave a great leap. She unsuccessfully feigned ignorance.

"Why, Walter Brownfield, yer."

"No," she answered, yet her conscience smote her. She almost felt as if she had spoken falsely. She knew not why. The rumor was in the air; she had failed to find her ear in any distinct form.

"What about him?" asked Uncle Dan.

"They say as how he did it," answered Aunt Margaret.

"Did what?" And Uncle Dan spoke harshly. He was not cross to Aunt Margaret, but he just betrayed the lead anxiety to know what some one had said, with the preconceived idea of denying it.

"Why, that he knocked the stranger, Mr. Brown, down, with the intention of robbing him."

"Did what?" And Uncle Dan spoke harshly. He was not cross to Aunt Margaret, but he just betrayed the lead anxiety to know what some one had said, with the preconceived idea of denying it.

"Uncle Dan sprang to his feet and brought his cane down on the floor with a whack, that threatened to either break it or drive it through.

"Don't repeat that again, mother," he said. "It's all false. I know it is false, and it's almost same as lyn' to repeat what a lyn' tongue has said. Walter Brownfield is a gentleman, and the equal of anybody in the land. A cloud hangs over him now, I feel it, I know it, and so does he, but I predict that he will rise above this adversity, and come out as gold that has passed through the fiery furnace."

Pinky looked at Uncle Daniel. O, how she thanked him for those words! How she wished she could proclaim his prediction to the house-top, to all the world! It was what she herself felt, but dared not utter.

Uncle Daniel had unknowingly expressed her very thoughts; as she turned her large beautiful eyes upon the old man, the unbidden tears flowed down her cheeks. Aunt Margaret saw the matter, and asked the farmer said, "Yes, I'll always be the best friend ye've got" and turning walked away toward the house.

Walter entered the house and gathered up his small bundle of neat clean clothes and left. A sigh escaped his lips as he passed through the front gate. Looking back he saw a pale, sorrowful face in the doorway. He knew that face only too well, and the look of pity depicted thereon moved his heart. Poor Walter was once more a wanderer. The very thing he most dreaded had befallen him. He was again homeless. Where should he go? His plan was formed, and that was to go to the city, to the plan of the outlaws. He would go direct to Bushville, and stop at the village tavern until he could get an opportunity to inform Mr. Smallwood of his danger.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE INTERVIEW.

Walter went to the house of Jack Hawkins and informed him that he had been discharged by Farmer Miles.

"He bounced ye, did he, eh?" asked Jack, with a grin on his face.

"Yes," said Walter, "I was discharged and I certainly did not merit it."

"Well, ole Miles must hev got a kinder suspicion, ye know," said Jack.

"But it'll all come out fair in the end; ye go to Bushville the first about ye sharp then. Dress up in yer best 'n' call on Mr. Smallwood; may be ye kin get a place in the bank as clerk; if ye can't ye kin git near enough to see how the doors ar' hung, an' the best way to get in. The other boys 'nd jist give the thing away if they 'nd jist that part. Ye ar' the only one in the band who could do it."

This was the course that Walter had laid out for himself; yet with a far different design from that intended by Jack Hawkins. He bade Jack goodbye and trudged on to the village. The heart of Walter Brownfield was much heavier than it was a month ago, when he came along this very road seeking employment as a farm hand. True, then he was penniless and actually suffering with hunger; but now an unknown, indefinable dread had seized his heart. He passed several neighbors, who knew him, and such expressions as—

"On the tramp again, eh?"

"Givin' the road a lick, eh?"

"What's runnin' away?"

"Good-bye, Walter," and a hundred others greeted his ears. His face flushed, until it almost seemed on fire, yet he restrained his temper. To some of the more sympathetic of his friends he answered politely, informing them that, for the present, he would sojourn at the village.

The main little country town was reached at last, and weary and heart-sore, Walter proceeded at once to the small tavern, where he secured board for a week at two dollars and fifty cents. He saw Jack Hawkins and Bill Martin, who had evidently stepped in to see if the new recruit was getting in his work well, but he felt that their eyes were constantly upon him. He shuddered as he noticed the two villains watching his every movement.

Walter went to the bank of Mr. Smallwood and stood about the door for some time. The ruffians supposed that he was making an examination of the vault, with a view to aiding them in the burglary.

"Jack," said Bill.

"Well, what?"

"He's going to work like a trump."

"Makes a good start."

"Ye bet."

"What?" asked Bill.

"The constable is in the far behind us."

"Blas't him," said Bill, "I would like to give him one whack with my sling shot."

"He keeps round like he has suspicion 'o' us."

"No, he ain't; let's go up here and watch 'em."

Walter had entered the bank building, and they could not see him. He intended to make them believe that he was doing their bidding, and yet to avoid meeting them personally.

"I am evidently satisfied that they are working in their interest," said Walter, as he returned to the small, miserable tavern, determined to see Mr. Smallwood and convince him of his danger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PENSION STATISTICS.

Interesting Facts in Figures About Disabled War Veterans.

A statement prepared at the Pension Office by direction of the chief of the certificate division, Mr. J. E. Smith, shows that there are only 43 pensioners of this class on the roll who have lost an arm at the shoulder-joint or a leg at the hip-joint. The small number as compared with the number of pensioners in the other classes indicate how few survive the amputation of an entire limb. There is greater danger attendant upon the entire amputation of a leg than of an arm, for there are on the roll only 10 pensioners who have lost a leg at the hip-joint, while those who have lost an arm at the shoulder-joint number 443. They receive \$43 per month. There are 3,105 pensioners who have lost an arm above the elbow, and 2,641 who have lost a leg above the knee. Such pensioners are to receive a pension of \$36 per month, an increase of \$6. There are also 839 pensioners who receive an arm above the elbow, and 1,185 pensioners who have lost a leg below the knee. These pensioners are to receive \$30 a month, an increase of \$6. The bill further provides "that nothing contained in this act shall be construed to repeal section 4699 of the revised statutes of the United States, or to change the rate of \$18 per month therein mentioned to be proportionately divided for any degree of disability established, for which section 4693 makes no provision." The list of pensions now paid shows that in the higher grades the number of pensioners is comparatively small. For instance, for what is termed total disability, such as the loss of both arms, both legs, both hands, both feet, the sight of both eyes and insanity, the highest pension is paid, namely \$72 per month. The number of pensioners in these classes is as follows: Lost both arms, 21; both legs, 22; both hands, 7; both feet, 32; both eyes, 551; insanity, 190. There are only two persons who receive the highest pension, namely \$72 per month, one of whom receives \$72 per month and the other \$100, the latter being General Black, Commissioner of Pensions, who received this pension by a special act of Congress. Of the 250,000 and more pensioners now on the rolls, the largest number, 60,268, receive \$4 per month; the next highest number, 44,774, receive \$8 per month. Then there are 34,639 pensioners who receive \$6 per month; 26,133 who receive \$2 per month; 15,480 who receive \$12 per month; 15,020 who receive \$24 per month; 9,297 who receive \$10 per month; 7,927 who receive \$90 per month; 4,488 who receive \$16 per month, and 3,413 who receive \$14 per month. The grades of pension are also in harmony with the plan of the outlaws. He would go direct to Bushville, and stop at the village tavern until he could get an opportunity to inform Mr. Smallwood of his danger.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

How She Appears, Dresses and Acts When On Official Days.

As we looked down 'n' wonderful gallery from our point of vantage, there came slowly along toward us a little group consisting of ten or twelve gentlemen and two ladies walking in the wise: in the center was a low-sized, stout, red-faced old lady, apparently sixty-odd years of age. This was Queen Victoria. She wore a black silk dress made short enough to escape the floor. The skirt was full and fringed with six or eight yards of lace. The back of the skirt hung full and plain. Over this was worn a simple little black cloth dolman wrap. A sleeve, large, black bonnet, from which hung a short, black, round net, or gresnaine veil, was on her head. Her face was rosy to the point of redness, her hair very gray and brushed simply behind her ears; the cheeks were not red at all, but a sort of mottled red and white. Once she smiled as some gentleman of the party was presented to her, inclined her head towards him in a gracious but aristocratic sort of way, and exposed all her teeth as she smiled; they were very white, and so even and perfect as to look suspiciously false.

The Queen carried a gold-headed ebony walking-stick, and made good use of it, leaning on it as she stopped to look in the cases, or to talk with her elbow akimbo, in a comfortable fashion that did her moving good. She walked rapidly along, moving in a booming, ship-under-full-sail sort of fashion, an idea borne out by her ample skirts and fat, dumpy body.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Secretary of the exhibition, walked on one side of her and a Lord Somebody or 't' other on the other. They did not walk up alongside of her in an equal sort of way, but of about four feet from her, prancing sideways toward her with their bodies, their hats in their hands, and their backs constantly curving as they courtesied and bowed in a fashion that recalled one's ideas of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Behind the Queen came the Princess Beatrice and her husband, Prince Henry. He is a tall, rather nervous-looking man, with brown hair and mustache and dressed in a dark frock coat and trousers. The Princess had on a blue frock that probably cost fifty cents a yard. It was covered with white polka dots, and the long draped overdress was edged with that white lace known as "val d'arant." Her bonnet was a little French affair of white lace and dark-brown velvet, and the waist of the dress had a Y shaped arrangement of white lace let into it, front and back. She did not walk up alongside of her mother in a daughterly sort of way, but came on behind her Majesty and politely waited until the Queen had examined each case before she ventured to look herself. The Princess is plump, very unlike a princess in her manner, and not handsome. She has not the extreme, almost ultra-graciousness of demeanor to the public that characterizes her sister-in-law, the Princess of Wales.

When the Queen got to the end of the galleries nearest us she came a few feet forward in the open space beyond the exhibits so that the hundreds collected might have a good view of her, and then, without looking at them or without any demonstration on their part, she slowly turned, and, like the King of France, went back again. I observed the crowds of her subjects gathered about, and there was an atom of enthusiasm, only the most searching, and grave and sombre curiosity, and when she had gone a quiet turning away, as if that were all. I talked the other day with an intelligent middle-class gentleman on this question of the royal family. He said: "When the Queen dies we will have the Prince of Wales for King; but as the Prince will be no more Kings nor Queens for old England. We are on the eve of a great revolution that will come quietly and in order, and surprise no one."—London Cor. N. O. Picayune.

AN AFRICAN KING.

Description of the Royal Surroundings of an Old Savage in a Jungle.

Wading up to our ankles in mud through the rank, dense vegetation, and passing a primitive forge, where four swart negroes were making nails on a stone anvil with a stone hammer, their force belows being two sheepskins worked alternately by a man with two short sticks, as if he were playing on a pair of kettledrums—such a belows and forge, in fact, as you may see any day on the Egyptian hieroglyphics—we caught sight of King Ja-Ja coming to meet us. A brilliant-colored umbrella was held over his head by an attendant, and he came with African chiefs, he was followed by quite a number of evil-looking rascals of all ages and in all states of undress, carrying a perfect museum of obsolete arms, the staff of state (like a beadle's mace) and other paraphernalia. Ja-Ja is a fine-looking old savage, as black as polished ebony, with hair like silver, and was in full dress, as usual with the tails, shirt, brooder most elaborately with the imperial French arms, and plentifully besprinkled with Ns and Es, the Napoleonic bees, and other emblems of a bygone dynasty in France. This was the King's only garment, except the usual bandana loincloth of two uncut lengths of red and blue cloth.

Ja-Ja received his great patron, the Consul, with much finger-snapping and other signs of friendship, and led the way to his house. The outer wall of his compound, which incloses some three acres of ground, is formed by the butts of his slaves and people, the whole place reeking with filth beyond all European imagination. In the center of the compound stands a fetich indiarubber tree, with a ju-ju but under it, and near is built the house inhabited by some of Ja-Ja's favorite wives, the palace itself being at the end of the compound and overlooking all. It is a gaudily-painted wooden building, raised on piles some eight feet high, and surrounded by a veranda. The house, a new one, is the pride of old Ja-Ja's heart, and was constructed by negro workmen from the British settlement of Accra. It is furnished with a desperate attempt at European style; but the whole effect is absurdly incongruous with the nude or semi-nude man and female servants, and the evident barbarism of himself among his civilized surroundings. In the corner of the principal parlor, which leads straight from the veranda, is a most gorgeous red-and-gold throne, with a liberal allowance of crowns, scepters, and "King Ja-Jas" scattered over every corner of vantage; and on its topmost pinnacle is stuck jauntily an absurdical hat like a fool's cap, with enormous feather-like ears on each side of it, with which head-dress the King volunteered the statement that he had been "making ju-ju" whatever that might mean.—Chambers' Journal.

New York City every year appropriates \$20,000 for the relief of the foreign immigrants. A list of the residents is kept and a card sent to them when an appropriation is made, when they go to the office of the superintendent of out-door poor and receive their money. If any of these pensioners be have badly after remonstrance they are cut off from the benefit of the appropriation for the year.—N. Y. Tribune.

In Philadelphia, women make a good living as professional "lampers." They contract to call each day, and keep in perfect order the lamps of the household. The metal, the chimneys, the shades, and the wicks are kept immaculate, and the oil fresh, and the relief to the average house-keeper more than compensates for the slight fee required.—Philadelphia Press.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The etiquette of these are an important part of the instruction in girls' schools in Japan.

Active preparations are being made at Kieff to celebrate the nine hundred anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into Russia.

The State of California is printing the new State school text books, which will cost fifty per cent. less than the books now in use.

The entire expenses of over one hundred students at Amherst College the past year averaged less than four hundred dollars, vacation expenses included.

C. P. Huntington, the millionaire, is having built at the home of his childhood, Litchfield, Conn., a Gothic chapel for the Unitarians of that place.

A Waukegan (Ont.) minister prayed one Sunday morning as follows: "Lord bless our servant girls who are detained from joining in the worship of Thee by the sleeping of their masters and mistresses."

The Waldensians, at the general conference at Florence, Italy, have decreed that hereafter female members who have reached the age of twenty-one shall be allowed to vote, but not to speak, at church meetings.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Montreal, Can., has established a handsomely appointed reading room for young women who can spend the noon hour, read, eat their lunch and rest therein. Women are always in attendance to give the girls welcome.

At a session of the teachers' association recently held at Saratoga, a report was read showing a large percentage of defect in sight among scholars, which would seem very naturally to arise from the disorder of the pupils.—Troy Times.

It is becoming a custom in Michigan to present "sweet girl graduates," just after they finish reading their graduating exercises, with presents in the great variety as those given a bride. The Chicago Advance thinks that while this custom may seem very pretty and pleasant in the beginning, there is great danger of its degenerating into an occasion for ostentation and display.

The New Hampshire Bible Society during the past year canvassed one hundred and one towns, visited 33,657 families, and found 244 Protestant families without the Bible. In all, 6,848 copies have been placed in circulation, 1,280 being given away and 5,568 have been sold. The receipts for the year have been \$7,211.89, and the expenditures less than this by \$1,248.90.

In speaking of the progress of the church in India, Church Bell says, "A striking—though some fancy it a small—token of religious improvement is the establishment at Bombay of Mrs. Radhabai as a bookseller and stationer. This is the first time that a respectable Hindu widow has ventured to carry on business in her own name since the laws of Manu were written, three thousand years ago."

WIT AND WISDOM.

Women like to be looked up to. That's why they wear such high hats.

Who desires sympathy in adversity, should exercise charity in prosperity.—St. Louis Chronicle.

As the soil, however rich it may be, is not so productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.—Seneca.

The brave deserve the fair. They are something alike. One faces powder in war, the other powders her face in peace.—Macon Telegraph.

"Shaving Done Here" was the sign the barber put up, and when he was succeeded by a broker the sign was changed.—Danville Breck.

At a revival meeting in a country town, not long ago, a young convert, who was by business a milkman, arose to speak. Just at the moment one of the brethren started in with the hymn, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

"Mamma, what does it mean when it says: 'The shades of night are falling fast?'" "You should try and figure out those things for yourself, Johnny." "I know now. It means when sister Jane pulls down the parlor blind, then the shades come in to spend the evenings, eh?"—Boston Globe.

"Suits pressed with neatness and dispatch," is what the advertisement read, and a distracted young lover there and then determined to give them a job, for, he said, "I have pressed my suit night and day for three long years, and Susan is no nearer accepting me now than when I began."—N. Y. Ledger.

Two things are necessary to great action in man—the seemingly contradictory elements of passion and patience; passion the stream which contains the elements of power; patience the dam which checks the descending flood, lifts it to its fullest head, and directs its force to the proper point.—United Preceptorian.

The joking at the expense of slow traveling is now a stock article, and will soon belong to the order of worn-out "chestsnuts." Here is one of the latest: "Why, I paid you when I got into the tram?" "Where did you get on the tram?" "At Fair Haven." "That won't do," said the conductor. "When I left Fair Haven there was only a little boy in the corner." "Yes," answered the old man, "I know it. I was that little boy."—N. Y. Herald.

The Historical Spring Chicken.

Few people have any idea of the longevity of that noble, although historically, domestic fowl, the common hen of commerce. By a late agricultural paper we see that a hen, residing with a farmer near Macon, Mo., seized a rat by the back, carried him to a tub of water, dropped him into it with a revengeful cluck, and then saw the brood from further deprecations. Now, when in boyhood's happy days we read the "Barnyard Book of Natural History," this venerable hen, at that time residing on an English farm, was spending most of her time dropping that same predatory rat into the tub of water with the same old "revengeful cluck." And now she is at it again, away out in far away Missouri, where they call it to deliver their land from error's sin. Fifty years is a good ripe age for a brood hen, but we do not look to see her pass away in this generation. No, so long as there is a rat alive in this world of suffering and wrong, so long will that noble old hen continue to peck and drop him into a tub of water "with a revengeful cluck." Hens, unreal mockery, hens! We begin to hear that the hen of our boyhood was perhaps only a feeble imitation of the real hen of to-day.—Burlington, in Brooklyn Eagle.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Camphor-gum placed on shelves or in drawers will effectively drive away mice.—Cleveland Leader.

Please say to baby's papa that our best physicians prohibit great smoking where there are infants.—Boston Post.

The old-time fashion of pinked sources of India silk upon thin cotton dresses is revived this season.—Chicago Herald.

A "root market" is a feature of many English market towns. Roots are brought in and sold in loads just as hay is brought into our own markets.

The busy season of farm labor extends over all the year for the farmer who employs all means to improve opportunities and who uses all resources.—Troy Times.

In all the growing season there is never a time when weed destruction is out of order, and every opportunity missed is a loss that must be made up later by more work.

The true test of any system in farming can be had only in practice on the land where it seems to offer advantages, for differences in soil or conditions may show in one place substantial gain, and in another positive loss.—Boston Budget.

According to the American Naturalist, we are to have a new kind of potato that will not rot. It is to be a hybrid formed between the common Irish potato and a similar species found in the southernmost parts of South America.

A family in Moncton, N. B., could not understand why their leaves fall off the plants until they saw a small mouse on the top of a fine fuchsia cutting the leaves off. After being watched for some time it descended to the flower pot, and scratching up the ground in the pot, it began eating the roots.

A charming way to frame toilet mirrors is with plush twisted or folded gracefully and sprays of grasses fastened on prettily. A mirror which has been broken can be easily fixed in this way if you have a piece of any size, with plush that has already done duty on a dress or hat, as the folds and grasses will entirely conceal all seams.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

When the tree is planted the branches should be cut back to form a regular shaped head, and if they are pinched back so as to keep the tree symmetrical, and only such branches are allowed to grow as are needed, there will be no necessity of murdering the trees in after years with the saw.—Prairie Farmer.

In making compost the principal object should be to have the materials in fine condition. As compost is usually a mixture of quite a number of materials and also best when perfectly decomposed, it serves better for young plants that are tender, and is much superior to stable manure for use in flower gardens.—Rural New Yorker.

Batter and Fruit Pudding: Chop up one pound of apples and put them in a greased pudding basin (gooseberries, plums or any other fruit will do), and sprinkle sugar over them; now make a batter of one egg, six ounces flour and one breakfast cupful of milk; one-half a teaspoonful of baking powder must be added to the flour; when the batter is smooth press it over the fruit and steam gently for one hour; care must be taken that the water remains boiling and does not evaporate too much.—Boston Globe.

Potted Fish: Cut a fish twelve inches in length into four equal parts; rub a little salt on the end of each part and place the pieces in an earthen pot; add whole spices an eider vinegar to cover the fish when the pot is nearly empty. Tie on a paper cover, and over this put an earthen cover to keep in all the steam. Bake in a moderate oven for three hours. Fish cooked in this way is delicious and will keep two weeks in a cool place and longer in a refrigerator.—Exchange.

LIGHT FOR STOCK.

An Important Point to Be Considered in the Construction of Barns.

In planning or building barns or sheds for stock, it will pay largely in the investment to take special pains to see that the stock are liberally supplied with light.

Too many real good farmers make a serious mistake in this respect—more from thoughtlessness than from a false notion of economy. Stock of all kinds require plenty of light. They will be healthier, and will keep in better condition, with less feed, than when kept in darkness. Many good stable or barns are built with no provision made whatever for light, excepting that which can creep through the cracks. In winter, when it is desirable to keep stock as warm as possible, the doors are all closed tight, all the cracks that will admit the cold are stopped up, and all is dark where the stock is to stand. It can not be otherwise. Light is very essential for stock of all kinds, and especially so during the winter, when they are closed up in the stable the greater portion of the time.

I am strongly in favor of providing good, warm shelter for every kind of stock on the farm. From experience I have learned that it is not only economical as pertains to feed, but it is a health and comfort. If you are able to build a good, warm stable or barn, you are able to stand the very small additional expense necessary to furnish plenty of sunlight. Glass is very nearly as cheap as lumber; and if we consider the benefits to be derived by providing plenty of light, the glass is much cheaper. If you are not able to build a good barn or stable, and only build sheds, leave enough open spaces on the south side to admit plenty of light—even if they admit at the same time considerable cold, it will be better to have the light with the cold than more warmth and no light. It is not necessary to have an extra amount of light, but a quantity sufficient to enable you to see plainly in all parts of the stable; and if pains are taken to select good positions for the windows, it will not take near as many as at first would seem necessary. If the barn is built correctly, the windows should be as nearly as possible on the south, east and west parts. Light is very essential for stock of all kinds, and especially so during the winter, when they are closed up in the stable the greater portion of the time.