



CHAPTER XX.—(CONTINUED.)

She held up both hands to ward him off, and answered in a low, thrilling voice:

"I can die a thousand deaths, easier than accept the treacherous aid of my mother's murderer—though in this hour of terrible need."

"Perish then!" cried M. Pierre, passionately; "and with you the romantic swain who carried you to your underground retreat in the forest. You baffled me then, but this time there is no escape. You will die a horrible death, both of you; but a single word of appeal to me can save you."

"I scorn to use it!" said Lady Felicie, her eyes gleaming resolutely from the pale, pale face.

Jules drew her to him fondly.

"We can die together, if they will it so, my Chlotilde; but we shall die innocent, and unoffending."

"So be it then," retorted M. Pierre in the hoarse, vindictive tone of revengeful passion.

"Hist, citizens. I can expose to you two refugees from justice."

"Stay!" cried the Amazon, clapping her brawny hand upon his mouth; "the little thing is showing spirit now; let us take a little sport with her, before we give her up to the mob. But what is this story about the Gray Falcon? The youth declares that she is no aristocrat, but the Gray Falcon's niece."

"A pretty falsehood to cheat you; the Gray Falcon never saw her, I'll be bound. Away with her!" cried M. Pierre, fairly foaming with rage, and seizing the girl's arm, he tore her from the side of Jules.

Suddenly above the wild din and uproar Jules heard a calm, ringing voice. Well might it sound like an angel's to him. Emile had come!

"Citizens!" thundered he; "what means this uproar, and why do you drag away the only being left to cheer the Gray Falcon's heart? What has she done to provoke your displeasure? Wherein have I failed, that you withdraw your confidence from me? Who has a charge of disloyalty to freedom to cast in the Gray Falcon's back?"

"None, none!" cried a hundred voices, as all eyes turned to the pedestal upon which he had mounted. "The Gray Falcon forever! Liberty and equality," was always the Gray Falcon's motto. He was the first to warn us; the first to lead us on. The Gray Falcon is our leader."

Emile smiled proudly, though there was a stern sparkle in his eye, which betrayed the fierceness of his smothered anger.

Leaping down, he flew swiftly to where a group supported the fainting figure of Felicie, and catching her up in his arms, demanded sternly:

"Why is this innocent girl so roughly used; can any one explain?"

The Amazon elbowed her way toward him, dragging M. Pierre.

"This man proclaimed her an aristocrat, and a refugee. It shall be his turn, if he has lied to us."

M. Pierre began a fierce retort; but Emile's blazing eyes startled him and the fierce looks of the crowd showed that the Gray Falcon held control, for the time at least.

He stood cowering and trembling. For a moment Emile, bearing up the insensible form of Felicie, stood sternly looking into that evil face.

Across both countenances went a flash of intelligence, though neither spoke.

"So, so! now is the mysterious escape from the forest explained to me," thought M. Pierre.

"There is no chance for further disguise; he knows what is my work now," echoed within Emile's noble heart.

Then waving his hand in calm dignity, said the latter, slowly and deliberately:

"Let us wrong no man, least of all a citizen. Give him a fair investigation; take him to the guard house; keep him safely till to-morrow noon. Then there will be opportunity for proper explanations, and justice can be done to all."

While he spoke, his eyes ran questioningly along the rows of upturned faces.

CHAPTER XXI.

JULES suspected for whom he was searching, and darted to his side.

"Let me help you carry the girl, citizen," said he, guardedly.

"Nay," interposed the same man who had kept such vigilant guard over their movements; "this man is one of our enemies, most worthy Falcon. I can swear to him before the court."

"He shall be closely guarded. I shall not allow him to leave my sight—nevertheless he may carry my niece for me till I can find a carriage," replied Emile, readily, without the slightest change of countenance.

"What frightened you away from the cottage? It was a very dangerous experiment, you perceive."

"M. Pierre came thither—Chlotilde recognized him, and was frantic to reach you. That detestable woman stopped us, and they compelled us to witness the execution of the queen."

Jules was anxiously chafing the cold hands of the insensible girl.

"Poor child!" muttered Emile; "if I could only keep her thus, and yet preserve her life, how much terror and anxiety she would be spared."

"She has borne a great deal. She repulsed that wretched Pierre with the heroism of a general. It was only when fairly in the hands of the mob, that her courage failed. Oh, Monsieur, Emile, what frightful scenes we have witnessed, what demoniac passions have seized the people! What is to be the end of it all?"

"Escape for us, I trust; but I dare not speak my plans, or even my thoughts aloud. I shall take you to my business office. I am kept at work all the time now by Robespierre, now by Danton; the two work together now, but if my judgment be not at fault, there will be an open rupture presently. I think, however, the secret feud between them will help me. Robespierre will give me free passes to Dover, if I represent that Danton opposes the idea. I have always kept such an emergency as this in view, and have laid my plan of escape long ago; it is time now to test it. I wish Chlotilde were stronger."

While he spoke a feeble fluttering at the girl's throat gave sign of returning life. They bent over her tenderly.

The dark eyelashes lifted slowly—a great shudder shook her delicate frame—and springing up with the frantic strength lent by terror, she exclaimed:

"Oh, have mercy upon me! I am but a feeble girl. I never harmed one of you in my life; let me go in peace."

"My child," said Emile, with a smile of ineffable tenderness.

"Oh, Emile, you are here—you have saved me! Again do I owe my life to you. Heaven bless you! Heaven bless you!"

Emile, softly caressing the trembling hands, which had seized his, whispered gently:

"Be calm, dearest one; your agitation may be observed. We are not yet secure."

She obeyed him as meekly as a little child would have done, and though still trembling violently, sank upon the seat beside him, and assumed an air of composure.

Jules bent forward and whispered in her ear:

"Courage, dear Chlotilde; another day, and we shall have left these horrors all behind."

She smiled, trustfully relying on his assurance, and closing her eyes, spoke no farther; though the carriage soon after drew up before the huge narrow doorway leading to the Gray Falcon's gloomy apartments, and she was led up the dark flights of stairs into the upper story.

A sickly, effeminate-looking youth was writing there. He bowed respectfully in answer to the Gray Falcon's careless nod, but though evidently surprised to see his companions, he made no remark.

Emile drew forward the rude chairs.

"Take a seat, Chlotilde; you are greatly fatigued, and you have much more to endure. Leon, bring some wine, and get a basket of bread and meat from the cafe. You need not stir again until it is time for us to start."

The youth laid down his pen and went to the nail in one corner where hung his hat and cloak.

Emile followed him to the corridor.

"Make haste, Leon," said he, in a low voice, "because I can't lose sight of the young man, and want you to watch him while I go up to the Convention hall; he's a suspected aristocrat; but I can't get along without him in the job before me."

"More work?" responded Leon, carelessly.

"Yes, to trace some escaped refugees. My niece Chlotilde can identify the woman, but the young man only can make sure of the marquis that used to be. Hurry back, so that I can go to a consultation with Robespierre."

CHAPTER XXII.

HAVING given them due instructions concerning their behavior before his clerk, Emile left the pair to discuss the contents of the basket when Leon returned from the cafe, and set forth at once for the Hall of Convention, where he was certain to meet Robespierre, who was the acknowledged head of the Mountain Party, as it was called, which held sway above the Girondists almost as threateningly as against the nobility.

He found the dread ruler of those stormy days in the very mood to further his plans.

The convention had adjourned, and the members were leaving their seats when Emile appeared. Robespierre stood by himself, his brow dark as night, his hands clenched threateningly.

"Let them beware," muttered he, "do they forget the fate of Girssot and Vergnaud? That insolent Danton shall follow in their steps, if he does not change his manners shortly."

Emile bowed with the utmost respect as he advanced.

"Ha, my brave Falcon, what is the word to-day?"

"The Gray Falcon waits but the word of Robespierre to pounce upon noble prey."

He listened heedlessly. His eye was following Danton, who, conversing with a knot of men at the door, was gesticulating violently.

Emile was acute enough to understand his mood.

"Citizen Danton would fain turn me aside; he calls it an idle move; he will give me no countenance, but I hoped better things from you, Robespierre."

"Ha, what has Danton to say about affairs in Paris, or in the assembly either? What do you want, my keen-eyed Falcon?"

"I have traced two aristocrats in their flight toward Dover—the daughter of Count Languedoc and a young Parisian Marquis. I want authority to follow and seize them. I will go to the very water's edge, but I will have them."

"And would Danton hinder? He is a traitor already. You shall go; come with me for the passport—the credentials of authority from me."

Emile's dark eyes sparkled.

"Thank you, Robespierre. I knew you would see differently from the short-sighted Danton. I shall want passports also for my niece Chlotilde and a youth who can recognize the marquis in any disguise."

"It is a queer journey for your niece," observes Robespierre.

"Aye, but she lived with the count's family, and can make sure I find the right daughter."

"So, so, you are as keen-witted as ever. Well, you shall have my authority for all you need to help you off. So Danton discouraged you. We'll show him how much Robespierre values his opinion."

Danton and his party had left the hall, to Emile's extreme relief, and he followed Robespierre to his private secretary's office, and received the invaluable papers at once.

His heart leaped wildly as he received them. His plans had succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. Only one thing remained, to make sure that M. Pierre was not released until too late to harm them. He walked around to the police office, and ascertained that he was safely confined awaiting the investigation, and then flew homeward.

A single glance at his hopeful face and cheery eye was more reviving to the trembling pair than the most potent elixir.

"We start at once. I hope your fatigue is past, Chlotilde."

She sprang to her feet with a glad smile, and answered eagerly:

"Oh, yes, I am strong, and ready for anything now."

"That pale face gives assurance of remarkable strength. You must try a glass of wine, for we travel swiftly and make no pause for night," replied Emile.

"And what is to be my fate?" asked Jules, trying to hide the exhilaration produced by Emile's demeanor, and assuming a lugubrious tone.

"You will accompany us to help identify your old master. Mind, if you betray my trust, a pistol shot will avenge it."

"There is no danger; my only safety is in obedience to your wishes," replied Jules, meekly drooping his eyelids to hide the mischievous sparkle beneath.

"Leon, put this paper, this endorsement of my movement in Robespierre's own handwriting, on record. It may be valuable some time. And step down and see if the carriage has come. I ordered it at once."

The moment Leon left the room Emile advanced to the pair with a smile which was almost dazzling.

"Be happy, my children; fear nothing. We are safe—we are safe! The bloodthirsty Robespierre little dreams how easy and certain he has made our escape."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

According to Law.

Nobody was standing up, but the seats were all taken in Broadway car No. 146 last Wednesday, when an old man got aboard. He was well-dressed and fussy. He looked up and down the car, on one side of which the people were uncomfortably crowded, but on the other every one seemed contented and happy. He moved down the car and stopped in front of a young man who was reading hard from a big law book he held in his lap.

"Just move up there, young man," said the new passenger, and he attempted to crowd the student's knees together.

Young Blackstone never moved. He raised his eyes and his right hand and in a perfectly distinct and even voice said:

"I don't know of any law or precedent to be cited to show why, to give a seat, I should make every person on this side of the car uncomfortable. The primary principle of our constitution, the great underlying doctrine of all government, is 'the greatest good to the greatest number.' Why don't you try the next car?"

Then he went on reading—New York World.

A Job in Prospect.

"I got a chance to go to work if I could only get out to California," said Dismal Dawson.

"Oh, yes, you would work, I don't think," said the incredulous citizen.

"Well, I wouldn't mind takin' this here job. I hear there is a paper wants 200 men to be around on their backs and watch for that flyin' machine."—Indianapolis Journal.

Claret for Lawmakers.

Eighty-five hundred dollars, the whole profit for last season of the House of Commons kitchen, has been invested by the committee in claret.

Largest Horse Ever Seen.

Eighteen and one-half hands is the height of a horse owned at Plymouth, Neb. The horse is said to be the largest west of the Mississippi river.

Culture of Flax.

The Oregon Experiment station, in bulletin 43, treats of flax culture. In part it says:

History of the plant.—The flax plant is known botanically by the name of *Linum usitatissimum*. From the word *Linum* comes our English words lint, linen and lincseed. The specific name signifies great usefulness from the fact that the plant supplied human beings with many useful articles of clothing. The use of flax fiber is ancient, indicated by the records found in sacred writings, and by the linen wrapped about the Egyptian mummies. There are several wild species of the plant as well as domesticated varieties.

Kind of Seed.—Regarding the varieties recommended for fiber the following remarks are taken from the Department report, bulletin No. 27.

"Mr. J. R. Proctor, of Kentucky, writing upon this subject many years ago, advocated the White Blossom Dutch as the best seed for American flax growers. Mr. Eugene Bosse, a practical flax grower, states that his preference, based upon several years' experience, is for (1) Riga seed, once sown in Belgium—that is to say, imported seed grown on Belgian soil from seed procured in Riga; (2) seed imported direct from Riga, but it must be Riga and not Finland seed; (3) Dutch (Rotterdam) seed, and (4) American seed, which he reports 'as good as Nos. 2 and 3 when well cultivated, though it will not stand the drought as well.' Mr. Bosse states that No. 1 will produce about eight bushels of seed to the acre; No. 2, ten bushels, and No. 3 between eight and ten bushels."

Experiments will be conducted during the present year to determine the best varieties for this locality. Until experiments demonstrate otherwise the foregoing remarks are fully indorsed. The value of the fiber produced is very largely governed by the kind and quality of the seed, hence much stress must be placed upon getting the seed from reliable sources. It will be safest probably, to use imported seed in the outset; but we may be able to produce seed from the imported samples that will equal, and possibly surpass the foreign seed. Three varieties were grown in 1892 for the department of agriculture. They were the Pure Riga or Russian, White Blossom Dutch, and a variety called the Belgian. This last variety is produced from Riga seed grown on Belgian soil. The Pure Riga gave the best results in these experiments.

Fiber can be successfully grown only from seed which is adapted to the production of fiber. There is something in the habit of the plant, if we may use that term. The following statement is taken from the department report.

"Imported seed gives the best results, but if this cannot be obtained, seed must be sown that has been produced from plants grown for their fiber, also from selected seed." Whatever the source of seed great care must be taken in securing clean seed. Weed seeds would render the flax seed worthless. The supply must be fresh for old seed loses its vitality. Seed should be carefully tested before using so that the exact per cent of germination may be known. If only 60 per cent of the seed will grow then, evidently, more of it must be sown per acre. The higher the per cent of germination the better. Seed that, under favorable conditions, will germinate only 50 to 75 per cent would not be desirable. Some apprehension has been expressed as to the danger of importing weeds with the flax seed; but with proper precautions in procuring seed from reliable sources this danger will be largely obviated.

Soil.—A retentive soil is best adapted to the growing of flax, other physical and chemical properties being favorable. Soils that will produce good crops of grain are usually good flax lands. The state of cultivation is more essential, however, in growing the flax plant than in growing a grain crop. The flax plant makes its growth very quickly, and during a time when there is no rain or frost to assist in pulverizing the soil, thereby rendering available the inert plant food. Wheat sown on a comparatively cloddy soil will often make a good growth; for, during the long period of growth, the clods are broken up and washed down by the elements. The composition of the best flax soil, as given by the chemist of the Minnesota experiment station, in bulletin No. 47, is as follows: "The best flax soils are those that contain 25 per cent of medium sand, 20 to 25 per cent of fine and very fine sand, 35 to 40 per cent of silt and 12 per cent of clay. A soil of this kind, known as a loam soil, is put together in such a way so as not offer too great a resistance to the development of flax roots, and at the same time the soil is capable of holding and supplying the proper amount of water for the growing crop."

The same report states that "flax soils should be well supplied with humus (decayed animal or vegetable matter). The best flax soils which have been analyzed usually show 0.2 of one per cent or more of nitrogen. This nitrogen must be in the most available forms, otherwise the flax crop will be unable to obtain its necessary supply."

Flax will not do well on lands where water stands within a few inches of the surface. The low white lands of the Willamette valley will hardly be expected to produce a profitable yield of flax until they are improved by the drainage and careful cultivation. It is safe to say that the best grain lands of the Willamette valley are well adapted to the growing of flax. The best evidence we have of this is in the fact that flax has been successfully grown on such soils. We learn from a report recently received that a field of flax grown in Polk county the past season, made a remarkable growth. The re-

port states that much of it was as high as a man's shoulders. This does not necessarily mean that this rank growth is desirable for fiber production, but it signifies that that soil possessed the necessary conditions to produce a healthy growth, and from the descriptions given, we are well aware that there are vast areas of equally good soil in the valley. Mr. Charles Miller, of Jefferson, Oregon, who has had more experience than any other man in Oregon in growing flax for fiber, says, "that any of the soil of the valley which will produce good crops of grain will produce abundant crops of flax, provided the soil is properly prepared before the seed is sown."

Wisconsin Horticultural Meeting.

D. C. Converse spoke on how to plant and care for strawberries. He recommended covering the beds in the fall with straw as a mulch. In the spring he would loosen up this mulch enough to let the plants grow through. He advised people not to buy cheap plants just because they were cheap. He had had people come to him and say that their strawberry beds were failures, and on investigation had found that the plants they had used were old ones that a neighbor had dug up to throw away. One should be sure to get good plants, whether they cost little or much. In setting out pistillate and staminate should be set in rows by themselves, a staminate row for each third row, and these should be marked so that they could be told at any time. This would help to identify the new plants growing from them. In marking the best way has proved to be a piece of zinc. This would not rust and obscure the name. Each zinc tag should be nailed on a piece of wood and the wood driven into the ground at the end of the row.

As four best strawberries fitted for distant markets J. D. Sarles of Sparta named Warfield, Crescent, Michel's Early and Wilson's Albany.

Mr. Johnson—First four for near markets. I would name for the first Crescent; this, I believe, is a berry of the first quality and the best, taking all things together. It is sour, it is true, but it has a very pleasant acid taste and is much enjoyed if eaten with sugar. The Crescent is also of good size if you give it good attention. The usual trouble is that many growers pick it before it is ripe for the sake of getting it into market while the prices are high. The berry is then half grown and red except the tip. It does not pay to pick at this time, for if one will wait till the berries are fully ripe they will have doubled in size, and will taste better and sell better, although it will have to be for a lower price. But double the quantity will more than pay for the partial loss in price. This berry is one of the first to ripen, there being few that ripen two days before it. Haverland is next. There is a great demand for it, though I do not like it myself very much. I think there is an advantage in having a pollinizer near the size of the pistillate berry. For the Haverland I prefer the Lovett. It has a great many little roots running from it. Brandywine has come through the tests well and I would name that for the fourth berry.

Q.—How many times have you fruited the Brandywine?

A.—For two years. It has done as well as I expected.

Q.—Can you ship the Haverland?

A.—Not usually. Sometimes it will keep over night.

Q.—Does the Brandywine rust?

A.—It has not rusted with me.

Q.—Is the Haverland as good as the Warfield?

A.—If I wanted a canning berry I would raise the Warfield.

Q.—Why do you recommend that the pollinizing berry should be the same size as the pistillate?

A.—I do not very strongly recommend that; but it injures the sample of berries to mix two different sizes in the same box. They do not sell as well. That is the only point I make on that.

Mr. Hartwell—Now, at our meeting in Illinois one man brought out a point as to mixing berries. He would grow in the same fields berries that ripened at the same time, for he believes that pollinizers that ripen at a later or earlier date than the plants to be pollinized may not do their work fully. He tries to mix varieties that bloom at the same time. He thinks that as a rule he gets more berries.

Mr. Plum—I have noticed that the pollinizer does have a great influence on the quality of the berry of the pistillate plant. I believe it is a point worthy our consideration. A word about the old bed. Had it not been for old beds last year I would have had little fruit. We had about fifteen acres of old beds in our vicinity. My beds I plowed between the rows and left about one foot untouched. The plants covered that space and gave a renewal of the beds. The work was done in 1895 and gave us a good crop of berries in 1897.

Mr. Sarles—I tried that and put my subsoil plow in for about twenty inches. I ran it along the rows, stirring the soil to a depth of twenty inches and leaving the old rows for about ten inches in width untouched. The roots of the strawberry plant will go down as far as the soil is so loose and wet. The plants can thus get at new sources of food supply. I believe it is the best thing I have seen or heard of. I then cultivate the following spring. I know this is against the teachings of many. After the beds are harrowed in the spring put back the litter and you have your new beds and new plants. Speaking of Haverland, I sent several cases of them to my sons, 500 miles away, and they went through all right, though I do not consider them a great shipper. The sons wrote back: "If you have any more like those send them along. They are all right."

Illinois State Dairy Meeting.

The twenty-third annual convention of the Illinois State Dairy Association convened in the opera house at DeKalb Feb. 24, and continued three days. Owing to the illness of the president, G. H. Gurler, his brother, H. B. Gurler, of DeKalb, president. A special effort had been made by the secretary, J. H. Monrad, to secure a large attendance and bring out a big display of butter and dairy machinery. In this he was most successful, and with the assistance of the Gurler Brothers of DeKalb, and others, succeeded in holding the finest dairy meeting ever held by this association within the memory of any present. There was a large display of machinery, about 120 tubs of butter on exhibition, with a number of cheese and sessions were well attended. The membership reached the 200 mark, way above anything ever before accomplished. Mr. Monrad certainly deserves great commendation for his untiring efforts. The program was carried out conscientiously. One session was devoted to milk producers, two to general topics, one to butter makers and creamery men, etc. Some valuable papers were read, extracts of which will be published later. Those that deserve special mention were presented by Professor Haecker of Minnesota; H. B. Gurler of DeKalb, A. G. Judd of Dixon, E. H. Farrington of Wisconsin, Mrs. R. H. Kelly of Chicago, H. F. Thurston of Chicago, B. F. Wynnan of Sycamore, B. W. Hostetter of Mt. Carroll, S. G. Soverhill of Tiskilwa. Resolutions were adopted favoring the erection of an agricultural building with dairy equipment at the University of Illinois, and asking that the members urge the passage of the bill appropriating money therefor; favoring the Sharrock bill now before the legislature, which will place the county institutes of the state in touch with an institute bureau which shall be a part of the state agricultural college; favoring what is known as the trade mark bill now before the legislature; thanking Professors Haecker, Davenport and Farrington for their excellent addresses; regretting the death of E. E. Garfield of St. Charles, and Col. Robt. Litter of Chicago; thanking W. D. Collyer of Chicago for scoring the butter and those who furnished the music. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, G. H. Gurler of DeKalb; vice-president, A. G. Judd of Dixon; directors, Jno. Stewart, A. G. Judd, S. G. Soverhill, R. E. Murphy, J. C. Brown, Geo. Reed, G. H. Gurler, W. D. Collyer of Chicago scored the butter and was assisted by Mr. Patch of Boston. In discussing the butter exhibit Mr. Patch said that it was an exceptionally fine one, and with one exception, any package would sell on the market at the top price. This one package had not been properly packed. W. E. Mann of Kaneville secured the highest score of 98½ points on creamery butter. Others in the creamery class who took high scores are as follows: H. Eastman of Stewart, 97½ points; H. H. Duell of Franks, 97½ points; L. McDonough of Davis Junction, 97½ points; R. E. Wexon of Elva, P. Nelson of Creston, Geo. H. Moody of Richardson, 97 each; Geo. W. Hoffenstead of Eagle Lake, O. Gylleck of Compton, G. H. Littlefield of Savannah, August Meyer of Red Bud, 96½ each. In the dairy butter R. A. Patten of Hanna City took first prize with 97 points. Others scoring well were: S. S. Merritt of Henry, 95½; Mrs. S. H. Woods of Gardner, Mrs. F. E. Good of Earlville, Mrs. Chas. J. A. Case of Earlville, Mrs. Chas. Beede of Chadwick, Mrs. Ellen Blakeway of Ridott, 94½ each. For having the butter which scored the highest of all, W. E. Mann received the gold medal offered by the Elgin Board of Trade. He also received a \$25 gold watch and \$15 in cash, offered by the Worcester Salt Company. H. R. Duell received the \$15 gold watch offered by the Worcester Salt Company. The Wells-Richardson gold medal for the butter scoring highest colored with the Wells-Richardson butter color, was secured by W. E. Mann, and \$10 in cash offered by the same company was secured by H. Eastman. In cheese, S. G. Soverhill scored 97½ points, and G. R. Bidwell, 96.

On account of being crowded for space in this department, we shall not attempt to give a full report of this convention for some weeks; not till we have completed the report of the Wisconsin dairymen's convention, now running. As soon as possible we will give a fuller report, including extracts from papers.

Feeding Corn-Stalks.—It may seem easier to the farmer who feeds his corn-stalks whole to cows, but it is a wasteful practice, as the animals are sure to get more or less of them under foot, where they are quickly soiled, so that they are unfit to eat. Not only is the feeding value of the stalks thus lost, but they become a positive injury to the manure pile, keeping it from becoming compact, and thus preventing the decomposition that is so important to make manure effective. It is almost impossible to rot whole dried corn-stalks, as the woody surface prevents the moisture from getting inside. Cut into short lengths, however, the pith of the stock is exposed, which readily absorbs the urine and water from rains and snows. It will also compact sufficiently to rot readily, and if turned once to expose all parts of the heap to internal heat it can be got into good condition for helping crops the same year.—Ex.

The dairy farm does not deteriorate. Some cows are more valuable dead than alive.

If you have a small herd of cows get a small separator.