

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

After another pause she added: "He will take up the land, he said, and he ought to have that next to ours; I know it, too, is rich. He ought to have it—he is a good man."

Then with a shuddering recollection, she continued: "He saved me, Janie; saved me from the cruel snake. His, his, he said, and was going to bite. Then he came—he carried a big stick, down—down, and the snake was dead—it was dead, Janie, see? He killed it so I could come home to my Janie. Do you understand?"

She had risen, and with voice and gesture tried to make her meaning plain. The other listened, her awed, uncanny gaze watching every movement, every expression. She felt that she understood.

"So, you see, Janie, dear, I'd like to help him—to tell him of the land next ours, so he would be rich. He deserves it, but—my promise to dad, my sworn promise to let nobody know nobody! She finished with a mournful shake of the head, and resumed her seat.

On Janie's face was a mixture of cunning and delight. Her eyes, usually wide open in a vacant stare, were contracted with a secret design in which the doltish spirit found great glee. She mumbled a few words to which Sue paid no heed. Her mind and heart were intent upon other things, and she sat in dreamy silence until, tired out, she dropped asleep.

And the elfin girl kept watch beside her until long into the night, peering deep into the gloom of the woods. Perhaps there she saw the little men in green at midnight revel with the fairies; perhaps she heard their music, the water's run, as they danced by the light of the firefly lanterns.

CHAPTER XX.
A warm afternoon was drawing to a close. Clouds banked the western sky, dark as with the smoke of battle, while from their crimson lining bristled spears of gold.

On the river a skiff shot between ruffles of foam. Two men sat in the boat; one dark as the water he cleft with feathered oar, the other's pale profile sharply outlined against the bluffs beyond. Over one shoulder was slung a cape which the wearer adjusted from time to time as though its weight were a burden. But his manner was alert, eager, and he scanned the shore with earnest eyes.

"So this is the place, Owatoga," he said, and scarcely waited for the keel to scrape the sand before his foot touched shore.

When Winslow and his guide came in sight of the cabin, it appeared deserted; only a thin curl of smoke beckoned invitingly, and the weather vane bobbed a welcome.

At last a familiar figure came from back of the cabin. "America!" and Winslow darted forward without hesitation. The old woman's eyes in the uncertain light glittered like those of a cat; then, recognizing him, she smiled, and there was unctuous delight in her hearty: "You—Mars Winslow? Fo' Gawd's sake!"

He shook her hand, and the long, damp fingers responded with the uncertain hold of one not accustomed to the action.

"I spicioned I hearn the gravel scrunch; my years is sharp yit. I've tur'ble glad to see yo', Mars Winslow. I kin' o' feared yo' might o' disremembered us all by dis time."

She had gone forward to meet them, and as they reached the house: "Les' be right still," she cautioned; "cause missy does fall to sleep. Spokin' we set out hyar awhile," and she brought chains under the tiny framework over the door, from which a honeysuckle vine hung ample shade.

"De folks is all one of somehars. Mars Creighton, an' de young man tuk'n went to town to do some tradin'. Missy Lavvy jes' toted off to get some fresh a'r. She'll be back immedjit."

Thus the old negress rambled on, including even Owatoga in this gracious reception.

Winslow spoke little, fearing to break the spell which held him in enchantment all the more alluring, that he knew it could not last. Silently he drank in the delicious languor of a young midsummer night. A breeze blew from the river, heavy with the perfume of blossoming locust trees, where birds scolded and chaffed in wide-awake preparation for slumber. Clear, close, common hung the sky, where the bold stars came early out, though light yet glowed in the wake of the sun. It scotched Winslow to think that this was her home—the sweetness of summer, of bird and tree and blossom. It was all hers, and she the fairy princess of this enchanted wood.

And so, indeed, she seemed, when from the copse beyond she came, her arms filled with a pungent weed that gave forth a spicy aromatic odor. Of slender, ethereal beauty, in her light muslin dress against the dark trees, she moved like a will-o'-the-wisp, and Winslow had wished she might linger longer there—the real woman of flesh and blood had power to wound, to crush him; rather would he sit thus and gaze upon this spirit, this lady of the green.

America's homely exclamation recalled him. "Well, of I ain't plump glad she's got dat stuff to keep off de skeeter! Land knows we need it! Jurry up, Miss Lavvy, company's come."

As the girl quickened her pace and entered the clearing, Owatoga advanced to meet her, with stately native courtesy—sure of her sweet response.

frame which now rose awaiting her coming. A curious quiver passed over her, and she stood still a moment, her hand in that of the tawny giant, puzzled, frightened. For her heart was clamoring out its pleasure in frantic beats, and she was helpless to strive against the joy of seeing Winslow alive and safe. His simple presence was a pleasure too keen for her to be kept down by sober judgment. Her heart was glad; glad to its center, and to this gladness she was helplessly abandoned. "You have given us a delightful surprise," she said, holding out her hand in the old trusting way he remembered so well.

And in the old way she talked, and with the old charm. Of her mother—of their new home, and then of the incidents and acquaintances of the voyage together.

By and by America announced supper, and led the way to the kitchen. Here—by the light of sputtering candles—the lonely meal was spread, since the main living room was now the chamber of sickness. Owatoga's massive frame filled the doorway of the little lean-to, his buzzard plume sweeping the listel. The two at opposite sides of the table were waited upon by America, happy, loquacious; proud of her corn-stalk molasses and salt-risen bread. And Winslow praised her bonny-clabber, he declared her bread delicious, and said no king could wish a finer banquet. And, indeed, he spoke true—were they not breaking bread together, he and his queen?

Was she not now smiling at him, only a table length away—her dear hands pouring his tea, her eyes, with the iris purple gray, looking into his?

When the meal was over, the doctor called, and finding his patient in restful sleep, joined the others in the arbor. "This is one of the advantages of my combined professions," he said. "The herbs and blisters known to 'materia medica' are made more potent by the advice and comfort of the Word wherein we are told that 'in rest shall ye be saved; in quietness shall be your strength.'"

In the conversation which followed the doctor was the leading spirit, while Lavender relapsed into timid bashfulness. For the reverend mad had unconsciously broken the spell; had thrust the present into the thoughts of these two whose hour had been happy because forgetful of all but their mutual past—the past of respect and confidence and trust. And this had been possible only under the witchery of night, and of love taken all unaware. But Rev. Ballinger had introduced a jarring note.

Before long, Winslow, hurt by the girl's coolness and silence, started to return to the tavern. The river trip was without incident, but as he and the Indian were trudging stong, his ear was startled by a cry—not an articulate call, but yet a summons. He paused and stood to listen. Owatoga, too, heard, and with a few swift steps came forward close to Winslow's side. Together they waited a repetition of the peculiar sound.

Nothing thing was in sight. Near them was a tree, its bare trunk concealed by an apron of wild grapevine. From the branches of this a small head peered forth, and then the figure of a girl advanced with sidewise, hesitating step. Her outline and features were but half revealed in this dark place, but Winslow recognized the stunted shape of the girl he had seen on the porch of the branch-water cabin. Cautioning the Indian that he might not frighten her, Winslow walked forward.

She made no response, but when he was very near she grasped his sleeve, and pulled at his arm, making signs for him to follow.

"Let us go," said Winslow, and Owatoga followed, while the other suffered her to lead him.

Going aside from the main road, the strange guide turned into a by-path. Damp, tangled weeds obstructed the way, and their feet sank deep in wet moss and ferns.

She pushed on to where, before them, in a little clearing, was the hut. Her home, which they had approached from the rear.

At the end of the ragged hedge she stopped, and in the effort of the weak mind to convey its meaning, the face wore a look of malignant cunning. She pointed to where earth, newly turned, lay in an amber heap beside an opening—as it a grave?

Winslow's blood ran slower as he watched the girl stoop quickly, and pick up something. This she thrust into his hand, while with her own she pointed to the ground.

But he breathed easier when he saw that what she had given him was no gressome relic—merely a lump of something hard and black.

Then light dawned upon him, and he began an examination of the place, while the girl stood by with a silly grin of satisfaction.

Winslow questioned her closely, getting no reply, only the oft-repeated words: "For you—all for you."

To Owatoga he said: "Do you suppose that she means that I can make this land mine?"

The other granted acquiescence. "Tomahawk!" he said, promptly, and the girl uttered a loud laugh as he took up his tomahawk and strode to the nearest tree.

But Winslow stopped him. "We will see; there is time."

Some moments he gazed abstractedly about. The scene was weird, picturesque; the dark wood, with its yawning cleft at his feet into which a little night wind scattered some dead leaves, and against the ghostly darkness the dim outlines of his two companions, savage and simple alike, watching him in silence.

At last he said, impressively, to the girl: "Thank you; thank you very much. Don't tell anybody else, will you?"

try. He who ignored this, making his church a place for pious worship alone, suffered ridicule at first, and then neglect—riding in exile to fresh fields.

But Rev. Ballinger made no such mistake. To his pious will was added a goodly stock of worldly wisdom, and there was permitted in his church many a meeting of which religious observance formed the minor part. Some of the stricter brethren objected, declaring that the levity before and after service was the seal of compact with Satan. But these dissenting spirits had not sufficed to keep the wolf from the door of Rev. Luke's predecessor.

That godly man kept, therefore, his own counsel, replying mildly to all arguments: "I have a greater authority than my own regarding the conduct of one in Rome; the rule applies to St. Charles—so far as the grace of Heaven permits me to see it."

So the queer method of evangelization proceeded, and if result were proof, the new Gospel teacher needed no further justification.

The frolic on this occasion was called a "jug-breaking"—when tiny jugs, into which contributions toward the church fund had been put, were opened with noisy pranks and homely humor.

To the "jug-breaking" came Lavender with Gonzaga—the latter glad of even this rustic entertainment, if only he might be near her. All his efforts were bent toward a speedy marriage; for, aside from the lover's impatience, was his ever-present fear of some revelation which would part them. He knew that of which Lavender was ignorant—that he had in Winslow's character, obtained her mother's consent. Might not that mistake be explained at any time should her mother rally enough for a coherent talk? And he—the real Winslow—might not he find a way to make his conduct right in her eyes?

Reaching the church, they found a large and motley crowd before them. It filled the tiny structure; it peeped in at door and windows. An unusual quiet prevailed, for each was anxious to see and hear proof of his neighbor's generosity or greed. All were in gala mood, with striking efforts at holiday attire. A bright ribbon, or string of beads added a Sunday charm to many a rosy damsel—in whose eyes a waiting swain was made irresistible by a new necktie, or an extra allowance of bear's grease upon his short-clipped locks.

The frolic seemed a sort of prelude to the real service. Ballinger was not present, but as the meeting broke up his horse was seen bringing him down the road at a lazy trot.

Then ensued a short intermission, after which, with no outward show of authority, Rev. Luke quieted the hubbub, and again the church was filled—this time with a decorous array of listeners.

Lavender and her escort joined them in time to hear the little preacher read the hymn in a voice out of all proportion to his size.

Toward the close of the service Lavender caught the attentive gaze of a pair of eyes, large, luminous, the blue-gray of the iris reflecting the shade of the ragged ribbon on his coat. In their depths were love, inquiry, sorrow—much that she could not fathom. This silent exchange of glances disturbed the Sabbath calm which had entered the girl's heart. Torn by conflicting regret and hope, she hardly knew when the service was over, or listened to Gonzaga's whispered chiding of her inattention.

After the benediction, Winslow came up to them; his greeting was easy, his manner less constrained than hers. Few words were passed, however, as Winslow was taken aside by one of the villagers to discuss some matter relative to the school-house then building. For the new teacher was already a favorite in the community, where his "book larnin'" was forgiven as a drawback inseparable from his vocation, and his elegance of manner tolerated because of a genial friendliness. On this occasion Winslow found many an honest hand extended, many a hearty welcome. The Spaniard, on the contrary, was by most of the St. Charles folk distrusted and disliked. Luck at play had completed what prejudice against his nation had begun. Lavender, too, was almost a stranger to them. Living away from the town, and secluded by the illness of her mother, she had been enabled to make few acquaintances and no friends. Hence it was that both left the church together without interruption.

Slowly they went down the road to the waiting wagon.

At last Gonzaga found courage to say: "I am glad we have left that man's polluting presence."

She looked at him in cold astonishment. "Those are strong words," she said.

"Strong words?" he repeated, hotly. "Have you forgotten who and what this Winslow is, that you can smile at him, and—"

"I have forgotten nothing. I remember only too well all you have taken pains to show me." (In her words was the sting of bitterness ever felt toward the bearer of bad news.)

"But," she continued, "I have also a memory of his services to me—to my mother. There is a gratitude due to past favors in spite of seeming forgetfulness."

"You call this 'seeming forgetfulness'?" and from his breast he drew a yellow envelope which he handed her with the one word: "Read!" A yellow envelope he had stolen from among a packet of Winslow's papers carelessly left in the inn parlor.

She glanced it through rapidly, then without speaking, let her hands drop to her side, crushing tightly the yellow page. Her face, her eyes grew suddenly dull and lifeless—gray as the lining of the cottonwood leaves that sighed—bore her head.

"Forgive me for thus wounding you," he said, "but now you know why I cannot see you waste smiles nor speech upon this man!"

[To Be Continued.]

CHAPTER XXI.
There was death of amusement in the hamlet, and all opportunities for jovial intercourse were eagerly sought by the gregarious pioneers. Upon this fact the astute parson of that day depended for the success of his ministrations.

Madge—This summer heroine just pointed out was in a drowning accident, I presume.
Marorie—Gracious, no! That kind of a girl is a book number. This one was in an auto when the express train hit it.—TOWN TALKER.

CHRISTMAS AND ECONOMY

A Day of Reckoning Sure to Follow Holiday Extravagance.

By MARGARET SANGSTER.

HE spell of the yule-tide lasts very much longer than the yule-tide itself. Weeks before Christmas holidays we are all thinking about them, wondering what we can do to make them better holidays than we have ever had, planning surprises for everybody from the grandparents to the little ones toddling about the nursery floor and keying ourselves to concert pitch over the whole matter.

America as a nation is growing immensely rich among the nations of the earth, but while men of wealth are no longer extraordinary, the rank

dislike to let sons and daughters know that they have anxieties; they resort to every legitimate or illegitimate means to gratify those who bear their name, and in the end if a crash does not come, there are heart burnings and distress that might as well have been avoided.

When the yule-tide casts upon us a spell of foreboding or leaves a legacy of importunate creditors, it has been robbed of its finest essence and defrauded of its noblest meaning.

It is our misfortune that we cannot divest ourselves of a feeling that to make the home happy we must spend too much money for our mental comfort. Never was there a greater mistake. Pleasure in the household depends on simplicity far more than we think. Children often turn away from the playthings that have cost a goodly sum in dollars and cents, and find their delight in something cheap which they may use at their pleasure. The costly doll imported from Paris and dressed in the height of the fashion is shown with pride by its owner

Christmas Bells.



and file still have and always will have limited means, so that thrift is a golden virtue at Christmas as well as at other periods of the year.

Sometimes there is complaint at home that father is moody and tactless, and a little management and tact are in order before mother and the girls ask him for money, the fact being that the poor man is borrowing right and left, and is almost beside himself to meet the drain on his resources.

Several years ago, soon after the glow of the yule-tide had faded into the ashen embers of mid-winter, a business man was taken ill. Dragging along through the weeks of February and March, the victim it seemed of a mysterious malady, he died and was buried during Easter week. When his affairs were settled, they were found to be extremely involved. The entire scheme of living for the family had to be reconstructed, and with pangs of agony those whom he had loved discovered that their extravagance had really sapped the springs of his life. They were not altogether to blame. Husbands are not invariably frank and candid with wives. Fathers

to her little friends, but it is not the doll which gives most satisfaction. It is not the doll that the child plays with. Very likely her mother considers it too fine to be spoiled and puts it away in the closet except on state occasions. A doll on the closet shelf may be a marvel of elegance, but it brings no particular gratification to the child who seldom sees it.

Our yule-tide should be full of warmth and cheer, our extra money should be spent on plenty of light and an open fire, and there should be good times at home, the best times then in all the year.

The beneficent spell of the yule-tide has most of heaven in it when we remember our poorer neighbors and our lonelier friends. There are people known to us all who will be made very happy by so simple a thing as Christmas-tide as a letter. For instance, there is the seamstress who worked for you 20 years ago and who is ending her days in an old ladies' home. She has nobody of her own left to visit her and one day passes just like another. Her yule-tide will be made more cheerful by a visit if you can make it, or a letter if you can send it.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Words Written by Martin Luther for His Little Son, Hans. Music Specially Composed by Josiah Booth.

Words Written by Martin Luther for His Little Son, Hans. Music Specially Composed by Josiah Booth.

Brightly.

FROM HEAVN' A BOVE TO EARTH I COME, TO BEAR GOOD NEWS TO EV'RY ONE;

GLAD TO-ING OF GREAT JOY I BRING, WHERE-OF I NOW WILL SING AND SING.

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
To you, as to the angels, shall
Be the joy of all the earth.

He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth His Kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angels, hands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark:
The swaddling clothes and manger dark;
There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the Heavens and earth were made.

Too Much of a Good Thing.
"I wish people would be more particular about giving that boy of mine Christmas presents," growled the industrious old man.
"Why so?" asked the soap peddler.
"Why, somebody gave him a lousing robe an' he hasn't done anything but lounge since he got it."

Appreciated.
Clerk—May I leave early to-night, sir? My wife wants me to help her to trim the Christmas tree at home.
Employer—I'm afraid I can't let you off to-night, Johnson.
"Thank you, sir. I shall remember your kindness."

Under the Mistletoe.
Graves—Maude asked George to kiss her.
Gladys—Well I like her cheek!
Graves—So did George.

THE DAIRY

Stockraiser Who Finds Them More Convenient and Economical.



Permanent Cattle Feeding Rack.

of the Prairie Farmer. The feature of this rack is that it is permanently located with corner-posts driven into the ground, to which the bottom sides of the rack are built. "Old Reader" says that he does his feeding each year in the same lot, and for this reason is able to use fixed feeding racks. He reports that they are more satisfactory to him than racks that are movable.

GERMS IN MILK.

How They May Be Kept Out by Reasonable Care.

Feeding hay and dry grain just before or at milking time fills the air of the stable with dust. This dust settles into the milk pail carrying bacteria with it, thus increasing the germ content of the milk. Feeding dry corn stover at milking time has the same effect as the feeding of hay and grain, only in a more marked degree, since corn stover usually contains more dust and bacteria than does hay and grain.

Wiping the flank and udder of the cow with a damp cloth just before milking will help reduce the number of bacteria which fall into the milk pail. The practice of brushing cows at milking time is undesirable. The hair and dust which are thus set free into the atmosphere settle into the milk pail during the process of milking and very materially aid in making it spoil.

Stripping a cow dry, says Farm and Home, tends to reduce the number of bacteria found in the milk at the next milking while leaving a small amount of strippings in the udder increases the number of bacteria at the next milking. This is probably due to the fact that the greater manipulation necessary to thoroughly strip the cow removes many bacteria which would otherwise remain in the udder to multiply during the time before the next milking.

BUTTER PRICES.

Some Reasons Why They Are Maintained at High Figure.

Much speculation is indulged in about the fact that with all the supposed great increase in creameries the prices of butter still hold up. Those who speculate forget two or three things, says Hoard's Dairyman:

1. That the cow is the source of the butter supply, not the creamery.
2. That the more dense the cow population becomes in any section, the less proportion of heifer calves are raised.
3. That the increase in milk consumption has been so great that a very large share of the cows of the country have been diverted from butter-making to that business.
4. That the increase of cows in this country is only about five per cent. yearly, so it takes about 20 years to double the cow population.
5. That the progress of dairy ideas among farmers is teaching them to weed out the unprofitable cows, thus reducing very perceptibly the milk supply for unprofitable butter-making.
6. That the percentage of increase of population is much greater than the percentage of increase in cows, while the consumption of milk and butter per capita has been steadily on the increase. All these things tend to strengthen the dairy business in all its parts and keep prices to a healthy grade.

NOTES.

Ornamental trees should not be planted in long lines, as this destroys the artistic effects. Only along the highway is this arrangement justified. The arranging of shrubs, trees and plants in a way to give the most pleasure to the eye is a science that many are now studying.

There are many native shrubs growing in our woods that are very hardy and would be ornamental if properly pruned. Cut out and burn the old berry canes and thereby destroy many insects which would winter on them.

Keeping the Cows Clean.

Cows can be kept clean in the stables by a little attention to the length of the standing doors and the height of same. If the place on which a cow stands is too long she will become dirty and it will be practically impossible to keep her clean. If the length of the platform is just great enough so that the droppings will fall beyond it, the cow will be kept clean with ease. Cows differ in length, and this difference may be made up for by adjusting the tying arrangements of the cows to suit each case. It is a great thing to be able to keep the cows clean, through the entire winter, but this can easily be done.

Oxalis in House.

The oxalis is fine for hanging baskets or pots on brackets in a sunny window. They commence blooming soon after planting and need not be set away to form roots like most other bulbs. They bloom during the entire winter, and the yellows are so very cheerful. Five or six bulbs can be planted in a six-inch pot. Several should be planted as one does or make much of a display.

THE JERSEY COW.

How to Judge a Good Animal When Buying.

Appearance comes first, as being most readily judged of. Solid colored, or almost solid colored, animals are very generally preferred, as a matter of taste, but white markings of greater or lesser extent are no indication either of admixture of the blood of another breed or of dairy inferiority. The general health and apparent constitution of the cows are matters of prime importance to be looked into.

She should show good depth through the body when viewed from front or rear, with a capacious barrel, indicating a good feeder. The udder should be large and well rounded out, both in front and rear, with large and evenly placed teats. The milk veins should be prominent, the back level, the eye large and placid, the hide soft and pliable and of a yellow color. The scale of points drawn up and adopted by the American Jersey cattle club will prove an excellent and instructive guide in judging a Jersey cow.

The best way, however, of determining the merits of any dairy cow, says Farm and Home, is to use a pair of scales to ascertain the quantity of the milk and a Babcock tester to ascertain its quality, or percentage of fat. The ancestry of the cow is also well worthy of some attention; for if she comes of good dairy strains of blood, similar qualities are to be expected in her. As to the particular family to which she may belong, it is well to remember that there are good Jerseys to be found in all families.

NEW MILKING MACHINE.

Device That is Winning Favor in New Zealand.

From New Zealand comes the report of a new milking machine that is being installed in one of the dairies. The new machine does not follow the pulsating method at all, but milks by the pressure of air bags on the teats. The process of milking is a silent one, and the milk is drawn thoroughly, according to witnesses of the operation of the new machine. It is planned to milk 12 cows at a time with this machine and with it little power is required. The owners of the new invention claim for it the following points:

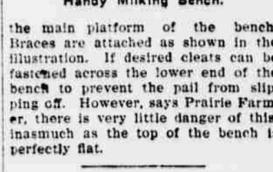
- (a) As compared with all suction machines:
 1. The teat is not congested by the unnatural action of vacuum as a milk extractor. Hence the cow "lets down" freely instead of resisting, and therefore (a) there is no need for hand stripping; (b) the cow is not "dried off"; and (c) no harm whatever is done if the machine is left on longer than needed.
 2. Cleanliness—the milk does not pass through rubber tubing.
 - (b) As compared with all known attempts at non-suction machines:
 1. Absolute softness of fluid pressure as contrasted with pressure of anything solid.
 2. Absence of wheels, pistons or other mechanism in region of teat.
 3. No harnessing around the cow's body is included in the attachment gear.

Unfair Methods.

Farmers are often called conservative but it needs a stronger word to describe the patrons of a cheese factory who vote to discontinue paying for milk on the basis of the butter-fat test. I have in mind a certain factory where milk had been paid for according to test for two or three seasons, conclusively proving to some of the patrons that their herds were a losing proposition, and to others that they were securing a good profit. Did the owners of the worthless cows dispose of them? Not at all. They voted to return to the old order of things and sell their milk by weight. Plain words, because they were in the majority they forced their more enlightened neighbors to give them aims, to share their profits to make up the deficiencies of the worthless cows. Unfortunately for the interests of good stock there are still too many factories that buy milk at so much a hundredweight. Needless to say they are not located in the best dairy sections.

Serviceable Milking Bench.

This milking stool is one foot high at the rear and two feet at its longest length. The front end is raised by the crotch board five inches from the ground. The seat is four inches above



the main platform of the bench. Braces are attached as shown in the illustration. If desired cleats can be fastened across the lower end of the bench to prevent the milk from slipping off. However, says Prairie Farmer, there is very little danger of this, inasmuch as the top of the bench is perfectly flat.

DAIRY NOTES.

The quality of feed for farm animals is as important as quantity. Under salting butter is poor economy. Nothing is so apparent as the lack of salt in dairy products. Never closely cover milk still warm with animal heat. This will cause it to hold a fetid, cody odor, and promotes the growth of bacteria that hasten souring. The average size of the farm dairy herd is three or four cows. These can be made a source of great profit. Roots and silage are about equal in value for fattening wether lambs. If any difference it is in favor of the roots.

Danish Butter Experts.
Prof. Will, of the University of Wisconsin, gives the butter exports of Denmark for the year ending September 30, 1908, at 190,000,000 pounds, and imports at 29,000,000 pounds. The excess of exports over imports was therefore 161,000,000 pounds, or 1,200,000 tons less than during the preceding year.