

The Other Man

By FREDERIC REDDALE

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Hardly was she gone, a new light shined in her pretty eyes, than Kane dispatched a messenger for 50 guineas' worth of seats, and put his secretary to writing notes to the more influential of his friends, begging their acceptance of the tickets enclosed, and bespeaking their attendance at the musicale. As a consequence, Rose Ackery's fortune was made.

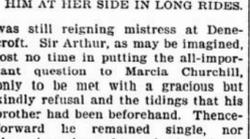
"I can be hard as nails," Kane said when taxed with soft-heartedness about this performance; "Ackery's a cur and richly deserved to be made so; but every man should know how to temper justice with mercy. I've been in too many tight places myself not to realize how it feels to be jumped on!"

So there you have the unique personality, outward and inward, then newly launched in the cream of English society.

No smart function was complete without him, and in response to his own lavish entertaining in town during the season, he was deluged with invitations to visit some of the most exclusive country houses in England for the shooting season. Being a bachelor, "with not a relative in the world," as he said, he was naturally regarded as a big fish in the matrimonial swim, and might have married a titled beauty before the summer was over, thus reversing the accepted Anglo-American procedure in recent years.

In course of time Rossett Kane's round of autumn visits brought him to Denecroft.

Three years had passed from the date of Richard Dysart's self-expatriation. Time had brought no outward change in the lives of those hitherto concerned in this story. Stella Dysart



MORNING AFTER MORNING FOUND HIM AT HER SIDE IN LONG RIDES.

was still reigning mistress at Denecroft. Sir Arthur, as may be imagined, lost no time in putting the all-important question to Marcia Churchill, only to be met with a gracious but kindly refusal and the tidings that his brother had been beforehand. Thenceforward he remained single, nor showed any signs of transferring his affections elsewhere.

Marcia kept her troth, although little had been heard from the absent lad. A brace of letters in the first six months; then a long silence; finally a single impassioned appeal, enclosing his picture, for which she had asked, reiterating his undying love, begging her to wait for him, hinting at all sorts of bad luck, but intimating that a certain venture then impending would make or break him. After that, silence and suspense.

True to his word, Sir Arthur paid in £2,000 to Richard's credit at the family banker's, but it was never drawn against. Whatever he was doing, the boy was clearly determined to sink or swim by his own unaided efforts. The Baronet, on his part, felt too deeply wounded to write or make any overtures at a reconciliation.

So Marcia waited, her beauty enhanced and spiritualized by her faithful love and daily hope.

"He will come back," she said for the hundredth time.

"Of course he will," echoed Stella, for Rick had been her favorite brother, and in these latter days she and Marcia learned to love each other as sisters, and jokingly vowed to live together as old maids to the end of the chapter.

Rossett Kane had met Stella Dysart in town, likewise Marcia Churchill. With the former he appeared to be at once impressed, and it would be hard to say which of the two girls liked him best. With Sir Arthur, too, he got along famously, for he was the happy faculty of adapting himself, chameleon-like, to the surroundings or the person with which or whom he happened to be in contact. He could interest himself in Sir Arthur's old manuscripts, as early Italian canzonets, although, as he quietly confessed to Stella, he had no personal appreciation of their beauty or their value.

"I started too late in life, Miss Dysart," he would say, "and what I need most is some kind person to take pity on me, become my mentor, and lick me into shape, as we used to say out west."

Kane took care that Stella Dysart should have plenty of chance to be more acquainted with him in the two weeks he spent under the Baronet's roof.

Day after day, although a splendid shot, he would decline to go out with the other guns; morning after morning found him at her side in long rides through the Dorset woods and uplands; night after night in the drawing-room he strove, like Othello, to awaken her interest by recounting strange tales of adventure by food and field of which, it is but fair to say, he was only occasionally the hero.

Nor were his efforts wholly in vain. Stella Dysart was half-won when her curiosity was excited and her expectations aroused by the many moods of this extraordinary man.

From the instant of their first meeting, Rossett Kane determined to win her for his wife. Thenceforward life had but one object for him, and if ever a pure and unselfish affection for a spotless maiden could redeem a man and lift him out of his lurid past, here was certainly such an occasion.

Akin to every other man born of woman, Rossett Kane was a compound of good and evil, with the evil predominating at times, not from love thereof, but from force of circumstances.

A modern satirist has registered the truthful saying that it is easy to be virtuous on five thousand a year. Kane the pariah, the outcast, forced to live by his wits, took life at a vastly different view-point from Kane the millionaire. A change of fortune killed off the weeds, and gave the innate and dormant good in his character a chance to grow.

If he could only have blotted out certain cruel memories of strategems and spoils his present outlook would have been serene and full of promise.

CHAPTER IV.

Over the Karroo Desert the stars paled and the dawn broke swift. From every kloof there floated pale wisps and wreaths of silver mist, out of which the fat-topped kopjes rose like islands in a ghostly sea. The surface of the Aloo river was hidden by a thicker paler of the same fog.

With the coming of the sun there came a merry breeze, which swept the kopje and kopje clean as with an invisible besom, and anon the waters of the little river sparkled and rippled in the glorious sunshine of a new day.

But it was yet cold—horribly cold—reminding one of the hill country of North India. Gradually the sun gets in his work, and the chill of the air gives place to a genial warmth which before the meridian will turn to an oppressive heat.

An antelope and its mate came trotting to the water's edge to drink, but ere quenching their thirst sniffed the air suspiciously, and then galloped off down stream, their hard little hoofs rattling like castanets over the stones. A hundred yards off the wild creatures halted and gazed timorously back.

On the bank, by the gray embers of a dead fire, lay a ghostly thing, huddled shapelessly in a heap, the clothing soiled and dusty, a great reddish-brown stain on the khaki jacket, the ends of a waving brown beard matted and clotted with blood which had dripped and coozed and discolored the light, clayed soil.

Richard Dysart! Alive!—perhaps. Dead?—if not, he surely soon will be unless succor comes.

Down the little kloof through which the old wagon had creaked so cheerfully the day before, there stole like a thief two dusty Kafir boys, Timidly they gained his shelter, and cautiously peered through the spokes of the heavy wheels.

They point eagerly at the recumbent figure, and chatter to each other in their queer, clicking speech. Then, looking fearfully around and over their shoulders, they advance, and Joey drops on his knees beside his master.

"Bas, Bas!" he whines, and with thumb and forefinger raises an eyelid to see if there be left an eye.

The blue and parched lips move, and there is a whispered moan: "Water! Water!"

carefully bandaged with the silk shirt torn into strips.

By this time the warming sun had done its genial work, and Dysart's legs were thawed out. So, by dint of both boys bracing themselves and tugging on his sound arm he managed to stagger to his feet and totter to the wagon, where, after much boosting and groaning on their part and his, he was made fairly comfortable on the heavy mattress which covered the bed of the conveyance. Then the wounded man collapsed.

The days ran into weeks, and the weeks mounted into months before the lonely adventurer began to mend. Fever wasted him to a skeleton; malaria sapped his vitality. Help there was none within a hundred miles; he could not stand the jolting of the wagon, and in his lucid moments he sternly vetoed Joey's offers to go for help. He knew what that would mean—a rush of strangers to his claim.

So there, on the banks of the Mood river, he fought his second fight with death, tended and nursed only by his faithful Kafirs—and won out at last!

All through those weary weeks, in the intervals of delirium and the degree of consciousness, he planned and plotted vengeance on the miserant who had robbed him. He would chase him round the world and back again if need be! Daily and hourly he looked for a rush of diamond seekers to the new field. That they did not come proved that the unknown robber must have kept his own counsel, and was doubtless far enough away enjoying the fruits of his unholty spoil.

But there were enough shining stones left on the beach to make another fortune—several fortunes, in fact—and Dysart was still a rich man.

The first thing was to get to the coast, and easily divining that the criminal would make for the nearest seaport rather than for Kimberley or Pretoria, Richard determined to strike for Ladysmith, at that time the nearest town whence ran the railroad for Durban.

It was on a bright morning late in the South African spring when the word was given to inspan and trek once more, to the huge delight of Joey and his brother. The oxen had waxed fat over their long idleness, and good speed might be looked for.

The little party reached Ladysmith without mishap further than the loss of two of the cattle from drinking "red water." There Dysart disposed of some of his smallest stones, so as not to excite too much inquiry, suitably rewarded Joey and the other boy with a handful of yellow sovereigns apiece, made them a dash of new whisky, and a dozen oxen, entered and proved his claim to the new field on the Mood, replenished his wardrobe, got a shave, a haircut and a bath, and then was ready to turn amateur detective.

He stumbled on his first clue by accident.

"A middlin' fine passel o' stones, Bister Dysart," said one of the dealers at the Houndstich Jew named Moses Plish, to whom he sold a small part of his find, after the purchase was concluded. "There was another gent 'ere avile ago vith jest sich a lot; in a steam 'urry 'e was too!"

"Indeed?" said Richard, as nonchalantly as possible, keeping his eyes averted lest old Plish should spy their averted gleam.

"Yes; 'ere, 'ere, 'ere! 'aughty customer 'e was! 'Ow much for the lot, 'ad 'e? 'an 'no questions 'ere? 'I 'ad done a leetle business vith 'im afore, 'an 'I knowed 'is ways!"

"That's curious," said Richard. "I wonder if I have ever met your man? I don't mind telling you, Plish, that I've located and proved a new claim, and I supposed I was first on the ground. But you can never be sure 'vith 'im, can you?"

"I didn't say, Bister Dysart," said Plish, with a cunning grin, "cos 'I never 'ead 'im—leastways 'is genoin' name; 'en I see 'im afore, a matter o' two or three years back, 'e 'eseter play the planner in a dance 'ouse in Durban."

"H-m-m," mused Dysart, drumming on the dirty table. "What was this chum like, Plish?"

"'All 'an' thin, sorter grizzly 'air, vith vite 'ands and long fingers like a woman's. But all this 'ere's strictly confidential 'an 'atween ourselves, Bister Dysart, like, as 'un gent to another."

"Oh, certainly," asserted Richard, quietly pocketing the indignantly impudent classification. "It doesn't really matter, you know. 'Thought I might know the beggar," and he rose to go.

"'Ere's somethin' 'e left behind 'im, 'an 'I 'ad 'im, 'an 'I 'ad 'im rumaging in a drawer, displaying a dirty canvas bag.

Ingratitude of the Successful Man

By PROF. EDWARD AMHERST OTT.

HERE is no lesson that we need to remind people of more in life than the lesson of gratitude to the means by which they rise. Some one has said that "ingratitude's a weed of every clime," and America certainly seems to provide soil in which the weed thrives and spreads.

The battle of life is not so easy and none of us fight it alone. The thoughts that we think are few of them ours. A friend suggests something that opens the doorway to a new life, but how often do we come back and tell him how he has helped us?

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude."
—Shakespeare.

I wish that our great men would remember their beginnings better. Our rich men, in the time of their prosperity, forget all the bright, sweet things that in the days of their hopes and struggles they had vowed to do. They leave the place where they gained their wealth, the place of their beginnings.

CAUSATION OF CANCER.

There Are Many Theories, Some of Which Are Nothing More Than Silly.

During the last few years medical research has had great success and made vast strides in certain directions, chief among which is that of the discovery of the underlying cause of certain diseases. When this cause has been proved beyond reasonable doubt, a change in treatment has resulted, with the consequence that some fearful and fatal disorders are beginning to lose their terrors. Youth's Companion. In other cases definite results have not yet been reached, but some useful working hypotheses has, and here again the result has been often a most beneficial revolution in the matter of treatment. But in the case of cancer—this most dread of all the human ills—we are still groping in the dark, and the theories advanced are simply silly—such as the belief that cancer can be produced by eating tomatoes or water-cress. Sugar, after many other harmless or necessary or beneficial articles of diet have sustained attacks in this connection. There are other theories extant, some of them, perhaps, regarded as theories simply, of more value than the "tomato" one, but against them all must be written "not proved."

It is now widely claimed by many that the idle and luxurious are those most often assailed by this scourge, and it is argued, therefore, that too much meat, or too much rich food of any kind, or rich wines, combined with too little exercise, and thus with a poor degree of elimination, is the cause of the evil. This must rank as one of the unproved theories, although if it is really true that the rich, luxurious, idle class is the one in which the increase of cancer is most marked, the fact is significant and interesting, and should be examined more closely.

That all sorts of open-air sports are fashionable among this class of the community, and very largely indulged in. If it could be shown that the high liver, in spite of his golfing and yachting and automobilism, is more liable to cancer than the poor clerk or artisan who cannot command these expensive amusements, then the inference would grow very strong indeed, that the most popular theory now among medical investigators is that cancer is caused by micro-organisms, and if that proves to be true, we may find that through high living and a too great consumption of meat a favorable soil is prepared for the growth of these germs. If it ever becomes a sure thing that plain living and high thinking confer immunity from cancer, those who are plain livers per force will have reason to rejoice.

DENVER THE TYPICAL CITY.

Has a Lower Percentage of Foreigners Than Any Other of the Big Towns.

Denver is not a foreign city; it is more purely American than its eastern or western neighbors, says the World To-Day. By the census figures, 81 per cent. of her population is American born, while New York has but 63 per cent., Boston, 65; Chicago, 65; San Francisco, 66. Of the foreign population but few are German, with the plethoric temperament, and a goodly number are English. In fact, among the English upper classes, Colorado is the best-known state in the union. Here they come to shoot and to invest, and here come the younger sons to grow up with the country. They have given a slight but distinct English tone to the city.

But it is mainly the American who has come and drunk the wine of her air and basked in the balm of her sunshine, so that his activities have been undoubted. He has become more active, optimistic, nervous, excitable. The walk of the people on the street is springy and light, their eyes bright, their manner quick. They pay more attention to dress. It is rare to see an ill-dressed person on the streets, and as stylish costumes may be seen on the women as in New York and more than in sooty Chicago or St. Louis. In proportion to its size, Denver has finer dry goods stores than its eastern sisters, and their stock is of fine quality. The people look prosperous. The streets on a fine afternoon have an air of gaiety and good living.

Valuable Wines. In the famous cellars of a hotel at Bremen there are a dozen cases of holy wine which have been preserved for 250 years. If the cost of maintaining the cellar, payment of rent, interest upon the original value of the wine and other incidental charges are considered, a bottle of this choice wine has cost \$2,000,000, each gallon \$270,000, and a single drop could not be sold without loss under \$300.

MUSIC AND WAR.

Genile Art That Enthusias Men Long Associated with the Fighting Trade.

The gentle art of music has from earliest times been associated with the rude art of war. Joshua threw down the walls of an old city with the shofar. Troops march to music, they gain heart from it. It is the solace of their leisure, it softens the asperities of the camp, they rise and sleep, eat and move by the call of the bugle. Many a wavering patriot, doubting if he owed the more of himself to his country or his shop when war broke out, has decided for his country when he heard the national anthem, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

In the great camps, during our little disagreement with little Spain, nothing brought the men of the north and south so suddenly and heartily into agreement as the playing of "Dixie" by the northern bands. The honor that went up when the band of a New England or western regiment marched through the company streets of Georgia or Alabama command playing this inspiring anthem was worth going miles to hear. To dishearten military music would be to discontinue enlistments, make the life of garrisons spiritless, and increase desertions. There would be little public interest in parades and ceremonies in which there was lacking the magnificent uproar of a dozen bands playing in different times and keys. And without public interest you cannot maintain an army.

And again, without military bands to serve as training schools and to gather musicians together, the cause of music itself would suffer. As Saint-Saens declares, the concerts by military bands have a part in popular education. They furnish the only good music that the masses hear. They cannot afford to be without them. Whatever France may do about it, and we doubt the report that France is to do away with military bands, we believe and hope that it will be a long day before the band—even the gutter band—disappears from among us.

VICTIMS OF THE JUNGLE.

Wild Beasts and Snakes of India Caused the Deaths of Thousands Last Year.

The resolution of the government of India on the subject notices that in 1901 there were 4,413 leopards, 1,558 bears, 2,373 tigers, and 706 hyenas, while the number of deaths from snake bite was 23,166, reports the London Times.

Tigers killed 1,046 persons, of whom 544 perished in Bengal, 65 being in a single district. This was due to the capture of animals for the purpose of sport, and a special reward was offered without avail. In another district, where 43 persons were killed, most of them fell victims also to a man-eater.

Wolves slew 377 persons last year, of whom 204 were killed in the United Provinces. A campaign is undertaken against the animals. Rohilkhand, and the Allahabad division, and they have been almost exterminated in Cawnpore district, where they used to abound.

Eleven thousand one hundred and thirty deaths took place in Bengal alone from snake bite, 3,258 of these being in the Putna division, while 6,110 deaths took place in the United Provinces; 80,796 cattle (an increase on the previous year) were killed by snakes. Tigers killed 30,565 of these, leopards 33,211, and wolves and hyenas most of the remainder.

On the other hand, rewards were paid last year for the destruction of 1,331 tigers, 412 leopards, 1,558 bears, 2,373 tigers and 706 hyenas, while the number of snakes killed for reward was 72,595. For the destruction of wild animals a sum of 96,952 rupees was paid, and 3,529 rupees for that of snakes. In addition licenses are issued free of cost under the arms act for the destruction of wild animals, and the protection of crops, and these numbered 37,923 last year.

No account is taken of the number of predatory animals killed by sportsmen and others who did not claim the legal rewards.

Setting the Snakes. "What is that large building across the street?" asked the stranger in a manufacturing town.

"That," replied the native, "is a cotton duck factory."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the stranger. "And have you a factory here that makes gutta-percha chickens for boarding houses?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Have Little to Do. People who have nothing to do sometimes think they are the busiest.

STUFFING FOR POULTRY.

A Mode of Preparing That Should Be Much More Generally Adopted.

Roasting poultry without stuffing is a mode that should be more generally followed than it is, especially with chicken, which is more delicately flavored than other fowl, says the Washington Star. Unless a very simple and lightly seasoned dressing is used the natural flavor of the chicken and very young turkey is lost, as the flavor of the fowl of celery, oysters, chestnuts, mushrooms, olives, truffles and such accessories are generally used by the clever cook to conjure the delightful compounds the savorniness of which overshadows the most important part of the dish. This readiness to assimilate has established the custom of stuffing all meats with the greatest variety of combinations suitable, whenever the size and form of the meat and mode of cooking will allow, in order to obtain greater variety by tickling the fickle or jaded palate with a new relish. It is also more pleasing to the taste that no longer finds pleasure or satisfaction in the simple, more wholesome dishes.

We do not altogether condemn the combination of poultry meat, oysters and celery, or celery and chestnuts, but one must remember that with this combination must be served a suitable sauce—that is, one that must at least harmonize. And this most probably gives you another rich and probably digestible preparation, the two dishes thus forming a hearty and sufficient meal without the usual accompaniments which are served with them and considered necessary to form a complete menu for an average simple dinner. One advantage in stuffing poultry and birds is that what they are baked or roasted they are plumper and more attractive in appearance, especially the very young poultry that has not so much development of breast. Some place large pieces of dried bread or small soft rolls in the cavities. This produces moisture and does not affect the flavor of the meat.

HOME-MAKING.

The Makers Thereof Are Not Always to the Manner Born and Training Is Needed.

A novel course has recently been opened in a training school of kindergarten teachers in an eastern city. It is called a course in home-making. Its prospectus recognizes the fact that the preparation for the most important industry in which women can engage has always been more or less haphazard, says Youth's Companion.

If a girl could make a loaf of bread and a cup of coffee, if she knew the beefsteak is bought in the pound and not by the yard, and that windows should not be washed outside in freezing weather, she was too often thought to be equipped for house-keeping at least when the family was to consist of "just herself and her husband." The miseries of the first year of marriage, with so meager a supply of "knowledge and experience," are written deep in the memories of many a husband and wife.

It is a good sign that a popular school has had the sense and the courage to establish a department where girls over 18 years old may study the house intelligently—its construction, its decoration and furnishing; house-keeping, with its expenses, its accounts, its marketing, its cooking and its laundry work; and finally the nurture and training of children, from the care of their physical needs to the selection of their games and their books.

We have acted too long upon the assumption that home-makers are born, not made. It is high time that we should at least make the experiment of teaching women expressly how to meet the varied demands of life in the home.

HIS YANKEE ANCESTORS.

Even as Far Back as the Parents of the Whole Human Race.

Lieut. Takekshira, of the royal Japanese navy, who it is said, proposes to enter a Japanese syndicate race, the next international cup race, is a good deal of a humorist. This young man, on the day of the first race, presented Sir Thomas Lipton with a copy of "Mr. Dooley," that the knight might be cheered in case of defeat. He also commented with good vigor and directness upon everything that very struck him as odd, relates the New York Tribune.

"The Americans have a good deal of pride," he said on one occasion. "I was talking yesterday to an American sailor. The man was very proud of his birthplace. He said that no one outside of America amounted to anything."

"But what were your father and mother?" said I.

"'Yankees,' said the sailor.

"What were your grandfather and grandmother?"

"'Yankees.'"

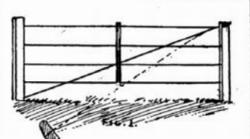
"What were your great-grandfather and great-grandmother?"

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

HOW TO BUILD FENCES.

Good Posts, Properly Braced, Are Most Important in Prolonging Their Usefulness.

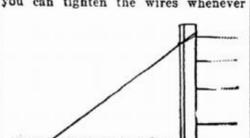
I have been building wire fences for more than 30 years and have learned many good points from experience. I consider the end posts very important factors in building a fence. These should be properly braced. If this is neglected the fence will surely suffer later. I always put my wooden brace on the level with the top wire and securely fasten my brace wire over the top of the second post and the bottom of the first. Or a better plan which I sometimes follow is to anchor the brace wire with a stone buried in the ground.



BRACE FOR WIRE FENCE.

Ground, as shown in the accompanying illustration at Fig. 1.

This serves a double purpose, as it not only holds the post in a firm position, but if one of the posts rots out and has to be replaced it can be easily done by loosening the brace wire at the top of the post. By bracing in this manner the wires cannot slack. The brace wires should be twisted tightly, using for this purpose a piece of iron rather than wood. Holes should be bored in the first post to draw against the face to keep it from twisting. Do not drive the staples clear in, and then you can tighten the wires whenever necessary.



END POST BRACE.

The distance between the posts and the number of wires to be used depends on the stock to be enclosed.

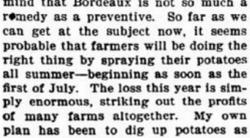
Three or four sharp barbed wires driven tight will easily turn cattle. Wires of this sort should not be placed near buildings where horses are liable to run into them. For such purposes I prefer smooth or woven wire, as it is much safer. I have several miles of barbed wire fence, and never had an accident to any of my stock except last summer, and in that instance it was on account of the carelessness of the animals. Lightning struck the tree and the bolt flew off on the wire and killed two fine cows which happened to be near the place where it ran off and grounded.

An anchor, such as is shown in the other cut at Fig. 2, can be used to good advantage, as it needs no wooden brace. This, of course, can be used only in places where the brace wires would not be an obstruction. I have a large number of end braces of this sort in use, and find they are very satisfactory.—H. H. Tomlin, in Orange Judd Farmer.

DREAD POTATO BLIGHT.

Agricultural Scientists Should Use Their Best Endeavors to Stamp Out This Disease.

The potato blight is a point that our scientific investigators ought to work at until they can help the farmers to master the conditions. The experiment stations do not seem so far to have done more than explain the nature of the pest. Bordeaux mixture is recommended; but it must be borne in mind that Bordeaux is not so much a remedy as a preventive. So far as we can get at the subject now, it seems probable that farmers will be doing the right thing by spraying their potatoes all summer—beginning as soon as the first of July. The loss this year is simply enormous, striking out the profits of many farms altogether. My own plan has been to dig up potatoes as soon as the blight shows on top. I then give a thorough drying and store in dry bins, in a well ventilated cellar. Rot will not develop in the cellar, if the rooms be thoroughly dry and clean. I have a note from a potato grower who says: "I counted on my potato crop to settle my mortgage; it is very dispiriting to have it swept out in a day." This subject of blight should be our chief subject to solve.—E. P. Powell, in N. Y. Tribune Farmer.



CAGE FOR BROODY HENS.

on the top, bottom and four sides with laths two inches apart. Four wire strings from the upper corners of the cage are tied to a central cord fastened to a nail in the roof of the poultry house. The coop should be raised 18 inches from the ground. The excitement of the outside chickens and the swinging of the coop quickly dispel the hatching idea from the hens. The sitters should be fed and watered at the same time as the laying hens, but with a liberal vegetable and meat diet will induce early laying.—Canadian Department of Agriculture.

Cut Feed for Horses.

Many farmers know that cut hay, or even straw, wet and sprinkled with meal, is a better feed for working horses than whole grain and hay. In this shape the whole grain is not so easily eaten and digested. Horses do not need water when eating, except as it is put on the chopped hay to make the meal stick to it. The meal, being fine, digests perfectly, while much of the nutrient in whole grain is lost. Again, the wasted effect made in digesting the latter is so much detracted from the strength which should go to the work.

Bees Annoyed by Skunks.

In the late summer and fall bees are sometimes greatly annoyed by skunks. The cooler the weather the more disastrous are the depredations. Their scratching on the hive causes the bees to fly out in large numbers, and those not devoured by the skunks perish from the cold. Large swarms are sometimes ruined in this way. A steel trap is the quickest and surest way to get rid of the skunk nuisance. The trap should be attached by a chain to a pole about a rod long with which the animal can generally be removed and drowned without any odor.—Prairie Farmer.

The Turkeys in Winter.

Provide a good, warm house for the winter and on stormy days get the flock in about four p. m., otherwise they may roost in the trees. Through the winter months get on speaking terms with the flock and freely provide clean water, fine bones, shells, scraps of meat, etc. Do not confine them too closely in their diet, but vary the fare with oats, chopped hay, small potatoes, apples, etc., cooked and mixed with meal and given to the flock while warm.—Orange Judd Farmer.