

Under the Red Robe

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER I. AT ZATON'S.

"Marked cards!" There were a score round us when the fool, little knowing the man with whom he had to deal, and as little how to lose like a gentleman, flung the words in my teeth. He thought, I'll be sworn, that I should storm and swear and raffle it like any common cook or the huckle. But that was never G.H. de Berault's way. For a few seconds after he had spoken I did not even look at him. I passed my eye instead—smiling, bien entendu—round the ring of waiting faces, saw that there was no one except De Pom-bal I had cause to fear; and then at last I rose and looked at the fool with the grim face I have known impose on older and wiser men.

"Marked cards, M. l'Anglais?" I said, with a chilling sneer. "They are used, I am told, to trap players—not untried schoolboys." "Yet I say that they are marked!" he replied hotly, in his queer foreign jargon. "In my last hand I had nothing. You doubted the stakes. Bah, Sir, you know! You have swindled!"

"Monsieur is easy to swindle—when he plays with a mirror behind him," I answered tartly. And at that there was a great roar of laughter, which might have been heard in the street, and which brought to the table every one in the eating-house whom his violence had not already attracted. But I did not relax my face. I smiled a little all was quiet, and then waiting aside, or three who stood between us and the entrance, I pointed gravely to the door. "There is a little space behind the church of St. Jacques, M. l'Etranger," I said, putting on my hat and taking my cloak on my arm. "Doubtless you will accompany me thither?"

He snatched up his hat, his face burning with shame and rage. "Was pleasure!" he blurted out. "To the devil, if you like!"

I thought the matter arranged, when the marquis laid his hand on the young fellow's arm and checked him. "This must not be," he said, turning from him to me with his grand fine gentleman's air. "You know me, M. de Berault. This matter has gone far enough."

"Too far, M. de Pom-bal!" I answered bitterly. "Still, if you wish to take the gentleman's place, I shall raise no objection."

"Chut, man!" he retorted, shrugging his shoulders negligently. "I know you, and I do not fight with men of your stamp. Nor need this gentleman."

"Undoubtedly," I replied, bowing low, "if he prefers to be caned in the streets."

"That stung the marquis. 'Have a care! have a care!' he cried hotly. 'You go too far, M. Berault.'"

"De Berault, if you please," I objected, eyeing him sternly. "My family has born the de as long as yours, M. de Pom-bal."

He could not deny that and he answered, "As you please," at the same time restraining his friends by a gesture. "But none the less, take my advice," he continued. "The cardinal has forbidden dueling, and this time he means it! You have been in trouble once and gone free. A second time it may fare worse with you. Let this gentleman go, therefore, M. de Berault. Besides—why, shame upon you, man!" he exclaimed hotly. "He is but a lad!"

Two or three who stood behind me applauded that. "By turned and they met my eye; and they were as mum as mice. 'His age is his own concern,' I said grimly. 'He was old enough a while ago to insult me.'"

"And I will prove my words!" the lad cried, exploding at last. He had spirit enough, and the marquis had had hard work to restrain him so long. "You do me no service, de Pom-bal," he continued, pettishly shaking off his friend's hand. "By your leave, this gentleman and I will settle this matter."

"That is better," I said, nodding dryly, while the marquis stood aside, frowning and baffled. "Permit me to lead the way."

Zaton's eating-house stands scarcely a hundred paces from the Jacques in Bouche, and half the company was thither with us. The evening was wet, the light in the streets was waning, the streets themselves were dirty and slippery. There were few passers in the Rue St. Antoine; and our party, which earlier in the day must have attracted notice and a crowd, crossed unmarked and entered without interruption the quiet little trattoria which lies immediately behind the church. I saw in the distance one of the cardinal's guard loitering in front of the scaffolding round the new Hotel Richelieu; and the sight of the uniform gave us pause for a moment. But it was too late to repent.

The Englishman began at once to strip off his clothes. I closed mine to the throat, for the air was chilly. At that moment, while we stood preparing and most of the company seemed a little inclined to stand off from me, I saw a hand on my arm, and, turning, saw the dwarfish tailor at whose house in the Rue Savanne I lodged at the time. The fellow's presence was unwelcome, to say the least of it; and though for want of better company I had sometimes encouraged him to be free with me at home, I took that to be no reason why I should be plagued with him before gentlemen. I shook him off, therefore, hoping by a frown to silence him.

He was not to be easily put down, however. And perforce I had to speak to him. "Afterwards, afterwards," I said. "I am engaged now." "For God's sake don't Sir!" was the poor fool's answer. "Don't do it! You will bring a curse on the house. He is but a lad, and—"

"You, too!" I exclaimed, losing patience. "Be silent, you scoundrel! What do you know about gentlemen's quarrels? Leave me: do you hear?"

"But the cardinal!" he cried in a quavering voice. "The cardinal, M. de Berault? The last man you killed is not forgotten yet. This time he will be sure to hear!"

"Do you hear?" I hissed. The fellow's impudence passed all bounds. It was as bad as his croaking. "Be gone!" I said. "I suppose you are afraid he will kill me, and you will lose your money?"

Frison fell back at that almost as if I had struck him, and I turned to my adversary who had been awaiting my motions with impatience. God knows he did look young, as he stood with his head bare and his fair hair drooping over his smooth woman's forehead—a mere lad fresh from the College of Burgundy, if they have such a thing in England. I felt a sudden chill as I looked at him: a quail, a tremor, a presentiment. What was it the little taller had said? That I should—but there, he did not know. What did he know of such things? If I let this pass I must kill a man a day or leave Paris and the eating-house, and starve.

"A thousand pardons," I said gravely, as I drew and took my place. "A dun. I am sorry that the poor devil caught me so inopportunely. Now, however, I am at your service."

He saluted, and we crossed swords and began. But from the first I had no doubt of what the result would be. The slippery stones and fading light gave him, it is true, some chance, some advantage, more than he deserved; but I had no sooner felt his sword than I knew that he was no swordsman. Possibly he had taken half-

dozen lessons in rapier art, and practiced what he learned with an Englishman as heavy and awkward as himself. But that was all. He made a few wild, clumsy rushes, parrying wildly. When I had felled these, the danger was over, and I held him at my mercy.

I played with him a little while, watching the sweat gather on his brow, and the shadow of the church-tower fall deeper and darker, like the shadow of doom on his face. Not out of cruelty—God knows I have never erred in that direction—but because, for the first time in my life, I felt a strange reluctance to strike the blow. The curls clung to his forehead; his breath came and went in gasps; I heard the men behind me murmur, one or two of them drop an oath; and then I slipped—slipped, and was down in a moment on my right side, my elbow striking the pavement so sharply that the arm grew numb to the wrist.

He held off! I heard a dozen voices cry, "Now! now you have him!" But he held off. He stood back and waited with his breast heaving and his point lowered, until I had risen and stood again on my guard.

"Enough! enough!" a rough voice behind me cried. "Don't hurt the man after that."

"On guard, Sir!" I answered coolly—for he seemed to waver. "It was an accident. It shall not avail you again."

Several voices cried "Shame!" and one, "You coward!" But the Englishman stepped forward, a fixed look in his blue eyes. He took his place without a word. I read in his drawn white face that he had made up his mind to the worst, and his courage won my admiration. I would gladly and thankfully have set one of the lookers-on—any of the lookers-on—in his place; but that could not be. So I thought of Zaton's club with me, Pom-bal's insult, of the sneers and slights I had long kept at the sword's point; and, pressing him suddenly in a heat of affected anger, I thrust strongly over his guard, which had grown feeble, and ran him through the chest.

When I saw him lying, laid out on the stones with his eyes half shut, and his face glimmering white in the dusk, I thought of a dozen kneeling around him in a twinkling—I felt an unwonted pang. It passed, however, in a moment. For I found myself confronted by a ring of angry faces—of men who, keeping at a distance, hissed and threatened me.

They were mostly canaille, who had gathered there during the fight, and had viewed all that passed from the farther side of the railings. While some snarled and raged at me like wolves, calling me "Bitch!" and "Cut-throat!" and the like, or cried out that Berault was at his trade again, others threatened me with the vengeance of the cardinal, flung the edict in my teeth, and said with glee that the guard was coming—they would see me hanged yet.

"His blood is on your head!" one cried furiously. "He will be dead in an hour. And you will swing for him!"

"Begone to your kennel!" I answered, with a look which sent him a yard backwards, though the railings were between us. And I wiped my blade carefully, standing a little apart. For—well, I could understand it—it was one of those moments when a man is not popular.

But I was not to be outdone in sang-froid. "I am engaged now," I said, as the poor fool's answer. "Don't do it! You will bring a curse on the house. He is but a lad, and—"

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while, when a sudden scurry took place round me. The crowd fled way into the gloom, and in a hand-turn a dozen of the cardinal's guard closed round me.

I had some acquaintance with the officer in command and he saluted me civilly. "This is a bad business, M. de Berault," he said. "The man is dead they tell me."

"Neither dying nor dead," I answered lightly. "If that be all, you may go home again."

"With you," he replied with a grin, "certainly. And as it rains, the sooner the better. I must ask you for your sword, I am afraid."

"Take it," I said, with the philosophy which never deserts me. "But the man will not die."

"I hope that may avail you," he answered in a tone I did not like. "Let me, my friends! To the Chatelet! March!"

"There are worse places," I said, and resigned myself to fate. After all, I had been in prison before, and learned that only one jail lets no prisoners out.

But when I found that my friend's orders were to hand me over to the watch, and that I was to be confined like any common jail-bird caught cutting a purse or slitting a throat, I confess my heart sank. If I could get speech with the cardinal, all would be well; but if I failed in this, or if the case came before him in strange guise, or he were in a hard mood himself, then it might go ill with me. The edict said, death!

And the lieutenant at the Chatelet did not put himself to much trouble to hear me. "What! again, M. de Berault?" he said, raising his eyebrows as he received me at the gate, and recognized me by the light of the brazier which his men were just kindling outside. "You are a very bold man, Sir, or a very foolhardy one, to come here again. The old business, I suppose?"

"Yes, but he is not dead," I answered coolly. "He has a trifle—a mere scratch. It was behind the church of St. Jacques."

"He looked dead enough," my friend the guardsman interposed. He had not yet gone.

"Bah!" I answered scornfully. "Have you ever known me to make a mistake? When I kill a man, I kill him. I put myself to pains, I tell you, not to kill this Englishman. Therefore he will live."

"I hope so," said the lieutenant, with a dry smile. "And you had better hope so, too, M. de Berault. For if not—"

"Well!" I said, somewhat troubled. "If not, what, my friend?"

"I fear he will be the last man you will see," he answered. "And even if he lives, I would not be too sure, my friend. This time the cardinal is determined to put it down."

"He and I are old friends," I said confidently.

"So I have heard," he answered, with a short laugh. "I think the same was said of Chalais. I do not remember that it saved his head."

This was not reassuring. But worse was to come. Early in the morning orders were received that I should be treated with especial strictness, and I was given the choice between irons and one of the cells below level. Choosing the latter, I was left to reflect upon many things; among others, on the queer and uncertain nature of the cardinal, who loved, I knew, to play with a man as a cat with a mouse, and on the ill effects which sometimes attend a high chest-thrust, however carefully delivered. I only rescued myself at last from these and other unpleasant reflections by obtaining the loan of a pair of dice; and the light being just enough to enable me to reckon the throws, I amused myself for hours by casting them on certain principles of my own.

But a long run again and again upset my calculations; and at last brought me to the conclusion that a run of bad luck may be so persistent as to see out the most sagacious player. This was not a reflection very welcome to me at the moment.

Nevertheless, for three days it was all the company I had. At the end of that time the knave of a jailer who attended me, and who had never grown tired of telling me, after the fashion of his kind, that I should be hanged, came to me with a less assured air. "Perhaps you would like a little water?" he said civilly.

"Why, rascal?" I asked. "To wash with," he answered. "I asked for some yesterday, and you would not bring it," I grumbled. "However, better late than never. Bring it now. If I must hang, I will hang like a gentleman. But, depend upon it, a cardinal will not serve an old friend so poorly as a trick." "You are to go to him," he answered, when he came back with the water.

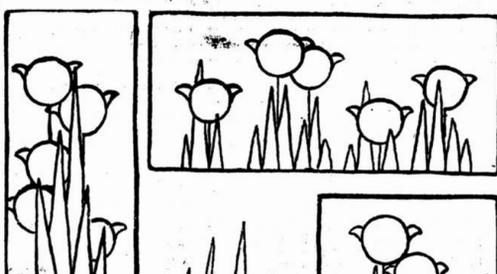
"What? To the cardinal?" I cried. "Yes," he answered. "Good!" I exclaimed; and in my joy I sprang up at once, and began to refresh my dress. "So all this time I have been doing him an injustice. Vive Monseigneur! I might have known it."

EASY LESSONS IN DRAWING

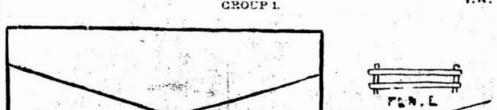
By FREDERICK RICHARDSON
(Instructor in Composition and in Charge of Illustration Classes in the Art Institute, Chicago.)

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It is advisable that the child work for awhile with the simplest forms (symbols), such as shown in previous lessons; not that the drawing of them is difficult, but that it may have ample time to grasp the possibilities of arrangement in varying combinations. The teacher need not be surprised if the first efforts show a lack of grasp of the symbol-combining idea—which may be quite new to the child. The teacher's own experience may be lacking in the presentation of forms and their combination, and he must allow time for the familiarizing of this mode of picture expression, by which it can draw something. Gradually the sense of seeing (as the artist would use the phrase) will be developed, though not by the process of drawing from the actual object. Present the subjects shown in group 2 as the other subjects were presented, by drawing the symbols of the haycocks, fence and hills—an announcing them as such—and also several combinations of the forms. The haycocks, hill and tree trunks (group 3) are a variation of the same forms. One of the combinations in group 3 is drawn with slightly accented lines. The results will probably vary, as



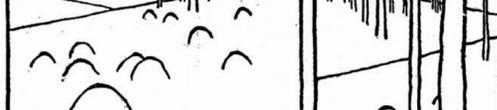
GROUP 1
FLOWERS LEAVES



GROUP 2
HILLS



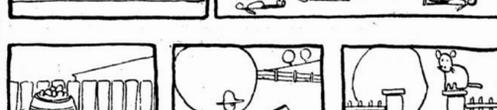
GROUP 3
MAYCOCKS



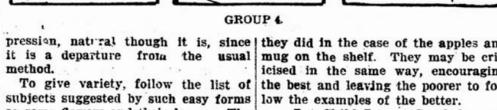
GROUP 4
MILLS



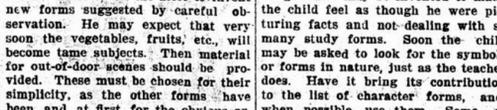
GROUP 5
MAYCOCKS TREE TRUNKS



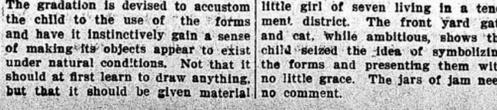
GROUP 6
JAM



GROUP 7
MILLS



GROUP 8
MILLS



GROUP 9
MILLS

In finding its own material the child sometimes develops the comic element. Do not discourage this, but tell it the best training of that particular talent is gained by taking the regular work seriously and afterward making comic use of it at home. There is no reason for discouraging a sense of humor (in some natures it seems ever present), but it should be subjected to the same training in expression as though it were the romantic, heroic or realistic.

Misuse of "Artistic." If the child develops the purely artistic feeling and produces with its circles and squares results that one is tempted to call artistic it seems preferable to avoid this misused term in the schoolroom. The child will not comprehend it. Leave it to clothe its ideas with such beauty as its innate aesthetic instinct is capable of, aided by emulation, without having its efforts toward betterment misclassified as "artistic."

IN MONTANA BLIZZARD.

Traveling Salesman Relates His Stage Coaching Experience in the Winter.

Like Boyer, of Helena, left the other morning for Madison county points, and while waiting in Butte the night before told some interesting tales of his experience while making the territory in southern Montana which is not yet covered by the railroad, says the Anaconda Standard.

"The time of my life," he said, "was experienced between Bannack and Argenta. I was making the trip by stage and my driver was one of the old-time stage drivers of the overland road. The only name I ever knew for him was 'Shorty,' and he was one of the best that ever pulled the ribbons over a team of horses in Montana.

"Shortly after we left Argenta it began snowing, but we paid little attention to the storm, being wrapped up comfortably. When we 'topped' the hill and started across the foothills to connect with the old Bannack road we ran into the teeth of the blizzard. The thermometer began dropping rapidly and our clothes chilled fast. To add to our trouble the air became so filled with snow that we could not see the length of our sled ahead of us. The storm came so fast and fierce that the horses refused to face it, and before we realized it we were off the road and the horses were helplessly floundering through the snow, which seemed almost bottomless. By this time darkness had come and we were off the trail.

"To make the matter worse the horses in floundering broke the tongue from the sled and we were holed up for good. Then we saw that we were in for it for the night and prepared to make the best of a bad bargain. There was a little straw in the bottom of the sled, and we tied the horses up so that they could eat this. The driver and myself walked back and forth, about a rod apart, all night long and in this manner managed to keep warm. We drank up all the samples I had with me, smoked several boxes of sample cigars, and it seemed as if the night would never come to an end.

"Occasionally I would get uncommonly tired and sleepy and would stand for a doze off, but 'Shorty' would attend to nothing of the sort. He would rouse me by drastic means, if necessary, and make me continue my walk to and fro opposite him. Finally, after the lapse of at least a century, the night came to an end and daylight began showing around the gulch. With the approach of day the storm went down and the air cleared. 'Shorty' immediately began rustling and before long found a pole that could be used as a sled tongue, and we toggled up quickly and continued our trip to Bannack. We arrived there in time for a late breakfast and were not surprised to learn that the thermometer had registered 15 below throughout the night."

"Not at all," replied the social secretary, proceeding to stick more purple stamps on purple envelopes and blue ones on azure vellum. "The rate is the same, but we must have something to match. Mrs. Blank has a fat for purple this year and she chooses a purple note paper, purple ink, purple sealing wax and a purple engraved card. Think how hideous a brick-red two-cent stamp would look on this lovely violet symphony, so she buys three-cent stamps instead, which look as if they had been made to order, so perfectly do they match."

"Isn't it expensive?" the other girl inquired.

"Of course it is, but that doesn't bother the society woman. Now Mrs. Dash won't use anything but blue stationery, so she has to put five-cent stamps on all her letters."

The czar's daughter.

On a recent occasion at New Peterhoff all the members of the czar's family were present at a ceremony, including his four little daughters. These, however, drove up last, to find that the entrance to the palace was blocked by another carriage. Grand Duchess Olga, the eldest of the four, was visibly disconcerted, and, beckoning to a tall Cossack, she ordered him to bid the owners of the carriage to move on, and make room for the emperor's daughters. The soldier saluted, but made no attempt to obey the mandate. The irate little lady, unable to tolerate the insult thus openly offered to her imperial person, leaped out of the carriage and called aloud in her shrill, babyish voice: "Please to move on." There was a moment's silence, then the door of the carriage opened slowly, and no less a personage than the czar himself alighted, and shook his finger rebukingly at his impertinent little daughter.—M. A. P.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

QUACK GRASS DESTROYER.

Home-Made Device Which Will Up-root the Troublesome Pest of the Farmer.

Once it is allowed to infest thoroughly the right kind of soil, few weeds are more difficult to eradicate than quack grass. An ordinary cultivator will make little impression on it, and about the only thing that can be done, anyway, is to cover the roots up and smother them out.

This is a slow process, however. Hence the advisability of constructing an implement such as is shown in the accompanying picture. Into the



HOME-MADE QUACK GRASS DESTROYER.

head of it, which consists of hard wood and is six inches square and six feet long, are inserted at regular distances apart 12 steel teeth, each one inch square at the top and running down to a sharp point. A good blacksmith should be able to make them as required. They want to be two feet long and placed at an angle of 30 degrees with the tongue. This, of course, should be joined securely to the head (nourishing best accomplished by a bolt and nut).

There are so many feeds on the average farm that would do towards making a perfectly-balanced ration for the hens, if the farmer would only make use of them, says the Ohio Farmer. The result, we find, of giving the hens a variety in their bill-of-fare is a larger egg yield. Of course, it won't do to push the egg yield too far for fear of reducing fertility and vitality; but there's no use of the whole flock being idle all winter, not laying enough eggs to pay for their feed.

HOW ONE MAN DID.

After a Series of Failures He Makes a Success of Winter Culture of Vegetables.

A thrifty German friend of the writer, who had the usual large family, was not content to rest and loaf during the winter months. He was vexed when he saw his neighbors' gardens which went on all winter, and he decided to try to do something to offset the mortgage.

Visiting a large market during the winter season he saw how readily fresh vegetables found sale at handsome prices. Inquiry revealed the fact that these vegetables were grown in hot-houses near the city, and that a handsome profit was made.

Two hundred dollars was spent in the house and equipment and when winter blasts came the fire was started and lettuce sown. The plants came up quickly and started a fine growth. When about half ready for the market a bit of carelessness caused the house to become overheated, and two-thirds of the crop was lost. Nothing daunted, the dear plants were rooted out and another crop sown. This was attacked by lice, and almost destroyed before our friend knew what was the matter. Fumigation was resorted to, but the crop had been practically killed. Thus far the results had been disastrous. Our friend was working in the dark, so to speak. He was learning by experience, but it was costly.

He determined to visit greenhouses of successful gardeners and learn the secrets of their success. In one week he learned the simple rules regarding soil, moisture, heat, ventilation and fumigation. He returned home and made another effort. This time the crop was raised, not, however, without troubles, but it was placed on the market and netted \$75. The next year the subject of greenhouses gardening was studied in greater detail, and several changes made. The house was started early in October, and kept going until the first of April. The season netted him about \$500, or almost as much as he made on his farm during the summer. Since the first experiment, says the Ohio Farmer, two larger houses have been built, and the business has increased until it nets about \$1500 per year. The grower is anxious for the products, and are willing to pay big prices for them.

Let the farmer that sends partly soiled eggs to market hurts the whole egg trade and himself indirectly.

The legs of the birds should be washed whenever they do not appear smooth. It may be some parasite is attacking them.

Let every hen hatch now that will, even if it is some trouble to care for the chicks; prepare a good place for them; these early chicks afford high priced broilers and early fall layers.

Alfalfa is the best and cheapest green food for poultry that can be grown. Have a patch handy to the poultry yard.

The hen that is allowed to become very fat will not lay eggs no matter how carefully cared for and fed.

In buying fowls take care and not buy disease or parasites. Scratching sheds for winter use are very profitable. The exercise they make possible keeps the hens in health and increases the number or eggs.

Good Time to Set Hens. A good time to set hens is in March and April; then not till the time so they can raise their brood while they moult. They haven't much else to do at that time, anyhow, and nothing makes a hen feel like laying in the full like having turned off a dozen egg chickens.

FEED NOTES.

Utilizing the Scraps and Refuse from the Table in Feeding the Hens.

We are doing the best we can by the hens these days, and they are paying us liberally in eggs for our trouble. I wouldn't bother with the hens as you do," a neighbor said to me recently, and, by the way, this woman is buying eggs.

Like many other farmers we cannot give our hens the full list of feeds advised by the scientific poultry teacher. Our way is making the most of the feeds we have on hand, produce on the farm. Wheat, oats and corn are grown on the place and the hens get their share of each. No food we produce is too good or too expensive for the hens when the grocer gladly pays the farmer's wife 25 cents per dozen in cash for eggs. After corn has been ground for the horses, hogs and other stock we run it through a sieve, save the fine meal for soft feed and the coarse grains that won't go through the sieve we throw in litter for the hens.

Every year we plant pumpkins with the corn and raise them for feed. The hens like them, and we find they are good for them, as well as for the other stock. The seeds are the most valuable part of the pumpkin, it is claimed, and the hens like the seeds best, but will eat every bit of the pumpkin except the rind. I note when the hens are fed pumpkins there are always a number of the active little Leghorn hens around picking up the seeds.

At our place the richest, greasy slop, and all the table scraps and waste pieces of fresh meat go to the hens. Potato and apple peelings are quickly run through a meat cutter, then mixed with their mash. The butchering offal, cracklings, etc., is all saved for the hens. The cracklings are worth more as hen food than they are for soap grease. We have lately learned that hens like buttermilk better than skim-milk. They won't drink skim-milk if they can get buttermilk. Now we save every bit of the latter in a large jar for the hens and the pigs get the skimmed milk.

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Our illustration shows result of combining two piano cases to form the body of a hen house. The cases are placed back to back and separated three feet. The backs are removed and the boards used for the roof or the peak at both ends. The dotted lines in the drawing indicate the position of the cases, explaining the arrangement. The cases are attached with four-inch boards running across the bottom and top of

PIANO CASE CHICKEN HOUSE

Arrangement of Two Boxes So as to Make a Most Convenient Shelter for Hen.

OUTLINES OF PIANO CASE POULTRY HOUSE.

ends. Between these a door is swung on one side, while on the other a sash and glass will admit light to the coop. In the end of one case a square opening may be cut and provided with a drop slide. In both peaks square openings are cut and protected with openings. These are for ventilation and may be kept open winter and summer.

The boards forming the roof should be covered with tarred paper to make the house water tight or if desired it can be shingled at a very small additional cost, explains the Orange Judd Farmer. The door can be made from three or four pieces of boards held together with battens and supported at one side of the jamb with three strap hinges, while at the opposite side a hasp and staple are provided. With two piano cases at hand the additional cost for a house of this kind, including tarred paper or shingles, should not exceed \$5, but often the materials may be at hand and the cost is then insignificant.

CACKLES.

The farmer that sends partly soiled eggs to market hurts the whole egg trade and himself indirectly.

The legs of the birds should be washed whenever they do not appear smooth. It may be some parasite is attacking them.

Let every hen hatch now that will, even if it is some trouble to care for the chicks; prepare a good place for them; these early chicks afford high priced broilers and early fall layers.

Alfalfa is the best and cheapest green food for poultry that can be grown. Have a patch handy to the poultry yard.

The hen that is allowed to become very fat will not lay eggs no matter how carefully cared for and fed.