The Mystery of No. 13.

CHAPTER VIII.

"What sudden change is this," quoth he,
"That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree
But still did it defy?"

Jack had given up his tense attitude of listening for those light steps that never came, which indeed he had forbidden to come, but that he had expected all the same, with a longing that turned to aching as the days went by.

He had sent Elizabeth a message that he would not see her at any time, that the prison officials would not admit her, no matter how loudly and long she beat for admission, and she had not beat so much as once and softly—and the terrible silence filled his ears, and heart, and soul, as he sat there day after day, and week after week, alone.

But Elizabeth was very proud, and once he had shut the door against her, no prayer for the reversal of his sentence would ever cross her lips. The woman who clamors in vain, inflicts on herself a double pang, for the loss of self-respect is even more bitter than the refusal of what she demands.

And Jack could not call her back. In these long days of loneliness he was living over again the time when he and his little Elizabeth had dwelled together in a world out of which every one else was shut, save Daffy; when he was as sure of her love and faithfulness as his own; when his knowledge of her goodness, for who could live with and doubt her? made him think tenderly of all women for her sake, and in the best sense of the word she had made his house a home, and shrined him deep in the purest heart he had ever known.

Whatsoever thing is defaced and broken was it not clean and whole once? There must be a beginning to all moral defilement; but looking back, Jack could find no lightest sign to mark the decadence of all things lovely, and of good repute, in Elizabeth.

He thought of her always now as one thinks of somebody dead, for the new woman who had risen in her stead was not Elizabeth, and he knew her not.

He wondered if her mother's love had gone by the board with the rest—yet in the same breath hoped that Daffy was taking good care of her, Daffy, whose firm conviction it was that she needed a great deal of taking care of, and whom he consequently led over crossings, to his own imminent danger, and hers, very often. He was also most particular to explain everything said by the shopman who served her, and his high, clear little voice often brought some amusement, and a good deal of gentle commiseration down on the head of Elizabeth, whose chief misery in her misfortune was the constant reminder of it she got whenever she moved abroad or saw new faces. Daffy did not know this, but he secretly felt himself a much older and more experienced person than his mother, and never failed, on going out, to tell the servants "to take care of mother," as if she would be in serious jeopardy until he came home again.

But strange and true as it was, that the moment those little feet came into the house, however far away, Elizabeth always felt and knew they were there, and she could always hear his voice a long way off, though a wall seemed built round her to ordinary sounds.

Night and day Jack thought of these two—his only two in the world—and sometimes he wondered if they prayed for him now, . . . they did, they must, just as his own lips framed the same prayer each night that they had done in the days of his happiness.

One prayer he had added, that on the day of the trial he should not look up to behold her face. The sight would unman him, and he required all his strength; still, if he had been able to endure what he had done, his back would grow to the burden of the rest. If, indeed she were there, he wondered which face she would wear?—the one that he had known and worshipped, or the other; all disfigured and branded, as it had been that awful morning, with the terrible stamp of—but his thoughts seldom got further.

Often, too, he thought of Barry, the fast friend of over twenty years, who had remained his friend long after both had ourstripped the ephemeral friendships that had strewn their paths, and whom he had taken into his house as carelessly and securely as if he were his other self.

True they had met but seldom. Barry dined each night at his club, and their morning hours of going out were not the same. It had, moreover, been an understood thing that there was to be no running in and out of each other's rooms, and a message was always to be sent to know if one could receive the other. This rule had always been adhered to, and Jack could scarcely have told how it was that such meetings had become rarer and more rare—only one day, when Elizabeth was sitting working apart, too far off to hear their voices, shut in within those walls of deafness in which she sometimes sadly dwelt, and in whose coldness she must have perished, but for the love that surrounded her, Jack caught a look on Barry's face, quite unconscious, but betraying such a hunger of love and devotion as flashed upon him an altogether disagreeable and unexpected revelation.

The look was gone in a moment; the next, Barry presented the spectacle of an ordinary young man intently watching a young woman in the act of threading her needle, threading it, too, as if she loved it, as Elizabeth assuredly did.

Jack had pondered long over the circumstance, loth to put into words what he had seen, and supposing Elizabeth to be perfectly unconscious, he felt it impossible to speak to her on the subject. And Barry? He thought he had not known his friend's heart all these years for nothing. Then a few weeks had gone by, and suddenly without the warning of a moment, had come the catastrophe.

He saw before him now that friend's face, vivid in death, and in his ears a desolate voice rang out, "His sun went down while it was yet day."

Ay! but it had not gone down, it had been quenched all too soon, as it rode in mid-heaven, and the pity of it would overcome Jack at moments, as with all the strength of his soul he would wish his friend back, and that one lightning moment of crime undone.

In fancy Barry once more walked beside him, as in those constant days of companionship when they, and the world, were young, and their hearts were fresh as their hopes were high; when they mapped out their lives in glorious fashion, and vowed to make themselves known by all manner of brilliant deeds, and great thoughts, and now—Barry had died before ever attaining to frame, and Jack's only grand achievement, as he thought it, was when he persuaded deaf little Elizabeth to be his wife.

Would he have loved her so much if Nature had extended her cruel stepmother's touch on the girl's ears to the lines of her face and figure? I trow not. Men will do a great deal for what pleases them, but nothing at all for that which pleases them not. And deafness is an unbeautiful thing, and needs much love and patience in those who have to bear with it.

Poor Elizabeth used to say that deaf people were sent into the world to practice patience themselves, and discipline others to patience also; but Jack would not have changed her for the most perfect person, mentally and physically, in the world. But that was then, and this was not. And on the morrow his cell would be empty, and he standing in the dock.

CHAPTER IX.

"O, gentle Maurice, still my bairn,
O, still him with the keys!"
"He winna still, fair lady,
Let me do what I please."

A message from Elizabeth to Jack was even now outside his door, though he did not know it, and indeed, he seemed to come out of a stupor, in which he had heard no sound of locks unbarred, to see a light figure all in white, save where the gold of his hair was shining, come dancing in, and flutter into his arms, with an ecstatic cry of "Daddy!"

Jack thought himself mad at last, but here was no visionary touch, only a very real pair of loving arms throttling his neck, and soon he realized that this was indeed his own little child in the flesh, and nestling his head into the soft neck and curls, could have wept for the joy and anguish of the moment.

"Daddy," said the boy, "my own, dear daddy, won't you come along home with me, and see mother?"

Jack did not answer, only pressed his face down closer, and smoothed with hungry hand the soft head lying so close with lips warm against his throat.

"Poor mother," said Daffy, with a catch in his voice, "she's growed quite finn, and said she was so welly tired she couldn't jest come out to-day."

Jack's broad chest was heaving, he was struggling for the mastery of himself, and when he had got it, he unloosed Daffy's arms, and put him back so he might kiss him.

"How do you like my new house, Daffy?" he said.

"O—oh!" said Daffy, looking round with much interest, and speaking in the wise little voice he usually affected, when not quite sure that he knew his subject, "there's lots of room for bat and ball. Shall us 'ave a little game, Daddy?"

"Another time, my boy," said Jack, steadying his voice; "but who brought you?"

"Rose! She's outside with such a funny old man—got such lots and lots of keys! I wanted to bring the mouse," he went on; "he's so full of tricks, and growed such a rediklous person!" He paused to laugh indulgently. But mother thought he might get out—and she have cared for him so and fed him every day."

Daffy looked exquisitely cared for, and a very picture of health and happiness as he sat on his father's knee.

He had been born healthy, and passed triumphantly through all the lovely gradations of a joyous babyhood to the sweet dignity and majesty of four years old—the most delicious age, probably, to his mother, in a child's young life.

Jack felt the soft warmth of the dear little boy like the blowing of a soft wind on a poor wretch scrammed with cold and hunger, and for awhile he only held him fast, saying no word.

But presently:

"Did mother send any message?" he said.

"O' course!" said Daffy, holding up to his father's gaze a face upon which the very print of Elizabeth was set, "lots and lots of kisses, and thanks with cumplements!"

"Thanks with cumplements," was Daffy's invariable formula for extra fervid love.

"Daffy," said Jack, holding the little fellow away from him, "are you quite sure? Can you remember if it was only one kiss or heaps and heaps?"

Daffy knitted his soft brows, and put the best part of a tiny kid glove in his mouth, to assist memory, but at last committed himself to the bold assertion that his mother had said thousands—not heaps and heaps.

Jack sighed.

"I've got a message for mother," he said. "Will you tell her, Daffy?—now try and remember it—that I read in a paper the other day that some things are sold how to make people hear—and I should like her to buy some. I'll write the address down, and put it in your bosom, and you'll be sure and give it her?"

"O' course," said Daffy with an important air. "New ears for poor mother—but she always hears me."

Jack wrote the address down—just that, and no more—and pinned it against hte boy's soft, warm neck.

Did he think, as he did it, of how little she would care to hear, when he would be deaf to all sound for ever? Of how her life was to go on, while his was violently cut in twain before her eyes? And possibly his message came more in cruelty than in love.

"Were you frightened at coming down to this strange place?" said Jack, presently.

"O, no!" cried Daffy, with a burst of glee. "Me dancy down the steps in the city!"

The ignorance of the child, his unconsciousness of anything strange in his father's surroundings, brought tears to Jack's eyes.

"And mother," he said, with trembling voice, "does mother play and have games with Daffy now?"

"Mother tries," said the boy, the corners of his lips falling, "but she says—mother says she don't fink she's quite so young as she used to be."

"Does she ever go out?" said poor Jack.

"Not never; and it's' welly lonely," went on Daffy, shaking his head, "and Mr. Woss has goneded away; but my dear little white mouse is so pretty—prettier nor ever!"

A warning knock came at the door.

"'Spect that's Rose," said Daffy, wrinkling up his nose expressively; "she always hurries me; she won't let me talk to Janny!"

"Who is Janny?" said Jack, snatching him up, and covering him with kisses, some of which surely must find Elizabeth.

"He takes the pains out of my shoes," said Daffy, as the door opened a very, very little way, as if a kindly hand sought to gently remind him time was up.

"I wish," he added, wistfully, "he could take mother's pain away, too, she says it aches just here," and he spread his hand out expansively above his smart sash.

The door opened wider; Jack clasped the boy in a last embrace, and sat him down.

"Tell your mother," he said, "your mother——"

In the distance was heard Rose's voice calling to the child.

A sudden impulse seized Jack; he strode to the door, and there, just behind the gaoler, stood the French maid, her face white in the dusk, as she cowered away at sight of her master. What did that look and attitude mean—of what was she in fear? A poor wretch who might beat his own life out against his prison bars, but who had no power to harm her or any other now?

"Your mistress is well, Rose?" he said.

"She is as well, sir, as she can be."

He did not remove his eyes from her face.

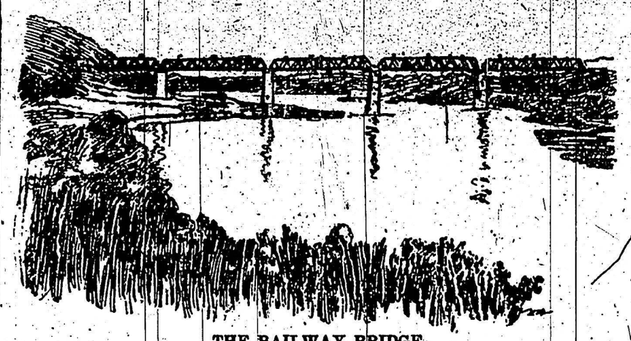
"Time's up," said the gaoler not unkindly, and Daffy recognizing him intuitively as an enemy, clung round his father and hid his face in his knees.

Did those little tender hands make Jack think of those others that he had so remorselessly unbound a few short weeks ago?

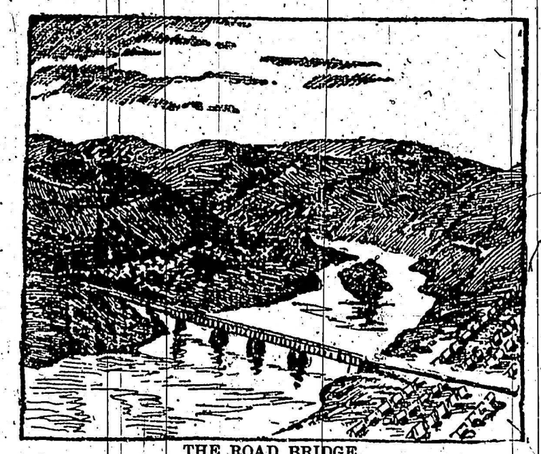
I know not—but when Daffy was borne away sobbing bitterly by the woman whom Jack felt he could no longer trust, with a newly added pang the husband realized how utterly alone and friendless his little Elizabeth was now.

To be Continued.

THE BRIDGES AT COLENSO, SOUTH OF LADYSMITH.



THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.



THE ROAD BRIDGE.

There are two bridges at Colenso. One carries the railway line from Durban to Ladysmith, and the other is for foot and waggon traffic. A big battle is almost certain to be fought here within the next few days.

QUEER SUICIDE.

Played With Death and the Spectato Awhile and Then Drowned.

The latest freak suicide story comes from Paris where a well-dressed man descended the Quai des Tuileries, and seating himself beside a man who was fishing, lit a cigar. He then offered one to his neighbor, and plunged into the river, cigar, cane, silk hat, and all. The fisherman, who was quick to recover from his astonishment, plunged after him, but the first struck out and swam away. The other regained the bank in disgust.

The former shortly returned, and, while treading water before his temporary acquaintance, tossed him a handful of money. At the approach of a number of persons, the strange man produced another handful of coins, which he swallowed, and, diving under the water, did not reappear.

MAGNIFICENT THIMBLES.

The Queen of Siam owns a thimble which was a present from her royal husband. It is made in the shape of a lotus bud, of the finest gold, and is studded with diamonds, which are so arra[illegible] that they form their names an[illegible] date of their marriage.

THE LAUGHING-PLANT.

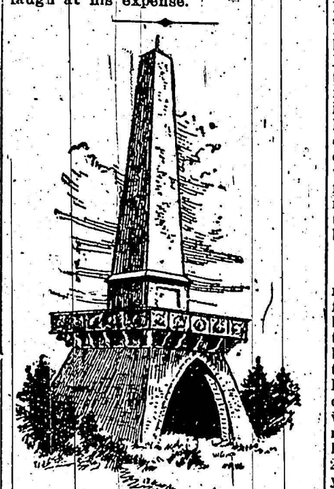
It Does Not Laugh Itself, But Makes People Laugh.

The laughing plant grows in Arabia, and derives its name from the effect produced by eating its seed. It is of moderate size; has bright yellow flowers, which grow in tufts, and leaves of a dark green color. Its fruit is a pod or capsule, stuffed with a velvet-like padding, in which lie snugly imbedded two or three seeds resembling small black beans.

The natives dry these seeds, and then reduce them to powder. When administered in judicious doses the powder produces effects very much like those arising from the inhalation of nitrous oxide, or, as it is called in common parlance "laughing gas."

The person to whom the powder is given shouts, laughs, sings, dances, and acts in a ludicrous way. His merriment lasts for about an hour, then he quietly falls asleep. After several hours he awakens, and has not the slightest recollection of anything that he said or did while under the influence of the powder.

It is said that an overdose of laughing-plant powder is likely to cause serious results, but a small quantity does no harm. The powder is sweet, and it is a common joke to put a little of it into the coffee of some unsuspecting person, in order to have a laugh at his expense.



THE PAARDE KRAAL.

The stone-kraal is a monument at Krugersdorp, a small town 22 miles from Johannesburg. It bears the inscription: "To the memory of those who died in the service of the Republic." This has reference in the first place to the Boers who under Andries Pretorius defeated Dingaan, the Zulu king, on the Umhtatoozi river, December 15, 1838. Dingaan had raided the settlements of the whites, and with only 400 mounted Boers Pretorius went to get satisfaction. They encountered a Zulu army of 12,000 men and after an obstinate engagement totally defeated them, the Zulus leaving 3,000 dead on the field.

When preparing for the rising in 1880 every Boer who passed into Krugersdorp vowed that he would only retrace his steps homeward a free man. In commemoration of his oath, each one took up a stone and threw it on a certain spot. By the time the commandeering was ended, the pile of stones had assumed colossal proportions. It remained until the close of the war, when the Boers erected the monument, associating it with the victory over the British at Majuba, and as commemorating the "independence of 1881." The annual holiday of the Republic, when the Boers repair to the Paarde Kraal to make speeches and fire guns, is therefore often termed by them "Majuba day," though it is always celebrated on "Dingaan's day," the 15th of December.

BORROWS EVERYTHING ELSE.

Shortleigh is always cheerful—never borrows trouble.

He has to draw the line somewhere.

HE IS A GREAT STATESMAN

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

Lord Salisbury Knows What Hard Times Mean—His Father Refused Him an Allowance When He Married—His Lordship Is a Mass of Contradictions—He Is a Lover of Peace.

Now that Mr. Gladstone is dead, Lord Salisbury is the most famous statesman in Europe, writes Arthur Neil in the London Standard. Think what you will of his politics, the graceful concessions, his blazing indiscretions, his contempt for the democracy which has placed him three times next the throne. Think what you will of his amazing contradictions. He is, in spite of them, a statesman and a gentleman, the man in whose hands England has chosen for eleven years to leave its fortunes. Mr. Gladstone was the Queen's Prime Minister for nearly thirteen years, and Lord Salisbury, his political arch-enemy, is the only man who has any prospect of surpassing that great record. If this Parliament runs its course, Lord Salisbury will have held the reins of office as long as Mr. Gladstone, and who will say that he may not go back to Downing street a fourth time, as Mr. Gladstone did?

LORD SALISBURY'S ROMANCE.

It may look, at first sight, like a paradox to speak of the romance of Lord Salisbury. Nobody ever thinks of romance as having anything to do with the Prime Minister. Yet Lord Salisbury, though he is the head of one of England's proudest families, has known what "hard times" mean. He must often think, as he sits in his study at Hatfield, coining smart phrases which will next day ring through England, or preparing speeches to which all the world will listen, of the days when he was an obscure young man lodging in a back street off the Strand, writing articles for newspapers to make both ends meet. It is a pretty story, which makes us forget for the moment the politician, and stirs our sympathy, whether we will or no, for Lord Salisbury the man. Though he was born to a title, Lord Salisbury was not by any means born rich. He was a younger son, and had his own way to make in the world. Under these circumstances he ought, of course, to have known better than to fall in love with a bride who could bring him no fortune. But such things will happen in the most excellently regulated lives, and Lord Robert Cecil found himself at twenty-four in love with the daughter of Baron Alderson, whose services as a judge had brought him a great measure of popularity, but not by any means an equal measure of wealth. The noble father, the marquis, pitied his son, pleaded, threatened, dwelt on the duties of a Cecil to his house and its traditions, and prevailed upon the wayward Lord Robert to avoid Miss Alderson for a year. But it was of no avail, and at length the father struck the final blow—he refused his son an allowance. It was hard, but love bears many hard things; and in 1857 there was a marriage in the house of Cecil which was not blazed abroad, which brought no long list of presents for the columns of the Morning Post, and which cut off Lord Robert Cecil from the home where he was born and from the father who had dreamt of a brilliant marriage. Lord Robert Cecil married the judge's daughter, and for her sake became poor.

A HARD STRUGGLE.

"Roughing it" was not an altogether new experience for the young M.P.—for Lord Robert was at the time member for Stamford. He had been in Australia, where he lost himself in the bush, and had had an uphill struggle to establish himself in politics at home; so that the comparative poverty of the first few years of married life was not the bitter struggle that it might have been. Lord Robert Cecil had become member for Stamford at 23, and was able, on his marriage four years later, to eke out a living by precarious literature. In his lodgings somewhere off the Strand, the future Prime Minister wrote leading articles for the Times, and his brave wife worked by his side for eight years, until her husband's brother died, and Lord Robert Cecil reached the end of his misfortunes, starting afresh on the road to fame as Viscount Cranborne. In 1867—ten years after his marriage—he became third Marquis of Salisbury.

A MASS OF CONTRADICTIONS.

Lord Salisbury is a mass of contradictions. He is a feudalist to the backbone, and even in his most generous reforming mood one fancies him longing for the days when feudalism will hold sway again in England. Yet it was Lord Salisbury who swept away quarter sessions, and struck dying feudalism dead. He gave birth to London's County Council, yet he has a supreme scorn for this offspring of one of his generous moods, and would like to kill his own child. He is the head of one of the proudest families in England, yet he hates fuss, and the flummery of society is torture to him. Wherever you find a Cecil at a ball, you will find a man ill at ease. He is the high priest of Conservatism in the House of Commons; yet he was one of the first to realize and apply the power of electricity to modern life. If he had not been a statesman, he would have risen to fame as a chemist, and he is the only Prime Minister of the Queen who can lay claim to being a scientist. He left Lord Derby's Government rather than give the householder the franchise, yet he established County Councils, and has gone to war to give Englishmen the vote in South Africa. He is the

[illegible] one man [illegible] diseases [illegible] more; yet [illegible] friendship [illegible] cation. [illegible] as no Premier [illegible] land on [illegible] home rule for [illegible] Ireland [illegible] rule which [illegible] Hament, [illegible] gold. He has [illegible] member of [illegible] has sat in the [illegible] a member of [illegible] things so [illegible] once been [illegible] and seven [illegible] was for [illegible] famous membe[illegible]

AN ENGLISH [illegible]

That is the [illegible] burn's character [illegible] those who obse[illegible] His scorn [illegible] vertebral; he is [illegible] crown of his h[illegible] He has been [illegible] the Lords [illegible] tained, with [illegible] chiselled [illegible] pale cast of [illegible] of course—he [illegible] to the pa[illegible] books tell [illegible] night oil [illegible] Office [illegible] of the pu[illegible] a century [illegible] his life to [illegible] thusiasm [illegible] One can never [illegible] rousing the [illegible] gaunt [illegible] over Armenia [illegible] him giving [illegible] Gladstone [illegible] Salisbury [illegible] enlightened [illegible] is as ac[illegible] of two w[illegible] to see En[illegible] kind of [illegible] can be [illegible] government [illegible] his old-w[illegible] ing wive[illegible] which he [illegible] est [illegible] guarded [illegible] far as to [illegible] mo[illegible]

STATE [illegible]

Lord Sa[illegible] ter may [illegible] friends de[illegible] be the pa[illegible] iron, its C[illegible] summed [illegible] The Radic[illegible] bubble, [illegible] to the ma[illegible] that Lord [illegible] who has [illegible] his, cun[illegible] man in E[illegible] dozen ye[illegible] of country [illegible] that man [illegible] the easi[illegible] character [illegible] self to be [illegible] is one of [illegible] Cabinet w[illegible] Conservati[illegible] he has ne[illegible] shelf into [illegible] he dissec[illegible] tions, with [illegible] than outw[illegible] and foret[illegible] lzer. It w[illegible] up how m[illegible] has just [illegible] "Cri[illegible] cause sc[illegible] dates m[illegible] is only o[illegible] which y[illegible] Lord Sal[illegible] is a pow[illegible]

A [illegible]

Lord Sa[illegible] prove, o[illegible] the Trans[illegible] peace, an[illegible] statesman [illegible] word l[illegible] growth of [illegible] a wider [illegible] grand p[illegible] at Hatfiel[illegible] thing of [illegible] great [illegible] of his fa[illegible] a third th[illegible] indeed [illegible] Democracy [illegible] day. But [illegible] tide must [illegible] would see [illegible] them the [illegible] families— [illegible] as of re[illegible] Prime Mi[illegible] has not e[illegible] it has lost [illegible] But hardl[illegible] Lord Salis[illegible] Pitt as th[illegible] England [illegible] and sneered at pious [illegible] people wh[illegible] ged in "cosmopolitan" [illegible] second th[illegible] From being con[illegible] cerned for [illegible] ism he had grown [illegible] to be concer[illegible] for England, s[illegible] then the [illegible] has been complete[illegible] and Lord [illegible] try, at the Guildhall [illegible] band at t[illegible] s ago, declared for [illegible] the intern[illegible] Europe, as the only [illegible] hope of pe[illegible] Statesmanship has a [illegible] broad-ba[illegible] either class or con[illegible] try, and i[illegible] suring in trouble [illegible] times to k[illegible] at the man at the [illegible] helm takes [illegible] world-outlook.

PROD[illegible] OF THE SUDAN.

There is [illegible] talk in England of [illegible] developing [illegible] natural resources of [illegible] the Sudan [illegible] gh scientific explo[illegible] ation [illegible] rests line the banks [illegible] of the Blue [illegible] ing its upper reaches, [illegible] extending [illegible] Abyssinian frontier. [illegible] The phony- [illegible] met with along that [illegible] river and [illegible] ar the Sobat. On the [illegible] White Nile [illegible] ndia-rubber creeper, [illegible] available. [illegible] of rubber, abounds. [illegible] The coffee [illegible] rests in the Bahr-el- [illegible] Ghazal pro[illegible] fold was once mined [illegible] in some of [illegible] ountains of the Su[illegible] dan. Sharp [illegible] be made for coal.

THE [illegible] FINE THING.

He[illegible]—"[illegible] agony [illegible] Jewett—"[illegible] when you [illegible]

FINDING [illegible] ESTRANGEMENT.

Wh[illegible] colu[illegible] ross Wiggins gives [illegible] you, [illegible] ly. [illegible] $5 and I owe him [illegible] Yes; [illegible] because I don't pay [illegible] $4. He's [illegible] him.

Oh the Farm.

FALL PLOWING KILLS WHITE GRUBS.

What is commonly known as the white grub, or grub worm, is the young of the brown May beetle, or June bug, which occurs in such abundance in late May and June, and is not, as is often suggested, the young of the common tumble bug. These May beetles deposit their eggs in June, usually about the roots of grass. These eggs hatch in about a month, and the young grubs by the first of November are about half an inch in length, having all the appearance of the full-grown grub, excepting in the matter of size. In late autumn they go deeper into the ground, sometimes a foot or even more, and make for themselves small earthen cells in which they pass the winter, coming upward in the spring, feeding upon the grass roots throughout the entire summer, and at the end of the second autumn they have reached about two-thirds of their ultimate dimensions. They now burrow into the ground, and again pass the winter in an earthen cell, coming to the surface again in the spring, and feeding until the latter part of May, in the latitude of central Ohio, when they abandon the grass roots, burrow down into the ground, and again make an earthen cell within which they transform to the adult beetle. The young of the insect is, by nature, a grass feeder, and, therefore, always more abundant in fields that have remained in grass for a long series of years. The major portion of their injury in cultivated fields occurs the first summer immediately following a series of grass crops.

There is no practical way of reaching these grubs underground, and as they never get to the surface, their control by topical applications is not only difficult but practically impossible. One practical way of dealing with these pests, and, while that is not infallible, it seems to prove effective in the majority of cases. This consists in the fall plowing of grass lands as a preparation for the grain crop the following year. While early fall plowing is known to be ineffective, it is quite probable that late fall or winter plowing is much more dependable. The reason for this is that after the grubs have constructed their winter quarters they are probably too stupid to construct others. If then the ground is broken, the grubs within their winter quarters are either thrown up to the action of continued freezing and thawing or, if not thrown up, are exposed to the more direct effects of rain and frost, and thus killed by the winter weather. A consensus of all the evidence obtained up to date indicates that fall plowing is the most reliable and profitable method known at present for preventing the ravages of the white grub.

DUCKS ON THE FARM.

If ducks are to be kept on the farm it is worth while to have the best. They cost but little more, and the profits will be more satisfactory. Pekins seem to be the leading variety, and they are good for feathers which is something that is seldom taken into consideration where ducks are kept. Ducks will produce their proper proportion of fertile eggs on solid food although their natural food is vegetables, they do not object to a little animal food in the shape of fish, frogs, polliwogs, etc., found where flags and similar vegetation grows. The duck, unlike the hen, has no crop—the duct leading from the throat to the gizzard is very small compared to the size of the bird. This is the reason it does not thrive on hard food alone. There is no place for the hard food to go through the softening stage.

Ducks have a foolish way of dropping eggs in the water, and following a stream into neighboring farms; unless they have suitable quarters and attention, they will give trouble in this way. Ducks have many qualities to recommend them on all farms.

They mature early, and duckling is a very good addition to any repast.

They are gross feeders, hence their growth is rapid, and if the time it takes to get them ready for market is considered, they consume no more than other fowls. If ducks are properly managed they get their full growth in four months.

TURNIP TOPS AS MANURE.

Several years ago, having a considerable field of turnips, we topped and trimmed them in the field and as nights were cold we piled them up and covered them with the tops until ready to put them in the cellar or take them to market, says a writer. When this was done, the tops were thrown off the heaps and left there, as we did not care to feed them to milch cows. In the spring what remained unrotted, were plowed under and the field planted. Wherever a heap had been we could see in the crop the circle around it where the tops had been thrown, as we picked up the roots. It was plainly marked by a much larger growth, more plainly than the spots sometimes seen where a manure heap has stood during the spring, before it was spread out. We did not know enough then to read the lesson it should have taught us, that the land needed humus or vegetable matter, and that no crops by a green crop plowed under. We realize it now, and if others have a like experience we hope they will not fail to profit by it.

AN ORCHARDIST'S RULES.

These rules are good for the orchardist: 1st, read; 2nd, observe; 3rd, practise; 4th, improve. Don't imitate. Watch and (s) pray. Watch for diseases and insects, and spray to destroy them. Apple trees or pears will not have scabs if properly sprayed. Knots from the curculio can be help-