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BLACK, MIXED or NATURAL GREEN

E218

The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XIII.

In happy ignorance that the late master of the Foam had secured a suite of rooms at the "Blue Posts Hotel," the late mate returned to London by train with a view of getting into communication with him as soon as possible. The delay occasioned by his visit to Bittlesea was not regretted, Mr. Fraser, senior, having at considerable trouble and expense arranged for him to take over the Swallow at the end of the week.

Owing to this rise in his fortune he was in fairly good spirits, despite the slur upon his character, as he made his way down to the wharf. The hands had knocked off work for the day, and the crew of the schooner, having finished their tea, were sprawling in the bows smoking, in such attitudes of unstudied grace as best suited the contours of their figures. Joe looked up as he approached, and removing his pipe murmured something inaudible to his comrades.

"The mate's down below, sir," said Mr. William Green, in reply to Fraser. "I shall be pleased to fetch him."

He walked aft and returned shortly, followed by Ben, who, standing stiffly before his predecessor, listened caimly to his eager inquiry about his letter.

"No, there's been nothing for you," he said, slowly. He had dropped the letter overboard as the simplest way of avoiding unpleasantness. "Was you expecting one?"

Fraser, gazing blandly at him, made no reply, being indeed staggered by the thoroughness with which he imagined the wily Flower was playing his part.

"He's going to be lost his full six months, that's evident," he thought, in consternation. "He must have seen the way I should be affected; it would serve him right to tell the whole thing right away to Captain Barber."

"If anything does come I'll send it on to you," said Ben, who had been watching him closely.

"Thanks," said Fraser, pondering, and walked away with his eyes on the ground. He called in at the office as he passed it; the staff had gone, but the letter-rack which stood on the dusty, littered mantel-piece was empty, and he went into the street again.

His programme for the evening thus suddenly arrested, he walked slowly up Tower Hill into the Minories, wondering what to do with himself. Something masquerading as a conscience told him severely that he ought to keep his promise to the errant Flower and go and visit Poppy; conscience without any masquerading at all told him that he was a humbug, and disclaimed the responsibility. In the meantime, he walked slowly in the direction of Poplar, and having at length made up a mind which had been indulging in civil war all the way, turned up Liston Street and knocked at the Wheelers' door.

A murmur of voices from the sitting-room stopped instantly. A double knock was a rare occurrence on that door, and was usually the prelude to the sudden disappearance of the fairer portion of the family, while a small boy was told off to answer it, under dire penalties if he officiated too soon.

This evening, however, the ladies had made their toilet, and the door was opened after a delay merely sufficient to enable them to try and guess the identity of the guest before the revelation. Poppy Tyrell opened it, and turned upon him eyes which showed the faintest trace of surprise.

"Good evening," said Fraser holding out his hand.

"Good evening," said the girl.

"Fine weather we're having," said the embarrassed ex-mate, "for June," he added, in justification of the remark.

Miss Tyrell assented gravely, and stood there waiting.

It is probable that two members at least of the family would have been gratified by the disappearance of the caller then and there, but that Mr. Wheeler, a man of great density and no tact whatever, came bustling out into the passage, and having shaken hands in a hearty fashion; told him to put his hat on a nail and come in.

"No news of the cap'n, I suppose?" he asked, solemnly, after Fraser was comfortably seated.

"Not a word," was the reply.

The dock-foreman sighed and shook his head as he reflected on the instability of human affairs.

"There's no certainty about anything," he said, slowly. "Only yesterday I was walking down the Commerica. Road, and I slipped off the kerb into the road before you could say Jack Robinson."

"Nearly run over?" queried Fraser.

Mr. Wheeler shook his head. "No," he said, quietly.

"Well, what of it?" inquired his son.

"It might just as well have been the edge of the dock as the kerb; that's what I mean," said Mr. Wheeler, with a gravity befitting his narrow escape. "I'm alwis telling you not to walk on the edge, father," said his wife, uneasily.

The dock-foreman smiled faintly. "Dooty must be done," he said, in a firm voice. "I'm quite prepared, my life's insured, and I'm on the club and some o' the children are getting big now, that's a comfort."

A feeling of depression settled on all present, and Augustus Wheeler, aged eight, having gleaned from the conversation that his sire had received instructions, which he intended promptly to obey, to fall into the dock forthwith, suddenly opened his mouth and gave vent to his affection and despair in a howl so terrible that the ornaments on the mantelpiece shook with it.

"Don't scold 'im," said the dock-foreman, tenderly, as Mrs. Wheeler's thin, shrilled voice entered into angry competition with the howl; "never mind, Gussie, my boy, never mind."

This gentleness had no effect, Gussie continuing to roar with much ardour, but watching out of the corner of one tear-suffused eye the efforts of his eldest sister to find her pocket.

"Hold your noise, and I'll give you a ha'penny," she said, tartly.

Gussie caught his breath with a sob, but kept steam up, having on some similar occasions been treated with more diplomacy than honesty. But to-day he got the halfpenny, together with a penny from the visitor, and, having sold his concern in his father for three halfpence, gloated triumphantly in a corner over his envious peers.

"Death," said Mr. Wheeler, slowly, after silence had been restored, "is always sudden. The most sudden death I knew 'appened to a man who'd been dying for seven years. Nobody seemed to be able to believe he'd gone at last."

"It's a good job he wasn't married," said Mrs. Wheeler, raising herself on her elbow; "sailors 'ave no right to marry at all. If I thought that one o' my gals was goin' to marry a sailor, I don't know what I shouldn't do. Something steady on shore is the thing."

"I don't know," said the tactless Mr. Wheeler. "I think if I was a gal I should like to marry a sailor; there's something romantic about them. I often wish I'd been a sailor."

"Then you wouldn't 'ave 'ad me," said the lady from the sofa, grimly.

Mr. Wheeler sighed, but whether at the thought of what he might have lost or what he had gained, cannot be safely determined. Still in a morbid mood, he relapsed into silence, leaving Fraser to glance anxiously to where Poppy, pale and pretty, sat listening to the clumsy overtures of Mr. Bob Wheeler.

"I might 'ave 'ad two or three sailors if I'd liked," continued Mrs. Wheeler, musingly, "but I wouldn't."

Fraser murmured his admiration at her firmness.

"There was Tom Rogers, 'e was the first," said Mrs. Wheeler; "you remember 'im, father?"

"Chap with bow legs and a squint, wasn't he?" said the dock-foreman, anxious to please.

"I never saw 'im squint," said his wife, sharply. "Then there was Robert Moore—he was number two, I think."

"'Ad a wife a'ready," said Mr. Wheeler, turning to the visitor; "'e was a bright lot, 'e was."

"I don't know what they saw in me, I'm sure," said Mrs. Wheeler, with a little modest laugh; "it wasn't my good looks, I'm sure."

"You 'ad something better than good looks, my dear," said the dock-foreman, affectionately, "something what's wore better."

Mrs. Wheeler turned on the sofa and detecting Gussie in the act of using his mouth as a money-box, upbraided him shrilly and sent him into a corner. She then brought sundry charges of omission and commission against the other children, until the air was thick with denials and explanations, in the midst of which Fraser turned towards Poppy.

"I want to have a few minutes' talk with you, Mis Tyrell," he said nervously.

The girl looked up at him "Yes," she said, gravely.

"I mean alone," continued the other, marvelling at his hardihood; "it's private."

He lowered his voice from a shout to its normal tone as Emma Wheeler in self-defence opened the door and drove the small fry out.

"I've not got my rooms now," said the girl, quietly.

"Well, my dear—" began the dock-foreman.

"Don't interfere, father," said Mrs. Wheeler, somewhat sharply. "I'm sure Mr. Fraser needn't mind saying anything before us. It's nothing he's ashamed of, I'm sure."

"Certainly not," said Fraser, sternly, "but it's quite private for all that. Will you put your hat on and come out a little way, Miss Tyrell?"

"That I'm sure she won't," said the energetic Mrs. Wheeler. "She's that particular she won't even go out with Bob, and they're like brother and sister most. Will she, Bob?"

Mr. Bob Wheeler received the appeal somewhat sullenly, and in a low voice requested his parent not to talk so much. Fraser, watching Poppy closely, saw with some satisfaction a tinge of color in her cheek, and what in any other person he would have considered a very obstinate appearance about her shapely chin.

"I'll get my hat on, if you'll wait a minute," she said, quietly.

She rose and went upstairs, and Fraser, with a cheerful glance at Mrs. Wheeler, entered into conversation with her husband about overside work in the docks, until the door was pushed open a little to reveal Miss Tyrell ready for walking.

They walked on for some little time in silence. The sun had set, and even in the close streets of Poplar the evening air was cool and refreshing. When this fact had thoroughly impressed itself on Mr. Fraser's mind he communicated it to Miss Tyrell.

"It's very pleasant," she answered, briefly. "What was it you wanted to talk to me about?"

"About a lot of things," said Fraser. "What a tremendous lot of children there are about here."

Miss Tyrell coldly admitter an obvious fact, and stepped out into the road to avoid spoiling a small maiden's next move at "hop-scotch," returned to the pavement to listen to a somewhat lengthy dissertation upon the game in question.

"What did you want to say to me?" she asked at length, turning and regarding him.

"In the first place," said Fraser, "I wanted to tell you that, though nothing has been heard of Captain Flower, I feel certain in my own mind that he has not been drowned."

Miss Tyrell shook her head slowly.

"Then I ought to tell you that I have left the Foam," continued the other. "I think that there is some idea that I knocked Flower overboard to get his place."

The girl turned quietly and her face flushed. "How absurd," she said, indignantly, and her manner softened.

"Thank you," said Fraser. "If you don't believe it, I don't care what anybody else thinks."

Miss Tyrell, looking straight in front of her, stole a glance at this easily satisfied young man from the corner of her eye. "I should never expect to hear of you doing anything wicked," she said. Fraser thanked her agin warmly. "Or venturesome," added Miss Tyrell, thoughtfully. "You're not the kind."

They walked on in silence—indignant silence on the part of the ex-mate.

"Then you are out of a berth?" said Poppy, not unkindly.

(To be continued)

ON THE FARM

Big Yields Produced by Mixing Grains

The average results obtained from sowing oats and barley in combination of equal amounts in bulk, but in various total quantities per acre, by members of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union, show that a mixture of one bushel of oats and one bushel of barley, or a total of two bushels per acre gave the highest general yield in grain production in 1915 and also in the average of the previous five years throughout Ontario.

It was found by experiment at the college previous to recommending these tests of barley and oats in combination for co-operative work throughout the province, that a combination of varieties of the same class of grain gave no satisfaction through increased grain production, but that combination of certain classes showed decided advantages; one of the most marked being that of oats and barley of the right variety, which gave a yield of 200 lbs. per acre over either grain grown separately. The varieties giving this exceptional yield were: Danbeney oats and Mandscheuri barley in 1910; Alaska oats and O. A. C. No. 21 barley in 1911; Danbeney oats and O. A. C. barley in 1913 and 1914; O. A. C. No. 3 oats and the O. A. C. No. 21 barley in 1915.

Three different thicknesses of seeding (41, 82 and 123 lbs. per acre) were used in the co-operative experiments, and the tabulated results show that in two years of the five the heaviest seeding (123 lbs.) was most successful, these being dry years, but that in each year the lightest seeding gave the lowest yield of grain per acre.

Results from further experiment with the sowing of mixed grain for the production of grain will probably be announced at the coming meeting of the Experimental Union and extra interest in the practice will no doubht be expressed by many farmers whose chief interest in grain-growing lies in the production of a plentiful supply of feed for live stock. The habit of growing the old standard grains—wheat, oats and barley—by themselves is so set in the minds of many farmers that it will be difficult to induce them to change their method, but the fact that feed is exceptionally scarce and high in price at the present moment should do something toward popularizing any means that will increase the supply without added cost. With cattle prices as they are, the live stock raiser should be satisfied to follow his line of farming to the limit and give up attempts to win out on either of two counts, namely, sale of grain in case of good prices, or sale of grain on the hoof, only when grain prices are very much below the average. If such a course is considered too much of a plunge, then at least a particular field should be set apart for the growing of the market grain while the majority of the farm is devoted to production of feed. An excessive yield, due to the mixing of two classes of grain, should be well worth trying for at any rate.

There are many parts of Canada that are so situated with regard to soil and want of proximity to market, as well as climatic conditions, that wheat-growing is their obvious line. To these districts should be left the work of providing wheat for export, and, largely, for all milling purposes, until such time as through decrease of fertility of the soil, the farmers of the districts find it necessary to go into live stock raising.

Value of Farmyard Manure.

The cost of manure obtained from the dealers is determined by the expense of handling the commodity and by the law of supply and demand. The exact value of the manure as a fertilizer is not very closely considered by the farmer, and the dealer is not concerned in that side of the question to any extent beyond satisfying the demands of the purchaser, with as little expense to himself as possible.

To gain an adequate idea of the benefit derived from using this or any other fertilizer on a particular crop it is necessary that a check plot or strip of the field, entirely unfertilized, be set apart for comparison with the main portion. In cases where commercial fertilizers are used on one part of a field and barnyard manure on another part, the cost of the former should be kept strict account of and its effect compared with that of the latter; then if the effect of both is equal, the value of the manure may be set down as equal to that of the commercial fertilizer used.

Of course, with barnyard manure a great deal of expense is added in handling, by reason of the great bulk required in comparison with other fertilizers, but the humus supplied by the former offsets this, to some extent, possibly entirely. The value of this supply of humus is, however, a matter difficult to determine, requiring as it does, the tracing of effects through several years' crops.

A mistake made by many growers of vegetable crops is that of increasing the application of manure unduly the next season, after having obtained a satisfactory crop owing to the use of a relatively small quantity.

A case in point within the writer's knowledge was that of a man who made a success of tomatoes in one season by the use of 20 tons of manure to the acre; hoping to nearly double his crop in the second year, and also to benefit the peach trees between which the tomatoes were planted, he doubled the application of manure, with the result that his second crop of tomatoes consisted chiefly of vines, and was not as good as that of the first year.

In general farming it is always found that light but frequent applications of manure pay better than heavy dressings at long intervals. By this method not only is less excess lost by evaporation or leakage, but if a systematic rotation of crops is maintained the greatest benefit can be derived from the manure indirectly, though the conservation of the unharvested part of the crops by plowing them into the ground.

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Can you guess it?

Condensed.

Editor—How's the new society reporter? I told him to condense as much as possible.

Assistant—He did. Here's his account of yesterday's afternoon tea: Mrs. Lovely poured, Mrs. Jabber roared, Mrs. Duller bored, Mrs. Rasping gored and Mrs. Embonpoint snored."

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"Nation Should Study ...

"France ... long period ... to what extent ... has brought ... for all, private ... subordinated to the ... France. It will ... government ... without ... who will ... be informed ... France ... of a five ... record ... seen the ... permitted ... is well, ... find the ... those, on ... make ... by the ... peace ... public opinion ... on from ... nation ... maintain ... we should ... it will, indeed, ... thing during ... as we ... peace will ... than we ... be taken ... were by war.

WHO AM I

Of ... the Factors ... Life, the Most ...

I ... more ... armies of ... have destroyed ... of the ... more deaths ... wrecked ... most of ... in the ... over $300,000,000 ... are no ... among rich ... young and old; the ... widows and ...

I ... from up to ... I cast my shadow ... labor from the ... stone to the ... train ...

I ... massacre thousands of wage earners ... lost ... I lurk in unseen places ... of my work silently ... against me, but you ... I am relentless, I am ... the home, on the ... the factory, at railway crossings ... on the ... sea.

I ... sickness, ... and death, and yet few seek ... me.

I destroy, crush or maim. I give nothing, but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

I AM CARELESSNESS.—Canadian Forestry Journal.

... very kent people think ... woman ... be stout.

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