

The Westerfield Scare.

After this, nothing was seen or heard of the man-ape for upwards of a week; but then came a piece of startling news indeed. Lady Dacre's mansion, which was situated about a mile and a half beyond the town boundary, had been broken into, and jewelry of the estimated value of three hundred pounds stolen therefrom. From the evidence there seemed little or no doubt that the man-ape was the thief. It appeared that while the family were at dinner, Lady Dacre's dressing-room, which was on the second floor, had been entered from the window, and the jewelry taken. The window in question overlooked a lawn at the back of the house. The wall outside was thickly covered with ivy, said to be nearly as old as the house itself. By the aid of which the thief had doubtless been enabled to reach the window. A shaded lamp was burning in the room at the time. The robber, in order, no doubt, to secure himself from interruption, had locked the door which opened into the corridor, but had omitted to notice that the dressing-room was only divided from the bedroom by a portiere. Through this portiere Lady Dacre's maid presently appeared on the long grass, where the man-ape was in the act of rifling the jewelry-case. For a moment the two stood confronting each other, then, with something between a snarl and a cry, the man-ape took to his heels, and the woman, who thereupon gave utterance to a loud scream and fainted. The only description she could afterwards give of him was that he was exactly like a large monkey, except that he stood perfectly upright like a human being.

A detective came down from Scotland Yard, and after lingering about Dacre House and its neighbourhood for nearly a fortnight, was seen no more. Then Lady Dacre, in her turn, offered a reward, this time of fifty pounds, for "such information as would," etc., but most people were of opinion that nothing would come of it, even as nothing had come of Squire Dacre's offer of a hundred pounds for the man-ape. And yet, as people asked themselves in dismay, what was it possible to do under circumstances so unprecedented that not even the oldest inhabitant could remember the like of them? It seemed as if the whole town lay helpless and at the mercy of one daring and unscrupulous ruffian. It was a veritable reign of terror on a small scale. Nobody guessed, I least of all, how soon and by what singular chain of events it was destined to be brought to an end.

My father's house, which was the end of a row of cottage tenements all alike in size and appearance, might be said to abut on the churchyard, seeing that it was only divided from the wall which enclosed the latter by a gravelled footway. From the back of our house, and following the line of the churchyard, ran the high wall which on that side shut in the old grammar-school in the playground. Along the base of the churchyard flowed the little river Ken. On the farther side, shrouded by its elms and beeches, stood the vicarage; while on the fourth side was the main entrance with its beautiful wrought-iron gates, of which the townsperson were justly proud.

In the gable end of my father's cottage was a window which looked full on the churchyard; it was the window of my bedroom. One night when my father had been more restless than usual and unable to sleep, I sat up with him for company's sake, till between twelve and one in the morning. When at length I went to my room, I went without a light. It was too late to think of reading, and I could undress as well in the dark as not. I drew up the blind and stood looking out for a little while, not thinking much of what I was doing, but rather wondering how long a time it would be before I should be able to get back to Mr. Ayseough and my beloved flowers. Then, all at once my eye was caught by something which broke up my waking dream in an instant, and brought me back to the place and the hour with a sort of shock. What I saw was a faint yellow glow of light, evidently emanating from somewhere in the churchyard, and nearly in a line with my window. All the stories I had heard about the man-ape flashed at once across my mind. Motionless, almost breathless, I stood and watched the light, which shone with a faint steady glow, and never varied its position by as much as a hair's breadth. For a space of about two minutes I stood thus without taking my eyes off it; and then all at once it was gone, and though I stayed watching for upwards of an hour longer, I saw it no more.

I said no word to any one of what I had seen, but next morning I made a careful examination of that portion of the churchyard which was visible from the window of my room. Not the slightest sign or token did I find of any unhalloved midnight intruder. The grass grew rank and green on the quiet graves; tombstones of various shapes and sizes were scattered about as if they had been dropped at random, but nowhere was there anything which told of any recent living presence. There was an old right of way through the churchyard; but as it led to nowhere in particular but the river, it was but little used. At sundown the gates were locked, and remained so till morning.

My curiosity had been so much excited, that the next night found me on watch at my window again; but although I sat there in the darkness for upwards of two hours, my patience went unrewarded. The same thing happened next night. Then I made up my mind that should the third night prove as fruitless as the first and second had done, I would trouble myself no further in the matter. But that third night, and close upon the same hour, I beheld again the appearance which had so puzzled me before; a subdued yellow light, of radiance almost like a harvest moon seen through a haze, only not, perhaps, quite so large. It was as though the circular door of a furnace in which the fire had begun to burn low had been opened for a little while. As before, it was visible for a space of from two to three minutes, and then it disappeared as instantaneously as it had come. Then and there I made up my mind to solve the mys-

tery, if it were possible for human ingenuity to do so.

The first step towards doing so was evidently to take up my watch in the churchyard itself. This, however, I let myself quietly out of the house about half-past ten o'clock. I had my father's key with me, which admitted me into the churchyard through one of the side-doors. I was warmly wrapped up in a dress, wreath and woollen my head a close-fitting cap. I had provided myself with a stout cudgel, in view of any possible encounter at close quarters. Threading my way cautiously among the graves, I presently took up a position between two large family tombs which I had previously fixed upon. The point to be borne in mind was that I should be able to see what was going on, and seen. A little way behind me was a tall headstone, but in front there was nothing but a few lowly mounds between myself and the abbey. Crouching in the long grass, wreath my back supported by one of the tombs, I began my watch with such patience as I could summon to my aid. Now and then I raised myself cautiously and peered about me. The night was still and windless, and around me reigned silence the most absolute. Eleven o'clock boomed forth in deep musical throbs from the abbey tower, and then, after my watch which seemed to me a space as long as three or four ordinary hours, midnight struck. I had raised my head and shoulders above the level of the tombs for about the hundredth time, when suddenly my eyes were taken by a dark movable object faintly outlined by the starlight. Whatever it might be, it was advancing swiftly, and apparently in a direct line towards me. My head went down again in an instant; I drew closer to the tomb and grasping my cudgel more tightly, kept my eyes fixed on the opening in front of me. Half-a-dozen seconds later a human form passed swiftly across my line of vision, which, in my crouching position, was bounded by the tomb on each side of me. The figure had come and gone almost while I had time to draw a breath—come and gone, too, without a sound, for not the faintest noise of footsteps had reached my ears; but that might perhaps be accounted for by the fact that it was walking on the grass. Hardly had it passed before I raised myself cautiously and peered the way it had gone, but already it had vanished—the darkness had swallowed it up as completely as if it had never been. I waited a full half-hour longer, but saw nothing more.

My watch the next night proved no more successful than the first. I was more fortunate. I had taken up the same position as before; midnight had struck; a cold wind swept over the churchyard and moaned drearily among the tombs. I was chilled through and through. At length I called to myself: "I will wait another quarter of an hour, but not a moment longer." Scarcely had the words passed my lips when all at once I saw again the same faint disc of light which I had seen twice already from my bedroom window. Now that I was closer to it, it shone out more clearly than before; still, I was utterly puzzled to know whence it emanated. It was not much raised above the level of the ground, and seemed as if it might proceed from the interior of some tomb, and yet I remembered no tomb just there which could have been made to serve such a purpose. I thought I had somewhat miscalculated its position, that is, assuming it to be in the same position as when I saw it first, which was a point I could not be quite sure about, and that from the place where I now was I could only get a side-view of it. If I wanted to find out more about it, I must get nearer to it, be the risk whatever it might. I had seen nothing of the mysterious being who had come and gone so strangely two nights before, but might he not appear at any moment? It was needless to proceed with the utmost caution. Slowly and carefully I began to creep forward on my hands and knees, where I breathed a cold, but refreshing, with the fresh frosty coldness of the open air; it was the coldness of a place full shut up, which no sunlight ever penetrated; there was a sort of, too, a damp earthy flavor, which could not be tasted. Then all at once it flashed across me that the place in which I was could be none other than the vault of the Deromes. Scarcely had I reached this conclusion, when the sound reaching me with a sort of muffled clang from somewhere overhead, I had lain there unconscious since a little after midnight.

ly to the particular headstone I had marked out beforehand. It was a very old stone which had settled down a little on one side, so that it now stood at an angle, and the vaulted mound whose inmates it was intended to commemorate had by this time sunk nearly to the original level of the churchyard. Here I spread my overcoats, and wrapping my cloak about me, I lay down upon them. A passerby who might have observed me by that dim light would merely have taken me for one mound more among the scores that surrounded me.

Eleven o'clock—midnight. Ten minutes later the mysterious light shone suddenly out, clear and steady; but this time I was not more than twenty yards away, and in a direct line with it. My theory was verified. The light proceeded from a small circular grating opening in the outer wall of the Deromes, and reached my feet above the level of the ground outside. The aperture in question was an air-hole, or it might even be called an unglazed window, to the family vault of the Deromes of Spanish, one of our great county families. This vault, like three or four others pertaining to families of distinction, had originally been formed by enclosing a portion of the crypt, and the vault had been erected nearly the whole of the abbey. Access could be had from the churchyard to any of these vaults by means of a low-browed, iron-studded door, below the level of the ground, and reached by three or four steps. But whenever a funeral took place, a portion of the flooring of the abbey immediately over the required vault was removed, and the lowered to its level, and a passage led to the vault.

I now found the value of my opera-glasses. By its aid, a certain section of the interior of the vault was clearly visible to me. On a ledge behind the grating a lamp was burning. Close by stood a man with one of the most unprepossessing and evil-looking faces it has ever been my lot to behold. He was close-shaven, and his short black hair came down to a point in the middle of his forehead. When he raised his head for a moment as if to observe the flame of the lamp, I was able to see that he had a cast in his right eye, and the healed scar of some old wound or gash in his upper lip. He wore a sort of loose pea-jacket, which just now was unbuttoned, exposing a portion of his chest, which was thickly matted with long brown, coarse hair, and which, as he moved, was like a man's hair. A thrill ran through me from head to foot. I could no longer doubt that I was on the track of the mystery which had baffled all Westerfield for three months past. What ought I to do? What step ought I to take next? If I could but be the means of bringing this scoundrel to justice! If I could but succeed in securing the reward!

In my excitement I had risen to my knees, and was still gazing when the glass to my eyes, when a shrill cry rent the air close beside me. I was on my feet in an instant. I had heard no one approach, but not more than a yard or two away stood a woman; she was looking at me with a look of surprise, and the sound of her footsteps. I was nearly as much startled as she was, but there was no time for thinking or wondering. Scarcely had her cry reached my ears, when she disappeared, and I was left alone in the vault, and scarcely was I on my feet before the woman had screamed out: "Bill, we are betrayed!" Then I was aware of a second cry, and I saw a man's face peering through the grating, and before the glass, which I knew could be none other than the man I had seen in the vault, and I felt that I was on the point of being attacked; but my cudgel was on the ground, and I was unable to get it. I was in a moment of indecision, when a crashing blow on my head, which fell like a senseless log.

When I came to myself I was in a dark place, and I found that I had never ached before, and my dazed senses refused for some time to tell me more than that I was alive and in great pain. Little by little, however, the important events of their lives, and especially matters where conscience had condemned had passed swiftly in review before them; but I had never believed the statements. Now I know such things do happen. In that awful moment I saw my wife as she was in my past life. Many that I thought long forgotten loomed up before my mind's eyes. They were far too numerous to mention here, but I will say that among them I saw my wife as she had left her in my Oakland home, and even my mother in the old cottage among the hills of Germany. The latter has long since been dead, but I remember that I wondered then if I should see her in a few moments.

"Of course, I was plunging downward all the time that I was doing this. Down, down I fell, with such frightful rapidity that the very breath seemed being sucked from my body, and yet I remember thinking that it seemed a long time in reaching the bottom of the shaft.

"Finally, when it seemed to me that I must hit the ground the next instant, I drew myself together and braced my body for the shock. I remember doing this, but I remember nothing more for some time.

UNCONSCIOUSNESS SAVED HIM.

"Either the swift descent, or being beaten against the sides of the shaft, or the terrible friction, or all these combined, had deprived me of consciousness before I struck the earth, for I had no recollection of the collision.

AWFUL FALL OF A MINER.

PLUNGED DOWN A ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FOOT SHAFT.

Not a Bone Was Broken in the Body of the Man Who Came Through This Terrible Experience.

A miner named Hartz, living in Oakland, Cal., has had what is probably the most remarkable fall that a man ever experienced and lived to tell about. That he could be precipitated a distance of 150 feet and not be fatally injured sounds fishy, but it is true, and the shaft down which he fell and himself prove the assertion. It was last April that Frederick Hartz had this experience. He is badly bruised, but not a bone in his body was broken, and he will recover. Hartz's story of his thrilling experience is best told in his own language, and is as follows:

"I was working in the Mount Jefferson mine in Tuolumne county. I had been there about a month and was considered quite an old hand for that place for the fact was that few men would stay in the mine after they became aware of the dangers that surrounded the work. They would generally work a few days or two and then demand their time and leave, usually with very few words in the way of explanation.

MISTAKE OF THE ENGINEER.

"My partner was Mr. Dick O'Neil. We were drilling a set of holes in the face of the vein matter of the ledge, and had made some haste to get the blasts in these holes ready for firing or shooting by nighttime, so that the smoke and powder fumes might have time to clear away while we were at dinner. We had finished the work, and, it being my turn, I started to go up to the 300-foot level to get the powder used in blasting. I made the trip up safely enough, and, having secured what I wanted, got into the skip with my load, intending to go down again.

"I gave the signal, two bells, to the engineer for descending, but he has always declared that he never got but one, though, as he left the place very suddenly after I was hurt I cannot help thinking that he knows he made a mistake. He had intended to give instead of lowering me, and at once I felt myself ascending through the black darkness toward the surface.

TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

"This did not alarm me seriously, for I thought I would simply go up to the next level and there stop, and see if I could find out what was wrong with the signal bells. I had proceeded upward perhaps thirty feet when I felt the skip, a sort of truck in which I was riding, leave the track upon which it rode. It trembled for a moment in a staggering way upon the edge of the track, and then, quick as a flash, it turned squarely bottom upward.

"Instantly the light of my single candle snuffed out and I found myself in total darkness in mid-air and standing upon nothing, at least 150 feet from the bottom of the shaft.

"Of course, I fully understood what that meant. Death, swift and sure, would be upon me. In a few seconds its cold fingers would be clutching at my heart, and then would come for me the end of all things.

A LIFE-TIME IN VIEW.

"I have read that persons in such situations have declared that the most important events of their lives, and especially matters where conscience had condemned had passed swiftly in review before them; but I had never believed the statements. Now I know such things do happen. In that awful moment I saw my wife as she was in my past life. Many that I thought long forgotten loomed up before my mind's eyes. They were far too numerous to mention here, but I will say that among them I saw my wife as she had left her in my Oakland home, and even my mother in the old cottage among the hills of Germany. The latter has long since been dead, but I remember that I wondered then if I should see her in a few moments.

"Of course, I was plunging downward all the time that I was doing this. Down, down I fell, with such frightful rapidity that the very breath seemed being sucked from my body, and yet I remember thinking that it seemed a long time in reaching the bottom of the shaft.

"Finally, when it seemed to me that I must hit the ground the next instant, I drew myself together and braced my body for the shock. I remember doing this, but I remember nothing more for some time.

UNCONSCIOUSNESS SAVED HIM.

"Either the swift descent, or being beaten against the sides of the shaft, or the terrible friction, or all these combined, had deprived me of consciousness before I struck the earth, for I had no recollection of the collision.

The Home

RED CLOVER.

Crimson clover I discover By the garden gate, And the bees about her hives Sing, robins, sing, Sing a roundelay— 'Tis the last flower of spring, Coming in the May.

Crimson clover I discover In the open field, Mellow sunlight brooding over, All her warmth revealed. Sing, robins, sing— 'Tis no longer May— Fuller bloom both summer bring, Ripened through delay.

A PARENT'S ERROR.

The dispositions of children are spoiled by ignorant and indulgent parents who set out deliberately to arouse in children a jealous disposition. They offer the peevish child something, which, because of his peevishness, he will not take and then they make a pretext of giving it to some one else, that they may induce him to take it out of envy. The effect of such training may be imagined. After a few such lessons the child wants only those things that others possess and during his childhood days he generally manages to get them by crying and sulking. Grown a little older, the child, if a boy, associating at school and in play with children of his own age, develops a domineering or cringing disposition according to his physical strength. He is grasping and envious because of his earlier training, but can no longer get things by crying for them because his parents are not there to help him, but if strong enough he takes them by force, and if not he tries to get them by diplomacy. Ruled by selfish desires implanted in him by vicious early training, he pursues his own ends either as lion or sneak, unless providentially he should fall under the hands of a master capable of undoing and converting the vicious work of his parents during his early days of training. Much of the work of school teachers is imposed upon them because their pupils have had preliminary training from ignorant or careless parents, gent discrimination that can be exhibited of selfishness and greed on the part of infants. The kindergarten is a justification for their existence in that they put children of very tender age under the direction of presumably competent instructors, who look after their habits with more intelligence than most parents. Home influence of the right kind in very precious, but the home influence that takes a child at its most impressionable age, during infancy, and develops in it an envious, selfish disposition, does as much harm as could come to it from absolute neglect.

A HINT FOR IRONING.

For fine pieces of table embroidery of anything soft and thin which needs to be stiffened slightly, this may be obtained by wringing cloth from borax water and laying it over the piece to be ironed and pressing it with a hot flatiron until it is thoroughly dry.

WONDERFUL OPERATION.

Rabbit's Eyes Successfully Transferred to a Blind Girl's Sockets.

An extraordinary operation has just been performed on the eyes of a blind girl in a London hospital. It involved the transfer of parts of a rabbit's eyes to the blind sockets of the girl's. The operation has been pronounced a success, and it is believed that the sight will be restored. She had been blind in one eye for 15 years, and totally blind for six.

The transference of the eye of an animal to the socket of a human being, with the possibility of restoring the sight, has been one of the many dreams of surgery. Such has been done many times, and the operation, so far as the actual transference goes, has been each time successful, and, though the transplanted eye has grown into place, and the muscles united, yet none of the patients operated upon has been enabled to see. One thing has always been regarded in relation to this operation, namely, that the animal eye was a better substitute than the glass eye.

"The optic nerve of the human being and that of the animal have hitherto refused to make practical connection. When it was decided to make the attempt in the present instance a number of physicians and surgeons were asked for their opinion, and almost without exception all pronounced it useless, but admitted that the attempt could do no harm.

"It was decided to operate on the eye that had been blind 15 years. Both the girl and the animal were put under the influence of chloroform, the whole front of the diseased member was then removed, while the corresponding part from the rabbit's eye was substituted for the human portion cut out. The lid was then carefully pulled over and the eye bandaged so that there could be no motion of the lid and no light could penetrate to the wounded organ.

At the end of a week a careful examination was made, when it was seen that to all appearances the grafted portion of the eye had united, and the girl could distinguish light from dark.

"The operation proving so successful from the surgeon's point of view, it was decided to operate on the second eye. That organ was in much worse condition than the first one, and nearly the whole eye had to be removed and the rabbit's eye substituted. As yet no examination of the second eye has been made, lest the healing process be interfered with, but I am greatly sanguine of success."

EAT MORE SUGAR.

Strength Producing Food That is Easily Understood.

According to Dr. Gall, every one is constituted so that he cannot assimilate more than a certain quantity of sugar without the sugar remaining in the blood. Beef gives muscle, but sugar and other hydrocarbonates give strength. Sugar is good to take when one has to make an effort for a long time. Alcohol is a hydrocarbon, but it depresses after elevating, and it destroys resistance to disease. Sugar does not depress, and is a food. If workmen look more sugar they could do with less beer. Horses are now fed on sugar in Paris. A ration of nearly two and one half pounds a day with corn, straw, or hay is found good by a cab company of that city. Horses thus fed drink less. France, following Germany, is adopting sugar as a ration for soldiers. Workmen of all kinds cyclists and others ought to take more sugar.

the prepared flour, add one even tablespoonful of soft butter. Beat vigorously for three minutes, then add in lightly the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs; dip each piece of fruit in the batter separately, and cook to a golden brown in deep boiling fat.

Peach Salad.—Pare, halve and stone six large, ripe peaches; arrange in a salad bowl, cut side upward; fill the center cavity with powdered sugar, add two drops of lemon juice and set in a cold place one hour. Put half a cupful of water over the fire in a double boiler; wet one teaspoonful of corn-starch with one tablespoonful of cold water; add the yolk of one egg and one-half a cupful of sugar, and beat vigorously five minutes. Pour the egg mixture slowly into the boiling water, and stir constantly until it thickens and is smooth. Take from the fire, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut; stir until dissolved; strain, unless perfectly smooth, and set aside until cold. Just before carrying the salad to the table, add the juice of half a lemon to the dressing, beat briskly, and pour over the fruit.

Years ago, before women's clubs flourished, patchwork quilts and "hit and miss" carpets were made to the babble of feminine tongues and the clink of tea cups. To-day, alas! we are all too busy for such a waste of time, yet really artistic portieres can be made by knitting long bits, with two large needles, into one another. It is not laborious and is quaint enough to be interesting. A beautiful curtain can be made from thin silks, a holly-hock or sunflower on a background of like stuff, cut out, laid on a design and joined with narrow black velvet ribbon. Against a north window the effect is excellent. A new rug carpet is infinitely nicer than a cheap rug of crude colors. It harmonizes with the wicker chairs, the log fire and the bowls of wild flowers in the summer living room.

For fine pieces of table embroidery of anything soft and thin which needs to be stiffened slightly, this may be obtained by wringing cloth from borax water and laying it over the piece to be ironed and pressing it with a hot flatiron until it is thoroughly dry.

An extraordinary operation has just been performed on the eyes of a blind girl in a London hospital. It involved the transfer of parts of a rabbit's eyes to the blind sockets of the girl's. The operation has been pronounced a success, and it is believed that the sight will be restored. She had been blind in one eye for 15 years, and totally blind for six.

The transference of the eye of an animal to the socket of a human being, with the possibility of restoring the sight, has been one of the many dreams of surgery. Such has been done many times, and the operation, so far as the actual transference goes, has been each time successful, and, though the transplanted eye has grown into place, and the muscles united, yet none of the patients operated upon has been enabled to see. One thing has always been regarded in relation to this operation, namely, that the animal eye was a better substitute than the glass eye.

"The optic nerve of the human being and that of the animal have hitherto refused to make practical connection. When it was decided to make the attempt in the present instance a number of physicians and surgeons were asked for their opinion, and almost without exception all pronounced it useless, but admitted that the attempt could do no harm.

At the end of a week a careful examination was made, when it was seen that to all appearances the grafted portion of the eye had united, and the girl could distinguish light from dark.

"The operation proving so successful from the surgeon's point of view, it was decided to operate on the second eye. That organ was in much worse condition than the first one, and nearly the whole eye had to be removed and the rabbit's eye substituted. As yet no examination of the second eye has been made, lest the healing process be interfered with, but I am greatly sanguine of success."

EAT MORE SUGAR.

Strength Producing Food That is Easily Understood.

According to Dr. Gall, every one is constituted so that he cannot assimilate more than a certain quantity of sugar without the sugar remaining in the blood. Beef gives muscle, but sugar and other hydrocarbonates give strength. Sugar is good to take when one has to make an effort for a long time. Alcohol is a hydrocarbon, but it depresses after elevating, and it destroys resistance to disease. Sugar does not depress, and is a food. If workmen look more sugar they could do with less beer. Horses are now fed on sugar in Paris. A ration of nearly two and one half pounds a day with corn, straw, or hay is found good by a cab company of that city. Horses thus fed drink less. France, following Germany, is adopting sugar as a ration for soldiers. Workmen of all kinds cyclists and others ought to take more sugar.

Agriculture

Not long ago I saw a man for keeping milk cool of farm, writes Geo. E. Nelson. He had a large tub of water standing in the water connected the highway. It was placed there for watering milk cows. The man to and from to the separated the last of the house yard and the stood the milk wagon. On a tall post in the my Yankee friend had fashioned well sweep, than the ordinary as tapering end dangling a pair of iron hooks, made to grapple into the milk can, holding of milk, and by depressed end of the sweep contents was made to the ground and then submerged in the tub water. In the moon to be taken to the the sweep was simply lifting the dripping tub, and depositing its fresh-drawn milk was stashed before being its quality being fully simply a very fair one.

On another farm, perhaps not quite fully as serviceable, the need of a though less of it. He renovated this tion of the floor, a plank tank two feet high, and a pair of wheels in each with a cool, airy apparatus, and a pump which he could operate with natural water. The cans of primary aeration, the tank of running water, and in a manner until now, it through several owner told me the house was almost total quality.

Knowing as I do dairy farms possess ably water privileges, I stances as evidence of progress. Rural farm is of no practical use unless it is per use of it and of most of the milk used with natural can be tapped and contain created that as well. I have seen successful ones based well, with a ment, which pur an elevated tank flowed down gra to the dairy house.

A small amount in summer will than five times if them when they are. This is one reason of the grain and manure, which pur an elevated tank flowed down gra to the dairy house.

Any one who the fields early the leaves of pe surface soil were deposited d soil in spring is air. This dew, in the form of from the air not carbonic acid gas, or then rain, or manure, or other unutilized it sun gets up his it, and all this the air. We do their teams, while plants are wet forenoon's work and then take for three or four the heat of the sun turns some, thus saving it from waste.

The ancient led direct from the heart, and ger is used in the rice being the active injury. of the old out- ding ring over the left hand.