

Her Heart's Secret

Or Under a Spell.

By JEAN WARNER.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued.)

"What do you mean?" asked the young man, haughtily. "I neither understand you nor your story, woman. What power could you have over Robert Clive?"

"The power of one who held his honor in her hands—the power of one who, by a word, could disgrace his name—a proud legacy to his children—the power of one who could at this moment cast those children, dishonored and penniless, upon a cruel world. My power, you ask? Ha, ha! Mr. Clive, it is too great for even the haughty master of Clive Towers to defy, for it reaches to his father's grave. Now, what are your terms? How will you treat with me?"

"As the traitress, the hypocrite, the would-be despot that you are!" exclaimed Herbert, fiercely. "Leave the room, woman—leave my presence—I defy you to do your worst!"

The slender form of the housekeeper trembled with passion.

"Your father's name, your father's grave, your father's children, all shall feel know my power, before another sun has set! Scorned and dishonored, who will look upon the once haughty Clives? Once more, think—think of your father's honor—your father, who guarded his secret for your sake, for five-and-twenty years—think of him!"

"I can think of nothing," exclaimed Herbert—"nothing but the silent devil you have harbored in your breast for twenty years! Begone, I say, woman, and do your worst! Spit out what venom you please upon the grave of your benefactor, who fed and sheltered you—on the children of the sainted woman who befriended you! I ask nothing from—I will hear nothing from you!"

"This very night—aye, this very night!" she panted like some furious animal—"I will go to the lawyer's! I will put my information in his hands. I will ruin you, shame you, dishonor you and yours forever. Already the whisper has gone forth, and I will give it a thousand tongues! The story shall be in every mouth, on every lip, before every eye! You defy me? Ah, Mr. Clive, you defy one whom even your haughty father dare not defy!"

"Aye, I defy you!" answered Herbert flinging his arm about the waist of his trembling sister, and notwithstanding the enraged woman to the door. "If my father feared you, I do not! Go, say! Leave this house, never to return. Do your worst. Any compromise with such as you would be the basest dishonor! I have done no wrong, I fear no evil, and, for the rest, I scorn to parley with you. Go, I say! You have done harm enough, already, in blighting, by your mysterious threats, the tender flower at my side. Go! This night, at least, I am master of Clive Towers, and if it be my last command under this roof, I tell you to leave it forever!"

"I go," she said, trembling with passion—"I go, and woe unto Clive Towers, and all within its walls when Rebecca Wyllis leaves it in wrath! Woe, woe—a hundred times woe!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

True Steel.

Late that same evening Dr. Bond sat alone in his cosy study. He was glancing at a letter he had received that day—a letter written in a dainty, feminine hand, and bearing the postmark of a far-off Swiss town.

"Poor little girl!" murmured the doctor to himself. "She never forgets a promise. She writes to the old man, as she said she would, though I can see the heartbreak in every line. Ah, well, well, I feel as if it will all come right, though human passion is an awful thing to get against human happiness! The dark demon generally carries the day. Hark! what is that?"—a fearful shriek rang out into the air, that made the cool doctor spring from his chair—"in the name of heaven, what is that?"

"Doctor, doctor—oh, doctor! There's a sick woman out here on the road," said the little mulatto, entering, with his big black eyes open to their fullest capacity. "She's got some dreadful sort of fit on her, an' she's a-calling for you."

"Can I come in?" said a spectral voice at the door, and the tall form of Rizzpah, looking like some ghastly, ashen corpse, appeared on the threshold. "Let me come in and—die—die in peace! I have it—I have it!" and she waved a paper package above her head with a wild triumph. "Look to it, Harry Bond; you were her friend, her lover! Look to it, that I may die in peace! I throttled her as she stole out in the darkness! I tore it from her bosom! Ha, ha, ha! Rizzpah has not been watching all these weeks in vain! I would have clawed him from the earth if he had carried it to the grave with him; but she had it—the wild-cat, the pantress! She would have kept her nest warm with the rotten secret! But I have it. Oh, my boy, my boy, the wild wolf that reared you was true—true to the last!"

"Rizzpah, Rizzpah!" the doctor caught the tottering woman in his arms, "what have you done? What is this you have done? Good God, there is blood on your clothes!"

"Aye, aye!" was the feeble, though still fierce answer; "blood, blood—her blood! We fought each other for our own! I met her in the darkness—she, the false servant, of whom the stars told—the woman that Robert Clive feared! I met her, and I dragged it from her breast! Look to it, I say—look to it, Harry Bond, that I may die in peace!"

The doctor picked up the paper that had fallen from the dying woman's grasp. For weeks and weeks Rizzpah had been dying.

It was worn and time-stained, torn and blurred; but it was the paper that had laid on Robert Clive's breast, containing and poisoning life for five-and-

twenty years—it was the secret that Wyllis had torn from his dying hold—it was the marriage certificate of Basil Clive and Sybil Lee.

"Is it right—is it right?" asked the quivering, ashen lips of the woman before him—"is it right? Tell me, quick! If I could live—oh, God, if I could only live!"

"It is all right," said the doctor, soothingly. "Poor Rizzpah may have a judge you more mercifully than earth. You have, mad and bloody though the deed may have been, restored your boy to his rights. This paper makes the son of Basil Clive and Sybil Lee the heir of Clive Towers."

"My boy, my boy!" murmured poor Rizzpah. "Tell him that I did it. Tell him that I waited, I watched, I never wearied—that in the dead of night I crept around Clive Towers, like—like a vengeful ghost, till I knew that she—she, the false, silent woman—had the secret of Robert Clive; and then—the blood-red star was shining—the star of fate, of doom—and I—I felt my blood warm and my hand strong, and I—I throttled her as she walked in the darkness! I—I—Come nearer, Harry Bond—come nearer. I—I cannot see you. Tell him, my boy, my nursing—that I was true—true to the last. When he is great, and rich, and honored, let him think of—O, Lord, I suffer! I—I. Her eyes are on me, but I—I do not fear. Let the boy think of the wild wolf that nursed him, that reared him, that lived for him, and—and died for him—died for him alone!"

She fell back, 'mid the lounge pillows, writhing in the death agony, her livid lips still striving to articulate the loved one's name, her hands motioning wildly towards the paper the doctor held in his hand.

"It is all right," he whispered. "Poor, deluded Rizzpah! May God judge you more mercifully than man. It is all right."

"Right! right!"—she sprang up with a dying effort while her sunken eyes seemed to glitter with supernatural fire. "Aye, it is right! Have not the stars told me of this hour for five-and-twenty years—the blood-red star, the star of triumph, of justice, of death! Aye, aye! I have lived to see it. And I charge you, Harry Bond, in the name of Sybil Lee, to see that my boy—that her boy—has his own. I charge you with my—my dying breath!"

The doctor caught the tottering form in his arms. It lay there, stiff, and gaunt, and helpless. Rizzpah's hour of triumph had been her last.

That same night, a hideous, livid corpse was found on the forest path, leading by the haunted hollow—a slender, black-robed woman, whose light-grey eyes were protruding horribly from their bloody sockets—whose every feature was distorted by the agonies of a terrible death.

There were dark purple marks around the throat that seemed almost like the prints of a wild beast's talons, and the white, slender hands still clutched in their stiff fingers shreds of gray hair, that told of a fearful struggle between the mad woman and her victim.

But the purpose that had lived in Rizzpah's breast for five-and-twenty years had nerved her murderous hand with fearful power, and Mrs. Wyllis had fallen a victim to her own vengeful purpose, even as she was bending her steps toward Lawyer Grey's to tell him all.

Before the inquest was held at Clive Towers, Dr. Bond sought an interview with Herbert Clive.

He found the young man in his father's study, pale, stern, yet come pased.

He had never looked so manly, so handsome, so fitting a "master" in the home of his birth. All his boyish lightness—the impulsive eagerness of other days—seemed gone.

Care and sorrow, doubt and danger, had come to the glad child of fortune, and moulded him into a man, whose sterling metal needed even further proof.

After the first greetings, cordial, although grave, as befitted the occasion, were over, Herbert himself began the conversation.

"I am glad you have come, doctor. There is an old standing pledge of friendship between us, and that I now call upon you to redeem. I have come here to find a shadow resting upon my mind—and mine—a cloud upon my father's memory—a suspicion resting upon his grave. This unfortunate woman who has just met so terrible a death, taunted me last evening with words that my blood would boil to repeat. She dared to propose to me—to the son of Robert Clive—a compromise, a disgraceful compromise, that alone could shield my dead father's name from obloquy!"

"You refused, then?" said the doctor, eyeing the young man keenly.

"I ordered her from the door," answered Herbert, haughtily. "Whatever she may come upon me, I make no terms with dishonor. I scorn any safety that must be purchased by aught so debasing as a bribe."

"Bravely said!" exclaimed the doctor, grasping the young man's hand cordially. "You ring out true to any blow my friend, and I'd give every thing I am worth, to shield you from the heavy one that awaits you. But you are no weak woman, to need an anodyne, and I speak to you as a man to a man. Here is the secret of which this wretched woman gained possession—the secret which your father guarded for five-and-twenty years, the secret that destroyed his happiness, that caused him to die at last wretched and conscience-stricken. Here it is. I give it to you, Herbert Clive, to do with it what you will."

The doctor handed Herbert the torn, soiled paper—Rizzpah's dying charge—the marriage certificate of Basil Clive and Sybil Lee.

He saw the young man's face pale, even to the lips, as he looked upon it; but there was no faltering in the voice, no shrinking in the dark, clear eye.

"This means that the man of whom I have once or twice heard my father speak is the rightful heir!"

"The rightful heir?" repeated Dr. Bond, gravely. "Basil Clive, the elder, left no will, and his entire property descended to the heir-at-law. This certificate was committed to your father by his uncle on his death-bed, with the charge that he should do justice to his unknown son. But—"

The doctor paused. It was hard to condemn the dead father to the living son. It was hard to say to Herbert Clive that the strong, stern being who had given him life had darkened that life with the stain of dishonor.

"I see, I see!" replied the young man, in a tone that grew hoarse, despite his efforts to master it. "I see now the hold this woman had on my father. My father! Oh, God, my poor, poor father!"

No anger, no reproach, no condemnation—only infinite pity, tenderness, sorrow for the dead.

Dr. Bond felt like clasping the young hero to his heart, and holding him there like a son.

For a moment there was silence, then Herbert spoke again, clearly and calmly.

"There is, of course, sir, but one thing to be done, and that is justice—complete and immediate justice."

"It was your father's dying word," said the doctor, softly—"justice!"

"I am glad of it," continued Herbert, "though I would not have needed this solemn mandate to shape my course. I will see Lawyer Grey and relinquish all my claims to Clive Towers at once, in favor of the lawful heir. Do you know aught of this—this Basil Clive? He is a stranger to me?"

"Have you never seen him?" asked the doctor, eagerly.

"Never to my knowledge," answered Herbert, simply. "I have heard my father speak of him as a wild, reckless man."

"He felt himself to be a wronged man," said the doctor. "I have met him, and know Basil Clive to have a noble generous heart, that will respond at once to sentiments such as you have manifested. For this reason, and because I have your interest truly at heart, I would act as a mediator between you. Let there be no formal interposition of the iron hand of the law. As friends and kinsmen, let this matter be amicably arranged between you. It will be better for the living, and—the doctor laid his hand in a friendly manner on Herbert's shoulder, while his voice softened into tenderness—"and far better for the dead!"

"As you please, sir," answered Herbert, simply. "I—I will shrink from no pain or mortification that awaits me; but—but—" the clear voice shook slightly. "My dead father's memory is sacred to me. I—I would shield it if possible at any cost—save that of justice. I leave you to make what arrangements your generous and disinterested friendship may suggest—I leave you to make what terms you please with Basil Clive. From this moment I relinquish all claim to Clive Towers; and, with my broken-hearted sister, I will seek another and humbler home. Thank heaven, I have youth, health, energy, and, I trust, talents enough to gain an honest livelihood, wherever my fortune may be cast!"

"Nobly spoken," my friend—nobly spoken! Let me help you," said the doctor, clasping the young man's hand with an emotion he could not repress. "I am an old man, with none to care for—with none to aid. If God had blessed my barren life with a son like you, I would feel that, come fortune or misfortune, riches or poverty, sickness or health, life would not have been lived in vain. Leave Clive Towers if you will, in my hands, and be sure that your trust will not be abused. But do nothing in haste. Take your time. Youth is always headlong. At sixty-five, we learn the wisest and hardest lesson is to wait."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

False Friends and True.

It was about two weeks after the events narrated in our last chapter that a young officer, dressed in a handsome uniform, rode up the avenue leading to Greylawns, and dismounting at the door, was warmly welcomed by Miss Marian.

"This is indeed, an unexpected pleasure," she said, leading him into the parlor. "I thought you were exiled for six months, at least, Lieutenant. Do sit down here by the fire and explain your appearance."

"I received the most singular note from Fannie," Fenton Forest replied, in an amazed tone, "and I came at once to ask for an explanation. Is anything wrong at Clive Towers?"

"Dear me, wrong?" repeated Miss Marian, meaningly. "Have you not heard? But I forget—you have been away so long, and everything has been kept as quiet as possible. You know Mr. Robert Clive is dead?"

"I heard that," he answered Fenton, quickly. "But he left Fannie—that is, he left a handsome estate to his children. She writes me all sorts of sentimental nonsense about poverty and disgrace."

"Poor girl!" murmured Miss Marian, softly. "It is very hard for her to bear. But pride must have a fall. I always felt the grandeur of the Clives was built on a very shaky foundation. There have been all sorts of rumors floating about for the last three months, but no one could say anything was positively wrong until Mr. Clive's death. He took to opium-eating, you know, and, oh, died most wretchedly! Then the housekeeper, Mrs. Wyllis, who was always in his confidence, was found strangled in the woods, and though it was all laid to some wild gipsy or mulatto woman's door, there are whispers about that Herbert Clive knows more about it than he chooses to tell. There were family secrets in the woman's possession that it would not do to let loose. And Dr. Bond is at the Towers now, though he will give no explanation of his presence there. And Herbert and Fannie went off this morning, goodness knows where, and they say there is another heir coming from Europe, and that these Clives never had any right to the place at all. Oh, dear! they have been the talk of the country for miles around, and they will never be able to hold up their heads again."

"This is what her note means, then,"

said Fenton, rising and pacing the room, excitedly. "Poverty and disgrace! Why couldn't they keep the matter hushed up? What is the use of blowing the affair all over the country? A pretty mess for a man of honor to be mixed up in!"

"I do hope, for your sake, Fenton, that there was nothing serious between you and Miss Fannie," said Marian, kindly. "Of course, she is a dear, sweet, lovely girl; but, as things are now, she couldn't expect—"

Miss Marian paused. It was rather a difficult sentence for her to conclude.

"Oh, she doesn't," said Fenton, hastily, tearing the little note he held into minute fragments. "She doesn't expect, of course, that—in fact, she knows I'm a poor devil of a fellow, and—well, in short, it was only a pleasant flirtation; nothing serious at all—nothing serious. But I did think, though, and a malicious gleam shot into the dark-brown eyes that poor Fannie had thought wells of truth—" I really did think that you and Herbert were going to make a match of it, till that golden-haired houri came on and bewitched him. As it turns out, you had a lucky escape. What will become of the poor fellow, anyhow? Friends and Fortune gone at one swoop!"

"I never would have thought of Herbert Clive under any circumstances," said Miss Marian, scornfully. "Fannie was a dear little creature, but there was always something about her that I couldn't exactly trust. You may depend upon it, they would have hushed up this matter if they could. It had to break out, and I, for one, am surprised that they kept it dark so long. I've had my suspicions—and well founded ones they were—for months—" Miss Marian pursed up her mouth and shook her head sagely, as she repeated—"for months and months."

(To Be Continued.)

OREGON MINING TOWN.

Fans for Its Rapid Building in a Few Months Survey of Site Completed March 10.

Two months ago the only building at the junction of Clear and Granite creeks was a log cabin 10x12 feet, owned by Ed Benson, and built in the days when the creeks swarmed with placer miners. Now the site is occupied by the rapidly-growing town of Lawton. The survey of the town site was completed March 10. Three feet of snow covered the ground while the survey was in progress. J. McCarthy completed the first building, Feb. 25, nearly two weeks before the town was laid out. Lawton now has fifteen business buildings under way or nearing completion. Besides these, there are several tenements that are used for business and for dwellings.

Home building has been retarded because of the scarcity of lumber, the saw mills giving preference to the orders of those who are getting ready for business. Rough lumber is held at \$14 per 1,000 feet, and No. 1 flooring, kiln-dried, at \$30. Between \$20,000 and \$30,000 has been invested in building in two months. If present plans are carried out many more buildings will be erected during the spring and summer. Thirty-seven lots have been sold on Spokane avenue, the purchaser in each case agreeing to build within three months. Performance of this clause of the contract depends upon whether the growth of the town will justify further building.

Much work will be done this summer to beautify the town. Spokane avenue will be graveled its entire length. Clear creek will be moved 400 feet, to its original channel, from which it was diverted years ago by the placer miners. About 1,200 feet west of town and 300 feet above it, in the hills, is a lake which is available for water supply. Electric lights and municipal organization will probably come in the fall. Lawton will draw its trade from the mining properties, which are at its doors.—Portland Oregonian.

From the Mare's Mouth.

Sir Robert Finlay, the new attorney general, like most counsel with a large practice, knows what it is to receive a disconcerting reply from an apparently guileless witness, and tells a good story against himself in illustration. He was engaged in a case of breach of warranty of a horse, the age of the animal being the chief matter in controversy, and he had to cross-examine a hostler, a yokel, with every appearance of rustic simplicity.

"Upon what authority do you swear to the age of the mare?" he asked.

"I'm sure of it," was the reply.

"Half a dozen more questions failed to elicit any more specific answer.

"But how do you know?" thundered Sir Robert, at last.

"I had it from the mare's own mouth!" replied the hostler.—London Chronicle.

Perils of Translation.

The translating of the English spiritual songs into the foreign languages often causes ludicrous readings, which are quite equal to any of the slangy irreverence of the impudent young American.

A certain missionary relates that he got an Indian scholar to assist him in translating into the Indian vernacular the hymn—

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Imagine his surprise and chagrin to read the following loose lines:

Very old stone, split for my benefit,
Let me get under one of your fragments.

—Memphis Scimitar.

It Cut Both Ways.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Clambake."

"Why don't you say something original, Mr. Sawhorse?"

"Why don't you think something original, Miss Clambake?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dramatic Expansion.

"Do you think 'Uncle Tom's Cabin can hold the public another season?'"

"Oh, yes; we've introduced a plantation cake-walk this year."—Chicago Record.

People don't go to the sea shore so much to see the shore as they do to see the sea.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

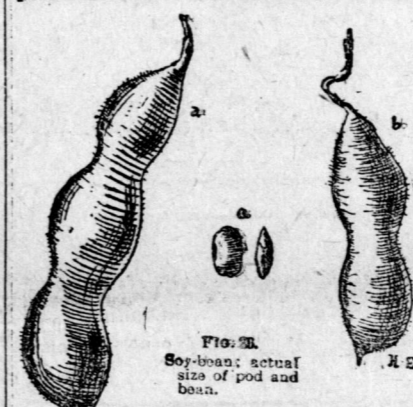
The Soy Bean.

The soy bean is a native of Japan, taking its name from a sauce manufactured from it. The bean is boiled and mixed with certain proportions of rice and salt, and the compound allowed to undergo a certain process of fermentation, which results in a delicate brown sauce. The beans also take the



place of meat in the diet of the common people, animals being too expensive in the densely populated island. As an article of human food in this country it has not been popularly accepted, as the beans contain a large quantity of gluten, and are very difficult to cook. As a feed for live stock, however, there is no doubt of their value, whether grown for the hay crop or for the beans thrashed, to feed with some other grain feed, like Indian corn or Kafr corn.

The soy bean is an upright, branching, tree-like stalk from one and one-half to three feet high. The branches come out near the ground and grow upward near the main stem; the number of branches depends upon how closely the plants are grown. The pods when ripe are short, flat, brown and fuzzy, containing from one to four beans, usually three. The pods grow very close to the stems, from the surface of the ground to the tops, there being at times as many as 200 pods on a single plant. The flowers are not prominent and vary from a pale white



to a violet blue. The leaves are large, irregular in shape, borne on a long stem and drop off as the beans ripen.

Sheep in the Forest Reserve.

Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, has received a communication from Secretary Hitchcock, of the Department of the Interior, asking his aid in solving the problem of grazing in the western forest reserves. The Division of Forestry will commence immediately an investigation which will last several months. The controversy over the alleged evil effects of sheep grazing has involved western cattlemen, woolgrowers, and farmers in a bitter war for many years, and the recent increase of irrigation has added to the bitterness. Government action in the matter has been hastened by the establishment of forest reserves. In view of the injury to the forests in many sections from overgrazing, all reserves except those in Washington and Oregon, and the Black Mesa Reserve, in Arizona, which is to be opened to 200,000 sheep at 3 cents a head, are closed to sheep by an order issued last May. This step has raised a storm of protest from woolgrowers, who insist that no harm is done by grazing under proper restrictions. Many are reported to have driven their herds into the mountains last summer in defiance of the law.

Against the sheep owners are arrayed the cattlemen and farmers, and especially the irrigators, who claim the practice means disaster to agriculture in the lowlands. These argue that sheep destroy the forest cover in the mountains and thus diminish the water supply. They are said not only to eat the young growth which is to perpetuate the forest, but to tramp down innumerable seedlings and destroy the layers of leaves necessary to keep the soil in good condition. Sheep herders are accused of burning large areas in order to secure a growth of grass. While the government will decide the matter only in the case of the forest reserves, these include a large part of all the summer ranges of the western sheep raising states, and the results will be of great importance to the American wool-growing industry.

As no general rule can be applied, each reserve will be studied separately. The first step of the Division of Forestry will be to collect impartially the testimony of both sides. Lists of questions will be sent to thousands of sheep men and their opponents. About July 1 an examination of the reserves will begin. A number of botanists, irrigation experts, and similar scientific men will be secured from all parts of the United States, and they will spend several months in the field. In addition, all field parties of the Division of Forestry engaged in other work in the

interested regions will be required to give to the sheep question also. Secretary Hitchcock has asked the Department of Agriculture to give special attention to the following phases: Relation of grazing to taxation and the general prosperity of specified localities. Relation of grazing to forest fires. Relation of grazing to the preservation and reproduction of forest. Relation of grazing to irrigation and water supply. Effects of grazing by different kinds of stock. Moderate grazing and overgrazing.

Horticultural Observations.

The cow pea promises to be as good a friend to the fruit grower as it is to the general farmer that cannot grow clover. It can be grown for a few months in the orchard or between the rows of blackberries and raspberries, and in fact in connection with almost any bush fruit. It is easily disposed of, the long vines making it easy to handle it rapidly. Even the strawberry grower may find this plant a serviceable ally. Perhaps it will pay to put it on the land lately occupied by a strawberry bed. Land so treated should soon be serviceable for another bed.

The strawberry root louse has been recognized as a strawberry pest since 1882, in which year it was described by Prof. Forbes. Prof. Weed took up the study of the insect and named it Aphis Forbesi, in honor of Prof. Forbes. It is now quite generally known as far east as the Atlantic coast. In New Jersey and Maryland this year it is reported to be doing a good deal of damage. Fortunately the insect is wingless and can spread but slowly. It is, however, believed that the ants help it to spread, by carrying lice to new beds. The ants also do some damage to the plants by tunneling around the strawberry roots so that the lice can find good feeding ground, the pay the ant receives being the honey-dew the lice exude. It is a difficult insect to fight when it has once obtained a foothold, as its work is largely underground. The best way to do when the insect has appeared in a neighborhood is to put out new beds on absolutely clean ground and see that no colonies of ants are near enough to assist the plant lice to new pasturage.

Water Lilies in Pots.

A few years since, the water lily was cultivated only in a few botanical gardens, and was universally supposed to be manageable only by the specialist. But year by year it has outgrown these quarters and proves itself to be a plant for the million, says Vick's Magazine. Any person possessing water and a two-gallon pail may have aquatic plants and flowers. Water hyacinths, water poppies, parrot's feather and even the miniature nymphaeas may be grown in a vessel (wooden preferred) having a superficial area of one square foot. Tubs the size of oil or whisky barrels, sawed in two, make suitable vessels for a variety of nymphaeas and lotuses. A most pleasant addition to a lawn, noticed lately, was a group of four tubs—three of them placed in a triangle, their inner edges supporting the fourth—maying a pyramid. In the upper or central tub was a lotus, its flowers and umbrella-like leaves towering up several feet high, while parrot's feather was trailing down over the sides almost completely hiding the tub. In the lower tubs were red, white and blue nymphaeas with some other aquatics, while around the margins a few rocks were placed, and interspersed with moisture-loving plants—the whole making a mound of fresh, bright green foliage and brilliant colored flowers, all summer. Tubs, pails or casks for water lilies should be filled two thirds full of good, rich loam, the roots planted two inches deep, then be given a warm, sunny place, and kept full of pure water. At first the water may be poured off, and the tubs carried over winter in a warm cellar or under the benches of a greenhouse.

Beet Army Worm.

Every kind of worm is called an army worm when it appears in sufficient numbers. A worm that has long been known to injure the beet last year appeared sufficiently numerous to be called the beet army worm. It was officially noticed by the entomologist of the Colorado Experiment Station. Last year a first brood of caterpillars appeared at about the time for thinning the beets and destroyed most of the plants after thinning. One method of destroying the early brood is to mix one part by weight of Paris green or London purple with twenty parts of common flour, and then dust the mixture over the plants before sunrise in the morning. In this strength a light dusting will be sufficient. In the early morning the leaves have on them enough moisture to hold the flour and poison. It may also be applied after the leaves have been moistened by a shower. To apply the poison, make a small cheesecloth sack about five inches in diameter and ten inches deep. Fill it with the mixture of poison and flour and walk along a row of plants shaking the sack over them. This can be done quite rapidly when one has learned how and is economical of poison, and does not require wheelbarrow or wagon to carry pump and tank. When the plants become large, as in case of treatment for the second brood, it will probably be better to use a barrel or tank and spray pump.

The Chinese government has prohibited the exportation of pheasant skins because the European demand had so increased the price that the birds were being recklessly slaughtered and would soon have been exterminated.