

A SIREN'S VICTIMS

By Frances Warner Walker.

CHAPTER V.

Whatever had been Grace's vigil during the long hours of that slow-passing day, it had left but little trace, as, with unflinching steps she descended the stairs as Andrew, the butler, crossed the hall to make the announcement that dinner was served.

"Will you take my arm, Uncle Edgar, or shall I take yours?" she called, almost gaily, from the threshold of the room.

"It is I, my child, who must henceforth lean on you," he said, and laid his trembling hand upon her arm, while he dimly wondered if, indeed, his fear had been misplaced for the blight upon her life.

At that moment a loud peal of the bell started them both. It seemed to sound some new disaster.

Yesterday she would have let him, in any trouble, be her shield. To-day, instinctively, she gently pushed him back into his easy chair, and went out into the hall as Andrew opened the front door.

In a few moments she returned, and, crossing the room knelt down by his side.

"Uncle," she said, "there has been a railroad accident, and Harry is injured, but not, I think, seriously. His wife is unhurt. She sent a messenger here from the depot to ask what she should do, and I have given orders that they should come here at once. I felt it would be your wish, Uncle Edgar—at least I knew that you would forgive me that I so soon claimed for Harry the pardon you have promised him. Where else should he come but to his father's house?"

"That woman here—to-day! My boy hurt, dying, perhaps! Oh, what misfortune has not this entailed upon us?" "Hush, Uncle Edgar! Think how sad an ending this is to Harry's wedding day. We must think now, not of ourselves, but of him and of his wife. Uncle, you will receive her, not forgetting that she is Harry's wife and your daughter?"

He looked on at the loving, pleading face upturned to his.

"Child," he said, "are you an angel of forgiving, pitying love? For your sake, and because you ask it, I will try and look upon this woman only as my boy's wife; but let her beware—let her but sully the atmosphere you breathe—let her be one whit less pure, less true than the proud station she has attained with me, and—"

He did not finish the sentence. Five little fingers were pressed tightly over his mouth.

"Let us not cloud the future with a foreboding, Uncle Edgar," spoke a sweet, low voice in his ear. "We are to welcome Harry and Harry's wife to-day. But they cannot be here for half an hour yet. I will give orders that dinner be kept waiting, and see that their rooms are in readiness."

Her voice was strong, but her face was colorless as marble—even while she hastened into the garden and robbed the rose bushes of their choicest blooms.

Yesterday I thought he loved me. She thought, as she arranged them in bowls and vases. "Yesterday? No, only last night; and to-day, to-night, I am scattering flowers through the rooms for Harry's bride. Ah!"—as the sound of wheels on the drive below the windows reached her ear—"ah! they are come."

A moment later the front door was thrown wide open, and she herself stood on the threshold to meet the woman, the shadow of whose influence already had fallen athwart her young life. Could the veil which hid the future from her sight have been torn aside what revelation would have frozen on her lips the welcoming smile! And was it wrong that no premonition warned her?

A few hours later, and white and suffering Harry Reynolds lay back with closed eyes among the pillows of his bed. His broken arm had been set, his bruises dressed, and the thought that he was once more in his old home made even his sufferings welcome. Across the pain which racked him, like sunbeams threading their way through the darkness, came the memory of his father's welcome, the pressure of his hand, the sweet, low music of Grace's voice.

"They had all left him at last with his wife, and he had sent her into the next room to lie down and rest—was content to be alone and dream. But could he have looked beyond the closed door which separated the bed rooms, he would have seen that already was her vow of obedience disregarded.

The bed and lounge were alike untouched. With quick, nervous motion, the young wife paced up and down the full length of the floor.

On the thick carpet her footfall was unheard. She had exchanged her traveling dress for a loose-fitting robe of white, which fell in Watteau folds from her shoulders to the ground.

A flush of triumph was on her cheek and had kindled its fires in the great, yellow eyes until they fairly blazed.

She made no sound as she moved. She seemed to belong to and form a part of the silence of the room.

But it was a silence such as might exist in the heart of Vesuvius, when it breeds the horrors it later must belch forth.

Once she paused and held paused and held up her left hand to the light. It was small, and white and beautifully shaped; but it was not her vanity that moved her to its inspection. Neither did it bear a single jewel.

Only a tiny circlet of gold inclosed its third finger; but this it was which held her gaze—this, to her, of greater value than any glittering gem.

A smile parted her lips. She crossed to the window which overlooked the garden, and stood long, silent and motionless, looking out into the night.

Through the branches of the trees, whose leaves rustled in the soft night wind, she saw gleam beyond the myriad lights of the city.

Only last night, at this hour, she had fancied all was lost, and lo! to-night, the very goal was reached—the goal beyond her wildest dreams or hopes.

In the beautiful old house, surrounded by its spacious park, which was pointed out to strangers, not only as one of the city's most elegant homes, but as belonging to one of its oldest and most aristocratic names, she now stood, mistress alike of house and name.

To such title she had already decreed Grace Hawthorne must, sooner or later, hold only secondary claim. She doubted not her own diplomacy to effect this end. And if diplomacy failed—why, there were other means.

But that the pale child, whose small, cold, trembling hand had been extended to her in welcome, could prove, in any way, an obstacle between her and the plans of her ambition, was not, for a moment, to be considered.

Suddenly, the yellow eyes darkened, the pupils contracted, the smile died, and a tiny frown puckered the low sun upon the horizon of her thought.

She sighed.

A strange look of softness rested on her face.

"Harvey!" she murmured. "Harvey! why did you help me do this thing?" Then, as if impatient of her own weakness, she recrossed the floor, and, hesitating but an instant before the closed door, softly opened it and entered the adjoining room.

Fifteen minutes later, and on the lounge drawn near his bed, she lay, wrapped in a dreamless slumber, while her young husband, forgetful of his pain, and welcoming wakefulness, lay and watched her with eyes of worshipful fondness.

Only last night he had well-nigh cursed her, and to-night—it seemed to him an eternity must be vouchsafed to him for atonement.

So he reasoned while she slept—the only one of the little household, excepting those who made up its domestic service, from whose eyes sleep had not been banished—she who to others had decreed the banishment of Morpheus, herself accepted his embrace.

Alone in his library Edgar Reynolds sat until the new dawn broke. Strange rumors had reached him of the early life of the woman whom fate had thrown across his son's path—whom fate to-night had brought beneath his roof, and had made a sharer of the proud old name—a name sometimes shadowed by the reckless living of its men, but never hitherto tarnished by the lack of purity and honor of any of its women.

Yet, she was his son's wife. Well, he would not begin the new life by suspicion. He would judge her by the future, not her past. After all, nothing definite had been said or proven against her; and what woman, young, beautiful and unprotected, can escape the breath of scandal?

But it was broad daylight when he forced himself to accept this latter reasoning, and his soul sickened with instinctive dread.

He knew not that in the room above him another vigil was being kept, as Grace, sitting beside her open window, as she had sat motionless through the long hours of the night, watched the first faint herald in the east of the rising sun.

She had needed the darkness, the silence, the night's sympathy, while she shivered, all unconsciously to herself, in the throes which marked the birth of her woman's soul.

How strange the law in human life! that birth and suffering are synonymous terms, from the birth of life itself to that of all the noble or ignoble qualities which are to dominate that life!

She knew not all that these pangs portended. She only knew that every nerve was strained to bear the burden of her anguish. About her heart was a sense of suffocating pain.

She held both hands tight pressed upon it, with a sort of mute contempt that they were so small, and soft, and white, and failed so utterly to crush down the nameless agony which grew into absolute physical hurt.

"No wonder that he loved her!" thought the child, in loyal acknowledgment of the marvelous beauty of the face whose smiling eyes had held her spell-bound beneath their gaze. "She is so beautiful, and her voice! I never heard a voice which held such music! But—will her hand be ever ready to-night, for Harry's needs? Will she make the long hours less wearisome to him? Ah, yes, yes! I cannot be so mean and pitiless that already I should question her. Oh, God, her heart cried out, as she fell upon her knees in the faint morning light, "teach me to be true to myself, worthy the love to which I must henceforth give no name!"

CHAPTER VI.

Two weeks had slipped away, when the Reynolds carriage, with all its elegant appointments, drove slowly up the broad avenue which led to the open country in the direction of the Soldiers' Home.

Among its luxurious cushions reclined its one occupant—a woman, whose glance wandered restlessly from beneath her lace-fringed parasol.

Suddenly her face flushed, as, coming toward her, she descried the figure of a young man in undress uniform. Leaning forward, she ordered the carriage to draw up to the sidewalk.

"Will you take the seat beside me?" she asked, in sweetest tones.

"Mrs. Reynolds honors me too greatly," he replied.

And, accepting the place offered him, the carriage pursued its way.

For a few moments there was silence; then he turned and looked long and steadily in her eyes.

"At last!" she said, breaking the silence. "Well, Helen, it has worked better than we hoped. Did you manage that the train should be wrecked?"

You know I think you capable of anything—in a complimentary sense, of course!" he added, in laughing apology. "Even of the imprudence of inviting you, this afternoon, to be the companion of my drive?" she interrupted, in low, mocking tones. "No, I did not wreck the train, Harvey Barclay. It was quite sufficient to wreck a life. Do you know, for a moment I was almost sorry my name was not numbered in the short list of killed? It would have made no real difference to anyone, unless that poor boy; and to him it might have proved a mercy in disguise. Why did you do it, Harvey?" she cried, passionately. Why after getting me to throw him over, did you afterward urge our marriage, playing upon my ambition, when you knew that all the heart I had belonged to you?"

"There was nothing else to do, Helen. I had but my pay; we would both have quarreled within a month over that. A rich marriage was necessary to both of us." "Of us?" she echoed, with pallid lips. "You mean, Harvey, that you intend to follow my example?" "Perhaps, ma chere, when I grow weary of bachelorhood. It depends on what favor you accord me, Helen," speaking with sudden earnestness. "You must win me a footing in your new name. You must overcome your husband's prejudice to me. You must make us friends. You can do what you will with him now, and it is the only way in which we can see each other without fear of scandal or reproach."

"You set me a hard task, Harvey—one which I fear is impossible." "Impossible!" he repeated, with something like a sneer on his handsome face. "I did not suppose your lexicon contained that word; nor do I imagine anything impossible to the woman who to-day is the acknowledged wife of Edgar Reynolds's son, who, a month ago—"

"Hush!" she interrupted, fiercely. "What have either of us to do with the past? Let it rest in its merited oblivion, Harvey Barclay, but for you, and the love I have given you—the love which has made me a tool in your hands to work your will. If you had married me, Harvey—if we might have renounced this ambition, which may yet wreck both our lives—I believe we would both have been happier and better."

"Is all this sentiment the effect of married life?" he answered. "Ah, forgive me, Helen, but you did not always talk like this!—and you forget that while you are luxuriating in the inside warmth, I am shut out in the cold. My debts are pressing me hard. I have had bad luck at all I have touched. Sometimes I am ready to put a pistol to my head and blow out my brains. Why not? It requires far more courage to live than to die, and I miss your sympathy. My girl, you were always generous enough with that, and I think I've stood more in need of it since I lost it."

"Tears—genuine tears—were in the golden-gleaming eyes, and hung wet and heavy on the dark lashes.

"Poor boy!" she murmured, softly, and with one small, gloved hand she made a half-involuntary gesture, as if she would lay it upon his arm, but she checked the impulse with a sad smile.

"I almost forgot my present grandeur," she said. "I almost touched you, as though my touch, like that of King Midas, could convert for you all things into gold. So money still troubles you, Harvey? How strange it seems to me to take no further heed of it. Only yesterday Harry took my purse and filled it with notes. I don't know how much there is, but take it, Harvey, if it will help you any. I will tell him that I lost it all."

"No," answered the man, with a hot flush on his face. "I've not sunk to that yet—though God knows what I may come to. I might not have been better, but I'd have been no worse than other men, but for this cursed lack of money. When I reach my worst extremity, Helen, I'll come to you, my girl. You needn't fear; and you may help me better than by the proffer of your purse. I'd rather have control over your father-in-law's bank account. By the way, we're not drifting on pleasant topics. Let's change the discussion. Tell me something about your new relations. There's a girl somewhere, isn't there? What of her?"

He strove to speak, indifferently, but the woman at his side started, and looked with keen intentness into his impassive face.

"Yes," she replied, "there is a girl. What do you want to know of her?" "Is she rich?" "Pretty?" "She is going to be beautiful."

"You are frank in doing her justice, at all events—too frank, Helen! I fear there's something behind. It does not sound like you."

"No?" she answered. "Why should I not be frank concerning her? It rests with me whether you shall ever know her."

He laughed.

"True," he said. "But she might serve as a pretext for my visiting the house. I might make her the blind between us. I might so deaden your husband's jealousy, and be enabled to see you when I would."

Again she turned upon him that eager, questioning gaze.

"Take care, Harvey!" she said. "It wouldn't do for you to play me false!"

Again he laughed.

"You're not jealous of a myth, Helen, surely? And I thought you knew your power too well to be jealous of any living woman, if she had the beauty of Venus and the wisdom of Minerva. My dear, men don't swerve lightly from your standard."

Again her face flushed, and a warm, tender light shone in her eyes.

"You love me still, Harvey, she whispered.

"Ah, I did not know how well until I gave you up to another!" he answered, passionately. "It could not be my blessing, Helen, and so it proves my curse!"

But, later, when the seat beside her was vacant, and she was being driven homeward, she forgot to be mindful even of the curious glances of those passing; forgot the triumph of her royal progress; forgot the seal which stamped the realization of her ambition.

The light had died from her eyes; the smile had faded from her lips. Over and over in her brain she was turning a problem, and studying its solution.

But when the carriage drew up in front of the superb old mansion which was her home, and the footman, springing from the box, obsequiously held

open the door, it was Helen Windom, not Helen Raymond, who stepped from it as if still in a dream—a dream whose atmosphere was suspicion—the suspicion that at last she had gained the motive which had made Harvey Barclay wish to make her Harry Reynolds's wife.

Just within the door stood Grace. "Harry fell asleep while I was reading to him, Helen," she said, coming forward with a smile. "I hope you enjoyed your drive."

"Thanks, yes!" she answered.

But the two words cost her an almost superhuman effort.

In that moment she hated the young, beautiful girl, as in all her life she had hated no living thing. For had not Harvey Barclay questioned her that day concerning her?

CHAPTER VII.

The summer came and went, but it deepened Harry Reynolds's love into passionate worship for his beautiful wife.

As soon as he had grown strong enough they all made their summer fitting to the mountains. Her manner during these months would have disarmed the most critical. Steady her as closely as he would, Edgar Reynolds could discover in his son's wife no flaw.

Society evidently did not share Harry Reynolds's prejudice concerning handsome young Barclay, who so recently had been ordered to the capital. It found him most charming, most fascinating, with a peculiar frankness of manner which, while detracting nothing from his manhood, lent him the attraction of a bright, winning boy.

At a garden party, early in October, he and Grace Hawthorne met.

She was standing leaning against the trunk of an immense tree when he crossed the lawn toward her, the hand of his hostess resting lightly on his arm.

She was dressed, as usual, in simple white, even to the broad sash encircling the slender waist. She looked a beautiful child, but already in the deep, azure eyes had dawned the woman's soul.

She smiled as she recognized Mrs. Geoffrey, and wondered a little who might be this singularly handsome man who was her escort.

An instant later she bowed her head in recognition of the introduction.

Ah, could she have known, could she have looked into the future, she would have shuddered, even as Marguerite might have shuddered had the true character of Mephisto been disclosed to her.

"I am so happy to meet you, Miss Hawthorne," he said, a little later, when he had gained a few moments with her alone. "Will you not let me tell you something of my old friend—Mrs. Reynolds?"

"Helen? You know her? One would imagine by your serious tone, she is engaged to another sphere. It is mere accident that she is not with me this afternoon. She is to chaperone me this winter. Why have you not called upon her Mr. Barclay, and made your inquiries in person? I need not tell you that any of Mrs. Reynolds's friends are very welcome to my uncle's house."

"You compel my frankness, Miss Hawthorne. I have not been sure my visit would be acceptable. I was so unhappy once as to excite her husband's jealousy—previous to their marriage, of course. It was a piece ofarrant folly on my part, and she will acquit me and herself of any sentiment in the matter. But it has made me hesitate to present myself."

The girl laughed gaily.

"I scarcely think you could make Harry jealous now," she said. "He is so deeply in love that I am very sure he would not give you the opportunity. I think I may venture to promise you will not find yourself confronted with a very formidable ogre if you should present yourself at my uncle's door."

"May I accept your words as a permission to so present myself?" he asked. "Otherwise I shall feel myself excluded from Eden."

"Referring, I presume, to our spacious garden," she retorted, lightly, ignoring the earnest glance of his dark eyes, though a slight flush rose to her cheek. "Yes—you may come, Mr. Barclay."

Long years after Grace wondered if those simple words of hers had really opened the doors to all the after-horrors which entered in, or whether her feeble negative could have served as a bar against them.

Doubtless fate would have discovered other ways and means, but perhaps she would have suffered less keenly had she not been so direct an instrument.

Harvey Barclay had reasoned well—that, once obtaining foothold in the house, he might leave to Helen the rest.

Before the winter was half gone, even, Harry began to feel his dislike had all been jealous prejudice. At first mention of Barclay's name he had openly rebelled against his coming; but Helen had argued well and wisely, with her arms entwined about his neck, that to confess present jealousy was to confess distrust.

"It did in the old days, Harry, before I was your wife; but it will not do now. Will you tell your father and Grace that you are still jealous of a man who was my friend when I sorely needed friends? But I have not thought of him in all these months. He comes now at Grace's invitation, not at mine, let him come, Harry. Let me feel my husband trusts me so perfectly that he fears no man."

And so, at first coldly, and then more and more warmly, Harry Reynolds held out the hand of welcome to the man destined to become his bitterest foe.

Doubtless he thought he had judged him wrongly in his jealous view, and so, generously and almost unconscious of his own motive, he felt desirous now of making him amends for that injustice.

sometimes held the sound of unshed tears.

He thought the calm of perfect peace had followed the storm. He little dreamed that it was but the prelude to the tempest.

"I will call to-morrow at five. Let me see you to-night."

These were the words written on a slip of paper which Harvey Barclay dextrously pressed into Helen Reynolds's hand as he bade her good-night, their memory the first to recur to her as she opened her own will favored door.

Fortune and her own will favored her. She was alone in the library when the visitor was ushered in.

"I am the sole representative of the family on duty," she said to him, in presence of the servant, by way of greeting.

Then, as the portiere fell behind Andrew, she motioned him to the seat beside her.

"You wish to see me?" she questioned, in a low tone, laying her white hand on his sleeve. "Why?"

He turned to her a face from which the smiling mask had fallen, and which looked gray and haggard in the dim light.

"Do I not always wish to see you?" he responded, covering her hand with his. "Oh, Helen! such moments as these are rare moments, when I can come to you for counsel and sympathy; but this afternoon I have come for more. Do you remember once I told you that if I ever sank so low as to appeal to a woman for aid, that woman should be yourself? Well, Helen, that moment of my degradation has arrived. I must have \$5,000 before Thursday, or I shall be a ruined and disgraced man!"

"Five thousand dollars, Harvey? Stop! Let me think how and where I can command such a sum. Poor boy! Why is this money so needful to you?"

"I lost it at play, Helen. You see, I doted on you nothing; but I was sorely pressed for ready means, and so tempted fortune. Well, I lost it. I gave my note for the amount. If I cannot meet it I am disgraced."

"Oh, Harvey! If it were less I might manage it; but now—"

"Now you cannot?" he cried, springing to his feet. "I might have known. I was a fool to suppose that you would jeopardize any of your present possessions and security to save a sinking ship, because once you had sailed with it over pleasant waters. You are right—quite right. Well, my errand is finished, and I will be gone."

(To Be Continued.)

FAMILY OF LORD ROBERTS.

England's Great Military Hero's Devotion to His Wife and Pride for His Son.

Here is a new story, fresh from the other side, which shows to a remarkable degree the picture of England's greatest military hero in the light of husband and father. It seems that the most perfect sympathy has existed between Lord and Lady Roberts since they were married, forty-one years ago, and Lady Roberts, herself the daughter of a soldier, has always been able to associate herself with the chief interest in life of her husband. Her work in India, in the cause of the soldiers' wives, will long be remembered by the English, and among her own sex she is as much beloved as Lord Roberts is by his men.

The death of their son at Colenso came all the more severely to Lord and Lady Roberts, as they were a singularly affectionate and united family. The greatest affection existed between the distinguished father and his promising son. Lord Roberts was most anxious that his son should achieve distinction, in some profession, and his valuable experience and sympathy were always at his son's service. "Bobs" was very proud of his son's prowess in the saddle. At a race meeting, some time ago, in Ireland, Lieut. Roberts rode clean away from the field and won by a dozen lengths. "My son must not be encouraged to ride; a soldier has to keep all his abilities for the service," said Lord Roberts; and then, with a burst of paternal pride, "but in all my life I never saw anyone ride a better race."

The Statesman and the Late Miss Kingsley.

There is an interesting incident which Ralph E. Benson describes in a recent number of the London Spectator, in connection with the late Miss Mary Kingsley. In February last Miss Kingsley gave a lecture at the Imperial Institute. Among the audience was a great statesman and administrator, still happily with us, though long since rude, donatus. Not knowing that he was present, Miss Kingsley has occasion to refer in terms of glowing eulogy to his noble work in a great province of the far East. At the conclusion of the lecture this gentleman went up his card, and advanced to speak to Miss Kingsley.

"Hullo!" she said, "I thought you were dead."

"No," he replied, "but I thought I was forgotten."

Safe Enough.

Dick Whittington—If I go on a yacht cruise, you and Aunt Absagall will be worrying about me all the time. His Sister Ruth—Not at all. Nothing ever happens to a drunken man.—Life.

Reassuring.

Nervous Lady—Have you killed many snakes around here this summer? Farmer Hayseed—No; I allers leaves 'em for summer boarders to kill. You'll find plenty of sport, mum.—New York Weekly.

Caution.

"If you want him to stop smoking," said the girl in blue, "who don't you tell him that you won't marry him unless he does?" "I'm afraid he might not stop," answered the girl in pink.—Chicago Post.

Stage Properties.

"I can't get a cow to live in our new play, 'Clovertop Farm.'" "That's too bad. Can't you run it with condensed milk?"—Chicago Record.

Still Unsettled.

"Briggs is an old settler, isn't he?" "I think so. He has owned me \$7 for eight years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kerosene Emulsion for Harness.

California climate is a little hard on harness unless it is well taken care of. G. W. Tarleton, pioneer orchardist of San Jose, several years ago discovered by accident a very fine way of cleaning up and putting harness in order. He had been spraying with kerosene emulsion, and by chance dropped some old straps into his spray barrel, where they remained for some time, and on removing them was pleased to see how easily the dirt and grease came off, leaving the leather clean and pliable. While in this condition he applied some harness oil and the pliability became permanent. He gives the details of his method which he had followed ever since:

Take one bar of good strong washing soap, dissolve in a quart of water and bring to boiling. To this add one pint of kerosene oil, and stir, beat and churn the whole until it combines into a creamy emulsion. Have a tub of warm water, into which mix the harness, and into this place the harness and let it soak for some time, then with a stiff brush rub and brush the straps thoroughly and they will come clean very easily. Let it dry a little, until it seems dry on the outside, and then apply the harness oil. I use either neatfoot or fish oil, and I think the fish oil is just as good. I mix about one-fifth kerosene into the oil and then give the leather a good oiling. To make it black, mix a little lamp black up with the kerosene and mix it with the oil. In fixing leather carriage tops I find it necessary to wash over several times with the emulsion to get it damp enough to oil; then apply the oil as in the harness.

I find old straps which had become so brittle as to crack seriously when bent are restored to their original softness and pliability by this treatment. If a new harness is treated twice a year in this way it will always keep soft and in good order. I have some old harness which I thought almost ruined restored to good looks and service in this way, and it ought to be generally known.

Poultry Briefs.

When fowls have the run of the farm there is little danger of over-feeding, unless it be with corn. The corn-crib should not be left to the free use of the fowls at any time.

Poultry-keeping is especially adapted to women, for the reason that cleanliness is of supreme importance, and that is one of the strong points in the education of women. A poultry establishment kept perfectly clean and a flock kept free from lice and mites are almost certain to be a success.

It is probably true, as has been asserted by some, that when fancy fowls are sent to market it should be in clean, bright coops. Old, second-hand affairs will not do. The buyer is influenced very much by the condition of the whole combination when it is on sale.

Every person that keeps poultry should have them in yards large enough to prevent the ground becoming filthy. Some recommend that this end be attained by frequently scraping over the ground or spading it up. That may do in a country where land is so high-priced that everything has to be done on a large scale, but in our great Western country land is too cheap to make this method advisable. Give the fowls enough room and nature will look after the cleaning.

A poultry writer says: "Grease the hens well, under the wings, breast and fluff feathers as soon as the chickens are taken off, with ointment made of lard and carbolic acid; one tablespoonful of lard to ten drops of acid." We fall to see the need of using the carbolic acid, as the grease will do all the work. We sometimes see it advocated, to use lard and kerosene, but believe even kerosene to be unnecessarily harsh on the tender skin of fowls. This is especially the case with young chicks.

Grain Food of Hogs.

A certain amount of grain feed is needed to grow hogs with the greatest profit, and still more is needed to fatten and fit them for market, but it should be used only to supplement the feeds which the hogs harvest for themselves in the field. Pork can not be made economically when all, or even a larger proportion, of the feed comes from the crib or the mill. The hog is an omnivorous animal and needs "roughage" and fresh green feed for his best health and growth and to produce meat of the best quality. When young his grain feed should be such as will furnish material for bone and muscle, and not such as will produce an excess of fat; while, as the animal approaches maturity, fat-producing foods should be given more liberally. No one kind of grain feed can be used economically from weaning until the full-grown animal is slaughtered, and there should be a gradual change from the nitrogenous, muscle-making food given to the pig to the carbonaceous, fat-making food, which is more profitable for the last few weeks before killing. The young animal must have good bone and muscle before it can carry the heavy load of fat desirable for the butcher or develop the strength, vigor, and health necessary in a good breeding animal.—S. M. Tracy.

South Dakota rejoices in the proofs that this season has afforded that good crops of clover and timothy can be raised in