THE MAN FROM MARS;

Or, Aubrey Stayne's Revenge. Written for This Paper by Edgar Fawcett.

CHAPTER I.

In certain hearts love may refuse to die and yet breed there a kind of hate. That was the way with Aubrey Stayne. His love was natural enough, and his hate could not be called unreasonable. An American by birth, he had lived many years abroad. Rich, handsome, notably intelligent, he had made in Paris the acquaintance of a woman who reigned as one of the social queens of Europe. Madame d'Autreville was a widow, and yet scarcely past four-and-twenty, when Stayne first met her. This meeting took place at a ball given by the English Ambassador. It was a very brilliant affair, and the young Duchess d'Autreville shone there amid the homage of hundreds. In spirit Stayne found himself almost instantly at her feet. He was a great deal of an artist by temperament and her face and figure, with their sculptural repose, enchanted him. Of course she was cold, he assured himself—glacially so. One feature alone seemed to indicate otherwise—her large eyes of drowsy brown, brooding below the lustrous curves of their lashes. But after talking with her and feeling certain that he had wrought upon her a distinct impression, he told himself that this very coldness was an added charm. When all was said, did not this type of woman pique and fascinate him more than any other? She was proud, overbearing, even insolent, if you pleased; but did not these aggressive traits combine with the snowy loveliness of her beauty to make her winsome beyond all words? "I'm proud myself, for that matter," reflected Stayne, who was really quite the reverse, all things considered, for he came of a family distinguished three or four generations ago, and had fallen heir to a property of several million dollars. In his own country he occupied an almost exalted position, while abroad his reputed and magnified wealth was certainly no drawback. On general principles he soon found himself shrinking from the idea of marrying a woman with a title. It would be called a snobbish and cold-blooded thing by everybody who knew him. But then, on the other hand, there was the woman behind the title. And when she married him she would change "Madame la Duchesse" into simply "Mrs. Aubrey Stayne."

But on further investigating the subject, Stayne received the bitter tidings that this lady would make no such matrimonial change whatever. The blow to him proved a fearful one. Not that she had mercilessly fooled him, or anything of that treacherous sort. Her fault was more subtle; she had refrained from showing him her real self.

They had spent a whole month together in Nice, and he had accompanied her into the most exclusive society there. Afterwards they met in Rome, and finally, just as the chestnut trees on the Champs Elysees had begun to whiten with their pearly springtide flowerage, Paris received them both. Madame owned a magnificent hotel on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. She chose to give two sumptuous balls that season, and her dinners, as usual, were the delight of the gilded cliques. People had begun to wonder if her engagement to the young American millionaire seen so often in her train would not soon publicly transpire.

It was after one of those costly banquets of hers that Stayne, on a certain evening, managed to linger later than all the other guests. He remembered so perfectly, in future reflections, the small white and gold room, with its tapestries of rose-colored velvet, where this woman whom he worshiped heard his first real declaration of passion. She was leaning back in a great armchair, indolently fanning herself. He had thought her almost maddeningly fair that night in her robe of black tulle, with not a single jewel on her milky arms or neck, and a long, straggling spray at her breast of eglantine in diamonds. The dinner had not been very large, but some great people had attended it. And now they all had gone away—the Russian Ambassador, and the Austrian Princess, and the English Duke—and he was seated on a sort of low little divan at her side, looking up into the marble beauty of her face and telling her how it had become the dream of his life to make her his own. She hardly seemed, at times, as if she listened to him. And yet he knew that she did listen. This was her way. Perhaps in a few more moments all that splendid apathy would vanish: perhaps flame would flash out, as it were, below the melting ice of her personality.

"I recollect what you have told me," Stayne was saying. "Your marriage was a forced and loveless one; your widowhood never dealt you a pang. Since then no woman in Europe has had more suitors at her feet. Well, I am merely one of this adoring multitude. Have I the right to hope for more than these? You Frenchwomen are sometimes terribly subtle, and it may be true that I have deceived myself in dreaming you would care to link your life with my own—to share with me the fortune that I lay before you in eager gladness."

He paused, and her face remained so irresponsive that he was on the verge of cursing his own folly for having mentioned, however lightly, the fact of his personal possessions. But suddenly, to his surprise and alarm, she also mentioned them, saying with lips that appeared just to move and no more:

"It is very large, is it not, that fortune of yours?"

"Yes," he faltered, chagrined, fearing some delicate assault of that satire with which he knew that she now and then could most effectually play.

"Tell me just how large," she went on, with the faintest flicker of a smile. "I mean in francs, not dollars. Those American dollars of yours always confuse one so."

He made an impatient movement, half rising from his seat. Surely this was satire! But he soon answered her with a sort of matter-of-fact humility.

"Really, that is enormous," she said. "You're five times richer than I am; do you know it? I congratulate you."

And the crystal chandeliers seemed to darken for Stayne, while she softly added: "But that must be all. I never mean to marry again, for one potent reason. Will you believe me when I tell you that love—the kind of love women feel toward men—is in my case impossible?"

"Impossible?" he muttered.

"Yes. You should not blame me; I don't deserve blame. I suspected that perhaps you cared for me, but I was not sure you would ever confess to me that you did, and I secretly hoped that you would not. It has been easy to answer those scores of others, but you it is not so easy to answer. Good heavens!" she pursued, with her lips parting in a smile and her eyes for a moment rivaling the scintillance of the gems on her breast, "with your face, your figure, your good manners, your capable brain and your monstrous fortune, what woman except myself would be insane enough to refuse you? And yet I do—I must. Listen;" and she slowly furled her fan, letting its closed framework rest on his coat sleeve. "It is quite true that they compelled me to marry the late Duc d'Autreville. It is equally true that I detested him. But merely because he was my husband; for no other reason. He was not at all ill-looking, and he was not particularly old. Yet my entire married life of five years was an exquisite martyrdom. Would you have me torture myself again?" she asked; and her smile at this time became horrible to him who witnessed it. "Would you have me do so because your engines of torment can be golden ones, and studded, if you please, with precious stones?"

Stayne sprang to his feet. "I don't understand you," he broke out, fiercely. "Or, if I do, I—I refuse to believe you."

Madame d'Autreville shrugged her statuesque shoulders. "I don't understand, myself," she said. "And if you refuse to believe me you will only be doing what I have done to myself for years. But the fact still continues to stare me in the face."

"Shall I tell you what that fact is?" laughed Stayne, with great bitterness. "It is some other man—some man, perhaps, whom you think beneath you and—and yet adore."

"Ah, if only it were," exclaimed the lady. "I would reduce myself almost to beggary if I could once say of any living man that actually, absolutely, I loved him!"

It occurred to her listener, as she now continued, that either complete truth dwelt in both her voice and look, or else that she was deceiving with a masterly adroitness.

"For life," she hurried on, with a betrayal of excitement startlingly rare, "is, without love, like a wondrous book but half read. It often fills me with horror to think that I shall go to my grave and yet never know the chief charm and joy of living."

"Answer me!" exclaimed Stayne, with notes of grief and command mingling in his voice. "Can it be possible, Hortense d'Autreville, that you have never seen a man whom you could love?"

"Never," she returned.

"Not one whom you believed able, by his devotion, to win your love?"

"Never."

"Then you—you are willing to swear to me that you will never marry again?"

"Yes. You have no right to require that I shall so swear, but I will—I do. There, now; are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" he broke forth, in pain and rebuke. "As if I could be that, with the love I feel for you!" Scanning her face intently, he paused for several moments. "Then you have no ideal," he resumed, "no——?"

But here she cut him short, with a quick lifting of one hand. "I have an ideal—yes," came her reply. "But I have given up all hope of ever realizing it. That is my sorrow—my despair! Ah, this sounds foolish enough, I know. But it is true, and every new month that I go on existing I am the more keenly certain of it. You must be aware, by this time, that with all my lightness I am still what is called a religious woman. Perhaps the ideal of which I speak is not of this world at all. Perhaps I shall some day find it beyond the bounds of death. There are times when I believe so; there are times when I lose all faith. Only, one point is clear, is undeniable; you have been far more right than you suspected in accusing me of a great coldness. Although pity, affection, and other of the kindlier emotions are not foreign to my spirit, I am none the less a human creature born without the power of loving as a wife must alone love to save her marriage from being mockery and shame!"

In this final admission there seemed so much piercing sincerity that for a long time after he had hastened from Hortense d'Autreville's presence Stayne credited every word she had spoken. He did not remain more than two or three days in Paris, but betook himself and his aching melancholy to a small town that nestled mong some of the loftiest mountains of the Tyrol, and there strove to gain from nature in her calm and grand phases a philosophic relief from his burning disappointment.

CHAPTER II.

At first he almost fancied that he had succeeded in this design. But by degrees a certain cynic element in his disposition prevailed with gloomy result. After all, had he not merely been the dupe of a finished coquette? Might not the romantic novelty in which Madame d'Autreville had chosen to mantle her confession have been simply the cruelty of a barren and arid soul? Did she deserve a gleam of his compassion? More than this, was she not privately exhilarated by the anguish of which she had made him a victim? Where was the necessity of such a woman as she marrying again? Her least wish was now gratified by the amplitude of those funds which her dead spouse had bequeathed her. Every new lover prostrate at her garment's hem was a new intoxication of triumph. The world was full of just such bloodless sirens, and she towered malignly among them all as a sinister queen. What she deserved was not this tribute on his own part of moping and weak-willed forlornness. Punishment was indeed what she deserved, and in his altered and even savage mood Stayne found himself longing for some forceful means of inflicting upon her a kind of counter-blow that she would remember till the day of her death.

Letters had meanwhile reached him from the gay world beyond his placid mountain retreat, and in more than one of these he read of Hortense d'Autreville's continued merriment and pastimes, dainty, fashionable, extravagant. Such tidings were ill-suited to lull the vengeful tenor of his musings. In early autumn he returned to Paris, and though accidentally made aware that she was sojourning at her town hotel for two or three days before going to stay with her friend the Countess of Glenalban, in Somersetshire, he almost at once started for Havre, sailing thence to America.

During the next year, while passing his time between New York and the smaller, more southerly town, where he was born, Stayne not seldom deported himself in the most eccentric way. His old suavity would at times wholly leave him, and a morose curtness would take its place. Now and then he would say irrelevant things or plunge himself into fits of silence which were the despair of his entertainers. It is true that a man of his extreme note might have behaved far more cavalierly and yet received no open censure; but, as it now happened, he was forced to pay the penalty of being conspicuous. A report got into circulation that he was on the verge of dementia, if not already mad. Had not his maternal uncle, Andreas Aubrey, died a lunatic, and was it not well known that insanity had more than once cropped out with ugly persistence in the Aubrey line?

A friend at last told Stayne of the hard things that were being said of him. The informant was this time a real friend, and not, as so often happens in such cases, a foe under the guise of one. Stayne knew this and at once felt the verity of the tidings bear in upon him with full force. At first they annoyed him excessively. Then a sense of disgust beset him, and of indifference as well. But through both mental states beamed clearly to him a certain distinct realization. His life had grown purposeless. Nearly the most envied man in the country, he was yet one of the least contented. He said something of this sort to the friend who had brought him news of those unpleasant rumors. "You should marry," was the reply. "Select some lovely girl (there are thousands to choose from) and devote yourself to her happiness."

"Ah, true, true," murmured Stayne, stroking his mustache, "There are thousands to choose from, and that's the devil of it. They're all alike—at least, to me."

"Build some colossal monument of charity, then. Dive deep into the waters of altruism."

"And bring up a clam-shell instead of a pearl," sneered Stayne. "Still," he went on, with an air much less ironical and languid, "I have always hoped to do something lastingly humanitarian before I died. The only trouble with us who possess power to help great masses of people in this way is the thought of what horrible maladministration may overtake our work after we have either bestowed it upon the people or bequeathed it to them, and what hideous charlatanism and dishonesty may hereafter balk our sincerest efforts."

He soon afterward sailed away for somewhere in a magnificent steam yacht, entirely without personal companionship other than that of sailing-master and crew. His friends held this to be another mad freak, but their verdict was doubtless tinged with envy. Stayne, who passionately loved the sea, wanted to brood in its unshared company. The impulse was not unlike that of Byron, and when we recall that this young American was in his own style almost as handsome as the famed English singer, and that his tastes were strongly poetic, the analogy surely does not suffer.

"The sea may tell me," he would occasionally reflect before starting—and reflect half in humorous earnest, half in somber jest—"what sort of incentive, occupation, self-absorption my life just now really desires. Or, it may tell me, on the other hand, whether grief and disappointment have indeed thrust my soul into an oubliette of that austere Bastille, ennui, and doomed that I shall wait there only a single summons—that of the turnkey, death."

He had already cruised in this stately yacht of his, the Nomad, along numerous Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts. He now chose the Pacific, reaching it after many days of indolent sailing and after pauses at many a port, from Rio Janeiro to San Francisco, a pleasure-journey at once audacious and immense.

On the Californian shores he lingered for two or three months, and at length put forth for a kind of adventurous ocean ramble among the mighty Polynesian sweeps. His curious longing had all this time remained as indefinite as it was acute. In San Francisco a sudden wish for human association had seized him, and he had permitted himself certain follies which although his strong inherent refinement prevented them from ever being of the grosser sort, now filled him with a dreary remorse. The huge blue levels of the Pacific at once soothed and reproached him. Perhaps, he at length told himself, when palmy headlands and pearly beaches of tropic islands began to dawn on his sight, he was destined to find forever, here among these vast quiescent seas, a haven of delicious repose.

Landing at Honolulu, he spent some time there, and then struck southwestward. His yacht was meanwhile in splendid condition, his picked crew in excellent health and perfect discipline. About ten days later he reached two islands, one of which was, perhaps, two thousand acres in extent and inhabited by a small settlement of English traders and a few hundreds of harmless, half-civilized natives. The other island lay possibly three miles distant, and the Nomad had scarcely landed him on its edge before Stayne became entranced with its lonely and lovely charms. Its extent was less than half that of its near neighbor, and doubtless because of the English trading post across the intervening channel, it was apparently quite deserted. But Stayne found there, amid a grove of rustling palms, the quaintest kind of a dwelling, which combined the primitive features of a Hawaiian structure with a veranda and two or three tiny ceiled chambers. An American or European had evidently erected the curious edifice, and then left it here on this deserted island. Stayne at once conceived the idea of establishing himself as its latest occupant, and sent across the channel for rugs, couches and other articles of convenience or comfort.

One afternoon he remained quite alone on the island, while the Nomad steamed away for the purpose of securing and transporting some heavier furniture which the small boats could scarcely carry, and which he had purchased on the previous day. For a long time he paced the hard, white curve of beach that the musical beryl sea lapped with tender and foam-rimmed surges, below craggy cliffs colored a tawny brown, and overhung with blossoming vines, where the great discs of the flowers looked like peering fairy faces.

"A paradise," said Stayne to himself, and wondered how long he would stay in the odd little species of bungalow that he was furnishing. But a short while before sunset, and just as he had begun to watch for some appearance of the returning yacht, a change, not wholly of the sort which is supposed to occur in paradise fell upon sky and land. One became quickly and gloomily misted over, and the other caught new and weird tints in the emerald of its palms and umber of its rocks.

Nearly ten minutes later a terrific tropical storm had broken loose. Stayne took refuge in the little building which he had designed for his hermitage, and here he abode for nearly two hours, while javelins of lightning pierced the almost inky air, and he could hear the roar of the sea like voices from a multitude of giants in mingled wrath and pain. When at last the torrents of rain had lessened, and the whole riotous turbulence was in a measure stilled, he drew near the door of his retreat. This door faced a gap in the rocks, and he now succeeded in discerning, though very vaguely, the pale stretch of sand that lay perhaps a hundred yards beyond. But he caught only fitful glimpses of it, for the billows that poured over it were no less incessant than they were mammoth. Now and then the lightning aided his vision, followed as it was by crashes of thunder that seemed to phrase, while he heard them, awful tidings of the Nomad and those who manned her.

Suddenly, as a fresh blaze of flame illumined the shore, he felt certain that the lightning had just missed dealing him death, for some great dark object seemed to tumble like an overtoppling cliff between himself and the white-lit, tempestuous sea. Then fiercer torrents of rain fell, and were driven toward the opening in such solid liquid sheets that it needed all his might to close the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECEDING GUMS.

People Losing Their Teeth from a Cause but Little Understood.

"People are losing their teeth from a new cause nowadays," said a dental surgeon to a Washington Star man. "It is a complaint which seems to have become common only within the last fifteen years or so. 'Recession of the gums' it is called. Tartar is deposited at an abnormal rate, and this carbonate of lime secreted from the saliva pushes the gums back from the teeth. After awhile, if nothing is done to prevent it, the trouble gets as far as the sockets, which become inflamed. Finally the teeth fall out.

"A well-known statesman came to me fourteen years ago with a bad case of the disease. Every tooth in his head was loose, and one of them was so far gone that I took it between my thumb and finger and quietly lifted it out. Within three months I had fixed him up so that all the rest of his dental equipment was perfectly solid in his jaws. It was accomplished simply by removing the destructive tartar and preventing it from accumulating again; also with the aid of a little medicine applied to the gums. The distinguished patient of whom I speak comes to me every two or three months and undergoes a little treatment. In that way I have been able to keep his teeth for him thus far.

"It is a very peculiar disease. In a case so far advanced as the one I have described it can hardly be cured. That is to say, the tendency to an accumulation of tartar cannot be stopped. All that can be done is to prevent it from accumulating by scraping it away at intervals and by medicinal application to the gums. In an early stage, however, the complaint is perfectly curable, and the tendency in most cases can be overcome. But much care and continual attention are required. Otherwise the person will have lost some of his teeth by the time he is 40 years old, and after that the rest of them will go rapidly. The making of false teeth has arrived at great perfection, but at best they are poor substitutes.

"As I have said, this may be regarded as a new disease. At all events, it is only in recent years that it has become prevalent. It is important that people's attention should be called to it. From 7 years to 20 care must be taken of the teeth lest the teeth decay. There is little danger of that after the twentieth year is passed. But from that time on one should look out for tartar. A mouth affected in the way I speak of is almost worse than a badly decayed mouth. The trouble means a certain loss of the teeth unless looked out for and treated."

"So you have got a wife," said Chaffer to a newly married man. "I don't know—don't know," replied the man with evident hesitation. "Sometimes I think I've got her, and sometimes I think she's got me. You see, I've only been married a few months, and I can't tell just yet how the combination is going to turn out."—Tid Bits.

ORATORICAL eloquence is well enough, but all the fine speeches in the world can carry conviction with them no more surely than the criminal's simple plea of guilty.—Itecalo Courier.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

How to Remove the Outer Coating of Black Walnuts—Gathering Corn—Movement of Water in Soils—Value of Dried Fruits—General Farm Matters.

Movement of Water in Soils.

Capillary attraction, surface adhesion and surface tension are the various names by which we designate the agency that causes motion of the water through soil. Every tiny particle of soil when brought in contact with a moist surface becomes surrounded with a thin film of moisture. It is a tiny soap bubble, with a particle of sand instead of air inside. In ordinary sands or clays 50 per cent. of the bulk is air space, and when this space is fully occupied by water the soil is fully saturated. When slightly saturated and brought in contact with new supplies of water, the films around each particle tend to thicken, but the particles least moistened are, by agency of surface tension, drawing from those that have a great supply. In other words, until the entire mass is fully saturated and all the air spaces filled, the soil that is nearest the water supply must pass it along until the whole mass is equally supplied. As moisture is lost by evaporation or drainage, there is a movement of water, up or down, or laterally, from the soils containing the most moisture, toward the soil containing the least. This motion in the matter of time and quantity is determined by the texture. It will move most rapidly in the direction of least resistance. Water moves up from below or laterally only by reason of surface tension. It is drawn down from the surface by the same law, but is aided in this direction by gravitation.—Farming World.

Gathering Corn.

We have had it in mind to answer a question by a correspondent for weeks past, but overlooked it, say an agricultural exchange. Before gathering corn it would pay the farmer to go over his fields and select and gather his seed corn in advance. This will give him an opportunity to examine the stalk as well as the ear, a matter of very decided importance. The tendency in our climate is for corn to make too much stalk, to grow very tall and bear its ear high from the ground. Other things being equal, then, seed corn should be selected from stalks rather under the size and with ears as low down as can be found. By doing this every year, a strain of corn might be bred which would exert its energy more in ear-making and less in stalk-growing. Other points might be looked after also, such as whether the ear has a long or short stalk of its own, whether it stands upright or hangs down after it is ripe. A rather short stalk and a pendant ear is to be desired. When hanging down the ear sheds rain-water better. If one cultivates both uplands and bottoms, seed corn should be gathered from each and kept separate. Seed from corn grown on rich, moist bottom lands will not be adapted to dry uplands. Plants become accustomed to the conditions under which they grow, and suffer when these are changed.

How to Shuck Black Walnuts.

One difficulty in securing these nuts is the difficulty in removing the outer coating. This may be largely overcome by boring a few holes with an auger through a piece of plank, and driving the nuts through the holes with a small-headed hammer. A blacksmith's shoeing hammer is good. The holes should range from one to two inches, so that the different sizes may be put through the hole that will remove the shuck. By having the receptacle entirely covered except the hole the shucks are thus separated from the nuts. There will be a small portion of the shuck left on where it came over the hole, but when the nuts are dried a little this is easily removed if it does not drop off of itself. The shucks may be brushed to one side into a box, so that everything is cleaned up. One great advantage of this is that the hands are but slightly stained, and most of it may be removed by washing in gasoline. One person with this costless arrangement can take the shucks from two bushels in an hour. It pays to wash the shucked nuts while yet wet in a tub with a broom, as they are then freed from the remnants of the outer coating and look much nicer when served. Many of the boys may have already used such an arrangement, but many have not. Try it and report how it works.—Ohio Farmer.

Pastures.

There is too little attention paid to late fall and early spring pastures. A well-grown pasture that is ready to turn into when the ordinary pasture is no longer sufficient to keep the animal thriving is economy in many ways. It saves the hay and grain, shortens the time of feeding dry and prepared foods and is more nourishing and healthy. If you cannot have such a pasture you can sow a patch of rye in the corn-field, and turn in after the corn has been gathered, and, if eaten out by corn-planting time, turn it under and plant to corn again. This may seem extravagance to some, but it is not, it is economy. The butter made from cows that are pastured on rye is as yellow and sweet in November or March as in May when pastured on clover. Colts, calves, and mares with colts, also the brood sows with pigs, will desert their dry food for the rye pasture. It should be sown early, but may be sown as late as October if there is sufficient moisture, and makes excellent spring pasture. It should be so arranged that animals can be turned off in wet weather and all other times when the ground is soft and muddy.

How to Water Cows.

According to a foreign experiment, some Dutch cows kept with water always in their stable gave much better results than when changed back where they could get water only twice a day. It was found that the milk yield increased where the cows had access to water at will, and no decrease of fats occurred. The daily increase was small, but as estimated it would improve the yield about forty gallons per cow per year. A noticeable feature of the experiment is that the cows drank a little less when permitted to drink at will than when furnished water twice a day. According to this, the cow can water herself better than the best care can supply her with what she needs. By drinking often there was less chilling of the stomach than where water had to be taken twice a day, and each time in large quantities. The digestion was improved, as with each small draught of water some gastric juice was secreted and went with it, which was not the case to the same extent where large draughts of cold water had to be taken.

Value of Dried Fruits.

Housekeepers do not value dried fruits highly enough, partly because they are in the habit of canning all fruits and berries and partly because they do not cook dried fruits properly. They will soak dried apples or prunes and throw the water away, then cook them in a tin dish and stir into a mush with an iron spoon. The right way is to soak the dried fruit, then slip it carefully into a granite, earthen or porcelain lined sauce pan, and cook without stirring until done, thus keeping the fruit in shape. Sometimes it is a good way to drain the water off, add sugar to make a syrup and when it boils up turn in the soaked fruit and cook until tender; in this way it will be as good as canned fruit. Experiment more in drying this season, and see if the results are not more satisfactory than to put everything in glass. One of my experiments was half drying small pears, halved and cored, then packing them in layers of brown sugar. They were equal to any foreign sweetmeat, and I knew they were prepared cleanly, which cannot always be said of the imported fruit.—Grange Homes.

Does it Pay to Enrich Land.

In Iowa, about the year 1868, says a correspondent, I manured four acres of old meadow that had commonly brought a medium crop of grass. Manure was from sheep yards, hauled and spread in fall. At harvest the grass stood tall and thick. I sold two acres standing at $9 per acre, then rented the land at $7 per acre each year for two years, then put two acres in potatoes and fodder corn. Potatoes blighted that year crop worth $26 per acre. In the fall I sowed all to rye. The crop brought $22 per acre; the straw paid for threshing. No manuring after the first year. I kept no account that could be relied on to tell the clear profits of the five crops, but calling the land worth $50 per acre when manured, I feel safe in saying that after deducting taxes and other expenses the clear gain per annum on price of land per acre would be over 12 per cent. But if it be not 12 per cent., the same land or any other good farming land within three miles of Iowa City can be so cultivated that it will clear more.

Limit of Profit in Pig-Feeding.

To ascertain the best and cheapest way of using skim-milk for the production of pork has been a part of the work of the Vermont Experiment Station the last year. Sour skim-milk produces as good results pound for pound as sweet skim-milk. Hence farmers are not losing money every time the milk sours on the way home from the creamery, and creamery men need not go to any expense or trouble so to handle the skim-milk as to sterilize it and keep it sweet. Two ounces of corn-meal to each quart of skim-milk made a pound of pork at the least cost of food. A larger amount of corn-meal made a more rapid growth, but at an increased cost of food for each pound of pork above the market value. During heavy feeding in preparation for market, twelve quarts of skim-milk daily to each pig, with all the corn-meal they would eat, produced a more rapid growth and at less cost per pound than six quarts of milk under similar conditions.

Sheep and Dogs.

The existence of lamb and wool clubs in several neighborhoods of the State have done a great deal, not only for the protection of sheep husbandry, but enables the farmer to get better prices for his lambs and wool, and afford almost absolute protection from the depredations of worthless curs, from the fact that every member is required under the constitution and by-laws of the club to make tenants sign a contract not to keep more than one dog, and he must be kept in bounds.—Tennessee Farmer.

To Fatten Turkeys.

The turkey will not fatten if closely confined in a coop. For a few days it may gain in flesh, but after that length of time it will lose in weight, no matter how well fed, as it will worry and fret for liberty. The proper way to fatten the turkeys is to begin about a month before the time fixed for marketing them and feed them early in the morning and when they come up at night. In the morning give them all the wheat they will eat and at night give corn. [illegible]