



THE main thing in any life is not the world around it, but the world within it.

Four Thousand Bushels of Corn

(Continued from last week.)

"WHAT'S your hurry?" Castner exclaimed, as the blacksmith started to crank the engine. "How much will you give me for that corn in case I should decide to sell it back to you?"

"How much do you want?" Jimmie asked. Castner hesitated. "Well," he said, slowly, "it was a long drive over there and back. The load was mighty hard on the buggy springs, too. How would \$10 a bushel strike you?"

"Do you mean to say you'd rob the boy of \$30, just because an innocent old lady made a mistake?" exclaimed the blacksmith.

"I'm not robbing anyone," Castner retorted. "I'm well enough satisfied with my bargain. Good night!" He turned to go into the house.

"Hold on!" Jimmie cried, and ran after him. "Bring out the corn. I'll pay you the \$10."

"I hate to see it go, even at that price," Castner said, as he carried the sacks out on the porch. "Some fellows never would have given it back, but I don't like to be hard on a young fellow."

Jimmie handed over the \$30 that Castner had paid for the corn, and then wrote out a check for thirty more. In the meantime the blacksmith and Bill Ellis had loaded the corn into the back of the automobile.

There was great relief in Jimmie's voice as he bade Castner good night. "I feel as if that \$30 were well spent," he said, turning to Bill, who was perched on the corn behind. "I wouldn't have had the heart to finish out the summer if I had lost that seed corn." It was nearly eleven o'clock when they drove into the McKeene yard and unloaded the corn. The blacksmith refused to accept any pay for his part in the night's adventure.

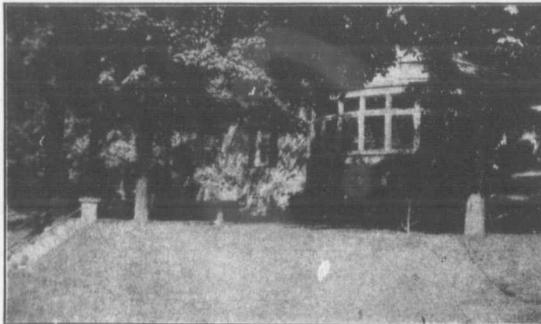
"Don't say anything about pay to me!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "Do you want to put me in the same class with Castner?" Jimmie had to use a good deal of will power in order to get out of bed at five o'clock the next morning; nevertheless, at six o'clock he was stretching the planter wire across the peat forty. When the preacher came out with the other team at half past nine, Jimmie had made a good start; he stopped long enough to tell the preacher the story of his experience the night before.

"It's lucky for you it didn't delay the planting," the preacher said. "Colonel Edwards says that Vernie Wilson's corn is coming up."

"That gives it at least a week the

start of you," Jimmie said, as he picked up the reins and started the team. Luckily, the weather continued fair, and by the next night the peat forty was planted. But it was after dark when Jimmie finally drove into the yard. The last field on the farm was done.

"That's the hardest week's work I ever did in my life," he said, wearily.



An Example of What Remodelling Will Do.

The illustration here shows gives a glimpse of the garden and conservatory of the home of the Misses Thompson, Peterboro. This home previous to being remodelled, was a very plain frame structure, but the addition of a veranda, a conservatory filled with flowers and improvements in the lawn and garden, made the home one of the most attractive in the city. We who live in the country should not forget that oftentimes a little remodeling would make a vast improvement on our homes.

as he climbed down from the planter seat.

The hired men put away the team, and Jimmie went into the house. He found a hot supper waiting for him. Aunt Jane, who had not been told that her sale of seed corn had cost Jimmie \$30, bustled round and helped Mary to get the things on the table. But Jimmie was too sleepy to notice what was set before him; he ate only a little, and then stumbled upstairs to bed.

"No wonder Walter went to town, and no wonder Jimmie wants to go," Aunt Jane said. "I hope he does. He would kill himself in a few years if he should stay on the farm."

"It isn't all like this past week," Mary answered. "Even this wouldn't have been so bad if Jimmie hadn't been too fussy to let Jake help with the planting."

"Well, I hope the boy gets some big crops this year, seeing it's his last year on the farm."

"I hope he gets big enough crops so that it won't be his last year on the farm."

The next week Jimmie started to

"blind cultivate" the planter tracks with the two-row cultivators. Not a weed was in sight yet, but the cultivators turned up thousands of long white sprouts that would later have caused much trouble. The harrowing that followed leveled the ground and killed still more of the sprouting weeds.

Two weeks later Jimmie came up from the peat forty with a troubled expression on his face. In front of the barn he met the preacher, who had been out inspecting his forty.

"It's coming fine!" the preacher exclaimed enthusiastically. "Three stalks in every hill, and not one missing. It's as straight as a string both ways, too."

"The cutworms are after nine," Jimmie said. "In a week more there won't be enough corn left to make that forty worth cultivating. I ought to have known that the old peat bed would be full of them."

"Isn't there anything you can do?" "Nothing that I know of, except to let them eat," Jimmie answered, in a discouraged tone. "Usually, there are not enough of them to do a great deal of harm, but this year there are millions of them down on the peat forty."

"I'm going to find out if something can't be done." The preacher went into the house.

went back to the house for the big supper that Mary and Aunt Jane had prepared for them.

"I was reading to-day that there are six kinds of bugs that attack corn," the preacher said, as Aunt Jane helped him to some more chicken. "Let us hope that three or four of them, at least, pass us by."

"Many more days like this, with corn costing \$30 a ton, will be likely to make my expense account larger than the selling price of the corn," said Jimmie.

But a second application was not necessary, for the heavy dose of Paris green put a stop to the depredations of the cutworms, and the peat forty suffered little from them after that. All through June the preacher worked away industriously at cultivating his forty; the churchgoers of the community agreed that he had never preached better sermons. The majority of the people in the neighborhood were now regular attendants at church. Many were attracted to church for the first time by the fame of the preacher's prize forty; and the simple earnestness of his sermons was usually enough to bring them to church again.

After another trip to Maytown early in June, Jimmie came home and ordered surface attachments for all his cultivators. He had the cultivators set so that they did not stir the soil more than an inch deep, which was just enough to kill the weeds and leave a little loose soil on top to check evaporation. Shallow cultivation was no new thing among the best corn growers of the neighborhood, but this was carrying it a little further than any of them had yet considered practical. Mr. Hodrekins heard what Jimmie was doing, and the next time he met him asked him about it.

"The professor says the biggest part of the available plant food is in the top few inches, and that it's a crime to keep the plant roots out of it," Jimmie said. "He says the bacteria that prepare the plant food for the roots work in the warm top soil, and that the yields are often reduced by keeping the roots from reaching this prepared food."

"Don't talk about bacteria to me!" Mr. Hodrekins exclaimed. "I hate the blamed things since I had typhoid fever seven years ago. I don't want any of 'em on my place."

"According to the professor, you have the bacteria on your soil." (Continued on page 18.)

To Our Folks—

Have you ever read a story in which the plot got so exciting that you just couldn't resist the temptation to take a peek at the last page and see what happened, and why? Now, "Fess up,"

"The Heart of the Desert" is such a story. As will be established serially in Farm and Dairy you won't be able to take a peek at that last page. So shall we have a weekly peek for you!

In this beautiful, mysterious desert of Arizona wander a delicate girl and a masterful Indian who has captured her. Although the Indian—a university man and a companionable star—is treated as a captive with the utmost respect, she hates him bitterly. Yet at the same time she has been deeply the spell of the desert. The silent, all-watching, glowing, retreating, always utterly mysterious and always full of suppressed tenderness for her, the great silent spaces, scorched by day and curtained by night with deep skies full of soft brilliant stars; the soft, silent air and exercise; these things work strange miracles in her. She becomes more robust, but she we've changed our minds. You'll just have to read it for yourself.

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