

BOWSER'S ART FIND.

HE GETS A GENUINE 'DE RUBINI' AT A BARGAIN.

The Great Work, However, Was Not Appreciated by Mrs. Bowser and the Neighbors, and Mr. Bowser Got Angry.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.] It was a certain Wednesday evening that Mr. Bowser got out a volume of his encyclopaedia lettered "D, E, F" and began a close search.

On Thursday evening Mr. Bowser had another search, but with the same result, and Mrs. Bowser's curiosity being aroused, she asked why he had a particular reason for finding out about De Rubini.

"I just happened to want to know," he replied in some confusion. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

"I don't think so. In fact, I never saw it anywhere that I remember. What was he—a celebrated conspirator?"

"Mrs. Bowser looked at her over his glasses in pitying contempt. "We had a little dispute about him over at the office the other day. Did you ever happen to see his name on a picture?"

WHAT SAID THE WINDS

(Her thought.) The wind is waving all the trees. They whisper in the sun. And ever through the sweet warm grass The wayward shadows run.

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

(His thought.) The wind is scattering the leaves. The clouds rush up the sky; The vagrant snowflakes find no rest, But whirl and toss and fly. And still thought wanders with the wind, Returning but to say, "Oh, love goes as the wind blows And none may bid it stay!"

MRS. WILVERTON'S BALL

Mrs. Alison sat in her easy chair and tapped her foot impatiently as she worked. Mr. Alison paced the floor uneasily and frowned darkly. It was evident there was a storm brewing in the domestic atmosphere. Indeed, the first faint drops of the coming shower were already patterning on the dainty dress Mrs. Alison was embroidering for her beloved baby.

"For pity's sake, Maud," broke forth her liege lord, "don't begin crying. Why can't you be sensible and look at the matter in a sensible way? I ought not to be so hard for you to yield to my wishes when I have good reasons for asking you to do it besides."

"I don't know what you call good reasons," sobbed Maud Alison. "You don't know the Wilvertons and you should wish me to give up attending their ball—such a magnificent affair as it's going to be too."

"That's the chief of my reasons—because I don't know anything about the family, neither for nor against them. Especially as I wish you to decline their invitation to this ball. I don't want my wife to be known as the chosen friend of a pair of adventurers."

And, having delivered this decision, Mr. Alison walked out of the room. "There's his pretty wife was justly indignant, as well as at what he had said. Anger had dried the tears upon her cheeks as she muttered: 'Adventurers indeed! As if that were possible! I am sure that Mr. and Mrs. Wilverton are as elegant and refined as any people of our acquaintance and everybody says the ball will be magnificent, and everybody is going, too, and—and—so am I. I will not be deprived of every pleasure I chance to care for because Fred chooses to dictate in that lordly manner. I shall go to the ball in spite of him and here!'"

And the little foot came down with emphasis upon the soft carpet beneath it. "Thus it was that Mr. and Mrs. Alison so nearly quarreled this bright morning in early December. The Wilvertons had issued cards for a grand reception and ball, to which nearly all the elite of the town had responded favorably. Could Mrs. Alison decline? She did not intend to, at all events.

Yet it was with rather a falling heart that she accepted the acceptance of the invitation and commenced her preparation for the great event. She had never yet in their pleasant married life acted so willfully in opposition to her husband's wishes. But this time she felt herself in part excusable.

"If he had asked me not to go," she said half pensively, "I might have thought better of it, but I won't be commanded. I didn't marry to become my husband's slave, and I'll go to this ball if only to show him that I can think for myself and do as I choose, whether he objects or not."

You see the little lady was fast working herself up to a high pitch of virtuous indignation, and she was scarcely disposed to pay any attention to the faint motions of conscience, especially when it dared to whisper that she was wrong.

The night of the ball came around at last, as all things do when patiently waited for. At breakfast that day Mrs. Alison had announced to her husband her intention of attending the ball.

"You are not in earnest," he said. "Indeed I am," was the defiant reply. "My preparations are all completed, and Mrs. Leighton has offered me a seat in her carriage in case you persist in not escorting me yourself."

"I certainly shall not go," her husband answered firmly. "And I cannot believe my little wife will go without me. I added pleasantly. 'Give me a kiss, puss, and when I come home this evening I trust you will put all this nonsense out of your head. By the way, I'm not going to the ball, but I'll be home to see you.'"

But his wife would not look at him when he kissed her and stamped her foot angrily as the door closed behind him and she heard his ceaseless whistle as he ran down the steps.

"I'm not going," she said to herself, "and I won't be treated like one. He shall find out that I can go without him. And he did come to a realizing sense of the fact when he came to dinner that evening. Running lightly up stairs to their room, she met him with his amazed eyes was his pretty wife in full festive robes."

"Well, dear," she said, with a slight affectation of unconsciousness that she was hiding him in the least, "you see I have decided to go, after all. How do you like my dress? I dressed early on purpose for you to see it."

Mr. Alison had stopped short as she spoke, with hands uplifted. "Maud," he said in a vexed way, "what does this mean?"

"Have you forgotten so quick?" she answered lightly. "It is the Wilvertons' ball, you know. I told you this morning Mrs. Leighton had offered to call for me and bring me home again. Don't you remember?"

"I remember something you seem to have forgotten," was the cold reply. "That is I did not and do not want you to go to this ball. Those Wilvertons are not fit people for you to associate with, and I am certain. The town is full of rumors against them, and I predict that you will find but few decent people there tonight."

"What nonsense you are talking!" she said, genuinely surprised now. "Why, I know there are plenty of the best people going. I have scarcely met one who has declined the invitation."

"That may be," was the quiet reply. "But many men who have heard as much and more than I have will change their minds tonight and keep themselves and their families away. Those who do go will be sorry for it, I am very sure."

"What terrible things have you heard,"

I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW?

"Only rumors, I own," he answered, "but they are bad enough. There was never so much smoke without a little fire."

Mrs. Alison interrupted him with blaring eyes. "Rumors, indeed! You need say no more. I do not believe one word of it at all, and I shall go. That is decided."

"But, Maud!" "Don't wish to hear any more. I am going."

And she went—went with Mrs. Leighton when she called for her—went with a smiling face and an angry, rebellious heart.

The Wilvertons greeted her with effusion. But there were very few of her set present. Somehow the atmosphere seemed a different one from what she had been accustomed to. There were a number of strangers present, ladies and gentlemen. The former did not impress her favorably, and the latter seemed rather demonstrative in their devotions to the fairer sex. Mr. Wilverton made her uncomfortable, moreover, with his persistent attentions, and altogether she was not sorry when Mrs. Leighton proposed returning home. They went early, and most of their particular set followed in the wake—those, at least, who had not gone before.

Very little conversation passed—very little for some days thereafter. He considered himself justly aggrieved and was indignant accordingly. She felt herself in the wrong, was too proud to own it and was miserable in consequence.

Meanwhile the whispers against the Wilvertons increased in number and importance. It began to be generally conceded that there was something wrong about them, and people who had taken them up on trust were gradually dropping their acquaintance. Mrs. Alison, however, prided herself on being no summer friend, and her intimacy with the Wilvertons seemed in nowise diminished; indeed, she was growing to dislike them both as she saw more and more of them. Mrs. Wilverton's dashing ways seemed coarse now, and no words could tell how she was growing to loathe the man, who grew more bold and outspoken in his admiration of her each day.

But the end was very near. Mr. Alison came to dinner one evening in a half subdued tremor of excitement.

"Maud, dear, I have news for you," he said, striving to speak calmly, but failing signally in the attempt.

Mrs. Alison looked up a little surprised at the "dear," which had fallen from his lips but rarely since that unfortunate ball, but truth to tell, rather glad to hear it again.

"What is it?" "It's about the Wilvertons. You see, he went on hurriedly, "there's been, as you know, a great deal of talk about them lately—more, perhaps, than you were aware of—and people haven't scrupled to call them adventurers, if not swindlers. It seems that they were even worse than that."

"What?" cried Mrs. Alison sharply. "Criminals! At least the man is. He was arrested this morning by a detective who has been on his track for some time. His very boldness in coming here and launching out in the style he has, under an assumed name and with all the appearance of great wealth, had thrown the police off the scent for a little while, but they've got the man, and he's safe for a 20 years' term at least."

"What has he done?" asked Mrs. Alison. "Perhaps you will recognize his real name—it is Willis!"

"The notorious bank robber?" "The same."

Mrs. Alison did not speak for many minutes. Then she remembered that she had been, or tried to be, a friend of Mrs. Wilverton. She could not desert her name, but so terrible a sorrow had fallen upon her.

"Will you ring the bell for Lucy?" she said to her husband very quietly. "I want my bonnet and shawl. I am going to see Mrs. Wilverton. She ought not to be left to bear this trouble alone, and I know of no one to go to her now."

Mr. Alison stared, amazed. Even he had never realized half the real nobility that despite her faults was inherent in his wife's nature. She had risen now and was standing very pale and still by the door. He went to her and put his arms around her and drew her head down to his breast.

"My noble Maud," was all he said. "She clung to him sobbing.

"Oh, Fred, you do forgive me for treating you so badly the other night?" she pleaded. "I'm so sorry now."

"I need forgiveness, too, darling, for having been so cruel," he answered earnestly, "and we will both forget and forgive. Shall it not be so?"

She lifted her face and kissed him softly.

"And poor Mrs. Wilverton, Fred! Will you not go with me to see her? I do not like her, really, though I have tried to, but I cannot leave her to bear this alone."

Mr. Alison held his wife in a close clasp.

"I have not told you all, dear," he said. "There is no Mrs. Wilverton, or Willis, as her name would be if she had any right to bear the name of the man she has lived with all these months and who, it reports say true, ruined himself and committed the robbery to gratify her extravagant demands."

"Fred!" And Mrs. Alison's face grew very pale. "You don't mean that she—?" "Was not his wife," he answered sternly.

It was a severe lesson, not to Mrs. Alison, but to the people of Bolton who had admitted these people into their society without question, simply because of the lavish display of wealth they made, and it is safe to say, a thoroughly salutary one.

Moreover there are few differences of opinion between Mr. and Mrs. Alison nowadays. She is more willing to take his opinion of people as a correct one, and he has learned his wife's heart too well not to trust her motives always, if he sometimes doubts her judgment.

The King's Cat.

There are circumstances that make it seem likely that the cat in England is a foreign importation. The king's cat was called "the keeper of the royal granary."

The old Welsh laws provided a curious penalty to be paid by the one who should kill this cat of the king. The offender was to pay as much corn as would cover the cat's body when held up by the tail. This goes to show that cats were rare and had a market value.

CORN BREEDING.

A Good Pedigree In Corn Means as Much as In Live Stock.

Corn can be bred the same as cattle. It has been found that pedigree in corn means as much as or more than in live stock. By careful selection the corn breeders are weeding out barren, poor and inferior stalks. This will mean an enormous saving of plant food which is now used in the production of useless plants, a great increase of yield and additional profit. In selecting seed ears it is necessary to be provided with a rule and measuring tape line.

Look the ears over carefully for mixture, yellow grains in white corn and white caps in yellow corn. Such grains should be picked out and discarded. The white corn should have white cobs and yellow corn red cobs. If this is not true, discard the ears, as a mixed cob is an evidence of a poorly bred ear or a reversion.

The ears should be from seven and a half to eight inches in circumference, measured at the middle of the ear, and 10 to 11 inches in length, measured from tip to butt. The cob should show about 88 per cent corn to cob.

The most popular type of kernel is the wedge shape, so there will be little lost space on the ear between the rows of kernels.

The smooth kernel type is being discarded for a rougher kernel, which means a deeper kernel, consequently a greater per cent of corn to cob.

The tip should be filled over with kernels in straight, regular rows, and the butt kernels should swell out about the shank. The flat butt with large shank indicates a small per cent of corn to cob and a hard husking variety.

The number of rows of kernels should be from 18 to 24, it being generally considered that 18 is a preferable number, giving a stronger type of kernel. The rows of kernels should be regular and straight with the cob.

CROWD THE TREES.

If You Are Orcharding For The Profit There Is In It.

From what I have seen and learned I am satisfied that apple trees of many varieties may be brought into full bearing at four years after being set into the orchard. I have seen apple trees the fourth year after planting out bear one-half bushel of apples per tree. I once saw an orchard here in which 90 trees bore, the eighth season after being set into the orchard, 200 barrels of picked apples. These 90 trees were composed of Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening and Roxbury Russet and were set 18 feet apart. I am not an advocate of large apple trees with tops spreading 30 to 35 feet and going up into the air 25 to 35 feet, requiring a 30 foot ladder to gather the fruit, but prefer to set my trees 18 feet apart, using 135 trees per acre, and when the trees are 4 years old and come into bearing, stop all other cropping and let the trees have all the ground to grow and mature their fruit. I would, however, fertilize and cultivate the orchard as I would for any crop, says a Connecticut man in Rural New Yorker.

By setting the trees 18 feet apart I have 100 trees more to the acre to bear from the time they are 4 years old and on. This makes the orchard itself pay a good profit for the land, and there is less reason or desire to crop the land with some other crop, as would be done with only 35 trees to the acre. These trees would bear for 15 years before crowding, when the top of every other tree should be cut back to near the body of the tree as could be done and not leave the limbs too large, the same as would be done if the tree were to be top grafted. A new top of young, thrifty growth would start out, which, of course, would need to be thinned out properly, and in three years the trees would be in full bearing again, when the tops of those not cut back may be served in like manner. By this method of treatment the top would be kept young, the fruit be grown on young and thrifty wood and the apples easily picked and trees easily sprayed over those