

THE LAST OF THE
 We beseech you for the souls
 of the departed. The souls of the
 departed are in the hands of
 God. He hears away from the face of earth
 the soul of the Priest of
 Death.
 Death is his son of life so high
 Death and with a cloud in his sky
 Death and it seems but yesterday
 When happy and hopeful he said
 Peace to the soul of the Priest of
 Death.
 As I pray and shall be double home
 For Westerners and Eternal Home
 Whence to others earth to earth
 God rest the soul of the Priest of
 Death.
 Yet there was a sign in his gracious
 sky
 Up where the cross he lifted high,
 Glowed in the moon and evening light,
 Glowed through the vista of Northern
 pines.
 That's Perth, where the cross so
 brightly shines.
 Many will say as easy have said
 Being true to the dead
 Ashes to ashes, earth to earth.
 Rest the soul of the Priest of Perth.
 And there was the home he loved to
 make
 So dear, for friend and kinsman's sake.
 Ours in a day and many a year
 Will come for his mourners far and
 near.
 But never a friend nor true or dear
 Will hide the gardens and gates we
 know.
 Admiring a spring will dew again
 His roses in all their leafy glory.
 But none shall ever bring back for men
 The smile, the song, the sinless story.
 The holy zeal that still pressed
 Which none encountered and decided.
 That yielded not one fast or fens.
 On the orphans' faces and bread,
 Peace to the soul of the Priest of
 Perth.
 A golden priest of the good old school,
 Fearless and prompt to lead and rule;
 Fond of every kind of pride,
 But ready, eye, ready, to child or
 guide.
 Tenderly binding the bruised heart,
 Striving to stir its penal part,
 His will was as the granite rock,
 To the powder-aching his flock.
 But never flinched or wild-dove grew
 On rocky ground, more far to view.
 Thine his charity was all he knew,
 Laying the culmer, deep and broad,
 And infant church he daily trod
 His path in the visible sign of God
 Ashes to ashes, earth to earth!
 Peace to the soul of the Priest of
 Perth.
 O Saints of God! ye who await
 Your beloved by the Beautiful Gate!
 Ye Saints who people his native shore,
 Beloved Saint John, whose name he
 bore.
 And ye, Apostles! unto whom
 He prayed, a pilgrim, by your tomb,
 And ye, "Queen of Heaven and
 Mother."
 Receive, receive the Priest of Perth!
 —Reproduced in Cork Examiner.

Carmen's Vow.
 By G. L. De Odoncha.

It was late in the Andalusian summer. The quiet white walls of Moorish origin, sparkling amid the hills and stretches of country under the dazzling blue of the sky, was strid into animation by the breezes that sprang up as the afternoon waned, superseding the lethargizing heat and glare of mid-day.

Fernando Gallardo's wife lay dreamily back in her cane seat on the house terrace. Now and then she fluttered an immense fan with lazy grace. Several ring doves about the cote aligned near her, patting familiarly around her chair, their crests tipped on one side and their bright eyes fastened on her expectantly. She tossed them some crumbs from the tray of sweet biscuits on the Japanese stand at her side, and looked languidly on the birds, started off into the flower beds, leaving their many tinged tracks in the soft earth.

A rustle of robes behind her brought a gleam of satisfaction so Feliciana's countenance.

"How good you are, Carmen," she said, gaily, "to take pity on my soul. I feel like myself again with you here. Positively, my dear, I was in danger of moping myself into wrinkles."

"Was it so bad as all that?" laughed the newcomer in merry badinage. "The two friends kissed each other on both cheeks, and settled themselves for a chat."

"Wait a moment, Antonio shall bring tea," and tinkling a diminutive brass bell, Feliciana gave the order to the man servant who answered her summons. "Now, Carmen, begin and tell me every thing. Who came with you?"

"Aunt Eneacion left me here on her way to make some calls. The carriage will come for me by and by. Where is Fernando?"

"In Cadix, at the bull-fight."

"Of course—I had forgotten. It is Espartaco to-day."

"Yes, Fernando was an enthusiastic as though it were the first instead of the twentieth time he was to see Espartaco in the ring. So troublesome of him!"

"You used to be ardently fond of the sport yourself. How is it you condemn it now?"

"I do not. I like it well enough when it is near home. But it is not pleasing to put up with two hours in a stuffy train, and arrive with a dusty face, my flowers wilted, my lovely white veil awry, and my gay costume limp and crumpled."

"A delicate condition, graphically depicted," laughed Carmen.

"And true," affirmed Feliciana, "or would have been if I had been so silly as to go. I suppose Enrique has gone also?"

"Very likely—indeed, probably," was the absent reply.

"When Antonio, white-gloved, brought the tea, there was a note on the waiter. At sight of the inscription in a hand-writing so familiar to her to be forgotten, Carmen controlled a slight start, and with apparent unconcern

... Feliciana recoiled to the unexpected position with sudden gallery.
 "There is no need for the ladies waiting leagues away from the altar, it is not in Manila."
 The water that Carmen held cracked in pieces between her fingers—but as that in a way waters here it could hardly be considered an evidence of agitation.
 Feliciana, who paused to note the effect upon her friend of her abrupt announcement was disappointed. She had thought that taken unawares Carmen would have shown some sign of the secret she suspected her of harboring.
 "Not only that," she continued, "but in half an hour he will be in this very way. It is awkward Fernando is being away, but of course I shall resolve Gonzalo all the same. I cannot turn off my husband's old friend and my own," she added.
 "Carmen was not a psychologist, but she felt sure that what seemed an afterthought had in reality been the leading thought in her lady's mind. Then a smile lit her face.
 "Feliciana will satisfy the most punctilious exactions of etiquette. I declare, an Andalusian woman might as well be a female Turk for all the liberty she has!"
 Carmen smiled indulgently, and Feliciana was provoked.
 "It is evident you are not interested."
 "What! in you?" Carmen arched her eyebrows.
 "Well—in Gonzalo, then."
 "I am not," was the superbly serene reply.
 "A pause ensued, majestic on Carmen's part, aggrieved on Feliciana's. She pushed her tea from her reluctant hand."
 "It is melted," she pouted.
 "Did you expect it to wait for you while you talked?" briskly retorted Carmen. "I have finished mine and it is very refreshing."
 She went over to the broad veranda and looked at the passing clouds beneath, so typical of the street life of the old Spanish town. Vehement teams were seldom seen in the square, and the faintest of redoubtable words thrust themselves persistently up between the stones of the pavement.
 "Among the motley stream of all ranks and distinctions that passed under Carmen's post of observation were a couple of priests in the flowing garments and blood-stained hats habitual to their class, a vendor of images, his human deity hanging in a hand to the other, the puppets falling out of one eye by one as they arrived at their respective homes; a knot of bareheaded girls, tall as apprentices, each of them with fingers quietly tucked in her sleek hair; an occasional gypsy lass, decked out in smart colours, and jingling enormous rings in her ears as an important part of her attire; and a few more, a plenty of young gallants, whirling pretty words to the girls on their way staid members of the town council in their tall hats, their self-important bearing plainly implying that the stonics under their feet should feel flattered by their condescending tread.
 While Carmen occupied herself abstractedly in noting the scene below, Feliciana, sitting in a low seat, to the remains of the light repast, and desired the visitor to be shown to the terrace on her arrival.
 "It will be pleasant up here; do you not think so, Carmen?" she asked, going to the girl's side.
 "Carmen nodded an indifferent assent.
 "The storks are ready to pray," she observed, as she looked at the tower of St. Alouise's church, where outlined against the sky, a number of these birds stood poised on one leg at the edge of their nests, slowly flapping their wings. They always did this as evening drew on, uttering doleful cries, and as the sun slowly coincided with the "Angelus," the townpeople were given to saying that the storks prayed. The heavy knocker of the house front chimed. Then the entrance gratings opening from the street into the hall and court, which were both bordered in luxuriant tropical plants, creaked as it swung back on its hinges.
 "Gonzalo!" murmured Feliciana.
 "The storks are praying," said Carmen, calmly.
 As Gonzalo Olivares stepped out upon the terrace the bells of St. Luke's pealed out and the tower of St. Dionysius, St. Michael's, Our Lady of Mount Carmel's, and as many more churches joined in solemnly and rhythmically.
 Carmen betrayed no consciousness of Gonzalo's presence, and stood with her hand held. A faint smile played about Feliciana's lips, but she dutifully restrained it, and, lowering her eyes, prayed the "Angelus." Carmen awaited in vain for the response. The pean died out gradually, its bell after bell ceased swaying. The great bell of St. Dionysius was the last to toll. The mournful voice of the storks sounded once again as they dropped out of sight into their nests. The flaming glory of the western Spanish sky, unrivaled in gorgeousness and brilliancy by the most vivid fancies that ever artist has portrayed, faded into haze, first yellow, then somber. The last of twilight reigns overhead. And in startling contrast the world beneath burst into scintillant action. Lights flashed out, and the hum of life and motion swayed upward.

... Feliciana recoiled to the unexpected position with sudden gallery.
 "There is no need for the ladies waiting leagues away from the altar, it is not in Manila."
 The water that Carmen held cracked in pieces between her fingers—but as that in a way waters here it could hardly be considered an evidence of agitation.
 Feliciana, who paused to note the effect upon her friend of her abrupt announcement was disappointed. She had thought that taken unawares Carmen would have shown some sign of the secret she suspected her of harboring.
 "Not only that," she continued, "but in half an hour he will be in this very way. It is awkward Fernando is being away, but of course I shall resolve Gonzalo all the same. I cannot turn off my husband's old friend and my own," she added.
 "Carmen was not a psychologist, but she felt sure that what seemed an afterthought had in reality been the leading thought in her lady's mind. Then a smile lit her face.
 "Feliciana will satisfy the most punctilious exactions of etiquette. I declare, an Andalusian woman might as well be a female Turk for all the liberty she has!"
 Carmen smiled indulgently, and Feliciana was provoked.
 "It is evident you are not interested."
 "What! in you?" Carmen arched her eyebrows.
 "Well—in Gonzalo, then."
 "I am not," was the superbly serene reply.
 "A pause ensued, majestic on Carmen's part, aggrieved on Feliciana's. She pushed her tea from her reluctant hand."
 "It is melted," she pouted.
 "Did you expect it to wait for you while you talked?" briskly retorted Carmen. "I have finished mine and it is very refreshing."
 She went over to the broad veranda and looked at the passing clouds beneath, so typical of the street life of the old Spanish town. Vehement teams were seldom seen in the square, and the faintest of redoubtable words thrust themselves persistently up between the stones of the pavement.
 "Among the motley stream of all ranks and distinctions that passed under Carmen's post of observation were a couple of priests in the flowing garments and blood-stained hats habitual to their class, a vendor of images, his human deity hanging in a hand to the other, the puppets falling out of one eye by one as they arrived at their respective homes; a knot of bareheaded girls, tall as apprentices, each of them with fingers quietly tucked in her sleek hair; an occasional gypsy lass, decked out in smart colours, and jingling enormous rings in her ears as an important part of her attire; and a few more, a plenty of young gallants, whirling pretty words to the girls on their way staid members of the town council in their tall hats, their self-important bearing plainly implying that the stonics under their feet should feel flattered by their condescending tread.
 While Carmen occupied herself abstractedly in noting the scene below, Feliciana, sitting in a low seat, to the remains of the light repast, and desired the visitor to be shown to the terrace on her arrival.
 "It will be pleasant up here; do you not think so, Carmen?" she asked, going to the girl's side.
 "Carmen nodded an indifferent assent.
 "The storks are ready to pray," she observed, as she looked at the tower of St. Alouise's church, where outlined against the sky, a number of these birds stood poised on one leg at the edge of their nests, slowly flapping their wings. They always did this as evening drew on, uttering doleful cries, and as the sun slowly coincided with the "Angelus," the townpeople were given to saying that the storks prayed. The heavy knocker of the house front chimed. Then the entrance gratings opening from the street into the hall and court, which were both bordered in luxuriant tropical plants, creaked as it swung back on its hinges.
 "Gonzalo!" murmured Feliciana.
 "The storks are praying," said Carmen, calmly.
 As Gonzalo Olivares stepped out upon the terrace the bells of St. Luke's pealed out and the tower of St. Dionysius, St. Michael's, Our Lady of Mount Carmel's, and as many more churches joined in solemnly and rhythmically.
 Carmen betrayed no consciousness of Gonzalo's presence, and stood with her hand held. A faint smile played about Feliciana's lips, but she dutifully restrained it, and, lowering her eyes, prayed the "Angelus." Carmen awaited in vain for the response. The pean died out gradually, its bell after bell ceased swaying. The great bell of St. Dionysius was the last to toll. The mournful voice of the storks sounded once again as they dropped out of sight into their nests. The flaming glory of the western Spanish sky, unrivaled in gorgeousness and brilliancy by the most vivid fancies that ever artist has portrayed, faded into haze, first yellow, then somber. The last of twilight reigns overhead. And in startling contrast the world beneath burst into scintillant action. Lights flashed out, and the hum of life and motion swayed upward.

... Feliciana recoiled to the unexpected position with sudden gallery.
 "There is no need for the ladies waiting leagues away from the altar, it is not in Manila."
 The water that Carmen held cracked in pieces between her fingers—but as that in a way waters here it could hardly be considered an evidence of agitation.
 Feliciana, who paused to note the effect upon her friend of her abrupt announcement was disappointed. She had thought that taken unawares Carmen would have shown some sign of the secret she suspected her of harboring.
 "Not only that," she continued, "but in half an hour he will be in this very way. It is awkward Fernando is being away, but of course I shall resolve Gonzalo all the same. I cannot turn off my husband's old friend and my own," she added.
 "Carmen was not a psychologist, but she felt sure that what seemed an afterthought had in reality been the leading thought in her lady's mind. Then a smile lit her face.
 "Feliciana will satisfy the most punctilious exactions of etiquette. I declare, an Andalusian woman might as well be a female Turk for all the liberty she has!"
 Carmen smiled indulgently, and Feliciana was provoked.
 "It is evident you are not interested."
 "What! in you?" Carmen arched her eyebrows.
 "Well—in Gonzalo, then."
 "I am not," was the superbly serene reply.
 "A pause ensued, majestic on Carmen's part, aggrieved on Feliciana's. She pushed her tea from her reluctant hand."
 "It is melted," she pouted.
 "Did you expect it to wait for you while you talked?" briskly retorted Carmen. "I have finished mine and it is very refreshing."
 She went over to the broad veranda and looked at the passing clouds beneath, so typical of the street life of the old Spanish town. Vehement teams were seldom seen in the square, and the faintest of redoubtable words thrust themselves persistently up between the stones of the pavement.
 "Among the motley stream of all ranks and distinctions that passed under Carmen's post of observation were a couple of priests in the flowing garments and blood-stained hats habitual to their class, a vendor of images, his human deity hanging in a hand to the other, the puppets falling out of one eye by one as they arrived at their respective homes; a knot of bareheaded girls, tall as apprentices, each of them with fingers quietly tucked in her sleek hair; an occasional gypsy lass, decked out in smart colours, and jingling enormous rings in her ears as an important part of her attire; and a few more, a plenty of young gallants, whirling pretty words to the girls on their way staid members of the town council in their tall hats, their self-important bearing plainly implying that the stonics under their feet should feel flattered by their condescending tread.
 While Carmen occupied herself abstractedly in noting the scene below, Feliciana, sitting in a low seat, to the remains of the light repast, and desired the visitor to be shown to the terrace on her arrival.
 "It will be pleasant up here; do you not think so, Carmen?" she asked, going to the girl's side.
 "Carmen nodded an indifferent assent.
 "The storks are ready to pray," she observed, as she looked at the tower of St. Alouise's church, where outlined against the sky, a number of these birds stood poised on one leg at the edge of their nests, slowly flapping their wings. They always did this as evening drew on, uttering doleful cries, and as the sun slowly coincided with the "Angelus," the townpeople were given to saying that the storks prayed. The heavy knocker of the house front chimed. Then the entrance gratings opening from the street into the hall and court, which were both bordered in luxuriant tropical plants, creaked as it swung back on its hinges.
 "Gonzalo!" murmured Feliciana.
 "The storks are praying," said Carmen, calmly.
 As Gonzalo Olivares stepped out upon the terrace the bells of St. Luke's pealed out and the tower of St. Dionysius, St. Michael's, Our Lady of Mount Carmel's, and as many more churches joined in solemnly and rhythmically.
 Carmen betrayed no consciousness of Gonzalo's presence, and stood with her hand held. A faint smile played about Feliciana's lips, but she dutifully restrained it, and, lowering her eyes, prayed the "Angelus." Carmen awaited in vain for the response. The pean died out gradually, its bell after bell ceased swaying. The great bell of St. Dionysius was the last to toll. The mournful voice of the storks sounded once again as they dropped out of sight into their nests. The flaming glory of the western Spanish sky, unrivaled in gorgeousness and brilliancy by the most vivid fancies that ever artist has portrayed, faded into haze, first yellow, then somber. The last of twilight reigns overhead. And in startling contrast the world beneath burst into scintillant action. Lights flashed out, and the hum of life and motion swayed upward.

... Feliciana recoiled to the unexpected position with sudden gallery.
 "There is no need for the ladies waiting leagues away from the altar, it is not in Manila."
 The water that Carmen held cracked in pieces between her fingers—but as that in a way waters here it could hardly be considered an evidence of agitation.
 Feliciana, who paused to note the effect upon her friend of her abrupt announcement was disappointed. She had thought that taken unawares Carmen would have shown some sign of the secret she suspected her of harboring.
 "Not only that," she continued, "but in half an hour he will be in this very way. It is awkward Fernando is being away, but of course I shall resolve Gonzalo all the same. I cannot turn off my husband's old friend and my own," she added.
 "Carmen was not a psychologist, but she felt sure that what seemed an afterthought had in reality been the leading thought in her lady's mind. Then a smile lit her face.
 "Feliciana will satisfy the most punctilious exactions of etiquette. I declare, an Andalusian woman might as well be a female Turk for all the liberty she has!"
 Carmen smiled indulgently, and Feliciana was provoked.
 "It is evident you are not interested."
 "What! in you?" Carmen arched her eyebrows.
 "Well—in Gonzalo, then."
 "I am not," was the superbly serene reply.
 "A pause ensued, majestic on Carmen's part, aggrieved on Feliciana's. She pushed her tea from her reluctant hand."
 "It is melted," she pouted.
 "Did you expect it to wait for you while you talked?" briskly retorted Carmen. "I have finished mine and it is very refreshing."
 She went over to the broad veranda and looked at the passing clouds beneath, so typical of the street life of the old Spanish town. Vehement teams were seldom seen in the square, and the faintest of redoubtable words thrust themselves persistently up between the stones of the pavement.
 "Among the motley stream of all ranks and distinctions that passed under Carmen's post of observation were a couple of priests in the flowing garments and blood-stained hats habitual to their class, a vendor of images, his human deity hanging in a hand to the other, the puppets falling out of one eye by one as they arrived at their respective homes; a knot of bareheaded girls, tall as apprentices, each of them with fingers quietly tucked in her sleek hair; an occasional gypsy lass, decked out in smart colours, and jingling enormous rings in her ears as an important part of her attire; and a few more, a plenty of young gallants, whirling pretty words to the girls on their way staid members of the town council in their tall hats, their self-important bearing plainly implying that the stonics under their feet should feel flattered by their condescending tread.
 While Carmen occupied herself abstractedly in noting the scene below, Feliciana, sitting in a low seat, to the remains of the light repast, and desired the visitor to be shown to the terrace on her arrival.
 "It will be pleasant up here; do you not think so, Carmen?" she asked, going to the girl's side.
 "Carmen nodded an indifferent assent.
 "The storks are ready to pray," she observed, as she looked at the tower of St. Alouise's church, where outlined against the sky, a number of these birds stood poised on one leg at the edge of their nests, slowly flapping their wings. They always did this as evening drew on, uttering doleful cries, and as the sun slowly coincided with the "Angelus," the townpeople were given to saying that the storks prayed. The heavy knocker of the house front chimed. Then the entrance gratings opening from the street into the hall and court, which were both bordered in luxuriant tropical plants, creaked as it swung back on its hinges.
 "Gonzalo!" murmured Feliciana.
 "The storks are praying," said Carmen, calmly.
 As Gonzalo Olivares stepped out upon the terrace the bells of St. Luke's pealed out and the tower of St. Dionysius, St. Michael's, Our Lady of Mount Carmel's, and as many more churches joined in solemnly and rhythmically.
 Carmen betrayed no consciousness of Gonzalo's presence, and stood with her hand held. A faint smile played about Feliciana's lips, but she dutifully restrained it, and, lowering her eyes, prayed the "Angelus." Carmen awaited in vain for the response. The pean died out gradually, its bell after bell ceased swaying. The great bell of St. Dionysius was the last to toll. The mournful voice of the storks sounded once again as they dropped out of sight into their nests. The flaming glory of the western Spanish sky, unrivaled in gorgeousness and brilliancy by the most vivid fancies that ever artist has portrayed, faded into haze, first yellow, then somber. The last of twilight reigns overhead. And in startling contrast the world beneath burst into scintillant action. Lights flashed out, and the hum of life and motion swayed upward.

Farm and Garden

Chickens in fact fowl of any kind will fatten rapidly if fed a cooked potato. Take plenty of cold water and give a little corn with lettuce and onion for green food, keep the coop clean and in ten days the fowls should be plenty fat and in good health. The water vessels need cleaning very frequently. There is no quicker way to spread disease in a flock of chickens than by neglect of the water supply. Hens that are too young old or ordinarily not worth their keep, some individuals are such good layers or excellent mothers that it pays to keep them to twice that age, but the rank and file ought to be fattened and disposed of as soon as buyers begin to hanker after potato, which is as soon as a cool weather sets in. One breed of fowls is all that the ordinary farmer or village can raise with profit. Of course, where suitable arrangements can be made to keep breeds apart it is all well, but when White Leghorns and Brown Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks and just plain chickens get mixed up, the result is a lot of feathered creatures not worth their corn. Most sheep-rangers consider it a good thing for both the sheep and the corn field to let a flock of sheep pasture in the corn field after the corn has matured. They will clean up the crab grass and any stray weeds that may have escaped the scythe and hoe, and will eat the lower corn blades, which may eat an occasional ear of corn that has happened to be on the ground, but will not injure the crop of corn to any extent. All corn fields should be kept clean from burs of all kinds, but if they are not the burs will stick to the wool of the sheep, and "us become a greater nuisance even than they are in the field. The sheep will not break down the stalks nor waste the corn, but will eat clean what few ears they see. If the corn stalks are short and the ears near the ground, old sheep might injure the corn, and only lambs should be pastured in such a field; but if the corn is of good growth and the ears reasonably high from the ground, any sheep may be allowed to run in the field, and they will thrive and fatten without any great injury to the crop land, by cleaning up the grass and weeds. This pasture on the corn field comes at a time when the ordinary pastures are very likely to be tough and dry, so that they will not furnish nutritious food for the sheep, and the most that the sheep get from the corn field may be considered as clean gain. There are a great many more sore shoulders on horses than there should be, and they could be avoided with a little care and attention. The entire load and strain come against the horse's shoulders, and they have to endure an immense amount of chafing and bruising. If a man is a sore spot coming on his hand or foot, he takes some precaution at once by washing with liniment and covering with a cloth or some other remedy to stop the inflammation. A little attention of this kind to the horse's shoulders would keep them from getting sore. When the horse is unharnessed at night his shoulders should be bathed with cold salt water. Take a couple of quarts of water, throw a handful of salt into it, and with a cloth thoroughly wash and bathe the shoulders. Wash the horse every night after the work has been worked through the day, and the horse will not be troubled with sore shoulders. The salt water will cleanse the shoulder and help to toughen the skin, so that it will not become galled. The inside of the collars should be kept clean and soft. Sweat and dust will accumulate and harden in ridges, and the constant rubbing of this rough surface against the shoulder will irritate the skin and make a sore. When the collar is taken off at night, let the "morc" work will clean it. If more can be done, take a corn cob and rub off all the dust and sweat, and then smooth it down with a handful of hay. The horse will appreciate any kindness of this kind, and pay for it by doing more and better work the following day. Hens that have a fixed and stubborn habit of requiring a nest egg to be left in the nest, or they will abandon the place to deposit their eggs. Hence it is best to humour them in this habit, but newly-laid eggs should not be left for new eggs, as the shells are tender and liable to be broken, and thus teach the hens the bad habit of eating their eggs. Chicks nest eggs are good substitutes, not readily broken, and seem to suit the notions of the hens equally as well as their own eggs. Feeding in cold weather will not break them, and in the best weather of summer fresh eggs should not be gathered every day, and kept in some cool, dry place. Every farmer and gardener has more or less trouble with cut-worms. They nip off the cabbage plants and cut down the cucumber, squash, and melon plants, and sometimes destroy fields of corn. They are especially troublesome in the fall and sod ground. Ploughing in the fall and letting the ground lie exposed to winter weather has a tendency to prevent their ravages. The best way to poison them is to make bran mash, sweeten it with a little sugar, and mix thoroughly with a little Paris green or arsenic, and scatter this around the plants early in the evening two or three times for a week. The cut-worms will eat this in preference to the plants, and the arsenic will kill them. It can be repeated as often as any appearance of the cut-worms continues.