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ESTABLISHED 1855.

THE SHERIFF OF BRADLEY

By HELEN TOMPKINS.

John Lorimer was very nervous. He looked backward over his shoulder more than once as he plunged through the gloom of the unlighted street. The word "plunged" is used advisedly. It was John Lorimer's way to beat headlong at any coveted object—usually to miss it in the end.

It is possible that his native town had never appraised young Lorimer at his full value. There was a tinge of bitterness in his heart as he thought of this, that brought the smart of childish tears to his eyes. The only girl whom he had ever loved had played fast and loose with him for years. He had gone into business early and with bright prospects, only to fall lamentably at the end of a twelvemonth. Finally he had conceived the brilliant idea of entering politics.

"A man who makes a failure in everything else," said the elder Lorimer pessimistically, "is mighty apt to strike it right in politics."

So John Lorimer entered the political arena and the race for sheriff of Bradley county at the same time. Somehow to his own surprise and thanks to a little of the elder Lorimer's cash discreetly distributed, and the fact that it was an off year in politics anyway, he carried the county by a good, safe majority. There was something pathetic in Andrew Lorimer's reception of the news of his son's election.

"I thought we would make it!" he said jubilantly. "I tell you, money is the thing, son. Still—I didn't think it was in you, son."

His voice broke oddly. "And now what am I to do with it?" asked young Lorimer, looking at his father helplessly, and a little sullenly. "Do with it?" The old man's voice righted itself suddenly.

"With the sheriff's office. I have to do something, don't I?" Andrew Lorimer smothered an oath in his beard.

"That was the beginning of trouble for the sheriff of Bradley county. It had not been a very difficult matter to find a man both able and willing to act as his deputy. He was near at hand in the person of Richard Hardy, who had been a salesman in the now defunct firm of Hardy & Vaughn. And he had filled the office of deputy well, too well, in fact. He was the ideal officer of the law—prudent, yet fearless; and the crowning act of his official life, when he had swooped with his little posse upon a band of horse thieves and captured the whole gang, had crowned him with laurels and at the same time covered the real sheriff with contumely.

"You see," said Agnes Watson a little pityingly, "after all, you are the sheriff whom the people elected, John—not Hardy. And you ought to take the lead in these things, sometimes. Your constituents expect it."

"I have told you so more than once, Agnes. But you and father are always finding fault with me. You—"

"You are so indifferent, John," said bluntly, "and, I think, too indolent as well."

A sudden flame kindled in the young man's swarthy cheeks.

"I am not indifferent to you, Agnes," he said pointedly. "I think that not even you can accuse me of that. I have borne with a hound's treatment—"

Her face paled. "We may as well have it out once for all," she said with some spirit. "I am tired of your reproaches, John. I have been kind to you—far kinder to you than I should have been. I dare say. But I mean to marry a man, John Lorimer—neither an idler, who shirks his duty, nor a coward, who hides behind all sorts of clumsy falsehoods while another man does his work!"

"A man!" he repeated. "Like your favorite, Jack Grier, I dare say. She looked at him a little curiously.

"He is an old friend and schoolmate," she said quietly, "of yours as well as mine."

Lorimer laughed bitterly.

"You always cared more for him than you ever did for me, Agnes," he said. "Even when you were a little thing with long braids and short skirts you used to turn away from me and let him walk home with you. He is a vagabond for days together."

"I think it is time for you to go, John," she said calmly, although her face was pale and her voice shook a little. "You are tired and out of temper, and so am I. And I think that, for the present, at least, you had better not come back."

"I am sorry, Agnes," he waved uncertainly, "though, after all, I only told you the simple truth. But I will not offend you again, dear."

She gave a half sob. "Oh, John, I am tired—so tired! It is useless to talk to you; you have made too many promises. You always lose your temper, and so do I, and then we both say things—and regret them afterward. We might as well end it first as last."

Put that had not ended it. He was quite as merciless to her as himself, and at last stung beyond endurance, she had told him again to go and never to come back.

So this is how it came about that he was treading the deserted streets of Roston at midnight on this stormy night. His brain was teeming with plans to assert himself at last. She had called him cowardly. He would show her—

—how fierce the charge had been. Why the plotting and planning to capture the horse thieves had been all his own, and he had only stayed away at the last, because—

The rain was falling heavily when he reached a deserted house in the outskirts of the village—a house with a light flaring from one of the windows. He climbed over the broken

the other stopped him.

"Your word is heebled mockingly. He meditated for a time, with his gaze fixed on the ceiling, while Lorimer watched him anxiously.

"You see, there is nothing dishonest in it," said Lorimer persuasively, at last. "It is simply a play to the gallery, after all. The money will not be touched. And it will help me to square things with the sheriff's office. And that, in turn, will help me with Agnes."

And—there is another thing, old man Agnes's health is failing. The climate here has had more rain than usual this spring, you know—is playing the devil with her. Her mother died with consumption, you remember, and Agnes has never been strong. She ought to spend the winter in southern Texas—"

The bedstead creaked under Grier's weight as he turned over suddenly.

"All right," he said curtly. "I guess we will call it settled, Lorimer. Only you had better not give me too much to think about it. We will pull it off tomorrow night. And see that you keep your head, Lorimer. And no monkeying with Hardy—do you hear? He is too blamed handy with a gun to suit me. Somebody will have to pump some lead into him yet before he will learn any sense. And you had better look to your pistols, Lorimer. I might seize the opportunity to make a bolt with the bag in spite of you."

He laughed contemptuously at Lorimer's nervous start.

"Good night," he said. "No, I am not going to open my head again. You can meet me at the courthouse tomorrow night at 11 o'clock."

He laughed again recklessly as Lorimer left the room, and then a rare tenderness transfigured his face.

"Poor little girl!" he breathed. "If I didn't know that he loved you—It is a pleasure to put my hand in the noose of a little risk. Lorimer could not afford it any more than I could. If there ever had been a ghost of a chance that you might care—But there isn't—there never was."

Meanwhile Lorimer trudged home through the rain. His mother was sitting up awaiting for him.

"You are late," she fretted complainingly—and wet. Why, Johnny, your coat is dripping! She drew back with a little tender, maternal gesture.

"Leave the boy alone, Eliza!" the voice from the sitting room made Lorimer start. "You forget John's age, I guess, and your own too, for the matter of that. You'll likely have the rheumatism tomorrow. I guess John has been out after lawbreakers."

The coarse chuckle brought a flicker of irritation to his face.

"I wish that you wouldn't fuss over me, mother," he grumbled. "I am not a child, you know. He was still protesting, when the door of his room closed between them.

Next morning the cloud had passed. "You look troubled, John," said the old man, critically, at the breakfast table. "Is there anything?"

"I am troubled," said the son frankly. "You see, father, there is a lot of money on hand now, and I am just a little nervous about it, Hardy will be away for a week or two."

"Have the money guarded," said the old man sententiously.

"I don't like to do that. That is, I don't like to do anything publicly. It would only call attention to the fact that there was more money on hand than usual. I will keep watch myself, of course."

"Have you any special reason to look for trouble?" asked the old man quietly.

The sheriff flushed.

"I wrote to Hardy yesterday," he said in a low voice, "giving the amount of money on hand as a reason why he should get back home as soon as possible. I had that letter, with others, in my hand when I left the courthouse, and when I reached the postoffice it was missing. I retraced my steps at once, of course, but failed to find it. Some one may have picked it up and mailed it since it was sealed, stamped and addressed; but it is a little strange if they did, that I have heard nothing about it."

After breakfast a aimlessly uptown. He was not a drinking man, but he went to the Spread Eagle twice—once to see if by chance Grier was to be found in his old haunts, and later because he was ill at ease and the time hung heavy on his hands. He did not see Grier either time.

He went back to the courthouse about noon and met the man who had been acting as his deputy in Hardy's absence. He was just leaving the building.

"Off for the day, Cartwright?" Lorimer called to him.

"Yes, there is nothing doing; and, say, Lorimer, if anybody wants me they can leave a message to the house. I have a really headache."

Lorimer nodded with some interest.

"About that money," he said, lowering his voice a little. "There is a lot of it, Cartwright. I wish Hardy were at home."

"Hardy can't get back for two or three days yet," said Cartwright, weighing a sheet of loosened papers in his hand as he spoke. "You ought to have gone with Hardy, Lorimer. There is some one of trouble a little way out from Little Rock. They say that Big Phil Annerly has been planning a rescue ever since the gang was captured. He and his men will make it hot for the posse."

"Pshaw!" said Lorimer, trying to speak easily, but wishing that his color would not change so under the other's direct gaze.

"Of course, if there had been any danger of such a thing, I should have gone with Hardy. But about this money, now. I am worried enough about it. I can tell you. The loss of it would just about bankrupt Bradley county."

Cartwright asked the same question that the elder Lorimer had asked about it earlier in the day. "Have you any special reason to be anxious about it?"

"No—nothing that I care to talk about just now. I think, though, that I shall keep an eye on things."

Miscellaneous Reading.

HORRORS OF A CHOLERA CAMP

Depicted by Correspondent at Constantinople.

Scenes of suffering and misery are to be witnessed daily at the Turkish cholera camp at San Stefano. A correspondent of the Associated Press paid a visit there last Thursday.

Much scepticism had prevailed in Pera, the foreign quarter of Constantinople, both among members of the diplomatic corps and foreign residents. No one there believed the figures given by railroad employees and others in contact with the Turkish troops, who declared that many thousands were stricken with cholera.

The camp is situated at the side of a railway embankment thirty feet in height. A large open space like a village green stretches away for some distance. This is surrounded by better class houses two or three stories high, built in European style, for San Stefano is the summer resort of many of the wealthy residents of Constantinople.

Two Ottoman soldiers were standing guard to the entrance to the camp, but they made no motion. Their duty was to prevent those within the camp from escaping and not to hinder other people from entering.

Bodies Scattered Along Tracks.

A nauseating picture was witnessed at the side of the railroad. Bodies which had been thrown from trains lay as they had fallen. Some stuck on top of the embankment, but others had rolled part of the way down.

Around a one-story stable at the foot of the embankment was a group of six dead and dying, lying close together apparently for warmth, on the slopes of a manure pile, which the sick men had found softer than the hard ground. One man on top of the pile was digging with his fingers a sort of trough in which to lie. The trough was becoming his grave.

As visitors came near, the sick men raised their heads and cried in the hearing of the attendants that they were given no bread or water. Walking halfway across the field the visitors passed dead and dying men, sometimes from twenty to thirty yards apart.

Dead in Groups.

A group of tents stood in the center, where four or five Turkish soldiers were sentrying. The Red Cross tent stood on guard. Inside the sick and dead lay in groups. The doctor on duty counted twenty-two patients in one tent, while double that number lay just outside sheltered from the wind to leeward of the canvas.

Some of the stricken found difficulty in getting into the Moslem position for prayer, looking toward the east. One praying victim was so weak that he could not replace his blanket around his head when the wind blew.

The Red Crescent attendants made no attempt to assist any of these suffering soldiers, not even placing stones which were plentiful, under their heads to permit them to lie easier.

A number of these attendants gathered around to watch while the visitors were inspecting the camp. One of them became insolent and was ordered off by the doctor.

A water tank, drawn by a donkey, passed along the road. Those of the victims who were able to rise to their feet went unassisted toward it and struggled feebly for a drink. Those unable to rise got none.

Few Get Bread.

In a similar way what appeared to be a army bread was distributed to those able to reach the place of distribution. Several of the sick men raised themselves with difficulty and stumbled toward a well, from which they tried to dip water with their long staves.

There were hundreds of dead and thousands of sick in this camp, many lying on the open ground and great numbers supporting their backs against the houses bordering on the open fields, most of which are deserted.

The comparatively few Turkish soldiers brought to the hospitals, barracks and mosques at Constantinople are more fortunate, although most of them die after reaching their destination. Some few of them are given beds to lie in and water to drink, and all of them, if they do not get warm, are provided with shelter from the rains and the wind.

San Stefano is not the worst cholera camp. That at Hademkoul, near Tchatalja lines, is more extensive.

RURAL CREDITS.

President Barrett of Farmers' Union Endorses Them Highly.

President Charles S. Barrett of the Farmers' Union is in favor of some form of modified rural credits. He thinks this is a move in one direction of getting rid of landlordism, which he considers an unqualified evil. He favors no particular plan, thinking it of more importance that right men be selected in each community to handle the matter. Important parts of his open letter to the officers of the union follow:

"Discussion of the country over is raging around the subject of rural credits. At the outset I want to say I have made some investigation of the matter. That I believe a modified system of rural credits feasible in America, that I am convinced the time has come for rural credits may be used to stem the tendency toward landlordism which I know to be one of the gravest menaces facing this nation.

There is little use for me to dwell upon the various plans offered where by some system of rural credits can be made effectual. It is only essential to say that the Raiffeisen and other plans have been followed in Germany and other old World countries with signal success for more than a century. It is possible, under one of these plans, for a number of farmers in a given community to become mutually responsible for loans extended to their respective members. It is also possible for rural credits to be materialized by constituting the land itself the basis of loans—and that is meritorious.

Jack laughed mockingly as Lorimer entered the cell, but there was a nasty ring in his merriment.

(To Be Concluded.)

culture in Rome under the direction of David Lubin, has made through inquiry into all these plans, and if any American farmer desires detailed information, Mr. Lubin will be glad to furnish it.

I want to stress right now to every farmer in this country who is talking excitedly about "plans" and who thinks that all that is necessary to succeed with rural credits or anything else is to find "plans" that there are plans galore. What is needed right now is men bold and with sufficient initiative in every community to carry these plans into execution, and to do it in the face of discouragement, difficulties and sacrifice of time and health, if that is necessary.

It is just as well, therefore, to stop worrying so much about "plans" and think more about how we are going to find the men to execute the plans, not only of the chapter, but right on to the end of the chapter.

It is necessary to remember, however, that Germany is a country of thickly settled, small communities, and that the plans which have proved available there may have to be altered to take into account separation of agricultural units in America. This process resolves itself, however, into a matter of detail, and the main portion of the task is, as I have stated, the locating and training of men to carry out the instrument and smile involuntarily into effect any systems of rural credits that may be devised, whether under governmental or private supervision.

Now, to the second feature, that of landplodism in America. I believe that a perfected system of rural credits can do much to overcome or at least lessen this evil. If you doubt that it exists I only ask that you investigate in your own neighborhood as to the number of men who own their farms, and as to the number of acres which are cultivated, owned by an absentee landlord.

After all is said, it remains that America is a land the property and progress of which are founded on agriculture. If we allow to form in this country a class of controlling land owners and a corresponding class of tenants subject to these landlords, we create a system that is the direct opposite of democratic government, and that will eventually lead to a condition of land monopoly, beside which the problems of the so-called high cost of living and other much agitated issues will dwindle down to insignificance. I was astonished when, in conversation recently with Prof. E. C. Branson of Athens, Ga., he gave me figures relating to Georgia alone of absentee ownership which are almost incredible.

Had not the figures been based on conditions of which I am personally aware, I would have doubted them. Unless it is checked, ownership of the land by a few in each community is going to strange initiative and collective property in America. If every farmer, every American who reads these lines and who is genuinely concerned for his individual welfare, and that of the country, will deliberately study these conditions I have outlined, he will be convinced as to the need and the duty of securing leaders who will materialize rural credits or any other proven agency that will prove a remedy for the drift toward landlordism.

Finally, don't fret so eternally about the plans. The men to execute them constitute the real problem—the men and the spirit of co-operation in every community.

HIS EXPERIENCE GRUESOME

Birds and Animals Waited to Devour the Hunter.

Stewart Edward White, who has been in Africa for a year on a hunting trip, writes about the rhinoceros in the November American Magazine. Following is one of his stories.

"In the Nairobi club I met a gentleman with one arm gone at the shoulder. He told his story in a slightly bored and drawing voice, picking his words very carefully, and evidently most occupied with neither updating nor overrating the case. It seems he had been out, and had killed some sort of a buck. While his men were occupied with this, he strolled on alone to see what he could find. He found a rhinoceros that charged violently, and into which he emptied his gun.

"When I came to," he said, "it was just coming on dusk, and the rhinoceros was beginning to grunt. My arm was completely crushed, and I was badly bruised and knocked about. As near as I could remember I was fully ten miles from camp. A circle of carrion birds stood all about me not more than ten feet away, and a great many others were flapping over me and fighting in the air. These last were so close against me that I was unable to see them.

The government's new wireless station at Arlington, Virginia, hears the naval wireless station at Mare Island, California, talking to the station at Key West, Florida, Arlington and Mare Island are twenty-two hundred miles apart. The Arlington station has followed the American warships into near eastern waters.

Reviewing which, it is brought to mind that a certain old lady loves to tell of dreaming, when a girl, that a flock of flying machines flapped their way across the horizon above her father's fields.

Such Times We Live In—In obsolete old Turkey, a Bulgarian aeroplane flies over the walls of Adrianople and drops calls for surrender into the beleaguered city.

A ragamuffin arrives in Los Angeles, California, by stealing rides on the rear end of transcontinental automobiles all the way from his home in Indiana.

Pulmotorists are at work in every big city of the land, putting the breath of life back into the bodies of people who have been drowned, poisoned, or asphyxiated by gases.

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PIANOS GIVEN AWAY.

"Square" Models Are Not Wanted Any More.

A sign in the window said: "Square pianos given away. Come in and get one."

A man who read this didn't really want a piano, but giving away pianos was something new to him and it interested him: so he went in to ask about it. And it seems that they do actually give away square pianos, that is, some square pianos, and first and last they give away a good many of them.

The dealer took his inquiring visitor into the elevator and up to the first loft, in which there were many second hand pianos of various sorts, and there they stopped at the first instrument they came to, an old-fashioned square piano which is a name long familiar to the trade. The visitor touched the keys of this piano and the sounds it gave forth were still musical.

"For that piano," said the dealer, "we shall get \$35. Now," he added, "try this one;" and as he spoke he turned to one directly across the aisle.

This was a square piano, smaller than the other and bearing a name that at least to the visitor, was wholly unfamiliar. The visitor touched the key of the instrument and smiled involuntarily at the answer; it was decidedly and distinctly tinny. Certainly you could play a tune on it, but still nobody would buy it.

"This piano," said the dealer, "we will give away."

Second hand pianos are taken in exchange in part payment for new ones. There was a time when even second hand square pianos, if they were of slightly second hand quality, in excellent condition, would bring good prices; but now the styles have changed and few people want a square piano at any price. A good second hand square may bring \$35, or perhaps more, but many are sold for less and many are given away. They can't be sent out into the country and disposed of there for the modern styles and the various modifications and the various mechanically operated pianos are now sold everywhere.

The old time square piano has had its day. Those who takes these old square pianos, the ones that are given away? People of moderate or of limited means, who want a piano for a child to practice upon, perhaps to see if the child really has a taste for music, permanent and worth developing, for which purpose the old square piano may serve.

The sign in the window says, "Come in and get one; and they will actually give you one; but a piano is not exactly a thing that anybody can pick up and carry home with him as one would a small parcel. It has to be carted. The piano they give you is not delivered free; they charge you for cartage, but this at precisely the same price that would be charged for any similar service; the piano remains a free gift.

This gift may later prove of benefit to the giver; for the person to whom it is given may some time want to buy a piano and then he is likely to go to the dealer from whom he received a piano as a gift; but the dealer gives away pianos just the same, whether he ever expects to hear from them again or not.

After all the old squares that can be had been sold or given away there remain some that can't be disposed of in any way, and those finally are broken up. There is no salvage, except for the wood in them, which goes to feed the fires under the boilers of the piano factory.—New York Sun.

SEED CORN SELECTION

Farm Expert Tells How It Should Be Done.

Some idea regarding the economic importance of corn may be had by a realization that in the United States it exceeds in acreage, yield and value, wheat, oats, barley, fax, rye, buckwheat and potatoes combined.

An increased value of 1 per cent per bushel would mean an additional income to the farmers of the United States of \$23,500,000, while an increased production of but one bushel per acre at 50 cents per bushel would add \$50,000,000 annually to the national wealth.

In addition to its magnitude, the crop is important because of the wide range of industries in which some portion of the corn plant plays a more or less important part. In fact, it may almost be said that there is not a product of the corn plant, does not by-product of the corn plant, does not effect the production of this kind of crops are of interest to every citizen of the United States.

Each spring many farmers discover when it is too late—that their seed corn either fails to germinate or produces but a weak growth. They must either pay high prices for viable seed, which may or may not be acclimated and adapted to their conditions or by means of laborious tests they at least out such of their seed as will at least "come up."

The corn crop of 1912 is so unwpractically made and the time for selecting seed for 1913 has arrived in the southern sections and reached even the latest sections of the United States some time in October. Unless sufficient seed corn is selected at the right time in the right way there will be the same deplorable situation next spring when it is too late, as there has been at each previous planting time.

With very few exceptions the best possible seed may be selected on the farm on which it is to be planted, and by carrying out the following instructions issued by the office of corn investigations of the United States department of agriculture, each farmer may provide himself with an abundance of seed of the highest productivity for planting in 1913.

The process of seed selection is of too great importance to be conducted incidentally while husking, and in many localities if selection is delayed until husking time the vitality of the seed will have already been injured by an early freeze. As soon, therefore, as the crop ripens go through the field with bars and husk the ears from those stalks which have produced best without having had any special advantages, such as space, moisture and fertility. Late maturing plants with ears which are heavy because of an

excessive amount of sap should be ignored.

In the central and southern states, other things being equal, short, thick stalks are preferable. These permit of thicker planting, are not so easily blown down and are usually more productive than slender ones. The tendency to sucker is hereditary. Other things being equal, seed should be taken from stalks having no suckers.

The same day that the seed corn is gathered, the husked ears should be put in a dry place where there is good circulation of air, and placed in such a manner that the ears do not touch each other. If no previous arrangements for caring for the seed have been made, the ears may be suspended with binder twine, trying them about two inches apart. The twine will support fifteen or twenty ears.

If this method can not conveniently be followed tables may be improvised by placing boards across boxes or barrels. These boards should be dry and not too wide, and should be spaced 12 inches apart. The seed ears can be put on these tables, using care to have them spread out to insure circulation of air among them. It will be advisable to move the ears a couple of times at intervals of about two days when first put on the tables.

Whichever method is used, the seed should be placed in a shed or building having good circulation of air, and where it will be protected from rain and excessive cold, as well as from rats and mice.

Do not store the seed in a cellar. The driest cellars are too damp and do not afford a free circulation of air. Do not store the seed in a room in which there will be vapor to condense on it, and prevent its drying as in a barn or a room, or in an out-house, used for washing, etc.

If seed corn is stored properly it should be thoroughly dry in from three weeks in the south to eight weeks in the north, and if kept dry it will be safe from injury except by insects and vermin. In the north the ears may be left where they dried. In regions where seed corn is damaged by weevils or grain moths, it should be packed in boxes and treated as described in farmers' bulletin 418, entitled "Seed Corn."

By the proper selection and care of seed