

THF END OF THE FAIRY TALE.

She was entirely fashionable in every thing save her motherhood, which still bore faint traces of kinship with that of hu-man mothers and the beasts of the field. For instance, although she generally forgot, she never regretted her only child's existence, and sometimes in rare lulls between her romps and frivolities she found the child as amusing a pastime as pingpong on wet afternoons. During that day on which the smart

Aury.

deal?

treats, sha'nt we?"

come to bed.

ing her hair.

eb ?"

"Let's! Let's! O Let's" cried Aurelia,

"You funny little soul," she said.

American widow was to dine her and a handful of congenials at the Savoy, en route for the Empire, came a wire announcing the illness of her hostess. Then the big London house was moved at its two extremes, the kitchen depths sending up their grumble that "she" was dining at home after all, to the nursery heights; with the result that the little Aurelia, reckless with sudden hope, eluded her nurse and the household, hurried downstairs (right foot, right foot, right foot, foremost all the way down, for the stairs were steep and her legs had only five years to grow in), and entered the drawing-room in her nursery overalls. There, to the childish eyes, the dearest and most beautiful lady in the world was sitting in a low chair near a tiny tea-table, and a long, straight man, who bore his eye-glasses bravely like a pain, was filling up his glass

from a syphon. "Mother," said Aurelia, wondering if they heard her thumping heart, "you're not goint out after all, so please be with me all this evening, and please put me to bed." And having come thus far in her unheard-of and desperate adventure, the mite could not be swept away, except with the given promise.

At half-past six the Mother came down stairs, and now, as will often happen, a long neglect was followed by a sudden access of care.

"Are these the warmest night-socks the poor child has?" And are those pajamas thoroughly aired?" she inquired of the nurse.

For answer, the woman swept the little silken garments off the fender-rail and sliken garments on the lender-rail and gave them to her in contemptuous silence. She had to the best of her personal and class ability mothered the little girl for three years past. She had nursed her through croup and scarlet fever; she had made her clothes, adding the little unnecessary em-broideries and fine tuckings that seem no less than love in the busy worker; she had as conscientiously frightened her with re-ligion when naughty as she had dosed her with physic when ill; and in her own estimation there was very little anyone could teach her about children, not even doctors, and least of all a lady who hardly ever saw her child save in her prettiest clothes and

best behavior. Does she still have such cold little feet?" said the Mother, pulling off Aurelia's stockings.

"I have never known her to have cold feet since I was here," replied the nurse. "Well, she's certainly in better condi-tion than she was when last I gave her a

bath." The nurse put up her eyebrows and went on tidying the room; what else than a bettering of condition was to be expected of a child in her charge?

'And how much bigger!'' said the lady. "And how much bigger!" said the lady, hood, and the description of her unregener-still intent upon ingratiating herself with ate condition was full of home-thrusts and this important person.

unmistakable meanings ; but with the gradual mastery of the Good Fairy, the "Yes, madam," said the nurse, dryly, knowing herself far too valuable for dis- Princess became a person of immaculate missal. "you see she's had time to grow."

such shining love and worship as she saw as I had hoped to do-but very soon after there, and it is only fair to add that as her promises slipped out she believed in them as faithfully as the child. "What would

you are asleep, I——" Aurelia jumped off her lap. "That man is a big, cruel beast, and I hate him, I hate him, I hate him!" she cried, stamping her you say if some day when the spring comes you and I, just you and I together, run right out together in the country on the motor-car? and go into the woods and see primroses grow? When I was a little girl foot. "I hate anyone who takes you away from me." Then she burst into passionate sobbing. Perhaps her criticism was juster than

like you, my home was set among woods, Aury. And we'd just be gipsies together, she knew. Certainly, it was unwelcome to her mother's ears.

you and I, and take our food with us, and "Hush, hush, Aury! If you loved me sit on the ground and pick flowers and go you would try to love my friends." home quite late in the evening. Shall we, She took her on her lap again and sooth-

ed her into some sort of resignation; then she suddenly laid her head on the little shoulder.

emphasizing with hugs. "And then? Then there's the summer; what shall we "You make me very unbappy, Aury," she said, and it was perfectly true, but this was not by reason of Aurelia's short-comdo when that comes? And then there's the autumn, and then there's next winter. Why was not by reason of Autena's short-com-ings. Why had this visit happened this peaceful evening? It filled her with a sense of unseemly intrusion; it jarred and put her out of tune with itself and herself, we shall have time for heaps and heaps of "But if I try to tell you all the treats I have in mind," said the Mother, "we shall never get to bed!" and her new-found peace as well. And yet, a very little later, after promising to come back and show herself before going We shall never get to bed?" exclaimed the child. "Will you come too then when I go? or will you come quite soon after? down to the drawing-room, she left her child and went away to dress.

Do! do! then we can go to sleep together. I have never done this in all my life, in— Something had certainly gone wrong with all-my-life! O do!" The Mother had not intended this, but the world to-night. Aurelia was conscious of having misbehaved herself just when she meant to be, and thought herself as good as any princess! She sat alone by the nur-sery fire, wondering ruefully and holding on to the one fragment left of her wrecked filled with an unwonted sense of well-being in this kingdom of love and innocency into which she had strayed, she willingly yielded yet further to the will of its queen · 4T but glorious evening; her mother would come and show herself when dressed, and isn't eight o'clock! Still, as you're so keen about it I'll come to bed ever so early--I won't even go down to dinner," she add-Aurelia loved to see how white she looked against the soft, black, misty stuff, with ed, every moment driven to further exbright things glittering like frost in her dark hair. But apparently the Mother for-got all about it, and went down-stairs travagances by the long arrears of mothering in her heart. "I'll get Pickney to bring me a cup of soup up here and then withaut coming near the nursery; and at nine o'clock, nurse found the forsaken child still waiting.

come to bed." "Really and truly? Promise? O you dearest!" A vigorous hug followed. "I hope you always say your prayers, Aurelia," the Mother said, gravely, smooth-"So that's the way she does it, does she?" sniffed the woman. But she wrap-ped her charge up warmly and carried her tenderly enough over to the far-off-rose colored chamber.

ing her hair. "Yee, I do; I say them just after my night-socks, so that's now," said the child. Straightway she knelt down, asking God to bless her mother and her daddy in Sonth Africa and bring him home safe, and to bless nursie and to make herself a good "Do you mean my mother?" said Aure-lia, with the threatening of tears. "Please don't say 'she'; it's rude."

There was a soft rustling outside the doar, and then Aurelia's mother came in, very pale, brilliant-eyed, and still wearing the dress which she had worn in the nursgirl, Amen; and then standing up and putting her hands behind her she carefully re-peated a hymn all about lambs and little ery. Aurelia stared, and then, "Mother! Mother!" she cried, quite suddenly wide awake, suddenly comforted, suddenly overchildren and Jesus Christ, which somehow brought the tears to her mother's eyes. "Little Aurelia," she said, drawing her joyed; and she jumped up and down until the glass and silver knick-knacks jingled. oheek against her own, "why don't you sometimes say, "God make daddy and mother good' as well'make me a good girl,"

"That will do, Nurse," said the lady, speaking a little breathlessly as though sho ad sped up the stairs. Patting the cling-"Because you're grown up!" was the ng child's head, she waited for the aston prompt reply; nothing more, because it was such a well-known fact that it was shed woman's departure, which was so de liberate as curiosity could make it. When the door at last closed upon her unwilling exit, the mother lifted the child into her only children who were naughty. Aurelia's cup of joy was not yet jull, for

a fairy tale was promised, to be told before the nursery fire while the fire in the rosy lap. "I was so dreadfully afraid you'd be room was burning up. It was long since the Mother had told a fairy tale, longer asleep, Aury," she said, as if this had been a matter of life and death. "I want you, I want you, I want yon!" Hugged to her still since she had read one. In her desire to pay a long-owed debt of 'good influ-ence,' she wove a very threadbare story round about a whole bundle of obvious and bosom as she was, the child could feel her mother's heart beating. In the midst of her blessedness, she felt shy and awed. She submitted to the embrace without renaked morals. It was a poor bit of art, but Aurelia listened greedily and loved it all,

turning it, only looking up out of the depths of blissful, wondering eyes. "And you can really stay with me?" she asked very gravely. "Has the visitor although therein were allegorized many of her pitiful little sins and weaknesses. The dramatis personæ were a Princess, a Bad Fairy and a Good Fairy. As the Bad Fairy gone?"

"Oh, yes," answered the Mother, and she bent her head to untie the ribbon of her little one's bedroom slipper. Then followed a silence as the lady folded back the silken cover of the bed and make all ready-a silence of reverie on the one hand and ignorant, wondering sympathy on the other. It began to weigh upon the little

An important gathering that will be held in Bellefonte and at State College next week. Oct. 11-15, is the meeting of the State Board of Agriculture and Normal Farmer's Institute. The following lengthy and most interesting program has been arranged :

State Board of Agriculture Meeting.

Tuesday Forenoon, Oct. 11, 1904. (Session in Court House, Belletonte.)

Call to order at 10:30. 1. Roll call of members.

Reading of minutes. Reading of minutes.
 Appointment of committee on credentials.
 Reception of Credentials of members-elect and delegates.
 Adress: "Relation of State Board of Agri-culture to the farmer and farmers' organization."
 S. Blyholder, Armstrong county.
 Report of committee on credentials.
 Unfinished business.
 New business.
 Adjournment.

TUESDAY, OCT. 11, at 2:30 p. m. Co. John A. Woodward, Howard, Pa., Chairman. (Session in Court House, Bellefonte) Address of Welcome, by Gen. Jas. A. Beaver,

Response, by Hon. A. L. Martin, director of 2:30-3:30. Dr. Wm. Frear. "Soil Improvement." 3:36:4:30. Prof. M. S. McDowell, "Commercial

4:30-5:00. Round table, Dr. Wm. Frear. 5.00-5:30. Round table, Prof. M. S. McDowell.

Tuesday evening, Oct. 11, 1904. S. F. Barber, Harrisburg, Pa., chairman. (Session in Court House, Bellefonte)

Call to order at 7:30.

Music. Mrs. Wells W. Cooke, "Domestic Science." Mrs. Mary A. Wallace, "The Country Home and Its Sanitation." Dr. B. H. Warren, "Importance of Prompt En-forcement of the Pure Food Laws."

Music. Prof. John Hamilton, "Normal Schools of Agri-culture for Institute Workers "

Wednesday Morning, Oct. 12, 190 J. S. Burns, Imperial, R. F. D. No. 1, Pa., Chair

an. (Session at The Penn'a State College.)

(Session at The Fein a State Concge.)
(Solo Music.
Address of Welcome, by Pres. Geo. W. Ather
(Solo 10:30. Section A. Dr. H. P. Armsby, "Ani
(Marcial Multiples)
(Mar

Large Fruits. Round Tables. 11:30-12:00. Section A. Prof. H. P, Armsby. Sec-tion B, Prof. Wm A. Buckhout. 12:00-12:30. Section A. Prof.Geo. C. Watson. Sec-tion B, Prof. Geo. C. Butz.

Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 12 Howard G. McGowan, Geiger's Mills, Pa., Chair

man (Session at State College)

3:25. Section A. Dr. I. A. Thayer, "Feeds 2:30-3:25. Section A. Dr. I. A. Thayer, Feeds and Fertility," Section B. Prof. Geo. C. Butz, "Fruit Culture; Small Fruits." 3:30-4:25. Section A. Mr. L. W. Lighty, "The Farmer's Cow; Her Care." Section B. Dr. J. H. Funk, "The Pruning of Fruit Trace!"

Fruit Trees'' Round Tables: Round Tables: 4:30-5:30 Section A: Dr: I: A: Thayer and Mr: . W. Lighty: 4:30-5:30 Section B: Prof: Geo: C. Butz and

Dr. J. H. Funk.

Wednesday Evening, Oct. 12 W. H. H. Ridd)e, Butler, Pa., Chairman. (Session at Bellefonte) Music. Duet, Mrs. H. A. Surface and

P. Pillsbury, Prof. W. G. Johnson, editor of American Agri attrist, "The Art of Instruction as a Science."

Music. Mr. T. D. Harman, editor of the National Stock-man and Farmer, "The Influence of a Local Insti-tute Worker."

Thursday Morning, Oct. 13. S. X. McClellan, Knox, Pa., Chairman. (Session at State College) 9:30 10:30 Section A. Rev: J. D. Detrich, "The Dairy Cow" (illustrated by sketches.) Section B Prof. R. L: Watts, "Market Gar-dening." 10:30-11:30. Section A, Mr. T. I. Mairs, "The Care of Milk and Butter."

Care of Milk and Butter." Section B. Prof. H. A. Surface, "Insect Preventives."

Round Tables. 11:30-12:25 Section A. Rev. J. D. Detrich and

Cats and Dogs.

The Enmity that Exists Between Them and the Reason of It.

Why does the dog hate the cat? Scientists have been investigating the enmity between these animals, and they believe that the instinctive batred which certain beasts feel for each other is due to inheritance from ancient times when the animals met in a wild state and preyed on each other.

The enmity between cats and dogs seems to be due more to hatred on the part of the dog than of the cat. The latter animal apparently hates dogs because dogs chase her, while the dog hates the cat because she is a cat.

A cat will feed at a place where dog has been without betraying any signs of anger, but a dog generally be comes excited and wild if he scents the trail of a cat anywhere near his food or sleeping place.

Now this enmity is not to be explained by anything that happens between dogs and cats in domesticity or anything that ever happened between them as long ago as human history goes. In all these thousands of years dogs and cats have been kept as pets. and of all animals they are the two

which should be the most friendly. But the reverse is the case. One nat uralist, Dr. Zell, seeks it in the fact that the common cat not only looks like, but smells like, the great cats of prey. And of those cats of prey there is one, much like a domestic cat in many ways, which hunts dogs by preference. This big cat is the leopard. The domestic cat and her larger rela tive, the wildcat, have never harmed

the race of dogs, but their great speckled cousin is and always has been the most ferocious of dog murderers, and

the cat must pay for it. Authorities agree that there is no animal that the leopard would rather eat than the dog. As a result there are many villages in the districts in which leopards are plentiful where nobody can keep a dog. The great cats will not hesitate to break into the houses to seize their favorite dish.

But, says the doubter, the modern dog certainly could not have known leopards in many thousands of years. He has been a domestic pet in regions where there have been no leopards

since man first appeared. That is true, says Dr. Zell. But he points to the fact that dogs have a habit of turning around several times before they lie down. This, he says, is due to the fact that when they were in a wild state they had to do this to press down leaves and twigs in order to prepare a bed for themselves, and as they have not overcome this habit in all their years of domesticity it is quite natural that they should still inhierit fierce hatred of any creature that smells like a leopard.

Dogs and cats are not the only animals that still show inherited fear or hatred of other beasts which they have never seen themselves. Thus the rhinoceros is frantically in fear of anything white, and naturalists say that this is because once upon a time some big white animal hunted him. But that must have been long ago, for there are

Venetian Glass,

Marco Polo Gave the First Great Impetus to Its It was Marco Polo who gave the first

great impetus to the glass industry at Venice. The great traveler encouraged his countrymen to manufacture and to export large quantities of glass to the orient to satisfy the growing demand there. It is difficult to determine when the first glass factories were established in Venice, says the Chicago News. Some historians have attempted to prove that it was as early as the fifth century. The most ancient existing document relating to this industry is an article in a treaty concluded in 1287 between Bohemond, prince of Antioch, and Jacobo Contarini, doge of Venice. This time stained parchment refers to the purchase of broken glass-a most necessary ingredient for the production of good glass-by the Venetian merchants in Syria. In 1289 the great council of the republic prohibited the establishment of glass furnaces in the city proper, as they were frequent causes of serious fires, and finally relegated the glassblowers to the island of Murano (1292), where the industry has

flourished down to the present day. Murano's glass manufacturers pos sessed many political and other privileges. Their daughters could even marry into the families of the proud Venetian patricians. In the seventeenth century the glassblowers of Venice were recognized as the best in Europe. This fact caused the Duke of Buckingham to employ Venetian workmen in the glass manufactory which he opened in 1670 for the purpose of making imitations of the fine Venetian drinking glasses.

Evelyn, the diarist, writing in 1641, says: "I passed over to Murano, famous for the best glasses of the world, where, having viewed their furnaces, I made a collection of divers curiosities. Tis the white flints which they have from Pavia, which they pound and sift exceedingly small and mix with ashes made of a seaweed brought out of Syrla, and a white sand that cause the manufacture to excel."

Pointed Paragraphs,

It is not much trouble for the wolves to find fault with the sheep.

Always remember that a good deal may be said on the other side. When a husband is mean to his wife

he almost always outlives her. Patience is one of those things of which we don't get enough and every

one else gets too much. Some people say that the cemetery widowers take notice a good deal quicker than the courthouse widowers. When a girl is as cross as two sticks at home and smiling and pleasant downtown old fashioned women call

her a "street angel." One of the marvels of the age is the little indignation a girl will show at her father's great wrongs and the great indignation she will show at her

lover's little ones.-Atchison Globe.

The Mother made no further overtures, but devoted herself to the little girl, and nurse, whose contempt was mingled with jealousy, retired from the room with the air of one who knows herself invaluable, yet not valued, needed yet not desired, to sit nursing her feelings and darning little socks in her fireless bed-room rather than in the well-warmed linen-room next door.

splashed from side to side.

"Ob, what will nursie say ?" laughed the Mother. "I don't care," sang out Aurelia, and

wet as she was she plumped herself down on her mother's lap and bugged her. "My gown !" cried the lady, but the mischief was done and one might as well

enjoy the joke.

don't care for anything to-night," oried Aurelia. "Because I'm so dreffly happy—Oh, Mother, can I sleep in your bed to-night?"

This was a rare pleasure only granted to the little girl on birthdays and other such blue moons. And even pleasure is a poor name for the feeling that filled Aurelia's heart when she entered the silken chamber and lay in the wonderful bed where the little golden angels (for that was how Aurelia thought of the winged Loves) held up the gauzy curtains, while all the lights of the room seemed filtering through rose-leaves. A poor name, too, for her feeling when she woke in the night, and remembering the company she was in, stretched out a little hand to make sure; or for the feeling which kept her (a fidgety, chattering creature from six a. m. ouward as a rule) lying quite still in the morning in that rose-and-fairy-land—as still as ever she sat in church and much, much happier, until such time as Nurse came and fetched her away from her sleeping mother's side. And so, "Let me sleep in your bed to-night," said little Aurelia, coaxing all she knew. "Well, just this one time you shall,"

said the Mother, intent on fulfilling her duties to the uttermost since she was in the mood and they so pleasant. Aurelia whooped and danced about with almost as great a din as when she succeeded in dislodging the Boers (Ada, the sewing-maid) from their fortified Kopje (the nursery side-board); and then quite out of breath tumbled into her mother's lap again.

The child's joy was so flattering and so refreshing that the Mother found herself wondering why women were not better mothers than they were. This sort of thing was really great fun, and unlike most fun there wasn't any harm in it. She felt quite grateful to Mrs. Van Troden for

going down with the influenza. "And what's more," she went on with further quickening of innocent desires and good resolutions, "what is more-but come button up your dressing gown and let's draw close to the fire!-what's more you shall sleep there to-morrow night as well.

sighed Aurelia, and leaned against "Oh !" her mother. She could not shout or jump for joy any more; her happy heart was like an over-laden honey-bee. "And besides that, I've a wonderful

plan in my head," continued her mother. The child sat up. "A plan for a lovely treat; indeed, I think I've got plans for a hundred treats," she said, lavishly, smiling and looking deep into Aurelia's round

morals and behavior who never came down stairs without politely asking permission, and certainly never in a dirty frock, never was selfish, asking her mother to play with her when she was busy or had a headache; never was cheeky to her nurse; would have

Then began a great frolicking in the bath, which continued till the room was you 'member how I tried and tried, and then I didn't leave it any more, and so then you gave me Doll Dinah? Don't you "member?" (It had been such an epoch in the little life.)

"Now how naughty of me to forget,

said her mother. "Of course you did." For a moment, the thought of preaching to this generous, loving and interesting creature became an absurdity and indecency But, "Go on, please," coaxed Aurelia, and so the story went forward, relating how happy the Princes's mother became in seeing her little girl so good, until the listen-

er again interrupted with-"I will try to be like the Princess. will try to give my strawberries and oream to poor beggar children. I will try and not be selfish any more—and even if I have the loveliest doll in the world—like Doll Dinah even," she said, shutting her eyes tight and nodding her head in great jerks to emphasize her determination, "I will try to give it to somebody else if you like. try to give it to somebody else if you like. I believe I'm not going to do anything naughty or unkind any more all my life for ever and ever, and be just like you, Mother dear!" She opened her eyes and drew breath. "Well, and what did the Bad Fairy be able to do?" she went on, "I den't think the hed fairs could do much don't think the bad fairy could do much, because the Good Fairy was so awfully strong, wasn't she, don't you believe?" "Well, I'm just coming to that," said e Mother. "The Bad Fairy-"" the Mother.

Someone knocked at the door and a maid entered.

"Major Morrison is here," she said. "Major Morrison?" repeated the Mother, with a sense of shock and disappointment.

Aurelia's hold became a clutch. "You won't go, will you?" she said a little sternly. "You promised me." "My dear Heart. I didn't know when

promised that----'' The child flashed around on the maid

with blazing cheeks. "Please tell Major Morrison to go away," she said, imperious-

ly. "Husb, Aurelia, how dreadfully you speak! I don't want to leave you, but I mustn't be rude or unkind just for your

pleasure's sake, must I?" "Why must you see him?" the child pleaded tremulouely. "Why must you?

Why?" The superior maid waited in chill and

immovable silence. "I'll come," said the Mother, flushing little, and looking at her above the child's

head. The superior maid turned to go. "Stop," said Aurelia, with beaving chest; "just ask Major Morrison to wait till we've finished the fairy tale. And then after that," she continued, imploringly, "how soon will you come up-stairs to

go to sleep with me?" The maid closed the door. "Now, my sweetheart," said the Moth-

er, "I want you to be the most sensible little princess in the world. I can't finish eyes; it was worth being lavish to arouse the story now, and I can't come up as early St. Louis.

"Well, Mother darling?" she ventured

at last, with tentative tone and smile, "I s'pose-well, I s'pose you don't feel in-Pose-well, I s'pose you don't leel li-blined to tickle me or anything like that, do you?" The quaint overture surprised the lady

out of her reverie and made her smile, "I think I feel inclined to do anything on ask of me," she said, lifting her little

girl unto the bed. Aurelia was immediately at ease with her mother again. Hurrah!" she cried, bouncing up and down on the bed. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! D'you really mean it, Dearest?" She put her head on one side and wheeled. "I s'pose you couldn't

let me have Bluebell to sleep with as well as you? I don't s'pose you could do that, "Bluebell, my night-toy," as she de-

scribed the huge toy rabbit with shoe-but-ton eyes which had lain in her arms so many nights that all his perturbances were worn hald and shiny, had always been forbidden her mother's chamber and, as Aurelia firmly believed, had taken the sight to heart. Now for the first time he was to have an invitation.

"Hurrah! you exquisite Mother!" cried Aurelia, bouncing harder than ever. "And will you go on telling me the story, too, and will you go to bed, now when I do, and anything else I like? Now, whatever else do I like, I wonder?" she added anx-

iously. "Well" said her mother, beginning to undo Aurelia's dressing-gown, "il we were in the middle of a story we had better fin-"il we were ish it I think. I'm very stupid to-night-what was it all about, and where did we get to in it?"

"Don't you 'member?" said Aurelia, and in her eagerness she hardly knew that the fluffy garment was taken off in the luxurions bed. "It was about the Good Fairy who helped the Princess to be good and the bad one who made her bad, and you didn't know which was going to win. Don't you member? Which did win, I

'Yes, I remember now," the Mother said. She bent down and laid her head on the pillow beside the child and looked and looked into those clear eyes—then she closed her own to hide her tears.

"Well, which did win then?" asked the

"I think perhaps the Good Fairy-and I'm quite certain the Good Fairy-won the day." answered the Mother.-By Maude Egerton King, in Everybody's Magazine.

World's Fair Accommodations

The St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association has organized a World's Fair Bureau, through which it is prepared to furnish reliable accommodations at reasonfurnish reliable accommodations at reason-able rates in hotels, boarding houses, and splendid private homes. This is really an extension of the boarding house register, which such Associations have always main-Louis Association makes no charge to its patrons, either directly or indirectly, for the service, and the benefits of the Bureau are extended not only to young men, but to the public generally. These interest are extended not only to young men, but to the public generally. Those interested are invited to correspond with E. P. Shepard, Secretary Y. M. C. A. World's Fair Bureau, Grand and Franklin Aves., Come in and talk with me about it.

Mr. T: I' Mairs. Section B. Prof. R. L. Watts and Prof. H. Surface.

Thursday Afternoon, Oct. 13. Joel A. Herr, Cedar Springs, Pa., Chairman. (Session at State College)

2:30 Music—Mrs. H. A. Surface. 2:30-3:30 General Session. Dr. Leonard Pear-son, "Breeding in Relation to Disease." 3:30-4:30 Section A. Prof Wells W. Cooke, "The Effects of Feeds on the Quality and Quantity of Milk." tion B. Mr. Alva Agee, "Potato Culture."

Section B. Mr. Alva Agee, Round Tables. 4:30-5:00 Section A. Prof. Wells W. Cooke. Section B. Mr. Alva Agee. 5:00-5:30 General session. Dr. Leonard Pear-

Thursday Evening, Oct. 13. Drumore, Pa., Chairman. Hon. Wm. H. Brosius, Drumore, Pa., (Session at Bellefonte)

(Seesion at Bellefonte) 7:30-Music, Mrs. H. A. Surface. Dr. D. J. Crosby, of the U. S. Department o Agriculture, "Nature Study and Agriculture in the Public Schools," (illustrated.) Prof. H. A. Surface, Penn'a State, Zoologist "Our Insect Friends," (illustrated.)

Friday Morning, Oct. 14. Dr. M. E. Conard, Westgrove, Pa., Chairman. (Session at State College)

Call to order at 9:30. Music. 9:30-10:30 General session. Prof. Franklin Menges, "Methods of Cultivating Hay and Leg-uminous froms." Menges, "Methods of Cultivaring Hay and Des uminous Crops." 10:30-11:30 Section A. Mr. J. T. Campbell, "Egg Production." Section B. Mr. R. D. Barclay, "Bee-keeping." Special Round 'Tables. 11:30-12:00 Section A. Mr. J. T. Campbell. Section B. Mr. R. D. Barclay. General Round Table. 12:00-12:30—Prof. Franklin Menges.

Friday Afternoon, Oct. 14 M. N. Clark, Claridge, Pa., Chairman. (Session at State College, unless otherwise an-nounced) 2:30 General scenter

nounced) 2:30 General session, on "The County and Local Management of Farmers' Institutes." Hon, Jason Sexton, "The County Chairman." H. W. Northup, "Institute Committees." Geo. A. Woodside, "Advertisement of Insti-utes."

(Five minute discussions, open to all.)

Norz.—A competent person will be in charge of the Question Box to whom all written questions will be referred and answers given at round table talks. Gov. Pennepacker is expected to be presen and address the meeting at one of the sessions. Arrangements have been made with the leading railroads of the State for the sale

of tickets at excursion rates. Such tickets can be obtained from the local ticket agents by the presentation of orders that can be ecured by application to either of the undersigned

Traveling and hotel expenses of county chairman of institutes and institute lectur-ers engaged for the coming season, will be borne by the department.

All farmers' organizations within the State, including agriculture and horticultural societies, nurserymen's association, bee-keeper's association, dairymen's Union, farmers' clubs, granges, farmers' alliances, etc., are requested to send properly author-ized representatives or delegates to the meeting, who will be accorded the privi-lege of participation in all the discussions. N. B. CRITCHFIELD, Sec'y.

-F. Potts Green says : I am very and others, whose work is constant-ly draining their nerve supply, tell me that Vin-te-na is the one remedy which

no big white animals now rhinoceros dwells.

Chickens that have never seen a fox will cackle and run in fear if they come across the place where the animal has passed or where his carcass has been dragged. If a fox has been anywhere near a cat's drinking dish the cat will not approach it.-New York Press.

A Spoiled Dinner.

Mme de Mazarin certainly was eccentric and unfortunate, according to the memoirs of Marquise de Crequy. She never gave a reception without some accident happening. When she had a supper party the kitchen was certain to catch on fire. She gave a grand fete champeter and in order to make it more realistic sent for a flock of real sheep, a heifer and a shepherd's dog. The flock was to pass behind a glass screen. An unruly buck smashed the glass, and the entire flock, with the heifer and dog, rushed in upon the audience and scattered it. Some of the sheep got access to the supper table, and so there were no refreshments to speak of.

The Prince of Waterloo.

After the battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington was created Prince of Waterloo, and four pensions were conferred on him and his descendants. A Belgian paper states that in the great book of the Belgian public debt there are four entries every year of payments to the Prince of Waterloo. They are 80,106 francs 14 centimes, 492 francs, 35 francs 89 centimes and 3 francs 47 centimes, or a total of more than £3:000.

He Does Go Round Buttin'.

At a dinner recently given in London an American actor proposed the conundrum, "What goes round a button?" After the problem had been given up by the party he gave the an-

swer, "A goat." There was a moment's silince. Finally one of the women spoke up.

"Why," she said in a pezzled tone, "I didn't know they ate buttons."-Harper's Weekly.

His Point of View.

"Do you think the world is growing better?"

"No, confound it! I dropped the nickel the conductor gave me in change this morning, and it rolled off the car."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Changed It.

The Lady-That isn't the same story you told me before. The Beggar-No, lady; you didn't believe the other one. -Philadelphia Telegraph.

The greedy eye always misses more than a generous one .- Chicago Tribune.

The Marquis of Worcester, while in prisoned in the Tower of London in 1656, invented and constructed the first steam engine of which we have any authentic record and had it publicly exhibited the same year in Vauxhall in successful operation. In 1690 Dr. Papin invented and made a piston, and in 1698 Captain Savary devised and built a steam engine on a slightly modified plan, while in 1705 Newcomb, Cawley and Savary constructed their atmospheric engine complete in every detail. James Watt, who today enjoys the distinction of being the veritable author of this most useful contrivance, did not appear upon the scene until 1765, just sixty years later.-Pearson's Weekly.

Natural Cure For Rheumatism. There is a wonderful grotto at Monsummano, Italy, called the Grotto Giusti, where the natural vapor is stated to be an infallible cure for rheumatism. Fifty years ago some workmen were quarrying for lime when they discovered the grotto, and its healing powers were first made known some little time later. In the lowest portion, appropriately named the Inferno, the temperature is about 95 degrees F., and here the victims from rheumatism sit and perspire for an hour at a time. Such a vapor bath is said to be of much

greater service than a Turkish bath.

No Premeditation.

Justice of Peace-What do mean by saying it was not premeditated, Rastus? You acknowledge that you broke into the plaintiff's hardware store and stole a bunch of keys. Rastus-Yassuh, yassuh. But dat wuzn't mah fault. jedge. Mistah Smiff done put locks on his chicken coop dat mone ob mah keys would fit, an' dere wuzn't no udder way ter git in widout his heahin' me 'ceptin' by borrerin' dem keys. Yassuh; dat's de truf.-Judge.

His Voice.

"What would you do if you had a voice like mine?

"Have it operated on." "Have it operated on? Why, I'll have you to understand that I made

my fortune through my voice." "Yes. I heard you proposed to your wife with it."

Wages, Forsooth!

Mrs. Annex-I'll tell you what I'll do, Bridget. If you'll consent to stay I'll raise your wages. Bridget-Listen to her, wud ye? Raise me wages, indade! Ye'll increase me salary, that's phwat ye'll do.-Brooklyn Life.

The Modern Way.

He-And so they got married? She-Yes, they got married, were separated again in a week's time and have lived happily ever since.-Philadelphia Bulletin