

Democrat Watchman

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THE ODD EVENT—AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

"I don't care if they have," declared Jessie Folsom, vehemently, throwing another pillow on the end of the lounge, so that she could sit up and more comfortably enter into the discussion, which was exciting warm in the common room in the third story of the North Hall—"Third North" it was usually called. "I don't care if they have. I claim that the character of our victories outweighs theirs; and at the best—I mean at the worst—it is only a tie. And, besides, I don't favor leaving it to Miss Caldwell, because she is all for outdoor games, while two of our athletic victories were in the gym."

This emphatically delivered opinion was in reply to Lou Winslow's remark that the Polars had won in as many contests as the Solars. The "Solars" included those girls who roomed in the South Hall located to the south of the main recitation-building in the Governor School for Girls, of which Miss Adeline Caldwell was principal—and had been when some of the mothers of her present pupils went to school there. The "Polars" included those in North Hall. The two halls were independent as regards their dormitories and dining-rooms, but all the class-room and gymnasium work was in common. In the main, the girls were loyal to the set in which they were placed, and this loyalty grew as the months went on. Naturally a friendly rivalry sprang up between the two halls.

It was now the end of October, and nearly all the old girls had come back, and there were but a few newcomers. Custom in the school had set the day of the last cross-country run as the ending of "Contest year," and this year's contest of all events dated from the previous October when they were contrasted.

The discussion which was now going on in Third North was by all the girls of North Hall, called the day after the cross-country run, which had been won by South after a hard contest. Ethel Simmons, one of the young "day" scholars, had, that morning, brought over from South Hall a letter claiming the championship and asking the Polars what course they intended to take to meet their claims to this coveted honor. Lou Winslow had reminded the meeting that each side had won an equal number of events, the result being—for South: Hockey, Oratorical Contest, Tennis, and Cross-Country Run; while North had to her credit: Basketball, Golf, Gymnasium Team Work, and Debate. Jessie Folsom had been on the golf-team and in the debate, and no doubt the memory of the work required to win made her estimate at their full value the victories gained. Hence her belief that the balance was in their favor.

The discussion grew warmer and after nearly an hour's conference nothing further seemed to have been arrived at than that North had triumphed over her rivals—an opinion that each Polar had already held before she entered the room.

The strain of the fruitless discussion was wearing on some, and it was apparent that the meeting would break up if something was not done before long.

Louise Winslow was acting as chairman, and her eyes rained about the room looking for help. They rested on Mary Flinders, who was coiled up in a wicker chair at the back of the room. "Polly Flinders," almost shouted the chairman, addressing that individual by the name the girls had given her soon after she had come to the school, "you haven't said a word yet on the whole question of being on the golf-team. What's the use of being on the golf-team if you can't help out in a simple thing like this? Can't you give us a suggestion?"

"Yes, I can," said Polly, jumping up from the lounge and leaning on the table around which the most of the girls were sitting. "I think I have a good suggestion but I don't believe any of you will take it. You don't want Miss Caldwell to decide the matter, and you won't draw lots. Now I propose that we leave it to John." (John was the head gardener of the grounds.) "We all know he is fair."

Cries of "Oh! oh!" met this statement, for it was well known that old John, who had formerly been greenkeeper on a South golf-course, had coached Polly, and would have added for her in the tournament if he had not been ruled out at the last minute as being a "professional." Polly gleamed from this unanimous expression that her proposition was not acceptable. Indeed, she had not expected it would be.

"Well," she went on, "if you don't care for that, what do you say to this? I have been thinking of a plan for some fun this fall, and I don't see why we can't have the same at the same time settle the much vexed question to the satisfaction of our friends the enemy. We are now in the midst of that delectable season much looked forward to by every man, woman, and child who has the manhood, womanhood, and childhood" (Polly was growing eloquent) "to call himself a man, woman, and child—I mean or child—the harvest-time of the forest. Stripped of all its verbiage—I mean foliage—and getting down to the kernel, so to speak, I refer to the nutting season. Doesn't that thrill you? But, honestly, joking aside, what do you say to challenging South to a nutting contest? Don't faint! It isn't intellectual, but it will be novel."

"Hurrah for Polly!" was the chorus that greeted this proposition. The relief was shared by all; and in the enthusiasm the meeting began anew, and before it adjourned the details had been worked out. They were simple. The challenge to South was to a contest of nut-gathering, to begin the next Saturday, thirty girls on a side, to start from the school at two o'clock and to be back at five-thirty, sharp. Nothing was to be counted but chestnuts and hickory-nuts, and four quarts of hickory-nuts were equal to one quart of chestnuts in the final measuring.

The challenge was accepted, and then began seven days of preparation for this novel "event," in which no previous training or mental qualities would render any assistance unless they were the keenness of observation and the memory of those who had "located" trees in their frequent rambles about the rolling country in the midst of which the school was situated.

Every man-servant and maid-servant on the premises was questioned as to the whereabouts of nut-trees; each side seeking information from every person who could possibly be of help. Long walks of inspection were taken. The teachers were in great demand as chaperones to accompany small groups from both sides—each with a different teacher, and each calling upon neighboring farmers to learn all they knew on the subject and to get their permission to gather the nuts should any trees be on their place. One crusty old farmer, on whom a small party of Polars led by Jessie

Folsom called, utterly refused his permission until Jane Olcott, in despair, offered to return him any nuts they might gather on his farm, after they had been measured at the school. And the offer was accepted.

"The stingy old thing!" Jessie said as she left the house; "I had a mind to pick out all the worm-eaten ones to give him."

It was fun to see the rival groups scouting the country in search of information. On one occasion a North and a South group approached a farm house from opposite directions, and a sprouting match was inaugurated on the spot to reach the house first—only to find that a half-hour previously the farmer had "crossed his breath" and solemnly promised a third group of "Miss Caldwell's young ladies" not to tell anybody else what he knew. Whether these earlier callers were Solars or Polars of course he could not say.

At last Saturday came, bright and crisp. Impromptu bags of muslin had been sewed up; the kitchen had been drawn upon for small salt and flour bags. Helen Robbins and Louise Sinclair, the most ambitious among the Solars, had each tipped up one end of a small lounge pillow and hopefully displayed them to encourage other South girls by what they had set for themselves as their "stint."

The group from South Hall, headed by Catharine Stearns, with Lou Winslow leading the North contingent, assembled before the entrance of Recitation Hall. Miss Caldwell had heartily entered into the contest of the stroke of two she gave the word "Go!" and that assemblage of girls scattered as if a bomb had been exploded on the lawn. Each side had recorded the reports of each of its scouting parties during that week, and small groups had been assigned certain "covers" in which to hunt, and had been given directions about other places to which they were to repair after having exhausted their first assignment. As might have been expected, certain trees were known to both sides, and lively contests were being fought out in half a dozen places at once. Perhaps the greatest fun was when one group would make for a tree unknown to the other side. It was amusing to see some bold back, not wishing to disclose a particularly rich "find" to the others.

Jessie Folsom drew Mary Flinders to one side as Louise Sinclair and Alice Gordon came along.

"Walk slowly, Polly, and let those Solars get ahead," she said; "I know two simply gorgeous chestnut trees over by that big boulder, and you don't have to be afraid of them, either. I found them yesterday. We'll take in our regular trees later." The other girls, seeing them fall back, of course suspected something of the truth, and they held back too. Then Jessie and Polly forged ahead and started on a run. Louise and Alice, fearing lest the others might be after the trees they were assigned to, hurried after the two North girls and soon passed them. When they were out of sight, Jessie and Polly walked over to the boulder and began to earnest.

What went on at a score of other places within a mile radius of the school can be imagined. Here there would be North and South girls gathering nuts side by side; over there, a group energetically scouring the ground for the easiest gathering before any rivals who might be in sight and who might have met with poor luck at their trees.

Everywhere there was a mad rush and intense excitement. Helen Robbins, justifying South Hall's faith in her "divining" powers, had at her first tree filled a modest bag, and was using her tam-o'-shanter, which seemed to reach a limitless depth as the growing weight of nuts stretched the loose wool into a veritable knit bag. Almost in every case the harvest had been underestimated, and every available pocket was brought into requisition.

As the town clock sounded five preparations were made for the return. "No straggling" signs, in the hope of being able to locate some "unanchored" tree that had escaped the others, and so get a fleet of five minutes, of especially rich picking.

The first to arrive at the school was Lou Winslow, bowed down with a ton of nuts, as it seemed to her—in reality but five quarts, the record of the day. In a few minutes three South girls came up, proudly displaying their burdens. Lou's heart sank within her as she feared that each had more than she. Polly Flinders' big bag encouraged her, but her spirits brightened and fell as the other girls deposited their pickings on the porch, on either side of the steps. A few minutes before five-thirty the last girl had come panting up the steps and thrown herself on a piazza chair.

Miss Caldwell was there to meet them, and at once sent for John to bring his measure from the stable. In the meantime the chestnuts were being sorted from the hickory-nuts.

When John arrived the measuring began—first with South's harvest. It seemed to the girls on both sides that John was exasperatingly slow as his clumsy hands filled and emptied the wooden quart measure.

"Why didn't you fill your peck measure from both lots?" said Lou Winslow, as she viewed the huge piles of hickory-nuts, and then she the quart measure on the rest?"

But John had begun, and nothing would stop him.

"Thirteen—yes, nine—fourteen—but it's sixteen—no late now—seventeen!" So they had to endure the agony of waiting. Miss Caldwell and several of the girls kept tally, and a shout went up from the South girls when John had called off "eighty-four, and that's all."

"First class in mental arithmetic stand up," announced Helen Robbins.

"If I quart of chestnuts equals four quarts of hickory-nuts, how many quarts of chestnuts will eighty-four quarts of hickory-nuts equal?"

"Twenty-one."

North's contribution was then measured and showed but sixty-eight quarts, an equivalent of seventeen quarts of chestnuts.

Then John began on South's chestnuts, which amounted to twenty-eight quarts, giving the total South score as equivalent to forty-nine quarts of chestnuts.

But that meant nothing until North's final measuring. Now the excitement was intense, and when John had measured thirty quarts it seemed as if the girls would go wild.

"Thirty quarts and the seventeen from our hickory-nuts make forty-seven. Two more quarts will tie them! Oh, why didn't we stay just five minutes longer at that last tree, Polly?" said Jessie Folsom, in despair.

How many quarts were there in that scattered remnant of a pile? That was the question in each mind. No one could guess, and nothing remained but to endure John's maddening deliberation.

The girls crowded around the old man until he had barely room in which to work. It seemed as if he were slower and slumberier than ever.

"Hurrah, hurrah, John!" they kept repeating.

The old fellow's eyes twinkled, and, if the truth were known, he was no less excited than the contestants.

But all things have an end, and at last he gathered in every stray chestnut in sight. Straightening up, he held in his hand a partly filled measure, and estimating by the markings on the inside the fractions of a quart, announced what every one by this time had known: "thirty-one and a half for the North young ladies."

"Hurrah!" cried thirty excited voices from the South end of the steps. Caps were flung in the air, and such a buzzing and dancing went on among that jubilant contingent that you might have thought bedlam had been let loose.

"Hurrah! Won by a pint! Hurrah for Old South!" And Catharine Stearns and Alice Gordon ran over to their dormitory to run up the Solar's flag.

In the meantime Miss Caldwell was preparing the "official" score to be handed to the leaders of the respective contestants.

"It's perfectly disgusting," said Jessie Folsom, struggling to hide her disappointment. "They act like an infant-school."

"So they do," said Lou Winslow, who was standing by her; "and they have sent over to run up their flag. I'm just mad clear through," and she violently thrust both hands in the pockets of her jacket and started to walk off.

But in an instant she gave vent to a loud "Ooo!" and then, a moment later, she had run up the steps, shouting the while: "Hold on! Hold on! I've got some more nuts. We are not all in yet."

This announcement caused an immediate rally of the North girls, while their rivals were too busy celebrating their victory and congratulating one another to take much notice.

This is what had happened. When Lou had jammed her hands in her pockets she had thrust one of them through a hole in the lining, and had pricked her finger on a fragment of chestnut-hut. In an instant she discovered that the vast recesses between the cloth and the lining were rich in chestnuts that had worked through an unnoticed hole of considerable size in the lining—a tear made larger by the weight of nuts with which the pocket had been stuffed.

HEADLESS, YET ALIVE.

Insects That Continue to Exist After Decapitation.

Most persons of an observing turn of mind are aware of the fact that there are several species of insects that will continue to live without seeming inconceivable for some time after decapitation, exact knowledge on the length of time which the various species of insects would survive such mutilation being somewhat vague.

Professor Conestriani once undertook a series of experiments with a view of determining that and other facts in relation to the wonderful vitality of such creatures. In each case the head was smoothly removed with a pair of thin bladed forceps, and when spontaneous movements of the wings and legs ceased he employed sundry irritating devices, such as pricking, squeezing and blowing tobacco smoke over the insect.

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As a result of these experiments he ascertained that members of the beetle family at once showed signs of suffering, while such as ants, bees, wasps, etc., remained for hours unaffected.

Some which seemed stunned from the effects of the operation recovered after a time and continued to live and enjoy a headless existence for several days. Butterflies and moths seemed but little affected by the guillotining process, and the common flies (diptera) appeared to regard the operation as a huge joke.

"The common house fly," said the experimenter, "appeared to be in full possession of his senses (rather paradoxical, when in all probability the canary had swallowed head, sense and all) thirty-six hours after being operated upon."

The bodies of some species of butterflies survived as long as eighteen days after the head had been removed, but the head itself seldom showed signs of life longer than six hours after decapitation. In the general summary of these huge experiments we are informed that the last signs of life were manifested either in the middle or last pair of legs and that the myriopods showed great tenacity of life "and appeared wholly indifferent to the loss of their heads."

A FAMOUS MONSTER.

An Old Time Wonder That Had an Eye in Its Knee.

In the writings of both Licetus and Zahn may be found descriptions and illustrations of a monster born at Ravenna, Italy, in the year 1511 or 1512, the exact date being somewhat uncertain. This monster had a body and shoulders like those of a young woman. There was but one leg, gradually tapering from the hips down and terminating in an immense scized claw, like that of a turkey buzzard. There were four toes, each tipped with a bony nail, three of them pointing to the left and one to the right. The creature had wings in place of arms and always held them in an erect position, as though ready to take flight at the slightest provocation. From the hips to the single knee the flesh was covered with large, well arranged feathers. From the knee joint to the foot the leg was scaled, like that of the common barnyard fowl, the spot where the feathers left off and the scales commenced being marked with a large lidless eye, which seemed to be altogether incapable of voluntary motion. The neck, head and general outlines of the face were those of a woman, but the ears were large and set very low, almost on the neck.

The head was covered with a queer mixture of scales, feathers and hair, but the oddity of the whole "upper story" was a pointed horn, whose rose just in the edge of the hair on the center of the forehead. This horn was three inches in length, and, according to Zahn, "even a farmer would have mistaken it for the horn of a two-year-old heifer had it been removed and shown to him."

The old time wonder mongers all give pictures and descriptions of this "horned Italian monster," but none tells how long it lived or what was done with the body after death.

The Changing Tides.

The most approved theory among scientists as to the cause of the rise and fall of the tide is that the moon is the dominating cause through its differential attraction upon the opposite sides of the earth, drawing the nearer water away from the earth under the moon for the production of high water large and in like manner drawing the earth away from the opposite waters for the production of high water small. The smaller tidal effect of the sun's attraction becomes noticeable mainly as modifying the lunar tide, increasing it in the spring tides and decreasing it in the neaps and further modifying it in the priming and lagging of the tides.

Death Warning.

Oliver Wendell Holmes recorded his protest against the custom of telling a person who does not actually ask to know that he cannot recover. As that loving observer of mankind asserted, so must every one who knows whereof he speaks assert that people almost always come to understand that recovery is impossible. It is rarely needful to tell any one that this is the case. When nature gives the warning death appears to be as little feared as sleep.

An Evil Communication.

Teacher-Evil communications corrupt good manners. Now, Johnny, can you understand what that means? Johnny—"Yes'm." For instance, pa got a communication from ma's dressmaker this morning, and it made him use bad language.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A DAILY THOUGHT.

Life is a great and noble calling, not a mean and groveling thing to be shuffled through as we can, but a lofty and exalted destiny.—John Morley.

Everything points to a short season, in linen as in cloth, although there are certain devotees to long coat styles who prophesy that the more tailored types of linen suits—those meant to go into the tub freely—will show the long coat.

But the occasional long coat which dares show itself side by side with the ubiquitous short coat is so very occasional as to be conspicuous.

Etou jackets and boleros and pony jackets—a thousand changes which make the three styles take on infinite variety—rule in the styles worn so far; the boleros the most fascinating little things imaginable, given more character and individuality than one could have thought possible with what up to now has seemed so trivial a little affair, and growing shorter week by week until some of them are scarcely more than fitted capes.

And Etou is as fascinating—if they are really Etou, after all! For so many daring changes have been wrought, so many little innovations, so many bold differences of line and treatment, that the old Etou has utterly disappeared, to be followed by this new thing, even more practical and a deal more beautiful than the old.

Pony jackets are about in every sort of stuff and pony jackets are having a smattering all to themselves. For the little loose coat which bears the name is so easy for any type of figure to wear that it is really a lazy little style, unlike either bolero or Etou, in which figure and carriage alike mar, or make wonderful, the style.

A dozen new skirts have been evolved, in the desire of dressmakers and tailors and the whole long-suffering race of women combined to escape from the troubles of the utterly charming, utterly aggravating circular skirt, which will sag, and sag, do what you will, and is at once the despair and delight of its makers and wearers. No one thoroughly satisfactory substitute has yet been evolved, but the reaction has brought out some pretty styles and adaptations of styles.

Materials are all the light weight supple kind—volles better than ever, though the finer meshes are used. Vellings—some of them embroidered—are as popular, almost, as volles, and panama, which is a cross between cloth and veiling, with a world of wear in it, and a pretty style into them. What seems strange is the great popularity of serge—serge in every color and shade, and in the soft, only half visible broken plaids and bars and stripes.

Tiny adjustable waistscoats of pique or linen give a quaint little assumption of mannishness to some serge suits, simple and practical, but not heavy—wedges—some of them embroidered—are as popular, almost, as volles, and panama, which is a cross between cloth and veiling, with a world of wear in it, and a pretty style into them. What seems strange is the great popularity of serge—serge in every color and shade, and in the soft, only half visible broken plaids and bars and stripes.

With pongee, reversing the present order of the shade which goes by the unromantic name of oyster white, and is really white with the edge taken off, to a hundred pretty shadow checks and stripes and plaids, varying from gray and white of two and even three toned grays.

Salad Dressing.—We have used the following recipe for a number of years with satisfactory results. The mixture may be kept for any length of time, and on a minute's notice is ready for use.

Beat the yolks of eight eggs; add a cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful each of salt, mustard and pepper, and half a cupful of cream. Mix well. Boil a cupful of butter in a pint and a half of vinegar. Pour this upon the mixture and stir well.

This makes a large quantity, which may be put into an ordinary fruit jar and kept in the place most convenient.

Tempting dishes are at once possible and easily prepared. Cold vegetables that were once considered the indispensable property of ducks and chickens are eagerly seized upon as the basis for salad.

The potatoes left from dinner may be sliced after the meal, the dressing poured over, and by the next meal they are thoroughly seasoned and very appetizing. One day both corn and cold-law were added to the potatoes. Onions are a great improvement, but as they are distasteful to some members of the family we seldom use them. Cabbage or lettuce may be served with the dressing.

If I were going out camping, I should certainly take a quart or so of the mixture with other supplies, and, when it came my turn to reign in culinary affairs, I would astonish my friends with salads strange and manifold until they cried "Hold, enough!"

The Co-operative Art League is the high-sounding title of a pastime very like the old game of consequence, and is completed in groups of three. The first member of the group drawing a head at the top of a slip of paper, folds the paper over, leaving only the neck line visible, and passes the folded paper to number two. The second artist supplies the body and again folds down the paper, leaving a suggestion of legs for the third member of the group, who sketches the feet. Some astonishing results are achieved by combination of fish, flesh and fowl that will supply merriment for an entire evening and develop one's ability for rapid sketching. If preferred, pictures cut from newspapers may be pasted on, heads being furnished at one table, bodies and feet at the other two and the paper background folded just to the joining line. It is a little more trouble to provide paste, blotters and cut pictures, but some wonderfully grotesque results are achieved—one recently seen having a charming young lady with a picture hat for the top, a child's plaid jumpers for the middle and duck's feet for the fish.

All that could have been done by farmers to promote the growth of the crop up to the beginning of winter had been done, but they could go no farther. The control of the season and the weather is beyond the farmers' power to change.

The month of March is usually the hardest month in the year on the wheat crop. When the land is covered with snow during the month we generally have a good crop of wheat unless the preceding winter months have been very unfavorable.

Reports are coming from all quarters that the wheat crop is badly damaged as the effects of the open winter and constant freezing and thawing. The crop looked fine in this part of the country last fall and certainly began the winter in fine condition.

Sheep are usually more exposed in the fields than other animals. During cold storms they require shelter. In an experiment made it was found that 20 sheep under shelter gained 273 pounds more than unsheltered sheep and on less food, during one winter.

The department of agriculture of Ireland appropriates a sum of money annually for poultry improvements. There are now employed thirty instructors in poultry keeping; and meetings are held for the instructions of poultry keepers. The department has special centres for distribution of eggs of the best breeds.

The best melons are not always the largest. Many of the varieties grown for shipment to market must necessarily possess thick rinds. A good melon should be very sweet, and should not be stringy when sliced, nor should the rind be very thick. The best flavored cantaloupes are the small ones, the Jenny Lind and Nettled Gem being favorites.

The cutworm often destroys whole fields of corn, compelling replanting, which makes the crop late and less able to stand dry weather. The corn land should be plowed deep and left rough, so as to permit the frost to enter. When cutworms are exposed to alternate thawing and freezing weather many will be destroyed, though cold without dampness may not injure them.

In the selection of cattle foods the farmer should keep in view the results to be expected. Some foods are more valuable, pound for pound, than others, because they differ in the relative proportion of dry substance contained, in the digestibility of that dry substance and in its composition. The digestive capacity of each animal should be known to the farmer, and he should endeavor to supply its wants.

The improvement of the poultry industry is beginning to be realized everywhere that human intelligence directs and common sense is exercised in contributing to the wants of mankind. The improvements that have been introduced and that have been permanently adopted in the progress of the poultry industry, have increased the quality and breeding for all purposes and the consequent value of poultry products and profits to a wonderful extent within the last few years.

When a cow is fed upon a variety of food she has an opportunity of selecting those portions most suitable for her purpose. Her natural appetite is her guide. If she is yielding milk she will give the preference to certain foods which she might reject if she should happen to be dried off. This selection of food is one of the valuable characteristics of an animal, as it increases her power of production. To keep a cow on an unchangeable diet, therefore, is to lessen her usefulness.

Experienced growers of raspberries claim that, with good varieties and care, an acre will produce as many bushels as it will of corn, and give five times as much profit, as well as remain for several years after the plants have been started. Occasionally estimates are given of large yields and good prices, but at the present time more raspberries are grown than formerly, and prices are not so high, nevertheless, a large number of growers do not use a sufficient quantity of fertilizer, and could secure larger crops by more judicious cultivation.

The amount of dry matter in sugar beets or turnips depends upon the soil and other conditions of growth, even the kind of manure having something to do with the quality. The value of a root crop does not depend upon the proportion of dry matter contained, as it may be desirable to have the water when succulence is desired. Roots are valuable foods in winter, which is the reason when the hay and grain materials contain more dry matter than is required, the roots serving as a succulent addition to the ordinary rations.

In the potato the most important constituent is starch. Thousands of bushels of potatoes are used in the starch industry, which assists in maintaining prices. Bakers also use potatoes in the making of bread, and potatoes are also used largely for food in various ways. It is through the agency of the leaves that the starch is elaborated in the tubers, hence it is necessary that potato beetles be destroyed before they damage the vines. Instead of allowing them to consume a large portion of the growth. The best potatoes are produced early, when the vine growth is vigorous.

It is safe to say that the market gardeners near our large cities realize greater profits from lettuce than from any other vegetable. It is a very hardy plant, and when well under way withstands not only a quite degree of cold, but also the heat. If the plants are partially protected, by being set out on the sunny side of ridges, they progress much more rapidly in growth than when not so carefully managed, and the quicker they can be grown the better the quality. If the plants are set out in rows wide enough to admit the free use of the hoe, and well manured, they will become solid. When sown broadcast on rich beds they also furnish a large quantity of tender leaves.

For a lawn sown blue grass seed at the rate of three bushels per acre. It may cost more in the spring per bushel for good seed, according to the supply and demand, as it is high in price during some seasons. It is light, weighing about 10 pounds per bushel. It is the best grass for a lawn, and plenty of seed should be used. No lawn will prove satisfactory if new unless the ground has been well prepared. Plow the land and level it fine with a rake. Wood ashes will always give excellent results. The kinds of grass depend upon the nature of the soil, but the best ones are secured when the land is first thoroughly prepared. Do not mow the grass too often or too close to the ground the first season. Give it an opportunity to grow and become well established.

The woman with an unduly large hand should be careful to wear sleeves that are long and wide at the wrist, no matter what the vogue may be. The apparent size of the cuff increases. That is why in the old portraits of bishops their lordships always seem to have small hands. They were filled cuffs of large size.

Misfortunes are moral bitters which frequently restore the healthy tone to the mind after it has been cloyed and stricken by prosperity.