

Bellefonte, Pa., April 6, 1906.

ONE WIFE'S CHARM.

You ask me why I'm happy when so man

endless pain ;

My secret you demand to know, you've see my happy look, And you quiz me not a little, but-remember

When other wives are envious, and tell my hus

band dear My gowns are very out of date, and at my

I have no fear, I only smile, I care not how

I know I've but to whisper-"Dear, remembe I can cook !"

My love has often said to me, "My dear, know you're plain, But married life with you, my

brought me naught but gain ; Let other women sing and dance, or

Yet you're above them all in charm-remember you can cook !

And always when I'm begged by girls to tell them by what art

I captured such a handsome quite all his heart.

I merely say, "My dears, I'm sure that all the Was asking him to dinner-for remember

And all you modern women who are anxious to be wed,

can cook!

Be wise, throw up your arts and crafts, and learn to bake your bread;

For be certain that no husban vows he took If his wife will only please him by re-

ing how to cook. -American Queen.

REST.

Oh! Those mysterious shades beyond the tomb Sweet shades compared with which earth' light is gloom :

What wonders may in those great depth abound Wrapped in that silence awful and profound?

The king and beggar resting side by side,

The tyrant and his slave e'en so abide. The cringing coward and the noble brave-All held in that strange spell beyond the grave

The shout of anger and the plaint of care : The woes of all the ages silenced there;

The tramp of conquering armies hushed

They who swayed the nations bide His will,

No more the excitement of life's mighty race. No more the rush for wealth and honored place No more the heart's with wild pulsations thrill-The Eternal has commanded "Peace be still." M. V. THOMAS.

THE BORGIA RING.

Be the land at war or at peace, there is always strife in an army post and a college town. When the events of this story took place, we had not even dreamed of Spanish wars, Philippine battles or Boxer insurrections, for, at the time Mallard acquainted me with the facts, it was only under promise of a secrecy to be maintained until ten years after their occurrence. Even now I am compelled to disguise the names as hesitation during which Shaw tried in vain best I may, though I fear that a little study to see the play of emotion on the toxicolknown of our smaller Western institutions of learning, was rent asunder by the heroes of the civil strife. The old president had long been dead and one evening a month after commencement the trustees were in session in Hanson Hall for the purpose of choosing his successor. For that delectable post there were but two candidates and, excepting the absent students, the whole college community had for weeks been bitterly arrayed under the banner of one

The one member of the faculty who did not appear deeply concerned -at least about the election—was Bernard Shaw, who held the new chair of psychology and who was the other candidate. At that very moment he was standing in the shadow of the driveway hedge holding fast to the hand of his academic rival's daughter. As well as he could he was trying to catch every changing expression on the piquant but strong features of the lithe, sunnyhaired, brown-eyed girl before him. His own pale face and blue eyes, could she have seen them, were not a little troubled. There was indecision even in his tumbled shock of black hair and the position of his broad,

athletic figure.
"I don't see how Dr. Whitley can blame me," he was saying. "You know, Margaret, that my love for you would not have permitted me to stand between your father and his dearest wish which his years now make this his last chance of obtaining."

"Yes, but he's not himself any more, and he would never consent. You don't

"Rubbish. I'm not to blame. I only met him once. The one day I spent with him at Bar Harbor last summer after I had learned to love you was the only one I ever saw anything of him. And this whole deal was arranged without my knowledge. Mallard fixed it all up because we were friends at Harvard. His father being a trustee and the great benefactor of this place alone made it possible."

"He thinks you schemed for it. He is half mad with the idea and none of us have been able to get it out of his head. Besides, you know how conservative he is. He didn't approve of establishing the new chair at all, and your book on 'The Psychology of Faith' was a terrible shock to

Shaw smiled. That volume had made its author talked about and praised wherever learning reigned. He was about to pro-test, however, when there was a hasty step on the gravel close at hand and, with a prefunctory cough of warning, Mallard simself appeared upon the scene, radiant

telking about you two. But don't I got you into this and I'll pull through. In fact. I've done so already. Just came from the doctor."

Margaret grasped.
"You didn't----" she began.
"Well, no," smiled the newcomer, "not quite that. But I've given him some thing that will make him happy regardless of the election. You know the one weak chapter in the volume on mediæval poisons. The critics nailed him there about the ringtrick-Said his theory wouldn't apply. Remembers"

Shaw reflected. "I recollect," he said, "that the doctor undertook to show that tradition was cor-rect, that Alexander VI and his son and daughter, Caesar and Lucretia Borgia, had knowledge of a poison which post mortem investigation couldn't detect, yet which was practically instantaneous. What

"Why, you know, he said they used it in a ring. The wearer shook hands with his enemy, a needle-point thereupon entered the victim's flesh and pop!-off he went.'

"Yes," said Margaret, "but the critics challenged father to find the poison formula. Ever since mother's death he's been experimenting night and day and only last month he said be'd almost given up. Then this other excitement came-"
"Right!" interrupted Mallard. "Well,

I've fixed him. I saved the gift until the psychological moment. While I was abroad, I came across an old, obscure second-hand shop in Rome. Buried in a dust pile I got hold of a ring of that description and on the inside of the gold band were traced some odd characters. I've just shown it to the doctor and he swears it's the lost formula. Oh, he won't mind the small matter of a presidency now!"

"You don's know him, Mr. Mallard," repeated Margaret.
"Well, I may not be elected, anyhow," said Shaw. "Don't let's cross the bridge before we come to it."

Almost as he spoke the door of Hanson Hall opened and the next moment a messenger - boy moved to the Whitley house. Then one of Shaw's partisans, hurrying across the campus, met the trio on the walk and held out his haud.

"Mr. Shaw," he said, "I congratulate you on your election as President of Mar-

After stammered thanks and the man's departure, there was an awkward pause. Then Shaw turned to Margaret.

"Well, dear," he said, "you were on your way to the Harmers. Mallard will walk with you and return here to meet me. I'm going in to see your father."

He turned burriedly and, running up the near-by steps, rang the bell. "Who's there?"

the girl he loved. Dr. Whitley was indeed the typical col-lege professor who was grown old among oks and whose life outside of them for years and years-except for the briefest of vacations-been bounded by academic precincts. Once a man of medium height, the weight of eighty years his children Caesar and Lucretia. It is bowed his form until he seemed almost a the subtler poisons. What but a cyanide dwarf. This conception, moreover, was strengthened in the mind of the casual nicus? Baptista Porta treats blindly of the childish benignity of expression which frequently made him the butt of a goodnatured, though thoughtless, classroom. At present, Shaw observed at a glance that the news of the defeat had aged the doctor even more than the last ten years of his labors and the young visitor accordingly hastened to the attempt to put him at his

"Good evening, Dr. Whitley," he hurried to say. "I am Bernard Shaw. We met at Bar Harbor when you were there for a week last summer, you remember. I and to ask a serious favor."

ogist's face. Then the latter held out a edy. Quiet then as was the country at thin and trembling hand stained black to undesirable cardinal!" And he held out best the wrist by daily contact with countless

> "Mr. Shaw," said the gentle, childlikevoice. "I am glad to see you. I congratulate you on your election and though I am at a loss to know what-what further you can want of me, I bid von welcome. Come

"That is one of the things—that election -- which I want to explain," said Shaw as

he passed the door-way. 1r. Whitley did not seem to hear him. He stood on the threshold for a moment, looking up and down the drive, and then closing the door with that quietness which characterized all his movements, he said:

"Do you object to coming into my laboratory? I have been working there all evening—all my life, in fact—so that it has become about the only place in which, outside of the college workshop, I am at home."

Shaw readily acquiesced and followed the hesitating steps of the professor to the large, airy room at the back of the house which had been perfectly fitted out, with its shelv s of numberless bottles, test-tubes and retorts, to meet its owner's every need. Down the centre of the room, under a bright gas-jet, ran a long table filled with crucibles, scales, opened bottles and other parapherualia of the shop which had evidently but just been in use. A Bunsen burner flared blue at one end; a miniature chemist's furnace was built in the wall by the empty fireplace. The windows were open, but were built ten feet from the floor to shut away the disturbances of the out-

Dr. Whitley lit a green-shaded student's lamp at one corner of the table, moved toward it two arm chairs, banded Shaw a box of cigars and, when he had lit

one of these, motioned to him to begin.

The young fellow stated his case simply He dwelt with some earnestness upon the fact that the office to which he had just been elected had been unsought by him and, narrating the story of his affection for Margaret, asked her hand while impressing it upon her father that a marriag would, in the circumstances, be by no means depriving Dr. Whitley of that as from Margaret as the manager of his house which had become indispensable to the old

The toxicologist heard him through without interruption. Then he said quiet-

"My dear sir, I have no reason to doubt you. As you know, your election has been a great disappointment to me, since it posted in his shop window a notice : "I a great disappointment to me, since it meant what was the defeat of my second dearest wish. Nor do I wholly approve of that age, with little that was prepossessing the methods which you represent in the in his appearance, came into the office and stated that he had read the notice. "Well, pass. I have said that the presidency was my second dearest wish. My first, as perhaps you know, was the perfecting of my theories by proof that tradition was correct in regard to poison in general and mediæval poison in particular. My young friend, Mr. Mallard, has just put into my hands what I believe will prove my point.

If, so, I shall regret nothing else that I have missed. I shall know the truth withpoint in his big work was that single Borgia in two weeks. If my experiments are successful; if I can find by post-mortem examination no traces of poison in the bodies of animrls killed through the formula Mr.

—Buy see Mallard has brought me, I shall have suc- be obtained in that way.

ceeded. You will understand me then, will you not, when I say that at that time

will give you my answer?" The reply was odd, perhaps, but it was quite as hopeful as Shaw had expected, and having said as much, he asked politely about the new discovery.

At once Dr. Whitley passed from per-onal interest to scientific enthusiasm. His figure lost immediately all feebleness. The years fell from him as a cloak and, with flashing eye, he ran to the table.

"I bave always contended," he said, as he hurried about among his instruments, "that legend was right in ascribing to certain chemists of the Renaissauce knowledge of a poison which slew either slowly or immediately and left no trace. The answer was that medical science being then an infant could not discover it. That is true, but I hold that we could not discover it today. I have tried in vain, however, for many years to find the formula. Now luck and Mr. Mallard have put it into my hands."

As he spoke he held up a dull, heavy ring. Shaw took it in his hand and held it close under the lamp. A great garnet glowered malignantly in it, but a glance sufficed to show that this stone only served to conceal a small reservoir connected by a hollow needle of small length and capacity

which would, upon pressure, spring out-ward from the band opposite the stone. "You see," cried the toxicologist, stooping eagerly over his shoulder. "they wore them on the indexfinger or even the thumb in those days and so the needle would pierce the skin easily enough and the pain be attributed to a mere scratch." "Tis enough; 'twill serve," quoted

Shaw smilingly.
"It will, indeed," replied Whitley. "And now see here on the inside of the band."

He pointed to the worn surface where certain characters once scratched were still visible.

"I have deciphered them with the microscope. The basal poison and its effects on the body are of course hidden by the other ingredients. I shall not tell you how until next week. But the fundamental thing is hydric cyanide. Magendie himself says that, injecting it into the jugular vein of a dog, the animal died instantly as "Who's there?"

The slight stooping figure of the speaker was dimly silhouetted against a low light behind him, but Shaw had difficulty in recognizing in the gentle, blue-eyed face with its patriarchal white beard, the famous toxicologist who was the father of almost instant giddiness, a stifled cry for help, a fall, convulsions, death—before any help comes. The post-mortem reveals the truth to me alone, because no other living man save myself has possession of the Borgia's secret. Of course, they had the slow poison, too, which is also here indicated, but I have reason to believe that it was with this very ring that Alexander himself of study had rounded his shoulders and absurd to say the ancients know nothing of observer by the old man's silvery voice, latter in his "Natural Magic" and of nux uncolloquial conversation, and the almost vomica, aconite, veratrum and mezerem. vomica, aconite, veratrum and mezereon.
But here, here in my hand I hold, after all,
the proof! In one short week, perhaps
sooner—who can tell?—and I shall have demonstrated, beyond dou't, the truth of

my theory."
As the old man talked, his whole frame trembled with excitement; his face flamed with the passion of the devotee and when he came to the prophecy of his success, the

have come to make an explanation to you this barmless liquid." He burriedly inserted a dropper and squeezed into the gold There was just a moment's unpleasant receptacle a spray of some clear solution. Then I put it on my thumb, thus," h continued, suiting the action to the word. "Now, imagine I was Borgia and you an his stained, emaciated hand.

There was a moment's panse in which Shaw's brain was working like lightning. The face of the old man on which the full glare of the gas now fell was again that of be genial, placid, barmless professor, but in the watery blue eyes the psychologist thought he could detect a trace-just a trace-of the cuoning of the madman. Was it absurd fancy or horrible fact? He remembered Margaret's strange warning; the monomaniacal ambition of the man and he reflected that, so far as Whitley knew, no ne-as proved by that hasty glance from the door-had seen him enter this empty house and pass into the midst of the strange forces of dissolution whereon the outside world could look not even from a window. For one instant he hesitated Then his long training in dealing with somewhat similar cases asserted itself with

all the force of an instinct. "No," he corrected, laughing, "suppose I were the Borgia—I'm the younger man"
—And quick as a flash be had put out both bands but only to seize the doctor's wrist in the firm grip of the one, while with the other he dexterously plucked the ring from the toxicologist's thumb and placing it on

For a moment the latter blinked blankly at him. Than a spasm of white rage shook im and instantly with a strange smile:

"Very good! he cried.

And before Shaw could prevent him had clasped the half-extended hand. The grip relaxed quickly-tightenen, oosened-and with a contorted face and a low cry Dr. Whitley fell crashing to the aboratory floor.

Shaw leaped to his side. There was one quick convulsion and then silence.
Immediately, it seemed, Mallard burst

"The door was opened," he explained, and I heard a cry. Had we better have a doctor?' But, except for form's sake, it was al-

eady far too late for that and Shaw hur-

riedly told the story. "But do you suppose --- "began Mal-"We shall suppose nothing, if you please," said Shaw grimly, "This man has died from natural causes. Remember that

his daughter is to be my wife."-By Reginald Wright Kauffman in The Pilgrim. The Important Comme

A man thinks be has an exceedingly wanted about fourteen years." A lad of

spectacles at the youth.

"Yes," came the prompt answer. "I want the job, but I don't know that I can promise to keep it for the full fourteen

told the boy he might have the place-The

-Buy seed corn on the ear, when it can

How Did Bryan Know !

William Jennings Bryan is a great friend of Dr. John H. Girdner, of New York, and usually stays at Doctor Girdner's house

when he goes to New York. Girduer gave a breakfast in honor of Mr. leading New York Democrats of the Bryan way of thinking and had a pleasant party. Grapefruits were served, each with a spoon-ful of brandy spilled in the cavity in the

Mr. Bryan is a teetotaler. He did not straws. ouch his grapefruit. After the breakfast Mrs. Girdner went to the ancient cook of

the household and said :
"Bridget, you made a terrible mistake this morning." "Indeed, mum?" said Bridget, "An what was it ?"

"Why, you put brandy on Mr. Bryan's grapefruit and he never drinks. doesn't know the taste of liquor. He didn't eat his fruit." "An' he never drinks, mum, an' doesn't know th' taste of it ?"

"Certainly not."
"Then, mum," said Bridget, "plaze tell
me how he knew it was brandy, mum?" Simplon Tunnel Open to Traffic The first passenger train, carrying nota-

bilities and officials, passed through the Simplon tunnel on January 25th, 1906, amid artillery salutes. Undertaken jointly by the Italian and Swiss governments in 1898, the Simplon tunnel was completed at a cost of more than \$15,000,000 It is twelve miles long. extending from Brigne, Switzerland, to Isella.

Difficulties that at times seemed insuperable were met by the engineers. In September, 1904, came the most serious trouble; springs of hot water were encountered and the tunnel was flooded. The temperature rose to 131 deg. F. Earlier still the laborers from the Italian end struck soft naterial, through which it took six months to drive 150 feet of tunnel; and the cost of

this stretch was \$100,000. The tunnel was opened last April. Two charge of M. Brandau, the engineer who had conducted the work from the Italian side, and the other in charge of M. Rosemund, who had conducted the work in the opposite direction

---- A washerwoman applied for help to a gentleman, who gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as fol-

"Dear Mr. X .- This woman wants wash-Very shortly the answer came back :

"Dear Sir-I dare say she does, but don't fancy the job."-London Tit-Bits. -Little Bess-"What is a family

Little Harold-"It's a tree people climb when they want to get into society.' -Elmer-"Papa gave me a bushel

pasket full of candy last night." Tommy-"What did you do with it?" Elmer-"Nothing. I fell out of bed and weke up."

CARDINALS' HATS.

They Are Never Worn and Are Not Intended to Be Worn.

The most famous hat in the world is never worn and is not intended to be worn. Yet it is not a freak hat or merely a hat turned out to show what a certain factory can do. It is the cardinal's hat, the symbol of a cardinal's dignity in the Catholic church, and so completely is it the mark of that dignity that "to receive the hat" is everywhere used as meaning that a person has been advanced to the cardinalate of the Roman church.

The cardinal's hat is of scarlet cloth lined with scarlet silk. It is round and very flat, with practically no depth and no place to fit on the crown of the head. On each side of what serves as a crown are red silk cords, holding fifteen red bell shaped tassels. These hang down on either side of where the cardinal's cheeks would be if he could wear his hat and are arranged in five rows, the first row having one ball, the second row two balls, the others three, four and five respectively.

To confer this hat calls for a stately ceremony. If the newly chosen cardinal lives out of Italy a papal ablegate is sent to him to confer the red berretta and the pall, but he does not receive the hat except from the pope himself. When the new cardinal reaches Rome. which he must do within a year after he receives the berretta, the pope appoints a day for actually conferring the hat. A public consistory is held, attended by the pope and by all the cardinals in Rome; mass is sung, the new cardinal lying flat on his face while prayers and lessons are read; then he is led by two attending cardinals back to the hall of the consistory, where with many prayers the pope himself rests the hat on his head, say-

"Receive this red hat. It signifies that even to death and the shedding of blood thou shouldst show thyself intrepid for the exaltation of the holy faith, the peace and repose of Christian people, the increase and mainte nance of the holy Roman church."

Then the cardinal kisses the pope's foot, and his holiness retires. The cardinal then exchanges the kiss of peace with all the other cardinals, who then turn by turn, make visits of congratulation to him as he sits in his chair.

This red hat was given first in 1245 by Innocent IV. at the council of Lyon. Even when a cardinal gets his hat it is of no use to him so long as he is alive. Only after his death is it used. It may be permissible, but not importantly useful, to wonder where it is kept meantime, but at the cardinal's death it is brought out and laid on his eminence's bier, at his feet, and when the funeral and entombment are over the red hat is hung up over the place of interment in the cathedral church .-Hat Review.

No man can enjoy life or feel that he is really living who has no work to do. -Success Magazine.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A DAILY THOUGHT. Behind every gray beard there is the face of child. - J. M. Barrie

In millinery a new shade of red, or pink Bryan some time ago. He invited all the leading New York Democrats of the Bryan oped from the exquisite old rose which has been so popular this winter. Raspberry, they call it, and it is a shade which lends itself admirably to the wonderful two and three toned effects so charming in the new

> And next to raspberry red for early spring, probably only to supersede it fo late spring and summer, pale blue (which showed adaptability and great possibilities for "extra" hats last summer) bids fair to

Sanflower rosettes trim some of the prettiest of the plainer bats, with perhaps a shaded quill—the two shades of the rosettes represented in it-stuck through. The rosettes are made of ribbon pulled out in long, petal-like affairs-not loops, but the ribbon deftly shaped and set around great centre.

Instead of the matching of other seasons, we are threatened with a season of hats which contrast, yet which are as evidently a part of the general color scheme as we

What seems strange in the use of shaded quills is the absence of shaded plumes

Lots of black and white (and white and black) hats are to be worn-more than ever, milliners say.

The woman who grows old gracefully and lets her hair grow white looks many years younger than she who resorts to vio-

artificial and unnatural tones.

The former can adopt in hair dressing a style of her own, and if the white bair be well arranged, and the face delicately tinted, she can nearly always look well, no

matter what the occasion.

Rose pink goes beautifully with white hair, though it is a color which can rarely he sucessfully used by ordinary people Louis blue is another lovely accompaniment to white bair; and when we think of the shades worn at the French Court by the beauties of those days, with their white wigs and patches, we realize that there is much beauty left for white hair. And how becoming here is black velvet or brilliant blue!

There are rumors that jet fringes will be worn on some of the new veils, but their weight renders them somewhat unsuitable as a trimming in this connection. Pearl and silver embroideries are now introduced on gloves. Chenille and old-fashioned ball fringes alternating with silk gimps, in every color and in large and small designs, are used for trimming serge boleros and cloth jackets. But fringes are bound to come with the revival of early Victorian modes.

Plaid dimities are to the fore for shirt waists and dresses and every sort of thing. There is a remarkable variety in them, when you realize that the largest plaid is something less than two inches square. Between that size and the tiniest of all which is made of cords as closely set as possible) are plaids of every width, some made by single cords crossing others of a dozen cords that form a band. And the plain spaces seem

Even madras has taken apon itself the

style of plaids, although in it stripes are as popular. For shirt waists that keep fresh, madras is one of the best materials, for it takes starch perfectly and, somehow, doesn't crumple nearly as badly as the others.

Those new embroideries show the prettiest developments of last year's hints. That trick of embroidering dots and wee flowers | er or less extent into the subsoil, for as the apon the lace insertion which was introduced last year, for instance, has become a above to fill the cavities in the soil. By veritable bit of art, introduced in a thons

Dame Fashion says that there are to b ots of those colored blouses worn with the white in profusion. That touch of color showing through suits, which are already being made up in such as the open trim

Until you have eaten a coddled egg you lou't know just how delicious a soft boiled egg can be. Have your water boiling, and have ready an earthen bowl or jar of some thickness, which you have previously made hot. Place your eggs in the howl and pour on the boiling water. Then cover the bowl with a tight cover and put over it also a

bozy or a folded napkin. In five or six minutes the eggs will be done, soft boiled to a consistency that it is mpossible to gain in the ordinary way. One beauty of this plan is that the eggs are placed on the table together with the fruit, cereal and coffee, and by the time one course is finished, the eggs are ready, without the necessity of watching over a stove or of getting up from the table to go after

The Game of Queries .- This little game

them in the absence of a maid.

may be made instructive, or it may be played merely as a funmaker.

Each player is furnished with a pencil and a succet of paper, and is asked to write at the top of the sheet a question of some kind—it may be on a historical or some other serious subject, or simply nonsensical. t the bottom of the sheet he is to write the answer, and then turn up a fold of the paper so that the answer may not be seen. The different papers are then passed, each to the player at the left of the writer, who writes his or her answer to the question, folding up the paper so as to hide the an-

wer, just as was done by the first writer. e papers are thus passed to the left until each player has written an answer on all of them, and they are then collected and read aloud, the question first and then all the answers in order.

If the game begins with the understand ng that all the questions must be historical. all the players must conform to the rule in answering ; but if it is "just for fun" any ionsensical answer may be written, only the query must he kept in view, and the answer must relate to it.

Among slippers some of the plainest primmest of styles prevail. A quaint pair of pale blue kid ones have eyelets, through which a broad bow of inch-wide ribbon is

Lots of gaiters are being made to match spring suits, worn, in nine cases out of ten, thrive on chemical salts, they could not be Lots of gaiters are being made to match

FARM NOTES.

-See that the seed corn is all germ-

-While the mows are full of hay it is a ood time to fix the pulleys in the roof of the barn for using the horse fork next year. Not so much danger of falling and getting injured.

-When it gets so that we can dig a bit of horseradish with the pick or crowbar, it is a sure sign that spring is coming. Keep up your spirits; horseradish is the sure forernmer of spring.—Farm Journal.

-According to the London Daily Mail, there are several dairies for the production of asses' milk in that city, the milk being sent all over the country in sealed bottles the price being six shillings (about \$1.44) a quart. It is considered valuable for it valids or sickly children.

-On the island of Jersey, the home of Jersey cattle, no attention whatever is paid to color, the great aim of the best breeders being a graceful form and grand milking qualities. There are many colors there, from the silver gray down to the common red and white, and a few, very

-It is a fact that small finite can be ourchased in the larger cities during the shipping season cheaper than in towns located in the sections from whence the fruit is sent away. Last season one town was the point from which hundreds of crates of strawberries were shipped, yet the people of that town paid more for strawberries than the prices obtained in the cities.

-When an apple orchard is cut up with the saw and batchet, as is done every fall by those who have too many limbs on the trees, it indicates that no attention was given to trimming the trees when they were young. The proper time to shape a tree is during the first year of its growth. lent and crude measures to impart to it artificial and unnatural tones.

The former can adopt in bair dressing a The pruning knife can be of more service

at the start. -The management of a garden does not necessarily cause neglect of field crops on the farm. No work pays so well as that given the garden, as a larger amount of produce, and of various kinds, can be secured from the garden than from the cultivation of a large area. Every farmer who gives a garden his attention usually is more careful of his other crops. Every portion of the farm is kept clean and in

good condition. -The time to form an opinion of a farmer and his methods is in the winter. If he gives the manure heap much attention it is a sure indication that he is progressive and keeps his land well supplied with He may be careful of his stock plant food. and have his farm attractive in many respects, but if he neglects the care and preservation of the menure he will be lacking in proper knowledge of deriving the most

profit from farming. -The use of commercial fertilizers is increasing, and as farmers become better ac-quainted with the demands of their soils and crops they will be able more wisely to select the fertilizer best suited to their needs. Neither the farmer nor the chemist alone can always tell what brand of fertilizer will best meet the case. This must be discovered by the farmer's making careful tests under the light given by

the teachings of the chemists. -Polecats-a dozen of them-are the tenants of a curious farm maintained by Walter Daniels and Joe Brown near Washevil scented animals lies the nucleus of a fortune. They have a market for the pelts of the cats at \$3.50 apiece, and in addition to this extract an amount of oil from each which will raises the individual value of the animals to over \$4. Their farm is five acres in extent, inclosed by a tight wire

fence. -By means of the drainage of land the various chemical actions which take place through the action of the atmosphere on the surface soil are carried down to a greatwater level is lowered the air enters from drainage also, the depth to which roots will penetrate is increased, for roots will not grow in the absence of oxygen, and they rot as soon as they reach a permanent

water level. -There is no more loss in storing potatoes than in storing any other crop. Bar-ring all wastes from rot, there is a heavy shrinkage, both in quantity and weight. A bin holding 100 bushels will shrink in size nearly one-tenth, besides a greater loss in weight. A bushel basket full that will weigh fully 60 pounds in October, when taken from the soil, will not weigh so much after being stored in the cellar through the winter. through the winter. The shrinkage in weight is much less when potatoes are kept in pits closely covered with earth, for there is then less chance for evaporation

-Ground millet seed is excellent feed for hogs. It has a nutritive ratio of 1-5.4; that is, 1 of albuminoids and 5.4 of carbobydrates. This is a good fattening ra-tio, and it will depend upon the relative price of corn whether the two should be ground together. Half millet and balf corn, ground fine, will make a more suitable proportion than corn alone. The pork will have a better proportion of lean, and the pigs will be healthier while fattening. Ground millet will be found a very appropriate food for young pigs, giving them a arge and more muscular frame.

-One of the most surprising facts connected with farm experience in the United States today is the little attention farmers are paying to oat smut, which is rapidly increasing in many localities and is greatly reducing the oat crop. The wonder greater because oat smut can be quite largely prevented by treating the seed oats to a bath of formaldabyde. This material costs but 50 cents a pound, says the Fra-mers' Review, and that is enough for 50 gallous of water. This makes a solution in which the oats may be dipped and which will destroy most of the smnt spores. All farmers that grow oats should take steps at once to prevent the further spread of this

-Organic matter in manure seems to be chiefly to make the land work better, and in absorbing and retaining moisture. So many are disposed to attach a mysterious value to the excrements of animals, and to think that some special properties are imparted to these in the transformation of food through the body of the ansmal, that they will not readily accept the idea that the manuring properties of dung are con-fined to the chemical salts which it contains. It must be borne in mind that experimental fields receive no manure, nor does any animal enter them, except the horses which cultivate them and carry off