

Democratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 13, 1906.

A RETRIBUTIVE TRIP.

I can't see the necessity for it—stiffly—
—I am quite capable of showing you Boston.

"But I wish to go on one of those 'Doin'-Boston' Cars. Those signs are so fascinating. Seeing the sights—Tours of Tourists—oh, thank you—this to an agent who presented her with a printed list of the things to be seen. 'Do look at this, Mr. Conant: 235 different places'—she stared at him with round eyes—"all for fifty cents. If you haven't the change, I can lend it to you." Mr. Conant frowned. "I have sufficient money," he said with increased stiffness.

"Then run along and get the tickets." She accepted a further donation of pamphlets and glanced inquiringly at her companion who knew not acted on her suggestion to run along.

"Do you think you need all those?" He indicated with much distaste her rapidly increasing store of printed matter.

"I don't suppose I shall need them all," she explained, "but I can't tell, you see, which ones I may find the most useful. I don't mind carrying them, with an implication which he did not take up.

"They stood in silence for a few minutes, while the crowd waiting for the car increased. The agents vied with each other in presenting Miss Ardwell with pictures and pamphlets.

"Boston is so interesting," she said. "It was lovely of your mother to ask me to stay over, and me only a summer-resort acquaintance."

"We do not look upon you in the light of a summer-resort acquaintance," with considerable meaning in his voice.

"Oh, doesn't she?" calmly changing the pronoun. "Well, that shows how uncommodious liberal she is."

"Why uncommodious liberal? He inquired in the tone of one ready to take up a challenge.

"She opened one of her folders. 'Let me see what comes first,' she said, with an irritating air of not having changed the subject. 'Boston Common, Old South, Public Library'—she ran her eyes rapidly down the list. 'Residence of Mr. Trotter. Who was Mr. Trotter?'

"I don't know," she said.

"And you said you could show me Boston?" She returned to the list. "Faneuil Hall, State House, Statue of Paul Revere, Y. M. C. A. Building." Again she raised reproachful eyes to his. "I might have missed that," she said. She turned from him to survey the boy who stood at her elbow. "How many views in your book?" she inquired. "Does it contain the residence of Mr. Trotter? Or the Y. M. C. A. building? Then I will not take it, thank you," with regretful firmness.

Mr. Conant looked down at the slim figure in the tan dust-coat, and the stylish brown hat with its floating veil.

"Of course you are just doing this," he said. "But what I would like to know is, why?"

"She wrinkled inquiring eyebrows over his lack of lucidity."

"Just doing it?" she murmured.

He stood a moment eyeing her speculatively, while she turned her thoughtful attention to the selection of souvenir postal cards.

"You have a fountain pen, haven't you?" she inquired.

"Yes," said Mr. Conant; then, with the expression of one who gives it up, he plunged into the crowd. When he returned, hot and irritable, she was catechizing another seller of views on the subject of Mr. Trotter's house. She greeted him with a resigned shake of the head. "Not one of them has it," she told him. "I do wish I had brought my camera." "It is the one thing lacking," he said. "Yes, isn't it?" She followed with blissful eyes as she strode through the crowd. "I should have liked a picture of you on the car."

"You are having an awfully good time all by yourself, aren't you?" he said, turning to help her.

"But I am not quite by myself," amiably.

"Thank you. Are you comfortable?"

"I should like to sit on the end, I think, if you don't mind changing."

"Not at all." They made the exchange with some diffidence, and he found himself wedged in next to a fat old lady who carried as many pamphlets as Miss Ardwell, besides an umbrella and a map of Boston. Mr. Conant's expression partook of the stoical.

The car started. The guide swung his megaphone into place and began to roar out his accurate statements and misstatements. Miss Ardwell sighed contentedly. "Don't you love history through a megaphone?" she said. "I do hope I sha'n't miss anything." She bobbed her head from side to side in her anxiety. "Tablet to somebody on the right. Episcopal church on the left. What is it noted for?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe Mr. Trotter attended service there."

"Maybe?" Mr. Conant poked an elbow into the old lady, trying to dodge Miss Ardwell's floating veil.

"I'm afraid you aren't comfortable?" she said.

"Oh, entirely so," he rejoined.

Buildings flew by on either hand. People on the sidewalk surveyed the car with unmasked interest. People on the car clutched their hats and fixed their eyes on the white teeth at the end of the megaphone.

"Richest street in the world," repeated Mary in awed tones. "Fancy that! I wonder if they leave the positive and comparative degrees out of the Boston grammar. They don't need them. Everything that isn't the tallest is the largest or the richest, or the finest, but nearly everything is the oldest. I am learning such a lot of things."

Mr. Conant looked down at the brown hat. It tilted a little and a pair of innocent blue eyes met his. "I should think you would try to help me," she murmured.

"I don't think you need any help," he retorted.

"I do," she assured him. "I am so aware of my own lack since reaching Cambridge."

"Considering that we came down from the mountains only yesterday, you can't have an overwhelming sense of your shortcomings."

"These things come like a revelation," she solemnly. She looked pensively down at her list. "It was so good of your mother to send me with you?"

"You must find my conversation so light. In Chicago we don't dwell much on really important subjects." The quill in her hat grazed his chin as she bent eagerly to procure a tablet. "I never get one of them read through," she grieved. "After this,

I am going to begin in the middle of every alternate one. In that way, I'll get some beginnings and some endings even if they don't belong together." A youth with a red hand on his hat turned around and smiled at this, and Mr. Conant's frown deepened. Mary was apparently unconscious of both.

"That wasn't the Y. M. C. A. building, was it?" she murmured. "Oh! horse hit by a bullet during the battle of—what did he say?"

"Agincourt," said Mr. Conant.

"No, it was Lexington or Bunker Hill," supplied the fat woman.

"Oh, thank you!" said Mary. She said it so cordially that the fat woman felt emboldened to wheeze inquiries at Mr. Conant whenever she in turn failed to catch the megaphoned fact and fiction. Miss Ardwell did not trust herself to look up when this occurred. She kept her dancing eyes on her list, but whenever the fat woman, awed by the polite solemnity of the young man, relapsed into silence, Miss Ardwell leaned forward and gently encouraged her.

"Finest stained glass window in the world," announced the guide.

"Ah!" murmured Mary. "I suppose Michelangelo—no—who did he say made it?" She appealed to Mr. Conant with her note book in her lap and her pencil at her lips.

"I don't know."

The fat woman leaned forward across him. "It was some woman," she said anxiously, "but I didn't catch the name."

"Oh, it was a woman?" said Mary.

"Then it was either Betsy Ross or Mrs. Jack Gardiner. Thank you." She made an entry in her note book. The fat woman eyed her doubtfully. The young man with the red hat had turned around with another smile and the air of one who would offer help, but observing Mr. Conant's face refrained.

The car whizzed through unpleasant slums and aristocratic suburbs. A hot wind blew dust and odors into their faces. The man behind the megaphone poured directions and information unceasingly into their tired ears. The fat woman was getting hopelessly asleep. The man with the gaudy hat band was looking less and less at the guide and more and more at Mary. "Memorial Hall, Cambridge," bellowed the megaphone, "built in—"

"Dear me! Where is he?" fluttered the fat woman. "I thought we were in Dorchester." She held up her list to Mr. Conant, pointing with her fat, red forefinger. "He found the place for her with grave endurance."

"If we get off here," he said to Mary, "we can walk home. It is only a few squares."

Mary surreptitiously wiped the dust out of her eyes and repressed a sigh of relief. "As you like," she said in the tone of one who knows what is due a host. "We are not nearly through, of course. I should think it would hurt her feelings to have people get off. It looks as if we did not like it."

Mr. Conant stopped the car with a grimace and descended. He helped Miss Ardwell down, and lifted his hat to the fat woman.

"Oh, there's a tablet," exclaimed Mary.

"Who?"

"I don't know whose it is," said Mr. Conant. "This is the way." He spoke with much decision, and took her arm to help her across the street.

"It may be somebody's grandfather," said Mary. John was ruminatively silent.

"We might have had a nice afternoon together on the river," he said presently.

"Instead of which we had a nice afternoon together on the car," he brightly.

"Of course I don't for a moment believe that you wanted to travel around in that car for pleasure," sternly.

"You are so quick," she murmured.

"It was some sort of punishment for me," he went on.

She glanced at him with admiration. He gloomed a moment in silence. "I haven't had a chance to say two words to you all day," he complained.

Miss Ardwell was busy arranging her pamphlets so that they would be less burdensome.

"I believe you did it on purpose," he continued. She shifted the pamphlets again.

"Shall I carry them?" he asked.

"Oh, if you please. They are getting so heavy." She handed them over promptly.

"What do you want to keep them for?"

"Why to remember a pleasant day," her tone was one of surprise.

They walked two shady blocks without further words. Mr. Conant's expression showed that he was not intending to try any further remarks.

"After all," said Mary, "you need not have made such a fuss about going. We did not meet Miss Winthrop or any of your friends."

"I was not thinking of meeting Miss Winthrop," he said.

"No?" said Mary. "She is very delightful." Another long silence. "I was so interested in hearing you talk of your grandfathers last evening." He flushed. "I am sorry you were bored," he said.

"Esther is interested in genealogical subjects."

"Bored!" protested Miss Ardwell. "I liked it of all things. I was going to tell her that my grandfather kept a grocery store in Elgin, but I did not get the opportunity. After being frivolous all summer it is a relief to get into a subject of real importance."

He flushed again. The habit was one of his trials. Esther Winthrop always tactfully ignored it. Mary Ardwell always looked at him with an enjoying gaze. "It is becoming," she had assured him early in their acquaintance. "It makes you look such a nice boy."

Now they walked another block in silence. He was wrathfully trying to read the puzzle of Miss Ardwell's mind.

"You do not like Miss Winthrop," he said finally.

"Like her?" said Mary. "I sat all the evening and admired her in that Paris gown with a halo of grandfathers around her."

"You do not like her," he repeated astutely. "I can see that plainly."

"You are quite mistaken," said Miss Ardwell. "I find her very enjoyable. She told me how you used to take her canoeing."

"Yes, we were brought up together. I was so disappointed last night not to take you as we had planned, but of course Miss Winthrop's coming made it impossible." He paused, stung with a delayed but delightful thought. "Is that why—?" he began; and then he stopped, and dropped the pamphlets over a stone wall into somebody's garden.

"Don't walk so fast, Mary," he said. "You've paid your debts with interest. I haven't had a chance all day to speak to you. But now that I know why you did it—"

Mary flashed a denying glance at him, but he only laughed. Evidently his own perspicacity was a pleasant thought to Mr. Conant.

"Never mind the reason," he said. "Never mind the blush either. It makes you look such a nice girl. Will you go canoeing tonight?"

Mary pulled a red leaf from the vine that hung over the wall.

"Miss Winthrop spoke of coming over with a book for you; mother," she said.

Mr. Conant shut his firm mouth.

"It doesn't make any difference," he announced, "if all Boston comes. Will you go?"

Mary looked at her red leaf, and was silent.

"Won't you, Mary?" This time the tone was anxious.

"Why, yes," said Mary, "if you want me to."

"If I want you to!" He laughed out jubilantly.

"But," said Mary, demurely, "can't three people go canoeing?"

"Not tonight," said Mr. Conant, decidedly. —By Jeannette Cooper, in the *McClure's Magazine*.

—Most of the profit hinges on the comfort of the cow, provided you have a good cow to start with.

STAGECOACHING DAYS.

An Old World Era With a Decided Flavor of Romance.

The old coaching days, as far as convenience for travel was concerned, were the dawn of the great days of our present rapid means of communication. The seventy years or so in which mail coaches waxed and flourished and finally died out before the incursion of railways and steam engines have a decided flavor of romance attached to them, and no doubt the coming and going of stagecoaches lent a certain amount of color and interest and life to the country places and towns through which ran the great main coaching roads. The Bath road, the Dover road, the York road were highways of communication along which rolled the heavy private coaches and chariots of the country magnates, and the stagecoaches with their steaming horses passed the various stopping places with the regularity of clockwork.

These stagecoaches, with their complement of coachmen and guards, afforded endless subjects of interest and illustration to the artist and the literary men of the day. Imagine Charles Dickens without stagecoaches and denude of all his vivid descriptions of the scenes such as those in the yard of the White Hart Inn, High street, Borough, in "Pickwick" or of the mail coach on the Dover road in "A Tale of Two Cities." It is difficult for the present generation to realize the fatigues and the wintry cold of such long journeys, when frozen feet were enveloped in a little straw, and a "shawl" folded round the neck was thought to be a fit protection against the keen night air—London Standard.

THE PRIVATE WON.

Rebuke His Superior Officer and Escaped Court Martial.

Charles Bradlaugh when in the British army was orderly room clerk, and a newly arrived officer once entered the room where he was sitting at work and addressed to him some discourteous order. Private Bradlaugh took no notice. The order was repeated with an oath. Still no movement. Then it came again, with some foul words added. The young soldier rose, drew himself to his full height and, walking up to the officer, bade him leave the room or he would throw him out. He went accordingly, but in a few moments the grumbling of muskets was heard outside, the door opened and the colonel walked in, accompanied by the colonel.

It was clear that the private soldier had committed an act for which he might be court martialled, and as he said once, "I felt myself in a tight place." The officer made his accusation, and Private Bradlaugh was bidden to explain. He asked that the officer should state the exact words in which he had addressed him, and the officer, who had, after all, a touch of honor in him, gave the offensive sentence word for word. Then Private Bradlaugh said, addressing the colonel, that the officer's memory must surely be at fault in the whole matter, as he could not have used language so unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman. The colonel turned to the officer with the dry remark: "I think Private Bradlaugh is right. There must be some mistake." And he left the room.

A Scotch Test.

Auchtermuchty is the happy town of every Scot, proud of his unpronounceable tongue, uses as a shibboleth to test the linguistic skill of the southern. If you cannot say "Auchtermuchty" you are still an uneducated barbarian. The meaning of the word happens to be as monstrous as its sound. "The high ground of the wild sown" is not a name one would choose for a garden city. People, however, are found to flock to it as a summer resort, and as it has a lover's pool, the town has probably attractions more real than its name. In the early part of last century Auchtermuchty went bankrupt and was deprived of all its property except the jail and one or two other assets of an equally necessary character. It is now rich, peaceful and radical.

Sunny People.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap, and if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

The Critical Period.

Duffer—One is born every minute, you know. Puffer—Yes, but they're not listed till they're old enough to think they are not.—Indianapolis Star.

ANCIENT WATER VILLAGES.

Relic of Old Customs Prevailing in the "Spreewald."

One of the most interesting regions in the "old fatherland" is the so called "Spreewald," the forest of the Spree, situated not far from the German capital, in the province of Brandenburg. Each village is a little Venice, every house a little island, and these islets are connected by bridges sufficiently raised to allow boats to pass under them. Most of the houses, with their barns and stables, rest on piles, and there is generally a strip of artificial terra firma either in front or at the rear of every building. By means of these land strips and of the bridges the slender land communication is kept throughout the district, but most of the business and amusement are carried on through the canals, which not only form the main highways, but penetrate and cross and recross the whole region. It is on these lagoons that all traffic is conducted in boats during the period from spring when the last vestiges of frost and ice are disappearing until the end of autumn. You see the letter carrier shoot up and down the canals, performing his duties in his frail craft; the police glide leisurely along the banks, watching everything going on; peasants bring the products of their toil to the nearest towns; children go to and from school; young mothers, dressed in their Sunday clothes, are rowed to church, carrying in their arms a small, queer looking bundle from which two large eyes in a tiny face stare at the stranger in wonderment—baby is going to be baptized, an important moment with this strongly religious people.—Technical World Magazine.

DREAM MYSTERY.

The Events That May Be Crowded Into a Few Seconds.

The duration of a dream is so seldom accurately measured that a story published in the St. Louis Medical Record is worth repeating.

The writer, a doctor, was seized with an uncontrollable drowsiness during a call and was struggling to keep awake when he was asked by his companion, "How long may you stay in B.?" His answer, which came promptly enough, was, "That depends on the Western Union, and, catching himself, he explained that he was expecting a telegram. In fact, however, his answer related to the facts of a dream which had been sandwiched between the two parts of the sentence.

After hearing the words "How long" the doctor had dozed off, dreamed that after long and tedious experiments he had invented a wonderful apparatus for holding telegraph poles in a vertical position, had negotiated with the postal company for its sale, but unsuccessfully, and had finally gone to the authorities of the old time company. They, in the dream, told him they were considering a German invention for the same purpose, and the dreamer crossed the ocean to examine the rival device, returned, explained the differences to the intending purchaser and was writing a reply when he woke in time to hear the end of his companion's question.

The events of the dream had apparently consumed months, yet the actual time that elapsed was merely that required for uttering about four short words.

Precedent For "Governance."

Albert VII, archduke of Austria, married Isabella Clara Eugenia, infant of Spain, who brought to him as dowry the sovereignty of the Low Countries, etc. When Philip IV, of Spain succeeded the throne in 1621 he took from his aunt the sovereignty of the Low Countries, but left her the title of governess. Her husband died soon afterward, whereupon she took the veil, though still retaining the reins of government. She died at Brussels in 1633, aged sixty-six. Here there is precedent for the use of the word governess when a lady holds the post.—London Notes and Queries.

Paid For the Opinion.

Shortly after Chief Justice Purley of the court of appeals of New Hampshire had retired from the bench and resumed the practice of his profession a man called on him to get his opinion in a certain matter. After stating his case clearly he said, "Well, judge, what do you think of my case?" The judge promptly replied, "I think you are a scoundrel." "How much do I owe you for that opinion?" inquired the client. "Ten dollars," demanded the judge. The fee was promptly paid.

Rhodesia's Largest Nugget.

Weighing 21.62 ounces, a gold nugget which measures five and a half inches in length and three inches in width was recently found near Bulawayo. It is believed to be the largest yet found in Rhodesia, and is now in the British South Africa company's museum at 2 London Wall buildings, E. C.—London Mail.

The Woman of It.

Mother (Impatiently)—You have been very naughty today, Juanita. I shall have to tell your father when he comes home. Juanita (aged seven)—That's the woman of it! You never can keep anything to yourself!

The Determining Factor.

Helen—Sometimes I like waltzing and sometimes I do not. Ethel—It depends on your mood? Helen—It depends on my partner.—New York Press.

Of all persecutions, that of calumny is the most intolerable.—Hazlitt.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A DAILY THOUGHT.

Be not simply good, but be good for something.—Thoreau.

Linon coat suits have taken a new lease on life, in the shape of pony jackets and styles which border closely on the military. A length which comes just to the hips is particularly good, and is one of those styles bound to become popular, because, unlike many of our present styles, the difference between good and average figures is not so sharply defined.

With the plainer suits, simpler blouses are best in keeping—made of as fine stuff as you care to afford, but in quite simple styles, finishing, perhaps, in the soft little stocks which fill out that V-shaped opening at the neck of your coat, or with the turnover collar and lingerie ties.

Even in the plainer suits shown, elbow sleeves are in evidence, but for the more practical purposes long sleeves will be seen as well.

The word has gone forth, from the mysterious quarter that emits such words, that bonnets are going to be the right thing again. The bonnet of the hat has been exalted too long, and the turn of the toques for oblivion has come. A correspondent writes: "Reading Grimm's 'Mensur Historigue' this morning I met with the following passage: 'The latest fashion in bonnets is bonnets a la debauche, a name suggested by the recent overflow of the Seine.'"

"As you have hinted," our correspondent goes on, "the ladies of Primrose League have now very little that's affectional for them to do, owing to the late political flood. Perhaps the revival of something in the way of the above sort of bonnet might be a congenial task." We imagine a confection in purple straw for royalty, with a bunch of "his favorite flower." And a bee inside.

FIRST COUSINS TO "WELSH RABBIT"

As many of the informal social gatherings end at the "chafing dish," it keeps the house-keeper on the alert for new ideas. That time honored concoction, the "Welsh rabbit," is always acceptable, but can be very agreeably varied, by introducing to your friends the "first cousins" to that delectable dish, which are easily prepared and fed to look upon with no forebodings of indigestion to follow.

RAREBIT BOLTONES.

Put into the chafing dish, directly over the flame, two pounds of dull cream cheese, cut up or broken with a fork into small pieces; allow it to melt slowly, and when nearly dissolved add a saltspoonful of fine salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Have a half pint of rich cream whipped thoroughly, fold it into the melted cheese, beating until light. Serve on disks of toasted brown bread.

RAREBIT IMPERIAL.

Season a half pint of rich milk with a generous pinch of salt, an equally generous one of English mustard in a teaspoonful of good meat sauce; put in chafing dish and bring to boiling point, then add two pounds of fresh American cheese which has been cut up; when melted smooth add two beaten eggs, stirring until creamy. Serve in squares of hot buttered toast.

CHEESE CRISP.

Dissolve a piece of butter the size of a walnut in chafing dish, with three cups of rich cheese dry enough to be grated. When melted add a pinch of salt and two teaspoonfuls of tomato catsup. Serve on warmed plates piled high with very hot and crisp Saratoga chips. Toasted thin crackers make a nice accompaniment to this dish.

After a busy day spent in shopping or in social duties, when every nerve is tingling from the strain which exacting duties demanded, do not attempt to go through an evening in this jaded state.

Bathe the hands and face and sponge with some cooling toilet vinegar.

Slip on a kimono and give yourself up to an hour of complete rest before dressing for dinner, if it is in any way possible.

If you can catch a few moments of sleep during this resting period, all the better.

The very act of undressing will in itself be refreshing.

The tired muscles and flesh, held in by close bands about the waist, will have a chance to relax, and this will prove wonderfully restful.

CARE OF THE SHOES.

Shoes that are only worn on the street should be removed as soon as the wearer reaches home, and pulled into shape while still warm. The use of lasts in unlined shoes is not to be recommended, as the shoe does not get properly aired inside, and should not need such attention unless they are wet. If the shoe is wet, it should be drawn into shape and dried, and then should be rubbed with a soft cloth dipped in a very little oil. If the heel begins to wear off at one side, it should be built up at once, by the shoe maker, or it will result in ungraceful and even injurious postures while standing or walking. If the shoe-bag is stitched into separate compartments for each shoe, they will retain their polish longer.

Many shoes wear off at the outer side, and this, like the heel, should be attended to. If the shoe cracks, place them in a shallow vessel containing an ounce or more of neatfoot oil, or of melted, but not hot, lard. Leave until the shoe-soles absorb the oil. It is much more economical to have two pairs of shoes for alternate wear, than to make one pair do duty all the time. Do not allow yourself to invest in cheap, or "bargain" shoes as a poor shoe is an abomination, never fitting or feeling well on the feet, and very soon showing its lack of quality. It is far more economical to buy one good pair, and take care of that, than to buy two cheap pairs and never have one footgear fit to wear. When the good shoe begins to "give out," it is economical to get it mended and keep the new pair for street or dress occasions, wearing the "cobbled" pair at home; thus always having the feet neatly shod.

FARM NOTES.

—A dairy cow should give milk for at least 300 days in every 12 months.

—Do not send the cows out into the pasture till the grass has obtained a good start.

—A pinch of salt after each feed will make the cows lick the mangers to the very corners.

—A moderate temperature in the cow stable promotes comfort, if not obtained at the expense of good air.

—The heifer having her first calf should be carefully handled, as it is at this time her habits of milking and feeding are established.

—Many cows that are in good flesh now will come out in the spring so poor that they will have to stand twice in one place to make a shadow, all because of shortage of winter feed.

—This is an excellent time to examine the garden seeds, especially peas, which are liable to attack by weevil. Put the seeds in a box, pour on a spoonful or two of bisulphide of carbon, close the lid and in 15 minutes the pests will be destroyed and the seeds uninjured. Be careful not to have fire near, not even a lighted cigar.

—An excellent loam for a garden is an old strawberry patch plowed under. Strawberry beds are usually well manured and the leaves shade the soil in summer, hence there is more or less increase in humus. The bed should be plowed under very early in the spring and the plot well covered with fine stable manure, which should be worked into the soil.

—The early rye always shows itself soon after the spring begins to moderate in the spring, and some farmers usually then begin to use it for pasturage. It is a mistake to use the rye too early, as it may cause scours. It is very laxative in its effects, being watery, and a change from dry feed to young rye very early in the season may result in loss of milk.

—The wheat crop deserves some consideration in early spring as well as in the fall. If wheat gets a good start in spring it will be of great advantage. If it comes up spickly or yellow, from unsuitable weather, give the field an application of 50 pounds nitrate of soda and 100 pounds of superphosphate. The soluble nitrate will show immediate effect, and the crop will at once take a green tinge and grow rapidly.

—When potatoes are cheap they may be cooked and fed with advantage to cattle, sheep and swine, not because the potatoes contain a large proportion of nutritious matter, for they do not, being mostly composed of water, but because, when fed in connection with corn and oats, ground, the potatoes promote digestion and increase the value of the grain, the combination giving better results than either food alone.

DISPOSITIONS OF COWS.—Cows differ as much in their dispositions as human beings. Any farmer that has handled a large number of cows will have run across the stubborn cow, the affectionate cow, the motherly cow, and even the bossy cow. Some of these qualities are good and some are bad. A man should try to eliminate the bad qualities and encourage the development of the good ones in the selection of the cows for the continuation of his herd.

—A few years ago there was considerable enthusiasm regarding German carp. A pond covering one acre will, it is stated, hold 7000 carp to growing condition if they are fed. The carp will eat anything that a hog will consume, even corn, and will gain about three pounds annually until it reaches 12 or 15 pounds. Belonging to the "sucker" family of fishes, the carp has not become popular in this country and probably never will, as it is not very desirable compared with other varieties of fish.

—Tobacco, oranges and pineapples are now being grown under glass, or shelter, and those who have ventured into such work find that the investment in capital must be invested, but a farm of two acres under glass will give a larger profit than an ordinary uncovered farm of a hundred acres or more. On a small area only the crops that sell at the highest prices are grown, and while greater expense is incurred, yet the crops pay. Garden crops are also receiving attention, and the future will witness hundreds of covered small farms.

—Worm That Eats Canada Thistle.—It is said that in some sections of the country there has appeared a worm which lives on the leaves of the Canada thistle, and thus threatens to exterminate this great weed pest, says *Farmer's Guide*. This new parasite is of the caterpillar type, about one and a half inches long, and will no doubt be made welcome, as far as the farmer is concerned. Surely, if ever a worm enemy will help to destroy a pest of agriculture, it is this. We may be sure that the farmer who is at all acquainted with the Canada thistle will do all in his power to encourage the working of this new species of worm.

—As a departure from the usual method of planting potatoes, Mr. J. J. Hartman, of Malvern, Pa., writes that the ground should be covered with fine manure early in time to be worked with disk and spring-tooth harrow, rye or oats then being seeded and left to grow about eight or ten inches high. The potato seed should then be dropped in every third furrow, the heel of plow used with jointer to turn the soil under. Two feet apart in the rows is close enough to drop the seed. The next day level the ground with a spike-tooth harrow. Mr. Hartman claims that if the potato patch is leveled with a weeder, after eggs of insects will be destroyed, and that he has prevented attacks by potato bugs the past two seasons by cultivating the soil, no other remedy being necessary.

—How to plant a tree is something that every farmer should know. As yet we see many farms in this western country that would be very much better off with more trees.

In digging up a tree keep the spade edge toward the trunk or ball of the tree. This way does not injure the roots so badly. Move as much dirt with the tree as possible. Set a little deeper than it was before, see that the roots are spread out even in the hole. Tramp the dirt firmly and put a liberal amount of straw around it for mulching. If the season is dry it is necessary to put a pail or two of water around the root every evening. If the tree is tall it is advisable, says the *Prairie Farmer*, to drive or set something of the post kind to tie it or the wind will spoil your tree. Many trees are killed the first season in this way.

—For cutting back the top, it depends on how much you have cut off the roots. As the roots feed the top, a man must here use his own judgment. If a tree dies, don't be discouraged, but try it again.