

FARM NOTES.

A bunch of smartweed rubbed on the horse will keep the flies away.

Take care of the colt. Start early to feed a few oats. He should be well groomed and constantly handled.

Grass is too young as yet to allow horses full liberty to graze. If they have been kept on dry food all along they will have scours if allowed to eat too much grass at first.

When you put in a crop of corn do not overlook the fact that two plants together in the same hill must struggle for supremacy in acquiring plant food.

If you have a shoot which stands with his nose through the fence and squeals every time he sees you, no matter how much feed there is under his feet, you have a bad investment, and the sooner you get rid of him the better.

Automobiles and interurbans do not seem to affect the price of draft horses. No matter how much passenger traffic is simplified heavy loads have to be moved and no machine can do this as well as the draft horse.

Luther Burbank says that if each farmer would just one grain to each head of his barley, oats and wheat, he would increase the production of barley in this country about 1,500,000 bushels; oats, more than 20,000,000 bushels; wheat, more than 15,000,000 bushels.

There is nothing better than frequent cultivation of cabbage to make it grow. Every time the soil is stirred, and especially in warm, wet weather, there is liberation of plant food in large amounts as even a cross-feeding crop of cabbage can require.

Oats can be made to provide an abundance of food by being grown and cut while the heads are in the milky stage. The straw is then in a palatable condition, containing portions of the nutrition which have been arrested on their way to fill out the heads.

A knowledge of the horse's teeth is quite necessary, because some little ailments often accompany the shedding of the milk teeth. It is also by the teeth that the age may quite accurately be told.

The earth is seemingly able to produce weeds or grass, whether fertile or poor, and they always appear at the same time, when the crops need care. Weeds are beneficial to a certain extent, although injurious, for the gardener is often compelled to eradicate them when he would not otherwise give the garden his attention.

Transplant celery to permanent beds in May or June, placing a large quantity of manure in the trench. This crop is one that cannot be sutured by too much manure, as it is one of the grossest feeders known.

The farmer need not leave all the experimenting to the State station. Many times the station experiments will not apply to conditions which prevail in his particular locality or on his particular farm, and, therefore, they are of but little benefit to him.

Bread and butter letters are going out of fashion, if we may believe the word of those who move constantly in the social world. Time was when the man or woman who spent two or three nights—or a night, for that matter—under another person's roof felt it a bounden duty to write a few courteous words of acknowledgment for the hospitality enjoyed; but—we have changed all that.

Week-end parties are very informal affairs, and the guest who can look over his or her own entertainment is the one who is in the greatest demand. On Monday morning guests and hosts often come tumbling pell-mell into town with a day's amusement—in which all join—all planned.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Black is especially unbecoming to a woman who is out of her teens. Only very young and fair women should venture to put it on. There was a fad, a few years ago, of dressing little children all in black.

Not more economical than dark blue or green or brown or gray, any one of which is less gloomy, and as for respectability, what is the matter with royal purple, and what so superb with whitening hair?

There are pectin shades with which silvery looks look glorious, and Alice-blue is exquisite on grandmothers who have the pearly whiteness and bloom that reward a life of purity, temperance and usefulness.

Green does not seem to lend itself with any special charm to the beautifying of the Autumn or Winter of life. It is essentially a Spring and Summer hue.

Neither does yellow seem appropriate for advancing years, except in those instances, as an adjunct to brown for one whose eyes are the same color and whose hair retains its dusky shade.

Red does not suitably adorn white hair, but there are dark shades of it that are not impossible with iron-gray hair and dark eyes. Red is, however, a challenging color, and it brings out every line and wrinkle in a face; hence, it is to be avoided rather than indulged in as the years go by.

Red color is possible for some elderly women, in deft touches and at well-chosen times, but they are the women who grow fair and baby-like with age. Rose color is a mocker if not skillfully handled.

Gray also requires discrimination and judgment. Too often the shade is not well selected and makes grandmother look like a malted oat; or, worse yet, as an unfeeling person remarked, "like an oyster."

Mane and violet and lilac and heliotrope have long been recognized as eminently becoming to fair women of whatever age. Indeed, they have been a little too closely identified with advancing years, so that often women to whom they are most unbecoming, by reason of complexion or color of eyes and tone of hair, persist in wearing them, saying: "They are suitable for one of my years."

Let it be known that years have very little to do with the becomingness or unbecomingness of colors. Then there will be more attractive dressing all around.

Light blue is too often relegated to babies or very young girls. It is really a most rejuvenating shade, if carefully chosen; but be sure you know positively whether your best shade is the greenish, turquoise tone—often called robin's egg blue—or the pure sky blue. Either is beautiful in the right place; but nothing is more unbecoming than turquoise on the wrong woman.

White is pre-eminently the best color for elderly women who retain their plumpness—pure white, not cream color. Thin women often do not look as well in white, but if a woman can wear it to good advantage she should, especially as she grows older.

The material often makes a difference in the becomingness of a gown or a hat. For instance, an honorable exception among black goods can nearly always be made in favor of velvet; and crisp white lawns or other transparent materials are becoming where white wool goods would not be.

Jet and steel, brilliantly cut and sparkling, are most becoming to gray or white hair, but tortoise shell adds nothing and the blonde shade is execrable.

"Let me be well dressed when I am old and I will let my youth take care of itself," said a wise woman.

A woman whose maturity brings her nothing better than a foolish and exaggerated love of dress is indeed unfortunate; but no woman should let herself think, for a moment, "It doesn't matter what I wear, at my age." She should not attempt to disguise years nor affect kittenish styles; but she should harmoniously bring out her individuality in its most attractive manner. She can, if she will, dress so that strangers or friends, for that matter—looking at her will simply think, "How lovely!" without analyzing the method by which the effect is obtained.

In styles she should seek simple effects—long, graceful, comfortable lines. It will save much care if she will choose some design which is especially becoming and effective for her, and then use that as the basis for nearly all her gowns, modifying it slightly to avoid sameness.

For instance, one elderly lady, who inclines to stoutness in front, has many of her gowns made exactly like a princess wrapper in the back, while the fronts are joined on as skirts and blouses; or sometimes as a slightly full waistcoat, with long jacket effect added at the sides. This costume is easy to slip on, fastens conveniently in the front, disguises the embonpoint, yet fits trimly and elegantly in the back.

Surplice and stole effects, robes, lace scarfs and wide lace collars are all in the height of the present mode and all extremely becoming to elderly women. They have a right to these accessories.

Chiffon boas, especially in white, are also desirable for elderly women; and white hats are often charming for them, but they should usually be softened with much lace or chiffon or with white ostrich plumes.

There is a wide difference between dignified attire of a bright and pleasing type and the young-girl fluffiness that some older women wear in the hope of looking less than their age.

Why, when you think it over, should not people let the bright side of things show up as it always wants to do?

Be young, be strong, be bright.

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KILLED DEFENDING NURSE

Inmate of Soldiers' Home Fatally Shot By Drunken Man.

Washington, May 7.—William Parks, 47 years old, of Zanesville, Ohio, an inmate of the National Soldiers' Home here, shot and fatally wounded James Leslie, of Chicago, 30 years old, also an inmate, and afterwards committed suicide. Parks was drinking, and entering one of the wards of the hospital, was directed to leave by one of the nurses, Sister Paula. Sparks immediately drew a revolver and was about to shoot when Leslie stepped in between them, receiving the bullet intended for the nurse. While Leslie was struggling with Parks a blind inmate grappled with the would-be murderer, but was unable to hold him.

Leslie died a few hours later at the Soldiers' Home hospital, without having regained consciousness.

GETS 12 YEARS FOR ASSAULT

Wenonah, N. J., Negro Given Heavy Sentence For Attacking Girl.

Woodbury, N. J., May 4.—Swift justice was meted out to Edward Gibson, a negro, who on Monday night last attacked Miss Dorothy Paris, 19 years old, of Wenonah. Gibson made no defense when arraigned, and he was sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$3000. This is the extreme penalty for the offense. Miss Paris is a student at the Friends' school in Philadelphia. She was crossing a vacant lot near her home in Wenonah when the negro attacked her. Her cries for help were heard and the negro was captured. He was badly beaten by his captors before the police took him to a police office.

The sentence is practically a life one, as Gibson cannot be released until the \$3000 fine is paid.

WEALTHY MAN DROWNED

Alexander McCoy, of Philadelphia, Lost Life Rowing to His Yacht.

Philadelphia, May 6.—Alexander McCoy, a wealthy manufacturer of this city, was drowned in the Delaware river a few miles below this city, and his body has not yet been recovered. McCoy and his brother-in-law, William Wharton, had gone to Essington to prepare Mr. McCoy's yacht, the Nokomis, for a trip to the Jamestown Exposition. The yacht was lying a few hundred yards from shore, and the two men started to row to the craft. When near the Nokomis the rowboat overturned and the men were thrown into the water. Neither could swim, and before assistance reached them

Confided In Her. Her Mother—Does your husband take you into his confidence regarding his business affairs? Young Wife—Oh, yes; he did so only this morning. When I asked him to let me have \$50 for a new gown he said he was very sorry, but business was so bad just now he couldn't possibly do it.—Chicago News.

How Odd. Joakley—Queer thing about that tall man over there. All his intimate friends call him "Short." Poakley—Ah, just for a joke, I suppose? Joakley—No; because that's his name.—Exchange.

Left That to Others. Hyker—You don't seem to be worrying any about your failure in business. Pyker—Oh, no; that's one of the things I have turned over to my creditors.—Chicago News.

An Invitation. "Mabel," he said, "I love you. I place my happiness in your hands." "For goodness sake," she cried pleadingly, "don't do it now!" "Why not?" "Because I'm quite sure I'll need both hands in a minute or so to keep you from kissing me."—Philadelphia Press.

An Adage Vindicated. "Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire." The boss was speaking. He had just detected the office boy consuming a cigarette on the premises. The adage was verified immediately. The boy got the fire.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Very Worst. Schoolmistress—Now, tell me the truth, Johnny Jones. You know what will happen if you tell a lie, don't you? Johnny Jones—Yes, ma'am; I'll go to a bad place. Schoolmistress—Yes, and that isn't the worst of it. You'll also be expelled from school.

Man's Character. According to an old French saying, "A man's character is like his shadow, which sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him and which is occasionally longer, occasionally shorter, than he is."

There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—Seneca.

Gladstone Spoke in the Rain

One day as Mr. Gladstone was speaking from the terrace rain began to fall. With the first few drops came a voice from the crowd, "Put on your hat, Mr. Gladstone." "No," blandly responded the veteran; "some prefer their hats on; I prefer mine off." As the rain fell more heavily Mrs. Gladstone stepped behind her husband and held an umbrella over his bare head. He was over eighty at the time. Mr. Gladstone went fluently on, expounding the merits of rabbit farming, but after a time even he noticed the rain and the umbrella. Turning to Mrs. Gladstone, he said, "I will put my own up, my dear," and he did so. Again the eloquent voice galloped on, while the rain became heavier and heavier. Presently Mrs. Gladstone threw a light mackintosh over her husband's shoulders. The moment he felt it he turned quickly round and with some asperity said, "I won't have it." He shrugged his shoulders, the mackintosh fell, and Mrs. Gladstone stepped back. For five minutes more in a deluge Mr. Gladstone went on; then he stopped, and we all fled.—Manchester Guardian.

The Onion Eater. "Most of us," said a man who eats plenty of onions, "eat too much meat and grease and butter and bread and not enough vegetables, and the consequence is our systems get clogged up with grease and starch, our livers get out of order and we grumble at our wives, and scold our children, and fuss when the baby cries, and quarrel with the street car conductors, and get into rows at the office and lose our jobs, not because we are naturally sulky or quarrelsome, but because we are bilious. Why are we bilious? Because we don't eat onions. You never saw a dyspeptic man eating onions. He thinks they are poison, but, in fact, they are the medicine that he most needs. Whenever you see an onion eater you see a whole souled, open hearted, jolly good fellow, who knows what he ought to eat to keep him good humored. Talk about the staff of life, why, bread is only a crutch. There is no nourishment in an onion than there is in a roll. The onion lovers keep the world moving, to say nothing of providing it with much of its fun."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Afghan Justice. A Yorkshire engineer acted in Afghanistan for many years as director of the arsenal at Abdur Rahman. On one occasion the engineer was fired at by some fanatic in a bazaar and laid a complaint before the ameer. His highness seemed to make light of the matter, observing: "I should not bother about it. You will find it will be all right." The engineer was by no means satisfied, but, remembering the people with whom he was, resolved to say no more. A week or so later he was invited to accompany the ameer on a ride. When outside the town they passed gibbet after gibbet, each occupied. The Englishman at length broke silence by suggesting, "Your highness seems to have been busy of late." The reply was characteristic: "Oh, no. That is your little lot." It was afterward learned that the ameer had executed every male member of the family of the assailant upon whom he could lay hands.—London Globe.

Dickens and Schoolmasters. Dickens, with something in his disposition peculiarly sympathetic toward children, was a bitter foe of any one—relative, teacher or official guardian—who tyrannized over them. A writer in the New York Post points out that he seems to take special delight in exposing the misdeeds of mercenary and cold hearted pedagogues. "When one's notice," says the Post, "is first directed to the attention the novelist gave to schools and their methods, it is interesting to try to recall the number mentioned. Six come to mind instantly—Dotheboys Hall, Dr. Blimber's, David Copperfield's two schools—Dr. Strong's and Mr. Creakle's—the Gradgrind school and Bradley Headstone's in 'Our Mutual Friend.' But even the most devoted reader of Dickens is amazed upon special investigation to discover the sum total of twenty-eight. There is not a phase of education that he does not touch upon, and wrong methods are revealed and commented upon in tones so caustic and with reason so unerring that better conditions were the natural result."

Always on Guard. Friend (to draper in his shop)—I notice that all your assistants squint most horribly. Couldn't you have got some better looking ones?

"I choose them purposely. They are most useful in keeping a watch on people. My customers never know on which side they are looking."—Nos Lotis.

Baby's Mamma. Sister (teasingly)—Mamma's more my mamma than she is yours. She was my mamma ever so long before she was yours. Baby (stoutly)—That don't make any difference. I'm the littlest, and the littlest a person is the more mamma she is.

Medical.

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The Innocent Joys of Youth.

"Gracious, Fanny!" exclaimed a mother to her little daughter. "Why are you shouting like that? Why can't you be quiet like your brother?" "He's got to be quiet," replied Fanny. "He's playing papa coming home late." "And who are you playing?" "Oh, I'm playing you!"—Harper's Weekly.

The Second Hand.

"I was showing my watch to my nephew, who was about six years old," says a celebrated writer, "when he pointed to the face of the dial and said: "'Why, there is another little watch!' 'It is called the second hand,' I said. 'He tossed his head contemptuously and walked off, saying: "'I wouldn't own a second hand watch.'"

Medical.

Occasional attacks of backache, irregular urination, headaches and dizzy spells are common early symptoms of kidney disorders. It's an error to neglect these ills. The attacks may pass off for a time, but return with greater intensity. If there are symptoms of dropsy—puffy swellings below the eyes, bloating of limbs or ankles, or any other part of the body, don't delay a minute. Begin taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and keep up the treatment until the kidneys are well, when your old-time health and vigor will return. Cures in Bellefonte prove the effective nature of this great kidney remedy.

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