

Bellefonte, Pa., July 19, 1907.

A FRANCISCAN SERMON

Little children, for His sake, Who a baby's form did take. Who disdained not at all Asses' manger, oxen's stall-Love His dumb things for His sake From that stall at Bethlehem

His child's gaze was turned on them, Very sweetly it might be For their hospitality; Inns were full at Bethlehem.

All the world went round and round. Ignorant; might none be found Worthy to behold His birth Save those lowliest things on earth, While the ignorant world went round.

Not by chance, O children dear. Read His lesson; it is clear: Not the lowliest living thing Stands outside His fathering: Read His lesson, children dear.

He, God's Lamb and little Child. Surely He was sweet and mild As those innocent lambs you know, Gambolling in their coats of snow: Imaging God's Lamb and Child.

For His sake, the blessed Lamb, Love dumb creatures in His name, Our poor brethren, patient, mild, Lowlier than the lowliest child, Ass and oxen, sheep and lamb.

And the dear birds of the air, All their pretty nestlings square; And the fly upon the pane; And the butterfly so vain Of his wings that light the air.

Not alone your dog so wise, With his kind heart in his eyes; Nor your bird that sings in mirth; Nor your pussy on the hearth-Love all living things likewise

Let your love be wide as His, With the whole world round His knees; Gather into your warm heart All His creatures-not a part:

So your love shall be like His. Save from want and cruelty Things that walk and things that fly; Make for them the world most sweet By your coming into it:

Fight His fight 'gainst cruelity O, believe me, little ones, Much a tender heart atones, Making a child's heart like His:

Re rejoices when He sees Kindness in His little ones. -[Katharine Tonan Hinkson.

SHIRAZ

I first met bim pear the cross road that outs in two the golf course in the Happy Valley at Hongkong. He and three of the little Chino caddies had been passing a tennis-ball, one from another, with their feet, after the usual inverted Chinese order of things, when it suddenly occurred to his Occidental instincts to elaborate the game. At least, that was what I gathered from the monosyllabic chatter and the gestures

He impressed me as being rather young to have mastered the dialect in which he was eagerly haranguing his companions. study, and he did not look as if he could boast that many to his age. Even for his inconsiderable span of life he seemed diminutive, but here and there a deeper pock on his square little face seemed to indicate a possible cause. Physically, aside from actual size, he left hut little to desire, and his cold gray Western eye, square little shoulders, and stubby calves were in rather ridiculous contrast to the shifty faces and lithe limbs of the embryonic Orientals around him. Strange to say, though a child of apparent European origin, he was not dressed in the orthodox sailor-suit with an H. M. S. cap ribbon, or in the trig Eton snit, with its abbreviated stern, in which the average exiled English mama loves to clothe her progeny. Neither were there any of the frills and ruffles of the highcaste Portuguese, although no one would have expected them, the Anglo-Saxon parentage of the child was so obviously ap-

it unmistakable. The argument had grown heated. Apparently the little Chinos were unsymthetic to any Western modification of a time-honored Oriental game. More than that, they were suspicious—not because it seemed dangerous, but because it was new. The odds in their favor were a majority, but the white child held a powerful trump in the tennis-ball that was firmly clenched in a little brown paw. This was evident to his wily comrades, and soon I saw a fur-tive, slant-eyed look shift from one in front to one behind.

A slight push and a stealthy grab precipitated things. Both failed, but the design lay unmasked in all its horrid nakedness. The brown-haired boy grasped the situation on the instant, and, with an instinct as quick as the treachery, took a balf step forward and planted a bard little fist between the eyes of the largest assailant, the boy in front of him.

Followed a fight which for the displacement of the contestants was as keen an exhibition as I have ever seen. I suppose that I should have interfered, but I have always an extreme distaste for stopping a fight as long as the party which has my sympathy is doing nicely. I laid a mild bet with myself that my half of the world would win, and so it would have done

hut for a trick of destiny.

He dropped the ball, the better and harder to use his fists, and I was wondering what latent instinct had caused a boy of his apparent Eastern education to resort to his fists as naturally as a puppy brought up with kittens would bite rather than scratch, when suddenly he swung at an assailant on his left, stepped squarely on the tennis-ball, and the next instant both stocky legs shot up in the air, and he landed with a thud squarely on his square little

Of course the sourcy spawn of Confucius rushed in and tried to kick him in the face, and one succeeded before I was able to reach him with my Malacca. Then they fled and from farther up the road hurled

insults pertaining to foreign devils.

My friend was on his feet in an instant and looking for a stone. Failing in the search, he turned to me. There was a rapidly growing bump over his left eye, where one of the boys had kicked him, and his upper teeth had cut deep into his lip so that the blood trickled down the corner of his mouth and dripped on to his khaki blouse. His manner, however, was un-

was at a loss to place. "You have come tired. Will you not take an old doctor's The sampan glided quietly up to the

if I have taken Yung—"
"They do not fight fair like us Englishmen," I answered; "and who is Yung, may

"Yung is my Chow dog. At most times he is with me, but today he does not come, because later I go with my father to the Parsee cemetery, and it is in my mind that the dog is not allow." He looked at me for my father, as he have not been well this for a moment keenly but politely, wishing, tory, for he resumed :

I am an Englishman. I am an American." "Indeed?" I answered, then hauled out my card-case and handed him a card. He took it with a slight bow and glanced at and the dread that showed in the brave the inscription.

"It is unfortunate that I am unable to offer you the card, Dr. Boles," he remark-ed, "but I am Shiraz Moore." "Shiraz," said I thoughtfully. "That is

a Persian city. Perhaps you are partly of Persian descent?"

"God forbid," he answered quickly.

"Thank you," he said. "Now I must go, for I can see that my father have finish

his game and is returning to the pavilion. It is my wish, sar, that we meet again." I echoed the sentiment. We bowed and parted.

with a group of other men absorbedly watching a game of billiards.
"Watch this game, Boles," he said to me. "You know I'm a bit of a player, myself, but this bearded chap could make

me look like a beginner."
"Who is he?" I asked, backing into one of the high chairs. "I don't know-haven't heard his name, but I could swear that I have met him Before dinner he sat near me on the ver-anda, and in an hour and a half he had got away with a quart of whiskey; the boy brought a full bottle and set it down beside him, and when he got up, it was empty. Since he's been playing here, he has soaked up about a quart more. Never'd guess it, would you? He must be a natural

physical antidote for rum !" long run, and as he turned to reach for his half-filled glass, my friend struck his fist

softly against his open band. "I have it! I know who he is! Jerrold Moore, by Gad! The portrait-painter who cation. I could feel that there was much made such a splash in London about five more behind what he had told me, also that years ago. Don't you remember? I knew him slightly when he was studying in criticism; and a closer glance at the man Paris.

"Has he a son? A little nipper about ten years old ?" I asked, for all at once I traced the familiarity of his expression to my little friend of the golf-links.
"Yes—I believe he has. Poor chap,

remember now. He married a great beauty, an American girl, whom he met in London. They were to take a tour around the world, but lived for about a year in India, where It had taken me ten long years of careful trait of the Shah. I believe that there was riding. Horse fell on top of her and smash-

> "There is still the boy to live for," I suggested. 'Of conse-and he doesn't look like a

was mad about her.'

weakling, does be ?" I glanced at the man with added inter-He was of medium height, broadthoroughbred, with small, close-set ears, and his face was tauned almost to mahogany. He wore a closely-trimmed Van dyke, and there was something wonderfully sympathetic in the expression of his

"Looks like a plucky sort of chap who is putting up a hard but losing fight against parent. An incident that followed made an overwhelming tragedy," said my friend, and this diagnosis impressed me as accurate.

Moore quickly ran off his string, and Brown took the opportunity to go over and speak to him. The other man laid aside een shipmates on the "Diamante" from

Manila a few weeks previously.
"I used to think that I was a bit of a billiard crack," said he ruefully, "but I've changed my mind since I struck this chap. Now I want to see some one else get sing-ed." He lowered his voice. "The wonder to me is that be's not under that table instead of knocking the balls together on half a gallon since tiffin !"

I did not reply, for I was watching baggy pongee trousers fastened under the knee with silver "good-luck" buckles. It was Shiraz, my friend of the morning, and he slipped quietly into the room as Moore and Brown started a game. The child recognized me with a respectful nod, then climbed into one of the high chairs, where he sat with his elbow on the arm and his of a man. square little chin dropped wearily into the palm of one hand, while his eyes, red and heavy-lidded, for the hour was late, never

ceased to follow the figure of his father. "See that kid ?" said my acquaintance "That's Shiraz—Moore's youngster. Rum little beggar—so quaint and old-fashioned. Moore lost his wife a few years ago, and since then be's been trailing all over Asia. Drags the kid around with him. Beastly shame : Shiraz ought to be at school and playing with other children. He scarcely speak English! He and his dad chin in some Hindu dialect.'

"That's just what I say. Just because his own life's been spoiled is no reason for I could stand it no longer. neglecting the boy, poor little chap. See how done-up he looks! A chap who knows of his time crystal-gazing, and all that rot.

H'mph! I'll bet he finds more consolation

There was a moment's utt in a glass bottle than he does in a glass a voice that seemed torn from the soul The two don't go together as I un-

derstand it-do they ?' He yawned and left me, and I was not sorry, for he was a garrulous animal, and, besides, I wanted to go over and say a word to Shiraz, whose head was drooping lower and lower, the bruise over his eye growing darker and more distinct as the tired blood

ly little motherless chap, patiently watching all beneath. Then there came a startled and waiting for a rum-soaking father, was oath from the watchman; unsteady steps

infinitely pathetic to me.
Shiraz roused himself, and the square

little shoulders went back a trifle. day, having once had fever which will reas I could see, to ascertain my caste before giving a personal turn to the conversation.

Apparently the investigation was satisfactor. For this disease he tell me that he proparently the investigation was satisfac-pry, for he resumed:
"You are in mistake, sar, to suppose that am an Englishman. I am an American."
so much of the whiskey that I fear he may

gray eyes as be finished speaking was beart-

am a doctor, and perhaps I can help you.

What is it like ?"

"It is very terrible, sar. Once he will believe that there follow him swarms of jungle-monkeys that jabber and mock and was born there, but'' (semi-apologetically)
"it was simply an accident. More importantly it is there that I have the misfortune to lose my mother." He removed his cap reverently at the name of his mother. I play the model of the server of t strange in that country, for there were plenty of these things. At that time I am much frightened, but I wish to save my father's life, so I slip from the bed and step with care across the floor, for the place is dark, and it is in my mind that the room is filled with cobra. Then I get to the cor-ner and reach my father's fowling piece. That same evening, after dinner, I wandered into the billiard-room in search of an acquaintance named Brown, whom I found I see a long black thing by the end of the bed. It seem to move, so I shoot." He smiled wearily and pointed to a scar be-tween his eyes. "This is what the fowling-piece do! It kick me almost through the thatch, for then I am not so big and strong as now. At this, my father scream very loud, and the servants come running in

that I have shoot only a piece of old bark rope, the rest of which is around a box, and somewhere—something familiar about the eyes. He's drunk now—or ought to be. of my father, who is ill."

with lights, and I am ashamed when I find

"Nevertheless, your action was that of a brave man, Shiraz," I said. He turned again to the contemplation of the love for a home. Now I understood the cause of the strange prematurity of face and speech. It was not the result of the As he spoke, the bearded man finished a vagrant, adventurous life that he had been He smiled feebly at the sight of his father compelled to lead, but the constant strain the conception of a boy of conventional edu-I could feel that there was much he had wished to shield his father from my himself told me too well that the fortifying of his system against these periodical attacks, which were nothing more nor less than delirium tremens, had now become a chronic treatment, although subject to more vigorous application at certain times.

Presently I wished him good night and rose to go. I hated to leave him, but it was said. which was lying off the man-o'-war anchorage with batches down, all ready to go to "Be quiet, Shiraz," I interrupted. "You Moore did some of his best work, painting age with batches down, all ready to go to rajas and Hindus and things. Afterward they went to Persia, where he did a portrait of the Shah. I believe that there was and asked him, for the boy's sake, to try to a child born there, and not long afterwards keep an eye on Jerrold Moore. He said most ruddy. Mrs. Moore met with an accident while that he would do so, but nevertheless it was with rather a heavy heart that I went asked. ed her all up ! Died of her injuries. Ugb ! down to the Bund and got a sampan to take I don't wonder the poor devil drinks; he me off; first giving my name to the policeman of the beat, who checked it off against the number of the sampan-a necessary precaution unless one wants to watch the coolies every second as a mongoose watches

a snake. Every one but the watchman had turned in when I went aboard; but either the Java. shouldered, but lean and wiry, with a small or the cheroots, or possibly a train of latent waist and narrow bips. His head was very memories, turned up from musty corners of my heart by my conversation with Shiraz; one or all, together with the damp, cool breeze fanning seaward through the straits and laden with the spicy smells of piny smoke and joss-sticks expired from alon the shores, and the fragmentary patter of voices whirling in the eddies of stealthily drifting junks; all of these things invited me more than the smells of salty mold and

burnt machinery oil below decks. So I hung over the taffrail and watched the flitter and sparkle of lights against the speak to him. The other man laid aside blackly neutral-colored mountain side, now his cue, settled the score, and came over and again idly trying to pick up the going and slid into a chair beside me. I had a and coming of an occasional swift sampan speaking acquaintance with him, as we had as it glanced across a lane of flickering light. Once I heard a sound as sinister as the black eddying waters under our stern. It came from far away, but I caught dis-

tinctly the sudden souffle of feet, then what seemed to be a choking cry, followed by a gurgle, like the ebbing tide around the beel of the rudder beneath me ; then a silence as drab as slack water.

For some moments I pondered, weaving top of it. He puts the rum away as if it stories in my brain; stories put together of were milk! He's got to windward of about thoughts and fancies that would have melted in the sunlight, but in the atmosphere around me took on a form as gruesome and diminutive figure clad in linen blouse and grotesque as the night upon the leaping hills beyond Kau-lung. Then, slowly, my fancies burned themselves out with the last of the cigar, and I turned to go below, when a new sound came quavering up from the sea. It was the sound of a man sobbing his heart out in the gloom; the hopeless, heartbreaking grief of a child, in the throat

The night cries from the city had become hushed, and a chill mist, creeping in from the sea, had dropped a humid veil, dim-ming the sparkle of the lights and shrouding everything that moved upon the waters. Even the sounds were muffled but still through the murk came distinctly the low, even, heavy-throated sobbing; such an agonizing mystery of grief as made one al-

most wish to join it. Nearer it came, and nearer, but strange can to say it seemed to grow no louder, and soon I heard, as its accompaniment, the splash, gurgle, and suck of a sampan's sculling oar. Close to our stern came the

"In God's name, what is ailing you?" I called down softly. I knew that the noise Moore slightly told me that he spends most came from a white man. A Chinaman does There was a moment's utter silence; then

came up in answer.

"Is there a surgeon on that ship?"
Something about the voice was familiar to

"I am a surgeon," I auswered. "Come alongside!" I hurried softly to the accom-modation ladder, where the watchman, who had heard the hail, had preceded me. ruffled and full of dignity.

"Permit me to thank you, sar," he remarked, with a peouliar accent which I greetings, "it is late, and you are very them a hand aboard!"

was at a loss to place. To nave come the deating, but I advice, and go to bed?"

advice, and go to bed?"

advice, and go to bed?"

staging. From below me there came the noise of heavy breathings and a shuffling on the ball. Surely it would not happen the tan of his cheeks, possibly at the softness of my voice; for the sight of this lone-of the gangway threw a black shadow on the gangway threw a black shadow on the gangway three.

were ascending the ladder, and the next moment the bare head of a man with a bloody, matted beard burst suddenly into the zone of light. In the man's arms was a small huddled figure from which, at each step there came a groan. As the man stepped under the lautern,

be turned his face toward me, and with a quick tug at the heart I leaped outside the rail and gazed at the bundle he carried in his arms. It was Shiraz; little Shiraz, cut and

hacked and slashed, a mass of blood and wounds. The man was Jerrold Moore. Quickly we carried the child below, and and the dread that showed in the brave catching a glimpse of the eyes of the father rending to see.

"Tell me about this sickness, Shiraz. I we cut the bloody garments from the child and for two hours fought with death for the precious little life, and at last I hoped that we had won. Nevertheless, I sat by his

bank for the rest of the night. At six in the morning one of the stewards brought me some coffee and the news that the ship would prabably not sail until the following day, as the glass was falling, and there was every indication of an approach-ing gale. An hour later, when I went on deck, it was easy to see that he was right, and as soon as it was light enough. could see that the burricane signal was flying. I was not sorry, for I wanted to see my patient through the next forty-eight

Late in the afternoon I was awakenend from a nap in my state-room by a light knock on the door. I called out, and Jerrold Moore entered. He looked ten years older than when I had seen him in the billiard-room the night before, but although his face was lined and drawn, his speech and appearance were self-possessed. "How is the boy, Doctor?" were his first words. "Will he pull through?"

"I hope so," I answered. "His wounds are not dangerous, but he has lost a lot of blood. We will go down and see bim. I

bave overslept." Perhaps it was a bit brutal of me to have taken the father in to see the boy as he looked just then, with the freckles standing out on the pinched little bloodless face, his father, and I to that of the pathetic and the clear gray eyes bright with pain heroism of this poor little wanderer, who had never known the love of a mother nor the hemorrhage; but I had my reasons for wishing the man to see the result of his folly. Shiraz was lying on his back, for he had a long slash across either shoulder.

and reached out both little bandaged arms. of anxiety and the undue responsibility: a As he leaned over to kiss the boy, I saw responsibility that would have been beyond a look in the man's eyes that was worth more to me than a thousand protestations of reform ; and he dropped his head on the edge of the bunk, and his shoulders shook.
Shiraz looked up at me, distressed, ashamed that I should witness his father's

emotion 'It is that the bandage make him to think of my mother," be said in explana-

"You must know," he added softly, "that she meet her death by a fall from a horse by which she is much bruise!. He have nodding imperceptibly at the bowed necessary for me to get out aboard my ship, head of the man, 'that I have the eyes of

"Are you in much pain, Shiraz?" he "No, Father-and have the devilish coolie wound you?" "Oh, no, my boy-I wish to God he had-"

"Thank God he did not. Father, -for then what would become of me ?-andhave you killed him ?" "Yes, Shiraz,-I broke his neck across

the gunnel !" A look of satisfaction that made me smile came into the tired little face. "That is as it should be, for he have try

to stab you while you sleep, and when I grab him by the knees, he bave cut me very bad. It is well that he is dead." "Now try to sleep, my boy," I said. I motioned to the father, and we stole softly

Two hours later Moore came to my cabin with a look upon his face that made me want to shake his hand.

"We are going home, Doctor,-Shiraz and I-back to the States. I have just engaged a passage on this steamer as far as Bombay, where we shall leave you to catch a P. &. O. I have finished living for my self. From this time on I will live for Shiraz."—By Henry C. Rowland, in Me-Clure's Magazine.

American Tobacco

The American tobacco crop has within the past few years assumed greatly increased importance. Quality as well as the quantity has improved. The farmers in some parts of the South, where this crop has been taken up are making money beyoud their fondest dreams in the cultivation of tobacco, and it is said that the unusual sight has been witnessed there of the agents of the large manufacturing com panies practically on their knees begging for a few bales of tobacco.

In Southern Georgia the value of land suited for tobacco growing has increased in ten-fold, and towns which were insignificant a few years ago are now important shipping centres. One place in Georgia, which it would be difficult to find on the map, enjoyed the distinction of having shipped one million dollars' worth of leaf in the course of one year. The Florida crop, it is stated, could have been sold twice over. The latest figures to be had show that the value of the tobacco in this country annually is valued at a little more than \$25,000,000.

Such a question honestly asked and answered would show at once the need of a medical work such as Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. It is a book dealing with the plain facts of physiology, hygiene and reproduction, in plain English, and is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

-Teacher-With whom did Achilles fight at the battle Troy?

Pupil—Pluto.
"Wrong. Try again."
"Nero." 'Nero? How do you''-"Then it must have been Hector. new it was one of our three dogs."

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

After all, our worst misfortunes never happen, id most miseries lie in anticipation.-Balza

For making war on moths-To a gallon of gasoline allow six ounces of crushed gum camphor and a pint of turpentine. Leave it in a corked demijohn all night. Next day shake well, and when you have swept rooms and closets (and burned the dust!) spray everything with the mixture. It will harm nothing in the way of bedding and carpets or upholstered furniture. Do one room at a time; shut it up closely, and do not open it for twenty-four hours. There will he a powerful smell in the air when you open the door next day. Do not have light or fire near. Throw wide

the windows and give the breeze free and sweep. Sweep and dust again and hain cows. You will need a daily treatment if you will do this once and faithfully. Then be on the lookout for the little wretches. Air the rooms often; empty clesets at least once a month, and never set the dustpan down until you have thrown the contents into the fire. More mischief is done in this way than you would believe. The wind carnes minute particles of fluff into corners, and the fluff is instinct with life. Germs of divers kind float hither and yon, seeking a resting place, and finding many, and moth eggs are deposited in rugs, cur-

tains and clothing.

Waistcoats of embroidered linen are frequently worn with woolen street suits. Some of these are entirely in white, but more swagger are they when done in red and blue Bretonne embroideries on a string color or tan linen. Others are of white pique, buttoning with gold buttons, while still others are in linen, striped in rose and white, blue and white, brown and white.

This Bretonne embroidery, by the way, is very effective when used judiciously on linen frocks. Remember, though, that a little goes far.

Other much-favored trimmings for ecru linen gowns is to combine it with a heavy filet net of the same tone, darued with conventional designs in white and ecrn tones, or, perhaps, even in the gay Bretonne

Instead of having made to order the large passementerie and button ornaments which are in such favor as a trimming for linen suits, the home dressmaker can first cover a mould with the material, and then apply on top of it some of the little embroidered medallions in heavy ecru lace, which can be bought very cheaply.

Unless for strict utility and a matter of necessary economy, the useful and comfortable white shirtwaists is no longer worn with the black skirt without a coat. Of course, this combination is seen a dozen times a day in hot weather, but it is no longer considered good style. Instead, one should wear a cotton or linen shirtwaist suit, or, at least, a blouse of a harmonizing tone with the skirt.

Colored linen frocks which have faded in laundering or by an over-abundance of sun,

never lose their prestige, there is a stronger leaning than for some seasons past toward colored effects. Again we are to see the dainty pink, blue, lavender, green and vellow tints in linens, organdies, mulles, batistes and swisses, which make such charming gowns when trimmed with sofe laces and embroideries.

Many colored linens are made in jumper effect to give the relieving touch of lingerie or lace near the face in yoke or under-

Remember that the length of the skirt is decided by the purpose for which it is to Walking skirts, both cloth and be used. linen, are from three to four inches from the ground. All formal gowns, however, for afternoon and evening wear, train slightly.

When papering a room remember that large patterns and dark colors will make it appear smaller, while a plain or striped paper of a light hue will give an effect of increased size. White, cream, yellow and light blue increase the apparent brilliancy of the light : red, dark green and blue and brown make the apartment seem darker than it really is. Avoid green, if possible;

the arsenic it contains is dangerous. Always avoid fautastic and highly colored patterns, both for their vulgarity and for the impression they make upon nervous persons and invalids.

A high dado or a low border will-make the room appear smaller, while the smaller these are the larger will the room seem. A ceiling darker than the paper gives an effect of lowness; lighter of height.

For bathrooms, kitchens, etc., either paint the walls or get the washable paper, which may be scrubbed as often as neces sary. This comes in pretty and appropriate delft and conventional patterns.

For halls it is well to have the lower

part of the walls covered with burlap or gunsacking, and separated from the light paper above by a narrow wooden rim.
Flower designs should be used in bedooms only; elsewhere they are out of place. Picture borders are best for dining

cooms and libraries. For reception rooms a simple moire de eign in silver or brouze is better than that in another color.

Altogether the best rule to follow is that of quiet simplicity, and the woman of taste will need but little direction otherwise.

Blue is rapidly superseding brown as popular color. A new shade that is soft and becoming is the nattier tone. This is often seen in combination with brown, especially on some of the new broad-brim-

As we learned our cookery and methods of serving from the English, there is little difference between our dinner tables and theirs. In the well-to-do classes in both countries the fashions are substantially the same. The English breakfast is heavier than ours, cold meats are carved at the sideboard, and the general conduct of the meal is more informal than with us.

The ravelled threads from old linen will be found most satisfactory for darning table cloths or napkins.

FARM NOTES.

-It seldom pays to feed old animals for

-Begin to feed those that are to be

turned off -Ten hens in a house 10x10 feet is

about right. -Now is the time to put old animals in

ondition to sell. -Nothing but pressed tin is good enough

-Use the test and know which are the best. Don't gness at it.

-Tenacity in milking is the most essential element of profit in the dairy cow. -The flavor of butter is affected by feed

and cleanliness, not by the breed of -Early-batched pullets are equivalent

to early winter layers. It's high time to get busy. -The best time to fatten is in warm

weather; the best way, a little grain with the pasture.

-The pasteurizing of milk sold for consumption extends its keeping qualities about 12 hours.

-Dry off the poor cows now and fatten them before the weather is cold. Be wise and keep only the best. -The corn crop can be made most use-

ful and valuable to the dairyman by put-ting it into a well built silo. -Succuleut feed for winter for milch cows, fattening cattle, sheep, swine or other stock, is best furnished by the silo.

-Pasteurization will not remove dirt from milk or cream. The best way is to

keep the dirt out in the first place -Are the cows well supplied with green fcdder? If not you cannot expect them to keep up the supply of milk.

-Look for borers each year; for the larger apple tree borer the last of June or early July and in early September; for the flat-headed borer after heavy storms, severe hot, dry spells, attacks by lice or anything that lowers the vitality of the trees; for pear tree borers at intervals of one month

to six weeks from June to October. -Turnips will be found one of the most useful crops that can be grown, not only for the table, but also for the stock, especially for hogs that are in pens. They can be produced at a small cost, and are among the most wholesome of stock foods. Late turnips may be grown in the regular way, or the seed can be sown broadcast on a plot that is to be left over.

-A small incubator may often be found helpful to the poulterer who is not in business on a sufficient scale to use the incubator exclusively for hatching. A 60-egg machine can often be used to save a set-ting of eggs when Biddy happens to take it into her head that a change of occupation is desirable, and deserts her nest. may happen often enough to pay for the

machine in a short time. -The garden supplies articles that cannot be as cheaply procured as they can be grown. Every farmer should endeavor to grow and provide for himself everything that can be produced on the farm. When the produce required is grown for use it will be fresher and better than can be promay now be dipped by certain up-to date cared elsewhere. Ripe tomatoes, fresh dyers. far superior to those bought in the mar-

-Land that has been seeded to crimson clover and the crop turned under has been found to contain twice as much humus, moisture and nitrogen as that which had no clover. This demonstrates that it pays to grow crimson clover as a manurial crop. Leaving out the gain of nitrogen entirely, the large amount of extra moisture retained by the clover land is an important gain when considering the next crop to be

grown on the plot. -Fleas become pests in some locations. An excellent mode of exterminating them is to use the well-known kerosene emulsion, first adding to every gallon of the emulsion a gill of crude carbolic acid, and then 10 gallons of water, applying with a sprayer. Add the acid at the time of mixing the soap and kerosene. It is also an excellent remedy for lice on cattle. Apply the mixture on the buildings and

ground with a sprayer. -Sweet corn can only be had early by planting the dwarf varieties. It may hap-pen that the ears are small, but rapidity of growth and earliness are secured only by using varieties that are not compelled to produce tall stalks and large ears. At the time of planting the early kinds such varieties as come medium and late should also be planted. Stowell's Evergreen is an old standard kind that has done service for many years and still surpasses many newer kinds. Later plantings can be made from time to time, and, with good judg-ment in planting, there should be a plentiful supply of sweet corn until frost appears in the fall.

-One half the labor of summer may be avoided by killing the early weeds. If the ground has been put in a fine condition much of the work of weed destruction may be done with the band field boe, which works close to the smallest plants without injury. If the weeds get a start they will greatly retard the cultivated plants and keep them from making fair growth before summer, at which season there is always liability of drought. Weeds can be eradicated from a farm entirely by systematically working against them and preventing them from feeding and multiplying, as the large majority of weeds are annuals

-In considering the relative value of the hen and pullet for laying, first cost of producing a layer is not always considered. The chick must be produced and live nearly a year before it lays, and consequently its product for the following year is at the expense of two years' keep. third year increases the product in propor-tion to the cost and so on indefinitely, provided the hen continues a good layer. True, the hen loses some time while molting, but not a year, or nearly, that is required for the pullet to mature. The hen, too, is more inclined to become broody, but this may or may not be an objection. Generally, the egg production is not reduced by age, and hence it is more profitable to keep the hen as long as she contin-ues to lay well, even if she is a hundred. Under equal conditions, the hen three years old should have laid twice the number of eggs that has been produced by the hen two years old, because she has had a year longer in which to do it.

-Hewitt-I have been pinched for money lately.

Jewett—Well, women have different ways of getting it. My wife kisses me when she wants any cash.