CUDDLE TIME.

As the evening shadows gather. Then 'tis cuddle time, I know. When my baby, dressed for Dreamland, Comes a-romping to me so; Come and begs of me to hold him

On my knees and "rock-a, bye," As the purpling sun sinks lower In the gleaming western sky. And he cuddles to me nearer.

As the firelight softly glows, And across the rusky portals Ghostly flickering shadows throws; And two dimpled arms about me Are clapsed tighter for a kiss-Ah, was richer, rarer necklace

Placed about one's neck than this? And I clasp and hold him closer, Little tousled head of gold. As he begs dad for a "tory" Which a hundred times I've told; Bees to have me "tell it over"-

Of the quaint Red Riding Hood, Or the bears-that happy family Living in the deep, dark wood. Soon the drooping, drooping lashes Cover up two eyes of brown,

And the tousled head so golden On my breast sinks lower down Lower yet, till, deep in slumber, Cuddled close to me he lies. With the glory of the sunset In his sleeping, dreaming eyes. In his eyes, in whose rare luster,

Shines the beauty of the dawn ; Till I know that into Dreamland My wee golden-head has gone. Ah, the sweetness of the pleasure Making life one golden rhyme, With a dimpled babe to fondle

When it cometh Cuddle Time! -Los Angeles Express.

ACQUITTED.

He was a little, thin, mildmannered man, rather shy and diffident-not at all the criminal type. And yet for two years he had been fighting desperately for very life itself. There had been three trials. Three times he had sat through the heartbreaking, soul-wearying processes of the law, listening with ears strained and hands clenched to the endless testimonies and cross-examinations now paling at the arraignment of the state's attorney, then brightening with hope when his own counsel scored a point. He had fought inch by inch every segment of the circle of circum stantial evidence that had hemmed him in -fought doggedly, his shrinking diffidence forgotten, with his Scotch mother's hard-headedness and, withal, his Irish father's

sanguine spirit. And in between had been long days of lonely waiting, days spent in pacing his cell until six steps and turn, six steps and turn, had become a purely automatic function, days when bome had faded into the past, and the future was an abyss into which he dared not look.

And now he was free! When the door of the jail clauged bebind him he stood for a moment, blinking uncertainly in the sunlight. The mists of two years' semi-darkness were in his brain, sat there, his arm around the slight wom-the sluggishness of long inaction in his an beside him, and Edith on his knee, veins, and his bands looked white and transparent in the glare. Already the first joy of acquittal was over-the victory in his fierce fight for-life had left him numbed with reaction.

And there was bitterness too. The stern, relentless, had left. his life, though even that grudgingly, but had taken everything else. What little money he had saved had gone long since for lawyers' fees. His occupation was gone; there had been men in plenty to take his place, men whose reputation had never suffered the tarnish of a false accusation. More than all, perhaps, his pride was gone, the pride of an honorable man in himself and his ambitions.

He had not expected his freedom until the following day, and there was no one to meet him. It was rather a relief, this part of it; he needed a little time to find him-Quite at random, he turned to the left and walked slowly along the pavement which skirted the jail. A man passing looked at him curiously, and he flushed.

"I must look like a convict," he thought uneasily, and be turned, self-conscious, into a more deserted street. The glare of the sun on the white pavements dazzled him; the roaring of the city confused him most of all; after the solitude of the last two years he was troubled by the proximity of his fellow-men.

After a time these first sensations left him. He began to feel the soft breeze from the Sound; to notice the fresh green of the trees, and to wonder if the honeysuckle was blooming on the little back porch at home. He had walked far by this time, and had recovered his equilibirum sufficiently to feel hungry. He got a lunch at a cheap restaurant, and found the coarse fare delicious. Then, fortified by a cup of hot coffee, he was in condition to think and plan. He took out his watch the cheap silver affair which had ticked out its twenty-four endiess hours every day of that long two years, and looked at it. He would have time, he reflected, to look around a little for something to do. Maybe he would have good news to take home to Annie and little Edith.

He had his boots blacked at the next corner, and with something of his former spruceness he took a cross-town car. When e got off, near the old office, he was almost boyishly hopeful.

He was innocent, he argued to himself, acquitted by a jury of his peers. Sinned against, not sinning. Surely his years of faithful service would count for him now. The dingy entrance to the office build-

ing was unchanged. He could have stooped and kissed the dusty floor. There was a new elevator, he noticed. The ramsbackle gates had been replaced by handsome bronze ones, the cage was ornate with mirrors and plush. He could have embraced the elevator boy.

"Well, George, how are you?" he said with a smile-and this little, middle-aged clerk's smile was an illumination.

"I'm pretty well," said the boy con-trainedly. "How are you, Mr. Carter?" "I guess I'm as well as could be expectsaid Carter. "I'm getting out now

for a little exercise."

But the attempt at facetiousness fell flat. George's face remained uncomfortably unonsive, and Carter began to feel the chill. He stepped off at the office floor, and sent his name by a strange boy to the head of the firm. Then he walked anxiously up and down, his eyes on the familar pattern on the faded linoleum on the

It was some little time before Mr. Wil-

hat in his hand, and Carter realized—it was an old ruse of Walcott, and he knew its import-that his familiar footing with old man" was gone.

"Well. Carter," be said, somewhat stiffly, "I congratulate you. You're out of that place at last." He had not offered his hand, and Carter

made no advance. 'Yes; I am to be congratulated," he said, somewhat bitterly, "if there is any room for congratulation where an innocent man has been imprisoned for two years, separated from his family, and finally acquitted after spending every dollar he bad in the world to save his miserable life. Still," be said, brightening, "my innocence is established, and I have still my wife and child, Mr. Walcott."

"Come in again when I'm not so husy, Carter!" The other man was uncomfortably conscious that Carter's clear eyes saw through bis constraint. "I'd like to hear about it. Of course the papers kept us posted, but—well, come in anyhow." He turned to the door of his inner office,

but paused with his hand on the kuch. You understood at the time. I believe, that Hitchins took your place when—wnen this thing occurred. He makes a very good credit man.

Yes, I understood." said Carter dully. "Mrs. Carter well ?"

"Very well, thank you." As the door closed behind Mr. Walcott's imposing figure, Carter put his hair back nervously and put on his hat. Then, without waiting for the elevator, he stumbled blindly down the stairs. Twenty years of service, of long nights over the books without extra pay, of short vacations and clip-ped holidays, of hardly won promotion— and this was all! Those years of whittling had fitted him to a narrow groove, and now another peg had taken his place. That was all.

He walked along the street, his head down, a pathetic droop to his thin shoulders, debating his next move. None of his friends were in a position to help him, and every fiber of him rebelled against going to a stranger with a "hard-luck" story. He stopped, and stood thinking, gazing abstractedly into a shop window. When, after a time, it dawned on him that the window was full of dolls, he was beset by temptation, and succumbed. When he left the shop, he carried guiltily, under his arm, a paper-wrapped baby, dressed in gorgeous pink and impossible lace. And although his small capital was diminished by the transaction, the little surprise for "Edy" lifted him from the depths, made him remember that although his "triumphant vindication" was a triumph in name only, there were yet home, and wife, and child

He had his latch key in his hand a half dozen squares before his street was reached. All those months in prison that small, flat key had been his only visible symbol of home; and now he was about to use it. He trembled quite noticeably as he went up the steps, and the key twisted in his impatient fingers. When at last the door was open and he was fairly in the little hall he could only call "Annie, Annie," in a choking voice, and then, weak and overcome from the long strain, he dropped to the seat of the hall-rack and sobbed

Up-stairs a childish voice called eagerly, "Mother, mother, father's home !" There was a whirlwind dash as Edith flung herself at him, and a moment later his wife was crying happily on his shoulder. When the first wave of emotion was over, he still recognition from former acquaintances. while under his feet Chick, the fox terrier, kicked and squirmed in an ecstasy of joy. It was growing late, and it was not until the dusk of the little hall hid his face that he dared speak of the events of the day. When he did so, bis air of nonchalance was so overdone that it at once attracted his wife's attention.

"I stopped at the office on my way out." he said, twisting one of Edith's curls around his finger. "Things look about the same there. Haven't even got a new linoleum in the outer office." She drew a long breath. It was a sub-

ject she had feared to broach. "Did he say anything ?"

"Ob, yes. Asked about you ; said to come back again when he wasn't so rush-

'John ! Was that all ?" "Well, that's enough, isn't it? You couldn't expect them to do without a credit man for two years, to hold a situation for me, Annie. For one thing, they didn't know whether I'd ever need another position or not. Walcott's all right. I guess there were no vacanicies."

"No vacancies !" Her tone was bitter. "You give them twenty years of your life, half paid and overworked. Then, when, after being taken away, imprisoned, for no fault of yours ; made to fight for your very life, you are acquitted, vindicated, there are no vacancies! Why don't they make a place for you? They know you don't know any business but theirs.'

He winced a little. Then he slid Edith

"We musn't spoil the first day, Annie. We're all well, and we're together. Please God, there are good days coming."

gently to the floor and rose.

He made a carefu, toilet the next morning, brushing his worn clothes and tying his black tie with unusual nicety. He was quite bopeful as he started out, and turned at the corner to wave at his wife. The neighbors looked out curiously from behind the curtains, but, perhaps owing to a mistaken sense of delicacy, none came out to greet him ...

The very day that Riter, the cashier of the Walcott Company, Carter's only enemy on earth, had been found dead beside his desk, his skull crushed in with a heavy office chair, there had come to the little credit man an offer from the Simmons Company so advantageous that he had been sorely tempted. Afterward, at the trial, his perturbation on that momentous day had told against him, the office force testilying unwillingly to his changed demeanor before the body was found.

When the dying confession of the janitor of the building set him free, Carter thought at once of the Simmons Company. It was early yet, only about eight o'clock, and he scarcely hope to see the firm before nine. He went into a barber shop, and leaned back comfortably as the white-coat-ed darkey lathered his face. The familiar odors of bay rum and eau de cologne were luxuries after his long seclusion, the tinkling of the slot-machine music box was dimelody to his ears. He looked better, more like himself, as he put on his coat

again and went out. He did not have to wait long for Mr. Simmons. He came out in a moment, his hand genially extended, his whole manner

breathing cordiality. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Carter," he said, as he shook hands. "Your imprisonment has been a shameful mistake, one of his hands gripping the arms of his worn those errors that seem unavoidable in the leather chair. After a bit he got up, and course of the law, but that are pretty hard began systematically to go over his papers is w to bear. However," he added jovially, —if the doctor was right they would need him

before it was too late.' Carter spoddered.

'I came to see you, Mr. Simmons, about

Simmons was more serious now "Yes, I remember it," he said, dropping into a chair. "Sit down, Carter; you don't look over-strong. Of course, that was some time ago, and things have changed. In the first place, the only position in which you would be useful to us is as credit man; we can get clerks and bookkeepers for the asking, but good, conservative credit men are rare."

Carter brightened perceptibly.
"But," went on Mr. Simmons, "we have kept the name of our firm impeachable; and, hile our policy is not narrow, I do not think it would be good business to send letters all over the country signed by a name that has attained-er-unpleasant Carter had not sat down. He stood now

rather white, looking across the vista of rocfe and skylights from the window. "But I am acquitted, Mr. Simmons."

"I'm really sorry, Carter But I think you can realize that while the trial made all kinds of a stir, the acquittal ha- been dismissed with a line or two in the papers. And the-taint is still there." "You have made your decision finally?"

"Yes. I'm afraid it's final. I'm sorry, too; but it would not be good business; and anyhow, Carter, a steady, hard-working man like you should have no difficulty in finding something to do."

He bad felt so sure that the disappoint

ment was doubly hard to bear. He buttoned his shabby overcoat, and turned slowly to the door. He scarcely heard Simmons's "Good morning, Carter. If I hear of anything I will let you know.

The rest of the day be spent going from one business house to another. He did not take time for lunch, and besides, he felt that food would choke him. It rained in the afternoon, and his feet were scaked through; but he kept doggedly on. The result was the same, varying only as to form. And he went home with a face whose white hopelessness told his wife the story without words.

He began to cough that night, and was alternately chilly and bot. In the morning, bowever, he felt better, although the cough kept up, and all that day he trudged through the mud. He gave up going to firms that knew him, and tried everything he saw advertised. Once he was almost engaged in a down-town department store, only to lose the chance by too truthfully giving his name.

The little wife at home was making a hard struggle. They had moved into the back part of their small home, and a card, 'Rooms to let," hung in the window. She had even advertised for and secured some sewing; but seeing her sitting at night with red eyes and stooping shoulders made the evenings a torture to the man across

the little center table. And then one day he got work. The strike on the traction lines had left the company crippled, and there was work for any one who had courage to run the gauntlet of stones and abuse from the union men Carter's knowledge of the work was nil, but his courage and resolution were dauntless. He took the car once over the route, with a brawny Irishman to show him, and then went out bravely alone, coughing always, dodging a brick occasionally, looking the other way sometimes, to avoid forcing a

He took the car out for a week, wea blue coat much too large over his black trousers, and going home at midnight with blistered hands and aching feet. At the end of the noon run on the seventh day he was called into the superintendent's office at the power-house. He waited a momen there, standing back from the window, for along the curb across the street a half-hundred strikers were watching the office When the superintendent came in he held a placard in his hand and his face was

apoplectic with rage.
"Look what those hell-hounds have beer doing !" he snarled. He held up the card for Carter to read .

"The Public, Attention! Through ill treatment and violation of contracts the Empire Traction Company has lost its skilled employees. Now it is insulting the public by filling their places with the soum of the city jails. They can't deny it."

Carter's bands clenched as he looked at

the jeering crowd across the street.
"The—pupples!" he said. "Mr liams, you know the story; you know that I have no redress. Is there any chance for me anywhere in God's world ?

The superintendent shook his head. "I don't like to do it, Carter. Under other circumstances I'd keep you on ; but there's been a good bit of talk about our new franchises, and if the public gets the idea into its head that we're trusting our cars to ex-convicts, there'll be a howl Maxwell over there has your envelope.'

As Carter left the office he had a paroxysm of coughing, which left him trembling and covered with perspiration. With a sudden resolution he took the dime which usually bought his noonday soup and rolls, and going down the steps to the basement dispensary of the hospital in the next square, dropped it into the fee box.

He sat a long time in the waiting-room among a motley crowd of Slavs and Lithua pians, balf the women with babies. The place reeked with iadoform and carbolic acid, and having had nothing to eat since early breakfast he was faint and nauseated

when his turn came. The doctor in the little, pen-like consulting-room was thorough and conscientious. He sounded Carter carefully over the chest, and listened to his breathing. Then he wrote the prescription and hand

ed it to him. "You're anaemic, ren down," he said "Haven't been getting out enough in the air. Occupation, clerk, I suppose?"
"Something of the sort," Carter said evasively. "For two years I have had very

ittle chance for air and exercise.' "Well, the lungs are not bad-yet. But there's a bit of solidification in one, andsuppose it's no use to tell you you'd be

better off, say, in Arizona?' "No use at all, sir ; but thank you." Carter got up stiffly and turned to the door. "Sleep with all the windows open," the doctor called after him, "and come again in a week."

He stumbled home, and finding the house empty threw himself on a sofa, too weary and wretched even to think. There his wife found him, late in the afternoon, sound asleep, with little drawn lines of suffering around his mouth; and realizing something of what had happened, she kissed him softly and darkened the room.

She took unusual pains with the supper that night, but little was eaten. Then, after putting Edith to bed, she went out to take home some sewing. Left alone, Carter sat for a time, his chin on his breast,

cott came in. When he did he had his "I'm glad they discovered their mistake to be in order. He laid out files of rent and tax receipts, grocery and gas bills, lodge notices-there was little of importance. He fingered his revolver lovingly. It offered a letter you sent me. Probably you remember—" an easy solution, albeit a cowardly one—inst to his temple, like this, and there would be his insurance. Ab, his insur-

ance ! Some one had been ringing unheard at the open front door. Now, seeing the light, he came in, to stop, startled, at the tableau before him.

"Put that down, Carter!" he said stern-

With a start Carter turned, to see Mr. Walcott in the doorway. He rose to hie feet, a trifle dizzy with surprise. "I wasn't going to kill myself, Mr. Walcott. I might have; but, heaven above, man, I can't even die! My insurance was

put up as collateral two years ago to pay my lawyers." He put the revolver in his desk and closed the drawer. Mr. Walcott was unpleasantly conscious of the tragedy in the

other man's voice. "Have a cigar," he said, proffering one and lighting his own. But Carter did not care to smoke. The two men sat down, Walcots impressive and expansive, the

other shrinking and crushed. "I've been thinking things over a little," said Walcott; "the firm had not thought of your not finding another posi-tion easily. We had filled your place, and in our estimation that ended the matter. But it seems Mrs. Carter's been doing some

sewing for a friend of my wife, and so the story came to me." Carter flushed. "I wouldn't wish my worst enemy the

humiliation of having his wife work to

support him. "And so," went on Walcott pompously. 'as we've decided to start a San Antonio branch, I am authorized to offer you the position of manager down there. You're the best man we know for the place; you know the business from the ground up. Carter got up, his small, worn figure proudly erect, his bands clenching ner-

vonsly. "You're offering me more than that, Mr. pavy blue. Walcott. You're giving me back my pride, my self-esteem. Thank God, I can be a man among men again!"-By Mary Roberts Rinehart, in Pearson's Magazine.

Good Book List for Children From Ten to Fourteen Years Old.

Ten to fourteen is a difficult period for which to select books. So much depends upon the individual child, and a few of the following list may be advanced for some children. It is an acknowledged fact, however, that a child's mental growth can be stunted or delayed by neglecting to pro-vide it with books that are beyond its com prehension. Like a young bird many young people must be tempted to do more they feel equal to doing. This thought has been ever present and though the books here classed together differ widely in subject, style appeal, I think I can safely claim for each the merit of never taking down to its reader.

Works of Louisa Alcott. These books are too well known to need commendation, but I would suggest the volumes of "Auut Joe's Scrapbag" and "A Garland for Girls' as excellent short stories for reading

Katy books, by Susan Cooledge. Good, clean books, full of girlish fun, nonesense and earnestness. Most girls will not be content to part company with Katy till very one of her sisters is safely married

'Not Like Other Girls,' by Rosa Nouchette Carey. Three girls and their mother lose their small fortune and the girls bravely undertake to make the family living by dressmaking. Some tangled love affairs, a rich cousin from Australia and a very unhappy lady added a sufficiency of inter-"Dame Prism," by Margaret H. Mat-

thews, so called for her swany disposition, the beroine deserves her title. It is much more pleasant to read of housekeeping in a train of cars, and of finding a fortune to lose it than to go through such an experience, but the end leaves Dame Prism happier than ever. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,"

Kate Douglas Wiggin. The last book of the author is again directing attention to this bright heroine and she is worthy of it. A few more Rebeccas would add to the pleasure of the world.

"Daisy Chain" and "Pillars of the House," by Charlotte Yonge. Two stories of family life told with skill and a clear insight into the ways of brothers and sisters. The two books are slightly connected by a wedding that takes place in the second, but are otherwise independent.

"Kidnaped," by Robert Louis Stevenson, an exciting tale of adventure by sea and land, in the days when men drank to "the King over the water." The story keeps closely to the life of its hero, being told by himself and greater events are men-tioned only as they add to his private trou-

"Saint of Dragon's Dale," by William Stearns Davis. The quaint story of a little German maid who lived when robbers barons and serfs) lined the roads. Fortunately for the little lady there were also saints and witches in those days and both equally serviceable. ly flabby.

'Princess and the Goblins," by George MacDonald, "Every little girl can be a princess," says the author, and sets out to tell how that may be. Better still he shows how a princess should act in the life of Irene, and the struggles of the goblins to get and keep her, but brave, good peo-ple have friends everywhere and the old lady of the tower and young Curdie, the miner, prove more than a match for the

bad-tempered little people.
"The Albambra," by Washington Irving. The legends clustering about the

"The Story of the Other Wise Man." by Henry Van Dyke. Very tenderly and lov ingly the story is told of a fourth wise man unable to join the three of whom the Gos-pels speak, who spends his life in searching for the Christ.

"Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyon (unabridged). It is a pity that any Eng-lish-speaking child should grow up without reading this treasure in the language of its author. The vigor of its diction and the beauty of its imagery will help to create a high standard of taste. It is a book that can be read aloud to a child at a very early

-There's a lot of difference between what we think and what we know

is when he hasn't anything else to worry

-Curiosity is merely a feeling inspired by things that are none of our busi -The proper time for a man to marry

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts-Charles

Dickens. The short skirt is the fashion.

All the tailor-made suits show the troter, or sidewalk skirt. It may escape the ground from three to Four inches will be the average.

Small hips are the fashion, and molded-to-the-figure effects will be proper thing. The three-band skirt, in which the lowest hand is the hem, will be worn. The one-hand effect, in which the fold is placed right above the knee, will be even

more worn. The drop-skirt of taffeta must be fitted very carefully to the figure.

A stylish coat will be the cutaway, ending 18 inches below the waist in the back. from 36 to 40 hours. The "finger-length" coat, which reaches to the tips of the fingers when the arm is held down, will also retain its hold. In general, an increased length in coats

will be noticed. Pockets are to be a feature. Five may be used A full length coat sleeve with turnback

end will be seen on the severely tailormade. The seven-eighths sleeve ending just bove the wrist is also prophesied. Hard-finished worsteds will be leading

favorites. These come in stripes, plaids, checks and Checks are predicted to enjoy a vogue

this fall. The leading colors will be somber. Blue will be more worn than ever be-

fore.

shades of blue that will be rivals in popularity. Greens and coppery browns are also picked as winners. You can't make a mistake in getting

Navy, royal, Nattier and Copenhagen are

To be chic, skirts for little people must stand out well around the hem.

The best examples have tiny ruffles on the lining, and even others employ a ruffle several inches wide on the under part. the first crop, while red clover produces Large and small tucks trim frocks of all seed from the second crop only. The descriptions. They are threaded in the Alsike is fertilized by the honey bee and several inches wide on the under sleeves, run round the yoke or blousy part

of a waist and embellish the skirt. The Japanese style is followed for wraps more than for sleeves, and while the cut is conning on a small girl it is rather too severe for fluffiness, and that is what is sought more than anything else for summer

Brick red is a color that will have a large part to play in the wraps of the late summer season for daytime occasions, and for automobile wear a smart woman will assume a loose coat made of brick-red drap souple, trimmed about the throat with black satin overlaid with fine silver soutache. A repetition of the trimming occurs on the ouffs on the very full sleeves, which are really merged into draperies of the

Another all-enveloping wrap of the same character is one of black cloth, with a collar and vest of vivid crimson silk overlaid with black silk braid.

Among the stunning styles of the present are immense bats turned sharply back at the front and side and surmounted with plumes of extravagant length and width. The handsomest hats of the kind are lined with silk of a contrasting shade. Big choux of tulle trim some such bats, though masses of flowers are still in great evidence. For evening hats feathers are the approved trimming. The osprey and paradise feathers are the most popular.

The success of the lingerie dress depends very largely upon the way it is lined, for the lining is much in evidence. "Linings must be carefully planned this season," said a couturiere. "If they are thin they said a couturiere. "If they are thin they wear out, and if they are coarse they show through and spoil the appearance of the

"We advise our patrons to take one of three or four linings which are available this year. The first and most desirable the lining of taffeta. Of this we make the drop skirt, the waist lining and

the coat lining.
"The second in our lining series is a material which is something like silk, and wearable standpoint. "But there is still another class, and

this is the lining of lawn. We have patrons who ask for the lawn drop skirt with

its silk ruffle, and we have many who prefer the lawn slips to those of silk. "We sometimes sel-ct a good rough silk, which is sure to do good service and which gives a gown a certain body and a body

With the coming of the apartment hotel has come a problem. Its insidious effect upon the women who occupy it is alarm-

The principal reason for the develop ment of the apartment hotel is that life, every-day life, might be made easy for the mistress of the home. It has been. In the apartment hotel she has absolutely nothing to do, and we all know who provides mischief for idle hands and idle minds.

The number of women thus liberated from the "degrading drudgery" of homely. plain duties is constantly and steadily creasing. The result of the freedom is a vast crowd of women, overdeveloped as to gathered together by a narrative which makes them doubly beautiful.

"The Storm of the Moorish rulers are dressing, in speeding at a mad pace in motor cars, in gambling at the bridge table, or in any other walking. hips and busts, who spend their days in which causes false stimulation

> Since the first inventive genius turned in the four corners of a handkerchief and made a dainty decoration, almost every article produced by fingers agile at needle work has at one time or another joined the list of handkerchief-made articles.

The latest, recruit is a complete shirt waist and the directions are very simple: Cut the two handkerchiefs in four triangles by laying two opposite corners to-gether. Join these four pieces together with valenciennes lace insertion, making a large square. Now, make a short yoke of the insertion, using about five or six rows, and join the handkerchief to it. Use two strips of insertion on the sides of the hand kerchief and join the material you are using. Cut out to fit. Make back and sleeves with insertion and edge.

For banana Salad-Roll until fine one oup of peanuts and beat until light the whites of two eggs. Quarter your bananas, dip into the egg. roll in the peannts and serve with mayonnaise or lettuce leaf.

FARM NOTES.

-An ounce of good management is worth more than all the fussing, coddling and drugging ever done, or that can be done.

-Why do we always hear of those wheat fields that turn out better than expected, but never a word of those that go the other way?

-Moisture doesn't go far or last long on unplowed or uncultivated fields at this time of the year. A hard packed field cannot be plowed too soon after a rain.

-More corn can be raised in three ways : Better seed, better soil preparation, better cultivation. These three factors worked together will reduce the acreage and increase the yield.

- The hedbug bas been scientifically investigated by the department of agriculture, and the reassuring information is given that an adult bedbug feeds only once in

-The hog is very sensitive to cold, and should be well sheltered when the season necomes severe. He will try to keep warm by burrowing into his litter, and when hogs are in large numbers they will crowd together, or upon each other, for the same purpose. This is injurious, and it is op-posed to a supply of pure air, and also causes injury by crushing.

-Pinching back the new growth is another way of saving a great deal of sap for the formation of fruit. About the time the peaches or other stone fruits are half formed, take a sharp pair of shears and clip off about balf of this year's growth of wood on all parts of the tree. This retards the growth of shoot and leaf and the sap is saved for development of fruit.

-There is one question we wish our folks would answer for us. If you have an unfenced lot around the buildings, and the pigs have the run of it, they will grow as last as the weeds and grass they are eating. Fence this in, then turn the same pigs in, and the growth is checked. You will soon notice those pigs are not doing as well. Is it the sense of freedom that makes the difference?

-There are several varieties of clover, some better adapted to certain soils than others. Alsike clover produces seed from the red variety by the buildebee. The latter is being exported to -one countries where clover has not beret fore flourished, in order to fertilize the bl...-ous.

-The fall is the time to revew the orchard. Remove the dead wood and then plow the land, applying bone meal and wood ashes. Manure may also be applied with advantage, the ground being well harrowed after the fertilizer and manure have been broadcasted. In the spring the ground may be used for potatoes, early cabbage, carrots, beets or parsnips, which will permit of growing a crop while cultivating the orchard.

-To keep onions over winter put them in a dry location, such as a bern loft, and spread them on the floor or shelves in thin ayers. If they should happen to freeze it will not damage them, provided they are not disturbed when frozen. They should be covered with sheets of paper, in order to assist in preventing sudden thawing, but usually, if the layers of onions are not too thick, and the location is dry, they will keep without difficulty.

-Selling prepared fruit and garden stuff, such as mustard, canned kraut, canned tomatoes, horse radish, canned fruit, preserves and the like, will be the source of a great deal of income to the farmer. In the case of fruit, especially, it will furnish a profitable market for a great deal that would otherwise go to waste. It is a very small town and a poor market indeed that will not consume all the stuff that can be sold from the farm in this way.

-Any plants growing where they are not desired are weeds. One of the most detestible of weeds is rye in the wheat field, and yet such cases are frequent. Even two varieties of the same kind of plants should never be allowed to be together. If two blades of grass or stalks of corn are growing side by side, and not thrive, one of them should be removed in order to allow the other the plant food which is being taken by both, as one performs the service of a weed to the other.

-It is sometimes an advantage to plow the ground and spread the manure in the fall, but the kind of land and circumstances a great many persons prefer this from a of local nature must be considered. If the manure is thoroughly worked into the soil with a harrow there will be but little risk of loss of the soluble matter. Manure, as a rule, is mostly soiid material, and the frost and moisture will assist in disintegrating it. There will also be a saving of time in the spreading of manure, as less work will be required during the busy season.

-It is claimed that if the roots of hyacinths and tulips are left in the bed where they bloom, and the stalks cut after blooming, they will bloom annually, providing the bed is well protected in winter. A shovelful of well-rotted manure over each stalk, with straw or some other covering over the manure, will serve as a protection When tulips or byacinths are grown in glasses the flowers are produced at the ex-pense of the bulbs, but when grown in rich soil the exhaustion does not so readily og-

-The land that was devoted to potatoes this year should be seeded to rye, limed in the spring, and corn grown on the same laud next year. Such a plan gives the land two weedings, and cleans it thoroughly. It is also an advantage not to grow potatoes on the same land oftener than one year in four, as a precaution against disease. Rye should cover all land that is plowed in the fall, as it prevents loss of fertility, and when turned under in the spring adds fertilizing material to the soil, the lime being used to neutralize any acidity that may exist therein.

-In the garden and in the fruit patch the balance of soil and water has a great deal to do with the success of the cultural operations. Many of our orchards do not oduce the fruit they should because the soil has never been drained and the soil becomes waterlogged after heavy rains and so remains for a long time after fair weather has come. The drains in clay soil should be at least 30 inches deep, so that the water table may be lowered to that point. More drains in our orchards would make it possible to get better results from the fruit trees and fruit plants growing in them.

Pills Vs. Bills

A little pill may often save a big bill for medical service. When the bowels are clogged a condition is created which in-When the bowels are vites disease. One of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a regulator of the bowels will prevent this condition, and if there is constipated babit the use of the "Pellets" will effect a complete cure.