Bellefonte, Pa., October 4, 1907.

THE ROAD TO GRUMBLETOWN.

'Tis quite a safe and easy road That leads to Grumbletown, And those who wish can always find A chance to journey down

'Tis customary for the trip To choose a rainy day— When weather's fine one's not so apt To care to go that way.

Just keep down Fretful Lane until You come to Sulky Stile, Where travelers often like to rest In silence for a while

And then cross over Pouting Bridge, Where Don't Care Brook flows do And just a little way beyond You come to Grun

From what I learn, this Grumbletown Is not a pleasant place : One never hears a cheerful word,

Or sees a smiling face The children there are badly spoiled And sure to fret and tease, And all the grown-up people, too,

The weather rarely is just right In this peculiar spot; 'Tis either raining all the time.

The books are stupid as can be; The games are dull and old; There's nothing new and nothing nice In Grumbletown, I'm told.

And so I've taken pains, my dears, The easiest road to show. That you may all be very sure You never, never go!

-Exchange,

AT EPHESUS.

Nefore Dr. Winthrop has reached three score he knew that the re.t was to be but labor and sorrow. At first he made fluttered and restless plans to go to Montreal or New York, and find out certainly from some other physician who could judge imperson-ally, but his purse was less than light. And, after all, he knew—of course he did. Had, he not accompanied old Madame Moore an! young Henry Sturgis along that road? Milestone after milestone, he knew it, and how there was no turning back. So, after a more careful scrutiny of his bank book than he had given it for many years, he withdrew, as it were, just out of the patient's hearing, and having subdivided himself into three, patient, family physician, and consulting physician, impartially considered the case of a certain old army surgeon who had somehow taken a morta hurt in his liver, and must be long in dy ing. The subliminal third self thus consulted, shook his head in the manner assumed by physicians, since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, to indi-

cate an adverse opinion. "But he won't be the first that's had to stand it," quoth this phantom oracle; then, "Of course, toward the last there's morphine---when it gets too bad." It was already pretty bad at times. Dr. wistfully at the small aluminum case of the hypodermic syringe on the desk before him. But the Counsetor, intercepting the look, spoke with great "Be sure the time has certainly come before you let him have that.' And Dr. Winthrop said: "I promise

be very sure." One gives promises either to one's self or to another. Those given to one's self are subject to inextinguishable sophistries, and not to be relied upon in matters of moment. In making this promise, Dr. Winthrop fixed his eyes rather wildly on a picture in an oval black-walnut frame above his cabinet of instruments. It was a faded, smil ing photograph,—a somewhat young and inexperienced face to play the part of Eikon in that grim and out at elbow little office, above so gray and worn a worshiper. Yet there may have been more strength in its invincible vonth and ignorance than could have been afforded the little gentleman by some maturer idol. It is certain, at least, that he looked at it often and steadily dur ing the next year or so, when its unwavering smile upheld him minute by minute during interminable evenings.

rring interminable evenings.
"Perhaps it isn't evough just to die,"
"Perhaps, by seemed to be her argument. suffering, one gains-something or otherout of proportion to what one endures. I'd love to tell you about it, but they won't let me."

A more tangled argument lay in the village people's need. He knew, without pride, what comfort and safe counsel were to be had of him. Some of the houses that he daily passed were like tall ships piloted by him to their anchorage through danger that had sunk many such. Then there were the boys and girls he

had ushered into life, guided through teething and measles, and whose confidence he held so utterly that the town was not, like so many of its size, an "awful place to bring up children." It is easy for young mariners to get a point or two off the course, and bring up in sorrowful "No Man's land." And parents are apt to be fools. The mercy of the drug is insidious. It clouds one's judgment. His eyes being proven clearer than most, he must keep

So the doctor gave some thought to Jim Bludsoe, and his manner of staying at the wheel among flames. There is much in the feeling that one is in good company when beginning some lonesome, brave undertak-ing. He went through his morning paper for stories of heroism—engineers, ship cap-tains, firemen—and when among news of politics, murders, and society, he found a paragraph of the sort he was after, things were easier through the day; his shoulders would faintly imitate the old military car-riage, and anxious patients, who had be-gun to see that something was wrong, would say: "You're looking better to-day,

But at last came a time when the invisi ble counselor said, the matter being once more referred to him; "There's nothing to do now but to make him as comfortable as possible." The eyes of the picture also smiled comsent, and it seemed agreed upon that the old army surgeon might now take his departure in honorable peace.

He did this with greater composure be-cause of the arrival of Dr. Leonard, for whom he conceived such liking that within a month the new shingle was tacked be-low Dr. Winthrop's and the young man's trunk stood in the upstairs bedroom which the invalid had given up, his nights as well as his days being now mostly passed in a great upholstered chair by the fireplace of the study adjoining the office.

Having thus bestowed the mantle of cinders. But Dr. Winthrop did not for Elijah, the Doctor also entrusted to young | get.

Elisha the last rites of his own case, and settled down to the now brief business of dying with what ease and dignity he might. To piay solitaire, doze painlessly, and work fitfully at a translation of the second part of "Faust"—a task which he had long ago assigned to a happier old age han had fallen to his lot-these were now his occupa-tions; the big chair, the reading table with its circle of light, and the fireplace, the scene of his activities.

Still, his mind was not altogether at ease about the morphine, to the distress of Dr. Leonard, who decided that long and heroic abstinence had induced a Quixotic habit of

"Well, it isn't as if my hearing the pain could help anybody," Dr. Winthrop would wasn't it yesterday she came in with her say, justifying himself before he reluctantly accepted relief.

'You'd have given it to a patient long

"Of course. But it's too damnably easy Yet when the first factious glow of relief

dwelt briefly in his poor nerves, the doubts would vanish for a while. 'When I think what I escape, it almost seems as if it made up for the evil it does.'

By Christmas the village had ratified Dr. Winthrop's choice of a successor. Those who had unwillingly, since his sickness, gone over to the venerable homeopathist, Dr. Williams, or to young Cleighton, joyfully brought back their pains and aches to the small brick house where two signs now hung. They had found safety and wisdom under that roof for many years. This new young man could hardly go far wrong, they reasoned, so long as the town's High Priest still lived there to give him counsel. Moreover, the young Elisha was good to look upon, and had large measure of what the ladies enthusiastically called "magnetism." But this word has so long been deprived of its meaning through over se and mouthing that it must be defined at length if it is to be understood. By these things you may know those who have it: if an airless room becomes purified by their entering it; if, when you are afraid to die, something about them subtly convicts you of cowardice; if, when you are in great distress of mind as well as body, doubt ug, which dark road-turning to take, everything cheerfully untangles while that cool,

matter-of-fact touch is on your wrist.

Just as Dr. Leonard held the old-time ractice of Dr. Winthrop nicely in his alm, diphtheria broke out in the schools, ike forest fire. It started, of course, in France Hollaud. Any epidemic always began there, the people being weak and inferior—degenerate, perhaps—certainly having rather a hard time of it, first and last, for the children must go to the factories as soon as they learn the multiplication table, and they marry, as often as

not, boy and girl, before sixteen.
In the Hollow was a primary school with seventy-five pupils, orowded three in a seat. It began with the littliest one of all who attended school for just a week, and spent most of her recesses in the young teacher's lap. Suddenly she came no more. When word was brought that she was dead, the teacher cried, right before all the pupils. The next day she did not come to school herself, but instead there appeared a member of the board, with side whiskers and eye-glasses, who, holding a queer-smelling handkerchief before his face, briefly declared a vacation. The teacher was the first patient Dr. Leonard lost after be

put out his sign.

Then followed two cases at the Academy French Hollow, exhaling misfortune, and humble position at their feet. "It's as bad as the city slums," they said.

Dr. Williams and Dr. Cleighton having been brought up in that region, partook of the town's prejudice against "Cajans" in general, so when the plague let loose upon the Hollow in all its dreadfulness, their share of the work was performed in a rather perfunctory way. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that none of their Hill patients were neglected.

But, however that may be, it is certain that for the most part it was Dr. Leonard who went to and fro in that poisonous and sorrowful Acadia. On the Hill there were nurses with caps, and aprons, and certifi-cates, but not in French Hollow. Only father Labelle, grim and ascetic, with but little English to his tongue, and with fiery hatred of all things Anglo-Saxon, would frequently come in as Dr. Leonard went out, and often took his turn at helping the hody as well as the soul. At first this fierce little priest was superciliously civil to the physician, then he was haughty and would speak, but toward the end he softened and speak, but toward the end he softened and did she look at him so intently—why did warned as only such natures can; and if her shadowy hand rest in that motherly speak are ever proved into Heaven; that of souls are ever prayed into Heaven, that of

Dr. Leonard will not escape salvation.

The limits of Dr. Winthrop's world now admitted but little more than his Zweiter Theil-his game of patience and his semi waking sleep. No hint of any especial cause for anxiety in the world he was rapidly leaving ever reached him from Dr.

"Everything going all right? he would ask now and then with his kind, withered smile, and half forget the question before the cheerful answer came:

"First rate, thank you." But Mrs. Shampine, the housekeeper, knew, and kept a hot meal ready for serv-ing at any hour of the day or night. She had many relatives in the Hollow. The

One bitter day, at the four o'clock twilight, Dr. Leonard came in more wearily than usual, and, having nade but sad work of his smile of greeting to the invalid stood before the fire in somber abstraction, holding his stiff bands to the blaze, while Mrs. Shampine's burry resounded through the house. Dr. Winthrop. looking drowsily up from his cards, forgot for a minute the maneuvre which he was about to perform with the upheld ace. This and that began to fit together in his tired brain, until a thing that had troubled him for a while that afternoon, and then bad faded into inconsequence with other troubles

returned with clamor. "Is there much sickness about, Oscar?" he asked in his faded voice.

"Some influenza just now."

He placed his ace and drew another card but was not satisfied. "There was a funeral," he said,

Dr. Leonard gave him a quick, sidelong glance, tightened his mouth, and stared at the fire. Several cards fell softly into

"Who is dead?'e Dr. Leonard's foot touched a log, which rolled noisily forward on the hearth and demanded all bis attention to keep it from burning the rug. When this was adjusted, its co

"Who was it. Oscar?" The answer came slowly—
"A little girl—from the Hill."

"What little girl?" The old man's voice hinted indignation.
All the small undeveloped personalities of
the town were as definite to him as to their own parents--some of them more so. He never thought of them generically as "girls"

or "hoys." "Letty Moore," said Leonard at las

softly. Dr. Wintbrop dropped his cards. head sunk or his chest, his whole body came collapsed and feeble even beyond its babit "Letty Moore! How is that possible?

'No, Doctor, that was two weeks ago."

Then Dr. Winthrop must have all the symptoms. He dragged them out, one by one. Dr. Leonard could prevaricate a little if the necessity were great, but the art of direct lying was forever beyond him. He gave up one bit of truth after another, miserably hoping that the obscured brain might not be able to put them together and name the total. But all the dozing faculties were waking now, and focusing. After brief pondering the question came

"Is it epidemio?" "Is what epidemic?"

"Diphtheria, of course." "It's nothing that we can't handle."

Dr. Winth:op tremulously cast off the afghan that was wound about his knees like a cocoon, and grasped the arms of "Help me up."

He had risen before a hand could reach him, but after wavering an instant sank hack into Leonard's arms.
"Miracles," he gasped, "are out of date."
"But we've really got it in hand," snoth-

ed Leonard, sick at heart. "Cleighton does pretty well, you know." 'Cleighton !'

"I never knew before how much I could get through in a day. It really is well

"Oscar." said the old man very earnest ly, "you must learn now how to be a ma-chine. You must learn not to take it to beart when—they die. And Oscar—surely I don't need to caution you to be careful about-not to-no, there's no danger of that. But so many young men have wreck ed themselves-overdrawn their accounts hopelessly. God help us doctors, with

emptation always at our elbow!"
At this hint, Leonard looked away with strange, veiled expression, which if the Doctor had seen it might have made him suspect that his warning was not so un-necessary as he had hoped; but his eyelids had dropped with pain and weariness.
"I shall use the best judgment I have,"

said Leonard rather harshly after a me ment's silence.
Mrs. Shampine's sleek black head ap-

peared. "Soopay ready, M'sieu," and Dr. Leonard hurried out. He was gone hardly five minutes, yet when he returned he hardly seemed in such haste as the swift disposal of his meal indicated, for he fell into meditation before the fire, his fur cap on his great-coat over his arm, remaining in that position so long that Dr. Winthrop looked up in perplexity. The drawn, miserable look had faded before the influence of a good warm meal. His eyes were now clear and bonestly cheerful, his cheeks healthfully finshed instead of pinched and purple with cold. It was wonderful. Dr. Winthrop thought-—the reconperative power of youth—and, as he had done many times before, he adon the Hill, and the town grew interested mired, with half shut, drowsy eyes, the and more out of patience than ever with fine lines of the jaw and forehead, the selfreliant carriage of the shoulders, and the glow of the fire. He was leaving his people in good care, he thought contentedly, and while he dwelt upon this idea the dreams enfolded him with that tender mist which was not sleep, but just a strangeness falling over familiar things—a quiet in-vasion from the world behind the barrier ghosts that came and smiled and softly vanished. Letty Moore sat down on the rug with her doll, ber feet straight out, and began to rebraid its fuzzy, yellow hair. The oldest ghost of all, his grandfather, in preposterous stock and shirt collar, ranged up beside Dr. Leonard before the fire, standing with his back to it, his feet wide apart, and his coat-tails spread to get the heat. Between these, the oldest and youngest, the air thickened with many others. How could they all find space-

> wanted to speak, but they would never let her. Leonard stirred, beginning to draw or his overcoat, and the room was cleared of visions as a pool is cleared of reflections by a pebble cast, though the kind, dead hand on the living shoulder persisted strangely after the vanishing of other unreal things.

those young fellows in blue-some in gray

They swarmed in by regiments. Through

these there entered a gracious presence

Entered? She was always there, but no

always visible, young and smiling, and dressed in the fashion of the sixties. Why

way on Dr. Leonard's shoulder? She

wanted to speak. Poor child, she often

But even when the coat was on young doctor lingered, smiling as if there were some pleasant thought that he must finish before going back to his patients. Dr. Winthrop, waking more and more fully, found himself wondering-even a little indignantly—at that spontaneous cheerfulness. He would have him cool first distant tinkle of the sleigh-bells was a signal for heavy-footed haste in the kitchen.

and courageous; yet, was it natural to be—well—almost jolly, when little Letty Moore was hardly cold? But probably he had found a letter as well as a dinner. Letters from the right girl could do almost anything for a man. Once they had been able to render even the grim aftermath of bat-tle less dreadful. Not that Dr. Leonard had ever admitted that there was a girl,

but there always is one when a man roused from his pleasant Legnard thoughts, and came over to arrange more conveniently the contrivances about the big bair. Then he went out whistling.

"I'll de back by midnight," he called back. "Good by !" The snow orunched and squeaked under his feet as he ran down the walk to the waiting sleigh. Mrs. Shampine brought in a

"Did the doctor eat a good supper ?"

"Nossir." Her face was perplexed.
"Me, I cooked 'im a good shicken, nice and hot. He jus' tas'e 'em and push 'em away. But pretty soon 'e feel good, 'e say. Guess 'e had sopay somewheres else," she hazarded with some resentment. "She was a nawful good shicken, ber. But 'e don't eat nothing hardly at all these days.

"Were there letters today ?" "Nossir ; jus' a paper. An idea came to Dr. Winthrop, slowly and heavily. It was so like the pain in its coming that he mistook it at first for

"You may go, thank you," he said to

out tasting, the spoonful of broth which he had been about to take, and sat very still for a long time. He saw again the shadowy figure with its warning hand upon the broad shoulder.

"I have been very blind." He looked up at the picture. "Was it really you, my dear? If I could be sure of that, it would make everything so simple and easy. Well, I shall know soon, and at any rate that doesn't affect the conclusion."

He took his bypodermic syringe out of its case and dropped it among the coals. "God help us all," he whispered.

At midnight Dr. Leonard came back heavy-eyed and with dragging feet, to find the fire dead, while on the hearth Dr. Winthrop lay in a moaning heap, grasping a handful of ashes and the broken hypoderhandful of ashes and the broken hypoder-mic. Having quickly administered the delayed prescription with an instrument from his own vest pocket, the young man held his patient in his arms until the breath came easily and the groaning ceased. The first words disma, ed him.

'Oscar, I'm-not going to use that-any

"What?"

"I can do what others have done." Dr. Leonard looked sharply at the closed eyes and bit his lip. At last, speaking with professional cheerfulness, "Can't allow it, Doctor. You're my patient."

But the thing was too settled in Dr.

Winthrop's own mind to allow of argu-

"It won't be long, you know."
They were silent for a while. The faint crackle of the lamp, whose oil was nearly spent ; the soft touch of snowflakes on the window, and the irregular breathing of the two men, seemed loud in the room. Dr. Leonard's voice was low, almost timid, when he finally spoke :

'What has given you that notion, Doc The yellow hand sought the firm and healthy one, clasping it strongly. "You know."

There was no reply. The pressure was not returned. "I can't stand for that, Oscar."

Dr. Leonard broke out in fretful argu-"It's only while this lasts. I—why, you don't think I'd take morphia just for myself! But what right have I to forego anything -- anything that will make me stronger-that will make just the difference be

tween pulling them through and not pulling them through ?' "It won't do." "I've lost ten already. Ten in ek." He turned his face away.
"Ten!" repeated Dr. Winthrop sadly

Then he must know all the names. But when nine were told off, including Letty Moore, Leonard stopped. The tenth name made difficulty in his throat. "The tenth died an hour ago." Then,

after delay-'Rosalie St. Pierre. I worked bard. I was fool enough to pray.' "Perhaps such a pretty face is safer out

of French Hollow. 'I'd have taken her out. I'd have married ber." The skeleton arm tightened about the

young man's shoulders caressingly. Leonard broke down. "These Hill people sneer at everything down there," he stammered. "She was the whitest—she was—Oh! I know what

she was-and I couldn't save her. She cared, though. Labelle came between us with his crucifix and wafer, but she had looked at me-"Once I cared for some one who-went

away Yet not altogether away, I think."
"You think that? You've been through

"I wish I could." They talked on for a while in that strain. telling each other what the two dead women had been like, groping at the obscurity which now hid them. At last, when Dr. Winthrop felt that the flicker of artificial strength was departing, he returned to the beginning of the conversation, knowing that this might be his last chance to argue that grave matter.

"Oscar, remember that you are not to give me morphia again.

'Bat why-why?" "For two reasons. The first is that I've taken a notion I'd like to hold up my head, over there, among those who bore the worst and died sober. That reason is sufficient in itself. The other is also sufficient in itself. The going without it will be my share—and all that I'm capable of

accomplishing—in this trouble."
"But if I have to think of your enduring all that while I'm away, it will use me up completely. It won't help."
"Yes, it will. You will think, can do it, I can."

"It's not a habit. I swear, it's only during this crists. I should hope I could stop without that." "Very likely." Dr. Winthrop knew

how unlikely it was. "But I shall do it in any case." "But-do you want to make me worse than a murderer? You've no right to force

me to accept such a sacrifice. Put yourself in my place. That's what I've been doing.

"I promise—Can't you believe my word?"

Leonard flung away to walk up and down the room, nervously twitching chairs out of his way, adjusting and readjusting trifles-muttering stormily : "Look here. When I say I

"So do I," said Dr. Winthrop, calmly.
"I promised while you were out. I tried to break it, too—" he looked at the spoiled bypodermic—"but it held."
"But if I were as lost as you think me,

you know perfectly well that such a sacri-fice wouldn't have the slightest influence." "I don't think you lost. By and by— when you think it over—remember I thought it a very small price to pay—then you will be able to judge whether it was

the only price." "But you miss the point. What, if it is dangerous-so long as it's the only way to save those children? You'd do it yourself."

"I might. But I won't let you." "Doctor, don't do it. I simply couldn't stand it to let you."

"My promise is given. Dying people have a right to obedience when their minds are clear. Mine is very clear." "I won't let you. You wouldn't let a

patient of yours do such a thing." "Promise." Dr. Winthrop moved with returning pain.

At last, but not because his will had weakened, Dr. Leonard gave in. He yielded because of something strange, solemn, and majestic that entered the room and took possession of everything in it. It overtopped that great pain and made nothing of death. It soothed and explained, but was not reducible to words. His own physical and mental distress slunk away

The lamp went out, and he built the fire bot and bright, so that the room was full of wavering light and shadow. Dr. Winthrop groaned heavily now and

then. Once he said wistfully : "Oscar, don't you think that maybe-it

might be tonight?" And after some deliberation the young doctor was able to say with a good con-

"I think it is quite possible." With this possibility in mind he drew close to the great chair—and so, in the strong and cheerful fire-light, they spent

"It's not so bad." Dr. Winthrop would sometimes say, his forehead clammy with the s · eat of the struggle. "Nothing that can't endure."

As the giant hours, called small, dragged on, Dr. Leonard became aware that his youth had departed from him torever. But mething better bad replaced it-something so much better that there could be no reasonable regret for whatever of brightness had made way.

When solemn and important events are happening, one often perceives a persistent murmur in one's brain of Bible texts or fragments of great poems-large, simple phrases-Leitmotive out of the vague orchestra of things.

'Yea, though I walk through the Vallev of the Shadow of Death"- thus one triumphant voice- "I shall fear no evil" and passed like military music.

Another voice was more inclined to argument--perhaps it was even a little queru-

"If after the manner of men I bave fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not ?" "That's bargaining," mused the doctor. of the dead and their rising, perhaps there's advantage in just having fought at Ephesus with hearts, and knowing our has done his hear at it." He looked long at the dying face moving restlessly on the pillow, but instead of dissolving in the weak agony of pity and remorse which had but now overhelmed him, he was conscious of an influx of courage and of an undefined hope. Here was no squalor and despair. Instead it was invigorating and fine, like the clean air of mountains and oceans. -By Georgia Wood Panghorn, in Collier's.

FARM NOTES.

-Keep the dates of the time each sow is

-Milk low in butter fat is also low in the total solids.

-The pear is easily grown, but is very subject to blight.

-Let the poultry have free range as soon as danger of injuring the spring planting is

-Soil crust is a synonym for moisture evaporation. Shut the moisture in with a -An ounce of quality is worth a pound

of size in any male animal used for breeding purposes. -Pigeons need water for bathing as well as for drinking purposes. Provide separate

vessels for each -Ducks can be profitably bred for four years; geese can be bred for many yearsfor a period that seems incredible.

-Those who have to buy hav may console themselves by recalling that in the spring of 1870 hay sold in New York at \$40 to \$48 per ton

-When you are feeding poultry scatter the feed around so the birds will have to nunt for 18, as it will give them exercise and prevent them from gorging themselves.

-A horseman says one of the best remedies for worms is to give the horse one and one-half drams of pulverized sulphate of ron at a dose twice a day in a bran mash. nd continue it for two weeks. -The hog converts food into meat and

t should be remembered that it takes clear food to make healthy meat. Pure water, wholesome food and a clean place to drink and eat are the secrets of healthy meat. -But few patrons of harness races ap-

preciate that years have been consumed in breeding and developing a field of harness orses capable of stepping three heats in 2:20 or better in their first engagement.

-Many a farmer who is strong as an agriculturist, is weak as a salesman. It is one thing to raise good crops and it is quite another thing to market them at the top-notch price. Try and study to do both

-It is said that ganders and geese when once mated can be kept as long as eight years without changing. In fact, it is hard to separate them. When it is necessary to do so they must be kept out of each other's earing.

—The farmer who places a full-blooded bull at the head of his herd and uses a thoroughbred sire for six generations will bring the grade of his stock up nominally to full bloods. It is possible to establish a thoroughbred herd in twelve years by using registered sires.

-One part tincture of todine and eight parts sweet oil or vaseline, applied externally, will sometimes remove obstructions in the cow's teat. Make the applica tions once each day directly over the obstruction and massage well to rub the mixture into the pores.

-A fly is reported destroying many sheep in Wyoming and threatens great in-jury to the industry of the state. The fly enters the nostrils of lambs, lays eggs that develop grubs that burrow into the brain. In a ten-mile strip 300 dead sheep were counted by a state official.

-Statistics show that 90 farmers out of 100 keep hens. It is estimated that 75 per ceut. of this number raise mongrels and oross-breeds. Now that the campaign for pure-bred cattle, hogs and even field seeds is on, it would seem wise to reduce the number of mongrel-bred poultry.

-Maude Gridley Peterson, the author of 'How to Know Wild Fruits,' is a believer in the value of nuts as a food. She feels that if nuts were used as a substantial part of the meal, instead of for dessert or be-tween meals for lunch, the complaints about their indigestibility would soon disappear.

-The supreme court has decided that the law probibiting docked-tail horses be-ing brought into Colorado is unconstitu-tional. After a strenuous battle Colorado horse owners have succeeded in getting the obnoxious law expurgated from the statute books so far as interstate commerce is concerned.

-All kinds of coarse food can be rendered serviceable by judicious combination of the ration. Even out straw will be eaten if bran and oil meal are added to it. Fodder can be made acceptable to stock by ashamed. The gentle touch of snow on preparation, and hay may be fed with oth "You may go, thank you," he said to the window was as though dead fingers, er foods in a manner to make the whole mrs. Shampine. Then he put back, with growing impatient, were making signals. ration very palatable.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

Women are ever dupes of the victims of their extreme sensitiveness .- Balzac.

The new coats for fall and winter are not

only extremely picturesque, but exceedingly practical as well. Double and single-breasted effects are

bout equally favored. The single-breasted coat frequently just escapes being the fitted type, and will thus commend itself to a large class of women who aim to preserve as trig and trim a figure as possible with an easy fitting garment.

The double-breasted coats are of slightly looser and more ample cut. The fronts are usually of the semi-fitting type, while the backs are sometimes half-fitting and again of the three quarter fitting out.

There is quite a variety in the way the lower portion of the backs are finished, some having fulness in the centre laid in graduated pleats, others having the side seam slit nearly to the waist line, while in other models the centre back seam is finished with the regulation inverted pleat.

The coats are sometimes shown with vel-vet collars and cuffs of soher hue, while ome are collarless. Nearly all the separate coats are of loose.

ample style for evening and carriage wear. They are made so as to be easily slipped on The revival of these long, separate coats

suitable for so many occasions makes a greater demand for silk as the fabric par excellence for evening costumes. White, soft, pliable satins, sheer mar-quisettes and voiles are to be used for the more formal occasions. Slightly heavier

silks will form the ornamentation. These separate coats are charming, too for wear with a cloth skirt to match. They form the favorite combination of materials that has not yet appeared for the wintercos

tume. An afternoon and evening coat of ecru cloth is much liked. Its color and flowing lines are appropriate to the evening wrap, while the nature of its materials makes it possible in a carriage for any time after inncheon.

The new ecru is found particularly good for evening, by the way. It looks well with almost every shade of gown, and is becoming to an equal number of complex-

It does not show the dust readily, and while delicate, it is not too dressy for publie conveyances in the evening. Big silver tassels are used in tipping the

sleeves of many of the separate coats.

These tassels promise to be one of the season's smartest touches.

For those who wish a practical sort of wrap, older women especially, there is no better model shown than the long black

Its softly finished lines make it an excellent thing for the home dressmaker, who knows by experience the trials of the severely tailored type of coat.

A good weight of broadcloth, lined with liberty satin and interlined with light-

weight flannel, are the materials, with a simple garniture of velvet and flat silk braiding. Sacque shaped coats are still in style.

Those with plain, well cut shoulders and slightly puffed sleeves are the best. Much, however, depends upon the cloth. The tight-fitting military coat is counted among the season's newest and smartest fashions. They are usually fastened invisibly and are single-breasted. For the young oman with a good figure there is nothi

better for a street suit. The sidewalk skirt, or the extremely short skirt, will be all t coats. The skir s will vary in length from three to five inches off the ground.

The *thirty-six inch length cutaway,

braid trimmed and mannish in style, is one of the particularly smart coats of the sea It has the long sleeve with the new

variation of a few tucks just above the el-Short cutaway coats are also worn. The favorite model is the single-breasted tightfitting coat with back seams and single dart seams extending to the shoulder.

skirt lines and the length of the skirts are reported from Paris, but these are inciden tal, rather than radical changes, which will not materially affect the style of the There is a tendency to eliminate pleats,

Skirt Tendencies - Some changes in the

and in their places put numerous gores, after the fashion of the umbrella skirt of multi-gore flare and width. There is a tendency to introduce models showing a combination of plain and fancy materials—plaids, stripes or the like—in

panel construction, to popularize the tunic

skirt and so on. The tendency, however, points to the great vogue of the pleated skirt in its several varieties. In other words, the pleated skirt will likely remain at the head of the list, since it is generally becoming to all figures and offers a greater trimming scope than most other models

of one's clothes means the proper putting on of clothes. The dressmaker and milliner may do their very best in turning out a woman properly, and then through care-less indifference in putting on the clothes the whole effect is lost

Wearing of One's Clothes.-The wearing

The little things in dress, like most little things, have a troublesome growing into big things. The colors for the business tailored suit

should be chosen from the darker shades for obvious reasons. One grows less quickly tired of spicuous, and can easily be made with accessories suitable for many oc-In choosing this gown for everyday wear much should be taken into consider-

ation—use, service, expense, and last but far from least, becom Very useful is a short coat, when developed in white or dark blue serge or in one of the fashionable pin-stripes. The collars and cuffs are of blue linen, heavily braided. As they are basted, they may be easily taken off and washed. Big brass but-

tons are used in the double-breasted front. It is said that an effectual cure for the ants that are the bane of many a good housekeeper is to melt together injan earthenware vessel a quarter of a pound of sulphur and two ounces of potash. When cold pulverize and sprinkle in the haunts of the luggard's example. If the auts will not flee from this mixture be very sure the housekeeper will during the somewhat

choky melting process. -Buckwheat is a crop which could be grown by most farmers with profit.