Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., October 25. 1907.

THE COOKING-SCHOOL BRIDE

Can she make a loaf of bread-This fair maid that you would wed? Can she make a loaf of bread? (Tell me true!)

"Nay, she cannot make my bread, But a fine souffle instead; And, if I do not complain, why should yould?"

we're that !"

yet eight disappointments hurt.

like glittery beetles.

ed away. He meant to find out.

walk under umbrellas.

tionsly

them. He had to find ont.

Coming to town had meant so much to

Can she cook a good beefsteak Without making a mistake? Can she cook a good beefsteak? (Tell me true!)

"Nay; bui, then, her salad cream Is delicious as a dream! (And it's something that my mother could not

Can she brew a cup of tea Good enough for you or me? Can she brew a cup of tea? (Tell me true!)

"Maybe so and maybe not. For I really have forgot, But she'll freeze a Cafe Mousse,-

Pray can you?" -Helen Knight Wyman, in Buston Cooking school Magazine.

THE HOME-TAUGHT BRIDE

[The publication of the foregoing brought the following reply.] Can she make a fine souffle This dear girl you wed today? Can she make a fine souffle? (Tell me true!)

"Nay: but she can make my bread, Finest biscuits, too, instead; And, if I am well content, why not you?"

Can she make a salad cream! "As delicious as a dream?" Can she make a salad cream?

(Tell me true!) "No: but she can cook my steak Or a roast, without mistake,

And they taste just as my mother's used to do."

Can she freeze a Cafe Mousse, Or a plombiere produce? Can she freeze a Cafe Mousse, (Tell me true!)

"Ab! I'm sure that she cannot; Yet there comes a happy thought,-She can learn what's really worth her while to

do.'' -[Yevol R. Nottarts.

BIJIE AND THE VISION.

Starling Angel was moving his neighbor's goods to the big town some twenty miles away. When he came to the hard, worn, little path that ran off from the road and up to the Eller cabin he pulled his horses to a standstill with a loud "Whoa." "Hello!" he called

Bijie's mother was washing the dishes that were never quite done. At the sound she wiped her hands and crossed the cabin

floor. "Come on," she said to Bijie. "Don't many candles! They glowed under shades keep Starlin' waitin'. Ye've got a right golden as the wings of a butterfly. There

smart journey abead o' ye." Bijie looked down his clean shirt and old green trousers that were clean, too, to the brass toes of his clumsy shoes, proudly.

The wagon jogged on. It passed orchards, journeyed with her out of slumher since Opportunities in Pennsylvania Horthat sent warm waves of perfume through the days of her earliest babyhood. Bijle's the air. The pink and white blossoms eyes fastened on her-eyes the lady who weighted down the branches, they looked like soft, still clouds. It rolled over a wanted to educate him had likened to pools in a deep wood--were worshipful. He leaned forward shyly. He wanted to tell her. He longed and longed to tell bridge; past a busy mill. The mountains no longer crowded up to the road-side. They withdrew themselves, drawing veils of mist over their faces. Bijie was no longher. In his whole life he had never told abyone. "Secrets ?" she encouraged. She underer theirs; he was journeying to the alien

stood, if dimly, and leaned forward in delicions receptiveness. "Whnt's scorets ?" Bijie hadn't meant At noon they stopped for lunch. The sun was low when Starling aroused the little boy, deep in the motherly folds of the

to ask a question. He tried to stop it, but feather bed, adrift in a swimming sea of it had leaped beyond his lips. "Secrets is fings you tell somebody," the sleep, with, "Bijie, wake up, wake up, Vision said gravely. She did not again deride his ignorance.

Bijie, in the Bijie way, his little brown Two flame spots showed in Bijie's cheeks. unwashed face palm deep in his little brown unwashed bauds, sat in the door-"They's pape." He hurried into con-"They's pape." He hurried into con-ssion. "They's both black paps. One's sion. "They's Sorrow. They's a For the space of a breath he hesitated. way of a little house on the outskirts of fession. the town. It was evening of the next day, named Sin, t'other's Sorrow. and it was raining. Like all next days sight o' company when yer mommie's tan-ned the bark offen ye fer hidin' ont stid o' when the rain pours down, it is dreary. B jie was waiting for Starling. When rockin' the haby ter sleep in the crib cradle. Starling came they would climb into the wagon and jog back to the mountains. When ye air smartin' all over an' feelin' like ye'd ben in a yaller jacket's nest, hit's He looked out on a drowned world dis-piritedly. Suddenly his shoulders heaved. He was not yet eight, and when one is not a sight o' company jest ter hev them pups erawl op an' lick ye in the face."

The Vision smiled. 'Fair is they ?'' she asked.

Bijie looked at her helplessly.

a little boy who had never been anywhere. Seeing the streets shining with gold; seeing ere as real to him as the dolls on the floor, as the woolly lamb she had given him, but the great high walls; going through the they were not corporeal. They were things gates with shiny angels sitting on them. There had been no city walls; no gates of the spirit-his pups. But the little girl had divined it. "Play

with shiny angels on them. Not one thing was as the little boy had imagined it. pups ?" she asked. "Just make like ?" Bijie nodded.

Her eyes pitied him ! Just play pups The streets hurt the imprisoned little feet accustomed to freedom. They were hot. She leaned nearer, all woman, all sym-pathy. He smelled the faint fragrance of The people hurrying up and down them joggled small boys numercifully. The houses looked hot, too. They huddled to-gether like a lot of frightened sheep. the carls falling so deliciously about her face.

Then it happened !

Sight and sound failed Bijie. The floor A carriage came down the street and rose up and met the ceiling. Outside the stopped in front of a big grand-looking window the solid earth spun round and house not far from where Bijis sat. Ladies poured out of it. They ran up the broad walk under bobbing umbrellas. Other round. He shut his eyes tight. Maybeoh, maybe--if he shut his eyes tight she would do it again. But it was not a kiss that Bijie felt. He carriages came, and other ladies got ont and ran up the walk under bobbing um-

brellas. The carriages backed up in the street. They looked with their wet tops was jerked to his feet. Eden had been entered by the serpent-a capped and aproned serpent.

"The likes of you kissin' her," the Life took on a sudden sweetness to Bijie. Heswang far out the door, unmindful of the rain. It was a "meetin"." It was a nurse's voice rasped rough as a cow's tongue.

With the implacable fury of childhood, funeral. In an agony of indecision Bijie swayed back and forth. Suddenly be datthe ohild flung herself at her nurse, who pushed her off roughly.

"I'll lick the life outen ye, ef ye hurt Down at the gate ladies were burrying her," Bijie oried fiercely. He squirmed from under the restraining hand and flung out of carriages and tripping up the board Bijie went with his arms about the tearful Vision.

But the woman was stronger. She drag-None of the ladies touched the door, but ged them apart. Bamping him spitefully, it opened. A person standing there offered she drew him down the stairs, out the back a tray to the ladies, and they dropped somewalk, and, with a final shake, and a "I'd thing, Bijie dian't know just what, into it. No me noticed him in the least. like to break every hone in your body,'

she flung him into the street. Bijie stood there dazed. There were a He slipped through the open door. There was a moment of awe. Then the door clos-ed. B jie was shut off from his past-from good many of his bones he knew. Maybe all of them were broken. But it was not all he had known before. The ladies swept of his bones that he was thinking. His him with them to the foot of a wide stairthoughts whirled dizzily round and round way. They ran up the steps, laughing. one dreadful pivot. Shut out ! Shut out Bijie leaped as the young deer leaps on from her !

Reality in the shape of Starling Angel's his mountain side, and crouched behind the curtains that led to a little unoccupied

hand pulled at Bijie. "Bijie?" There was relief in the mounsitting room. When the tattered line of his courage swept back, he looked out cautaineer's big voice. "I've hen lookin' everwhar fer ye, skeered outen my wits. Whar hev ye hen, boy? Ye look like ye'd seed a Here and there candles were lighted-so hant. Come on. The wagin's waitin. Gosh a mercy !" catching sight of the toy that Bijie still clutched, "Whar'd ye git

thet ?' But Bijie was silent. He was silent when he dropped down

ticulture.

The August number of the Western Fruit Grower states that "the 1907 crop will bring about \$2,000,000 to the apple growers of Washington county, Ark." Fifteen years ago, under a system of general farm-Oliver Goldsmith. ing in that county, the average yield in corn was 15 bush is per acre and the averfain create a diversity at any cost, that "paou" is the premier color for the anage price of land was \$15. Seeing the futility of this style of farming prople betomo. gan to plant trees. Part of the result is in-dicated above. The prize of land in that county now, set in orchard, is \$100 an acre

up. This shows that it is easy to waste energy and capital trying to make a region produce something for which it is not adapted, and that it pays to seek out and to do the As an incidental decorative f-ature, everyadapted things. If this is true, can we do thing pertaining to blue of an artistic more to improve agriculture than to bend it into those more profitable lines? In Pennsylvania the most striking natural Japanese trend in particuar.

endency is toward trees and tree growth. The industries that most fully take advantage of this are forestry and horticul-But, for its more immediate returns and for promoting the fullest development of those engaged in it, horrioulture is the industry, par excellence, for Pennsylvania. We are right in the center of the apple growing district of Eastern America, with the best of markets ea-ily accessible. The nome orchards are being removed by the San Jose scale and other pests. Conditions were never more favorable for the investment of capital in commercial orcharding of the right sort than just now in Pennsyl-

vania. This is shown in a study of orcharding now being made at The Pennsylvania State College by Prof Stewart. One man reports "not a crop failure in 35 years ;" an-other "\$80,000 worth of peaches sold in the last three years ;" another "sells apples at \$5 00 per bbl, in local market when the same varieties are quoted at \$3 50 in New York and Philad-Iphia ;" another says "our Spies bring 50 cents more per barrel on the general market than those grown elsewhere." These are the prospects for commercial orcharding in Pennsylvania in the hands of the right men. The surest way to increase the value of snitable land is intelligently to set it to apple-produc

tion. But there is also another class of reports. These say "trees neglected ;" "fruit poor and pest beridden ;" "varieties not in the right soil;" "no buyers when a crop does

appear ;" "no knowledge of storing and narketing nor of atilization into secondary products, hence fruit wastes ;" "plenty of fruit in small lots, but being picked up at pottom prices, need shipping associations. This is the other side of the picture, but

it need frighten no one. The lack is per sonal. The need is for courage, knowl edge, and more good fruit. Buyers are not attracted to small lots nor to inferior grades. Just now a systematic study of apple production is under way at The Pennsylvania State College. Seven experiments comprising four to eight acres each have been set in operation in four of the leading apple sections of the State. It is hoped by means of these to get some definite information for the use of orchardists on the question of orchard fertilization and culture. Additional tests are planned and will be started when opportunities permit. Interested parties should write the Depart-

Pocahontas in London

College, Penna.

Shakespeare was yet alive, and in more or less active work, while this strange procersion, which I have described, of natives of Virginia, Guiana, and New England deFOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

mes, old manners, old books, old wine

"I love everything that's old-old friends, old

They are saying, the people who would

with is invariably smart ; but for a change

blue of not too deep a tone, can look

made for a smart woman lately, and anoth

green wings, and another suggestion for a

hat of a similiar description is dull green felt with the neck of a pracock and some of

the irridescent longer feathers-the curved

ones at the sides of the tail that have no

eyes-to finish off the "mount" effectively

strong. The lighthness is incredible.

The position taken by velvet is very

For weight and malleability the quali

ties might be chiffon, and at last the ad-

this fabric through double widths. There

extremely well.

FARM NOTES.

-There is no better time for setting trees than late in fail.

-To restore moldy leather to good cloth apply pyroligueous acid.

-Many orchardists make a great mistake planting trees too deep.

-The prime object of cultivation is to ender the soil loose and light.

There are signs of it, naturally, other -Try chalk and charcoal for lambs sufwise the rumor would scarcely be worth fering from acidity of the stomach recording : but there are two strong rea-

sons against a general acceptance of pea-cock-primarily superstition, and, second -The pullet is the winter layer. Old hens seldom lay in winter when eggs are ly, it is a color by no means universally becoming. One refers, it will be clearly understood, to a solid dress of this nuance. scarce.

-Never give a horse medicine through its nostrils. Many an animal has been killed by that practice.

character is prominently to the fore, the -A combination of tree fruits, poultry and bees in the hands of a capable person, Green and Blue.-At this time of the beats the band as a money maker. year the useful blue serge is always with us, and the old combination of green there-

-The farmer's ben competes for precedence with wheat, poultry products ag-gregating half a billion dollars in value.

a reversal of the scheme may be recom-mended, and a dull green tweed or serge frock, faced and finished off with navy -For bowel trouble give fowls copperas water, and for swelled heads, quinine pills. One two grain quinine pill will usually cure a hen. A green tweed with a suggestion of blue

-A record should be kept of the breedin the weaving in the form of a merest hint ing of each cow, so that it will be known of a stripe of hair-line check, faced with when she is due to calve, and then allow navy corded silk corduroy velvet, has been her to go dry six weeks before calving.

er, a laurel green cheviot serge, has but -The first year is the most profitable tops of dull blue and green enamel and i year in the life of the hen. With good care a pullet will lay 150 eggs the first lining of shot silk. This is accompanied by a picturesque little crushed felt hat in blue trimmed with shot metallic blue and year, 100 the second and but 50 the third.

-The best method to core sore backs on horses is to dissolve one-half ounce of blue vitrol in a pint of water, and daub the injured parts with it four or five times a day

-- Use well-rotted manure on the garden plot, if you have not done so before, working it well into the surface six or seven inches of the soil. Do not delay this matter any longer. visability has been borne home of running

-A good way to remove the rust from saws is to immerse the article in kerosene oil and let it remain for some time. The rust will become so much loosened as to come off very easily.

-The Indiana Horticultural Society suggests a prize of \$1 000 for a new apple "as goo as Grimes Golden and as prolific Ben Davis !" He who fornishes such an apple will earn the money.

- Before fall plowing the ground clean off all roots of cabbage and other vegetables. It has been proved that many dis ease germs of insect cocoons or eggs are carried over in these roots.

-It is an excellent plan to whitewash the trees, filling the cracks in the bark with lime, so as to fill up many hiding places of fruit pests, as well as to destroy many which are in hiding.

-If the complaining farmer will compare notes with the city fellow who gets \$2000 a year, but has to buy everything he needs, he may be surprised to learn the amount of salary he is actually getting.

-Soils poorly drained, and so long holding stagnant water, often in this way damage and finally destroy roots, thus causing the plants to perish. Plants suffer for want of oxygen when the air cannot get to their roots.

-The soil is the stomach of plants. In the soil the food is received and digested . On the quantity and quality of food put in the plant's stomach depends its welfare, just as much as you depend upon the food

air be taken.

form and design.

jacket or bodice.

our months ?

tucked-in uapkin.

Perhaps some one may say, Finikin non-sense, all this talk on table etiquette. It

is what a man is that counts, not exter-

Unfortunately, except to one's nearest

and dearest, what one is may be so ob

soured by what one does as to go practically

unrevealed. A big heart or a profound brain may be admired, but somehow with

most of us it is the grating little un-

make the deepest impression. Too great stress cannot he laid upon

For these tailored suits, stripes continue to be very much in favor, but the mono ment of Experimental Horticulture, State tone of white and black, blue and gray and green and brown is relieved by trimmings of rhododendron pink, wedgewood blue, leaf green and bronze browns on the collars and cuffs, and sometimes on the bands

around the bottom of the skirts. There are waistcoats, too of solid colors even when the color is not utilizedae a gar-

Do you remember that hero of Charles

is no seam so difficult to conceal as one in velvet, to say nothing of the effects in a bias cut, on which the perfect draperies now obtaining largerly depend.

Those occupied in sedentary positions should take every precaution to get as much pure air after office hours as possible.

Where physical strength is required it is quite necessary that copious drafts of fresh

Never leave a veil tied round a bat, for t soon becomes stretched, limp and soiled looking. Unpin it when the hat is removed, shake it, take it at the two ends and roll it round and round, then place away in a box or piece of tissue paper.

Tailored clothes were never so varied in First, there is strictly tailored snits of

tweeds, cheviots, serge or herringbone, made in short or round lengths.

'Good-by." he said to the cabinful of children. From the doorway he called good by to them again, and the pride of the traveled man pricked through his tones. His bearing was bolder as he followed his one about to journey out into the, world should have a bold bearing.

"They ain't many lettle fellars hyar-outs thet's bed the lettin out houts Bijie's ter get," Bijie's mother said. She addressed the tall young mountaineer who had climbed down from his wagon at her approarch.

Bijie's ain't never ben nowhar. lowed las' fall when the leetle fellar run away from the lady thet was gwine ter carry him off an' eddicate him-hit peared like he couldn't stan' ter go off from all he'd ever knowed-thet I'd do my pore bes' fer bim. Pore folks hev pore ways, Starlin', An' seein' Asheville's a sight o larnin' ter a body, man er chile.

She shook hands with the young moun taineer limply; shook hands with Bijie, limply, too. If the temptation to kiss the eager little brown face assailed ber, she resisted it. She was not a demonstrative woman

The big young man swung Bijie up and up and up—the neighbor's possessions loomed like a mountain—and lauded him amongst the billows of a feather bed.

He looked down at the woman kindly. "Ye'll not fret about the c ars runnin" over him? Ye'll not be afeared he'll git lost er-er anythin'9"

little laugh. The sound could have deceived no one but a dull young man and a joyous young child, "The idee! Brine's got sense. He'll not git run over by the faced each other. Then the soft little oyars. Hol' on ter yer wits, son. Thar aip't a mite o' danger.

The wagon moved.

" his mother called warningly, Bijie. "don't git no dirtier 'en ye kin help." 'No' m'," Bijie called hack. He was

breathing in little delighted gasps. A house lurched past his vision.

The little post office, the store, the sch

At the foot of the long red hill that led back to Marsville the borses drank deep of Banjo Branch's sweet, singing waters. They moved up stream until their noses were under the footbridge. The soft young leaves crowded about Bijie with whispers. He felt that the tree knew the little boy who so often played under its outspread branches.

road. The birds, their gossip rippling on !" from tree to tree, chattered as young girls do over their morning toilets. In its purity, its clear-eyed freshness, the young day was virgin. The sun came up. It shot through the trees in shafts of light that were like long, shining fingers. It climbed higher. The pines breathed out a soft pervasive sweetness; higher still; the dew glinting on a million tender new leaves was orushed in heat.

Bijie's thoughts spon round and round in glittering circles. He tried to catch at | ords, but he had reached heaven. them as they passed him. They were these queer ideas about a strange fancies, city. Bilie had gleaned most of them when he sat in meetin', on a bench without a things. back, his legs dangling ancomfortably. But though. the city Bijie was journeying toward was not the one to which the circuit rider re-ferred. The Vision sat on the floor beside Bijie. With loving impartiality she bugged her fat knees and the woolly lamb that had

There were flowers, too, and they were golden. They breathed out a subtle sweetness.

It was all so heautiful to a little beauty wor-hipper; it was all so wonderful to a mother down the path. It was fitting that | little lad who found life such a simple matter-to a little lad who tumbled out of an overfull bed in a log cabin and made his simple morning toilet at the branch below

a bubbling mountain spring—that he lost his breath altogether and gasped and gasped before he could find it again.

When the ladies had come down the stairway and the hall was almost deserted. Bijie stole up the steps softly.

He went along a hall and through an open door. He entered the room without the preliminary courtesy of a knock and found the angel that should have been sitting on the city gate. She had come right out of the sky, Bijie knew. Her eyes were a bit of the sky's blue, and the sunshine was still tangled in her hair.

The question that had so often trased Bijie's mind was answered when she turned. At last Bijie knew how angels looked. Everything about her was soft and white and shiny ; the ridiculous little skirts that were no more than ruffles below her waist;

the great bow of ribbon that was meant to hold one of the bright curls in place but failed, and drooped to her ear; the socks that had tried to climb to her plump, fat knees and had stopped half way, disheartened

The Vision shot a glance at Bijie through the shining mist of her curls. A glance 'Afeared?" her voice quivered to a shrill sent in this way is a disturbing thing. Bijie almost pulled his little brown thumbs out of their sockets.

She crossed the room. The children voice, said, half shyly;

"You looks fuony, boy. But I likes you stravagantly."

Bijie looked at her dambly. He felt that some actual lock would have to be broken on his lips before he could speak. the

"I'm tired of parties an' fings," the Vision said. "I'm awful glad you comed. far below him the horses were lifting their plodding hoofs as if in the corn furrows still. My, but the houses marched past! lamb ap' my Pinkie doll gets awful lopesome an' tired out of the way." She sigh-ed. Bat presently she dimpled deliciously, and shot at him another of the glances

found so disturbing. "Le's play," she said.

Bijie spoke at last. "Whut's parties ?" he blorted out. "Is thet a party ?" The Vision derided him with rippling laughter.

"Parties is nothin.' They's just eatin' ngs an' savin' howdy do. "Le's play," fings an' savin' howdy do.

The wagon wound around the mountain she said again. "Le's play train. Hookle She got behind Bijie and put her arms about his throat. Bijie's head swayed ; his knees trembled. But it was sweet, this

swaying and trembling. "Ts- ts-ts-ding -dong-shu-shushu-." She gave Bijie a little push and they were off for that dear land that "grown-ups" never journey to-that only childhood knows.

Time went by-a moment, an hour, an mon. Bijie had lost count by earthly rec. When they had ceased to strut about the nom with uplifted chests and outpuffed cheeks, there were other games, other things. None of them were bookling on,

the wayon bed and crawled to the back. He longed to steal away and hide his hurt as the little wild things of the woods do.

The wagon clattered through the streets and out from the town. As it grew darker Starling glanced back more than once. In the night chill the little boy seemed so little, so comfortless.

"Starlin' !" Starling turned round quick-. Bijie was plucking at his sleeve. "Gosh a meroy !" exclaimed Starling, as

he caught sight of Bijie's face. The child's eyes were burning like stars. "I'm gwine ter larn !" he cried. "I'm

wine ter larn all thar is in the worl' Larnin' opens shet doors. She sed hit did -an' she knows-thet lady thet wanted ter eddicate me." He dropped back on the wagon ted. "Ef I live I'm gwine ter larn an' open thet shet door," he said solemnly.

There in the twilight something had been born. The new thing beat in the little boy's voice. Already the fight had begun.

The wide, deep night grew blacker and blacker. Starling Angel pushed on toward the mountains.

Bijie slept the woolly lamb clashed close Starling threw ap old quilt over him I wonder what he got thet outlandish ole sheep thet's outlived hits legs," he muttered. "Quare leetle chap, Bijie. Awantin' ter larn so bad."

Starling hadn't a seer's vision. He didn't know that Bijie would one day trudge over the mountain to the college in the valley below, a lean old satchel that held all his worldly goods over one shoulder, and the ax that was to enable him to chop his way through the valley college to the shut doors beyond, over the other. He didn't know that the day would come when the kindly old teacher there would say to Bijie, "My hoy, we've taught you all we can here. I'll help you to go higher, for I'm thinking there's a place in the big world outside for

vou Bijie didn't know it either. The woolly amb had crept into his dreamland.

And the Vision was there, hugging her fat knees and the beloved lamb, and looking at him through the mist of her shining curla .- By Sara Lindsay Coleman, in the Delinea

Stop the Leaks.

If a ship springs a leak it would be foolish captain who would crowd on sail and try to run away from the leak. The first thing to do is to stop the leak, or the very press of canvass increases the danger. Look at the drains which affect some won en in the same light as the leak. It is no use to use stimulants and tonics, as if they could carry you away from the effects of that leakage of vitality. The first thing to do is to stop the unhealthy drain, which is robbing the body of strength with every day. That's what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription does. it stops the drains which weaken women. It regulates the periods, heals ulceration and inflammation, and cures female weakness. When the local health of the womanly organs is establish ed, women find an improvement in their general health at once. There is no need for tonics or stimulants. There is no more nervousness. The whole body is built up into sound health. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well.

-The Johnstown Journal figures that Johnstown has now a population of 75,000.

filed through English r orts. Of most of niture. them the dramatist doubtless canght a

a nentral-tinted toilet, but is not good with a black one, as it makes too vivid a glimpse. But it was just after his death that the most imposing of Virginia visitors reached London. Pocahontas, the young laughter of the chief Powhatan, had concontrast. The vest has become a component part of seived as a child a romantic attachment for the tailored suit. For the long coat with the English settlers, and had (it was allega cutaway jacket, the vest is a necessity, ed) protected more than one of them from giving a more stylish finish than a blons the murderous designs of her kindred. At which is a neglige note in the toilet. leugth she joined the newcomers as a willing hostage, and in 1613, when not more than eighteen years of age, she boldly de-fied all Indian and English conventions by many-gored skirt, some showing ten or marrying an English settler. Immediately stitched or set together with black or color-

afterward she accepted Christianity, and ed pipings. expressed anxiety to visit her husband's Christian country. Accordingly, in the summer of 1616 she arrived in the Euglish to favor, and are almost always covered with elaborate braidings. The dominant note in the tailor-made is capital with her husband, an infant son, nntrimmed skirt, and the much-trimmed her brother Tamacoma, and some native

women attendants. A splendid reception was accorded the

Virginian princess. State and church com-bined to do her honor. James I received Dudley Warner who fell in love with his her and her brother at court. They attend wife because she ate so daintly ? If most of ed a performance at Whitehall of a Twelfth our love affairs depended on our good table manners, it is to be feared that this would Night masque by Ben Johnson (January 1617), of which they spoke with approval. The Bishop of London entertained her he a rather loveless old earth. "with festival pomp." The princess' por-trait was painted and engraved by dis-It is surprising how few of us eat abs lutely nicely. This does not refer by any means exclusively to those who have not had the advantage of early training. Men, tingnished artists. Her dignified bearing was generally commended, although hints and even women, who, by their birth and are given by Ben Johnson that the princes breeding, should have good table manners was occasionally seen, to the dismay of her are not above reproach in this respect. hosts, to enter tavern doors. Her entertainment, at any rate, seems to have been thor glaring faults as jugglery with one's knife, oughly congenial to her, and she was reluctalking with a full mouth, drinking with a tant to shorten her visit. At the end of ten spoon in the cup or eating with painful andthleness. But how many of us, for inmonths, however, she traveled to Gravesend with a view of embarkation for her na tive land. But while tarrying at the port into small bits ? Do we all remember to to the general grief, she fell ill and died dip our soupspoons away from, rather than toward us. Do we duck our heads to get The parish register of Gravesend describes "of Virginia, a lidy born."-[From her as the Call of the West, by Sidney Lee, in the

September Scribner. Nuts to Crack.

Who dares to sit he fore the Queen with is hat on? The coachman.

When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

Why is a defeated army like wool? Because it is worsted. What relation is a door-mat to a door-

tep? A step-farther. Who was the first person in history wh had a bang on the forehead ? Goliath. Why is a girl's belt like a soavenger Because it goes round and gathers up the

waist (waste.) Why is an inn like a cemetery? It is a esting place for travelers.

Why is an old nubrella that has been ost and found as good as a new one ! cause it is re covered.

o stem? A book.

come women.

sins, the other a multunde of sinners.

poor man has, a miser spends, a spend thrift saves, and we all take with us to the | onp sugar, filled with molasses ; two scant

-There can be no . ff cs without a cause When a thing is off-red at less than cost there is a reason for it.

A vest of scarlet cloth is admirable with in your stomach.

-Cultivate black walnut, as the supply is fast becoming exhausted, while the de-mand for that kind of wood for furniture and other purposes is very great. Trees of good size grow in 10 to 12 . cars, and the lumber commands a very high price.

-Set your foot down on the business of Shirts of strictly tailored suits are almost trading out eggs at the grocery. This is invariably pleated. Again, there is the an old and out-of-date way of disposing of what should be one of the leading sources twelve gores, the seams either lapped or of money income on the farm. Get cash for the eggs and buy groceries where you can do best. Self-colored wool materials have returned

-The roots of plants require air, and when they do not get the necessary amount of air asphyxiation or sufficiation takes place. This plainly shows the importance of breaking up by cultivation the surface of land in crops, the good farmer or gard-ener doing this every time during the period of active growth of the plant or crop the soil's surface gets hard or baked.

-When a hen is made sick eating too freely of grass she lays what are known as 'grass eggs." Grass eggs are poor stuff; they have an unpleasant flavor and the yolk wabbles around in a weak and watery white, and is green and dull in color. The term is one applied by candlers, who discover while testing that there is a pale, greenish hue to the eggs, and that they are not at all of the bright, fresh color that we find in healthy eggs.

Of course, we may not indulge in such -Sow tomato seed in the bonse the last of February, to he sure of early tomato plants. A grocery box seven or eight inches deep will do to sow the seed in. Fill the box fall of good rich soil. If the box is stance, eat our bread only after breaking not full, the seedlings will be spindling. Select a good variety for earliness and of uniform size. Sow the seed one quarter inch apart as near as can be, cover one-half that sonp, instead of lifting the spoon to inch, press down the soil, and cover with a soft cloth till the seed is sprouted. Water

This latter breach of table niceties is with warm water. After the plants are something of a temptation, it must be contwo or three inches high, transplant to a larger box filled with good soil. They will fessed, if one is large of body, shaky of hand and with a fine regard for clean shirt fronts or blouse, which the rigid rules pregrow to be good, sticky plants if kept in a suppy window. scribed forbid covering with an expanse of

-Here are the proper distances for plantog various fruits according to Green's Fruit Grower :

Standard apples, 30 feet apart each way. Standard pears and strong growing oberies, 20 feet apart each way.

Duke and Morello cherries, 18 feet apart. Prunes, plums, apricots, peaches, necrines, 16 to 20 feet apart.

Dwarf pears, 10 to 12 feet apart.

pleasantnesses of conversation or manner of those kind, brainy men and women that Dwarf apples, 10 to 12 feet each way. Grapes, rows 10 to 15 feet apart, 7 to 16 eet in rows.

Currants and gooseberries, 3 to 4 feet apart.

Respherries and blackberries, 3 to 5 by 4 to 7 feet apart.

Strawberries for field culture, 1 to 13 by 3 to 31 feet apart.

Strawberries, for garden culture, 1 to 2 feet apart.

-Adam never had occasion to try to xplain the presence of a blonde hair on the leeve of his coat.

---- Some men would rather lose a dollar on a horse than win it at honest labor.

oradle to instil the principles of dainty. table manners. Ginger Cake .- One egg, one-balf cup butter, filled with boiling water ; one-half cups of flour ; one tablespoonful ginger,

one tea-poonful cinnamon, one even tea-spoonful soda, dissolved in boiling water. Beat thoroughly and bake in moderately hot oven.

Why are blushes like little girls? They

What is the diff-rence between charity

thorough training in the table niceties. we do not want some one to have occasion What is that which has may leaves but to wince at the offensive ways of eating of our children, as we have often winced at

others, we should begin almost from the

and a tailor? One covers a multitude o

What is that which a rich man wants,

grave ? Nothing.