

Bellefonte, Pa., January 3, 1908,

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY.

saw the tracks of wheels.

"Lady," he continued, "I am a starving

The woman did not answer, and sudden-

ly it was borne to Billings that it was she

and not the infant who was crying. A cu-

rions feeling shook his faculties, a strange commotion seemed to stir some life within

his frame ; here was one more helpless than

fused him earlier in the evening. She stood

"My husbaud," said she at last,

"He didn't mean to do it, ch ?"

"And he a man. Well, I carry the kid

"I ain't got nowhere to go." "Let's go back and see if he'll let us in.

"He might. P'raps he ain't so drunk

The woman walked in strange, contorted

attitudes, and every now and then would

moan. They reached the farm-house in a little while and hammered long before re-

ed, a man leaut forth ; there was a flash, a

baby. A few seconds, and the woman joined him; Billings thought about her

trouble so near, and his heart filled to a

"I am chilled clean through." She was

The man heaved a deep sigh and, remem-

"My coat ain't much good," said he,

"Wrap it around the child." she an-

"The kid's all right; put it on your

The cold night wind searched fearsome

bering her condition, discovered a strange

strange pity. "Say," he said, "ain't you cold ?"

taut with the cold.

'but you better take it."

humapity.

swered.

self."

bit. Where do you want to go ?"

Tell me where I can get some shel-

piece of bread."

cities

man.

fall.

own.

now."

cut of doors."

through the door."

We shall do so much in the years to come But what have we done today? We shall give our gold in a princely sum, But what did we give today? We shall lift the heart and dry the tear. We shall plant a hope in the place of fear, We shall speak the words of love and cheer, But what did we speak today?

We shall be kind in the after while. But what have we been today? We shall bring to each lonely life a smile, But what have we brought today? We shall give to truth a grander birth. And to steadfast faith a deeper worth, We shall feed the hungering souls of earth, Rut whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by, But what have we sown today? We shall build us mansions in the sky, But what have we built today? 'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask. But here, and now, do we do our task? Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask, "What have we done today? -Nixon Waterman

THE ELEMENTAL.

Billings sat in the snow and watched the freight train disappear around the bend. "Hell of a game," he muttered, as he scrambled to his feet. "To take a man's last four cents and then call him off. I wonder where I am." When discovered by the trainmen, Billings was asleep in an empty; his offer of four cents was accepted, then he was bounced. The day was bitingly cold, and every snarling gust of wind searched a fresh bole in his clothing ; the snow obilled his feet ; his teeth rattled against each other. Night was falling, and he had no resting place.

"Got to get somewhere," he muttered. "Wish I had some of that coin I blowed. Well, here goes for luck."

He struck away down the railroad track. intent to find a farm-house, the snow per-colating through the rents of his shoes upon the dirty toes, and his feet slipping ou the ties. Drawing the dilapidations of his garments tight around him, he shuddered in their insufficiency, as his desponding figure slouched along. The jeering wind out in hetween the abortive collar and his neck, and Billings indulged in commensurate profanity. After a little he stopped and gazed

around. The distance was hazy with hoar for it was too cold to snow. A thin ripple of smoke filtered up to the dismal skies. For a while he stood, then plunged into the snow toward it. A sunken fence wire caught his toe and pitched him headlong the barb lengthened the rip in his right shoe, and more chilly flakes insinuated themselves. He arose and struggled for ward, falling into ditches and staggering wildly over stubble. Ouce, as he trod on deceptive ice, it broke and let him down when he scrambled out, he was wet to midthigh, and the splintered ice had plowed a jagged furrow in his leg; he bound his neckerohief around it, the blood staining his dirty fingers.

He whimpered as he dragged himself along, cold and hungry, almost frozen; but the bonse was looming closer, and with it food and shelter. His feet were void of feeling, and his bauds numb, as he rattled

eptered his mind that this meant death. snuggled once more in the straw. "Here and he arose and recommenced his stumb-lings. His stomach was faint, and he reached and swallowed a handful of snow ; goes the rest of them eggs, anyhow."-By Edward S. Pilsworth, in McClure's Magathe deadly cold within him grew terrible. He was stumbling over a stubble field, the

"Not Famous, But Faithful,"

cornetalks scratching his weary legs, when he suddenly stumbled down a slope and A few hundred feet north of Strafford Station, on the main Line of the Pennsyl-vania Railroad, stands a small pointed stone building shadowed by many large Something dark was close to him upon the road, and he seemed to hear the wail-ing of an infant; looking close, he saw it was a woman carrying a child, without head-dress or cloak or decent outside coveroak and walnut trees. Above the colonia doorway, high in the south gable, is a datestone, on which, in quaint, old-time figures, ne reads "1788." "Madam," said his chattering voice, This building is the old Eagle School.

So seeluded is it that many summer vis-itors in the vicinity never find it in their "for God's sake, tell me where I can get a The woman pushed by with the orying search for the historic and picturesque, and

baby. The tranp stood a moment, vague-ly wondering, then followed, just as he had done many times with prosperous men in yet it is well worth seeing. In the rear of the building is an old graveyard, separated from the schoolyard,

the highway and adjoining fields by a stone wall and private hedge. Near the west side, facing the road, a granite bould. er has been erected, on which a tablet has been fastened bearing this inscription:

The Common Debt Due These Humble Patriot This Memorial

his frame; here was one more helpless than even he, because she was a woman. He marveled slightly at the odd emotion. "Lady," said he, stumbling close, "kin I do anything for you ?" The woman turned a startled, swollen face, dimly discernible in the gloom, and Billings saw it was the woman who had re-traced him carlier in the carening. She stood Was Dedicated Anno Domini M C M V, on the one Hundred and Twenty-ninth Anniversary

Carved in the top of the stone are the words:

and tried to speak, but succeeded only in producing racking sobs; suddenly she let her arms drop, and Billings, he knew not how, caught the baby and saved it from a ed in mystery, its origin being accounted for by a number of traditions. According to one, the place was founded by Arcadian refugees, but this fact is not well establish-ed. The most likely theory is that a few home drunk and turned me and my child years prior to the Revolution some philan-thropist deeded two acres of land to trus-"The hell you say," said the man. He felt he could guage her sufferings by his tees and dedicated it for "the general use and good of the neighborhood for religious, "Yes. He strock me, and pitched me educational and burial purposes."

ent stone building. It is believed there was some connection between this place and the old Lutheran oburch at the Trappe, in Montgomery county. Many clergymen famous in that day preached here and there is a tradition that it was occasionally visited by the Revolutionary patriot Muhlen interrupt the silence with a plaintive

part of the stone building is definitely fixed as 1788, which was built by several public-spirited men of the vicinity. The log oburob remained standing until 1805, when it was torn down and the logs used in building the old Huzzard house, about balf a mile north of the Eagle School.

The original building was about half as large as it is now, the cellar door then being close to the southeast corner. The school house faced westward toward the road, which at that time passed much closer to the building. A large double door gave entrance to the schoolroom, while a small door at the southeast corner opened into the cellar, where firewood was stored.

The first schoolmaster was Brinton Evans, who was followed by Andrew Garden, a fifer in the Revolutionary war. The school was supported by circulating a subscription throughout the neighborhood to induce parents to send their children to school at the rate of two dollars per quarly through his wretched undercoat and This rate did not include books, slate, ter. vest,-he had no shirt,-and the little ink or goose-quills. However, the master spurt of life the coming of the woman agreed to sharpen quills for all comers. When the new school hoard system was introduced into the State this body grad. ually took the place of the trustees in the management of the old Eagle School. To this fact is due, no doubt, that in 1835 the building was enlarged, renovated and the old stone pointing covered with a coat of plaster. The double doorway was walled up and an entrance made in the southeast nd. This addition about doubled the capacity of the building, and so was continued in use as a school house until 1872. when the old place was abandoned for a new one erected at Pechin's Corpers. The following year a negro squatter took forcible possession of the place, and for two years lived there in spite of legal proceedings against him. At the end of time he voluntarily left the place, after which it fell into almost absolute ruin. Julius F. Sachse, the bistorian, in writing about the Eagle School in 1888, quoted as an apt description of the place Whittier's poem :

Science Notes.

It is reported that McCullogh peak, the volcanic mountain which was described and pictured in the Scientific American of October 26th last, has practically vanished. Thrown up to a height of more than 3,000 feet by volcanic activity, it has now sunk until it barely rises above water. It is lieved that the subsidence was a sudden one, due to an earthquake.

Archaeologists have long believed that if Heroulaneum could be uncovered, it would yield treasures more perfect and more valuable than those of Pompeii. But the cost of excavation, which would be much heavier than that of uncovering Pompeii, has always been a deterrent. Public interest in Europe has recently been directed to the suggestion, and as a result Signor Rava, the Minister of Public Instruction in Italy, upon whom the work actually depends, has prepared a bill providing for an appropria tion of \$100,000, for the purpose of removing the houses forming the modern town of Resina, which is located over Herculaneum and an appropriation of \$3,000 a year for actual excavation work. This at least inspres Italy's practical interest, and brings the excavation appreciably nearer.

The famous "Giants' Canseway" in the chants. A consignment of 200 tons of the basaltic columns comprising the Causeway has recently been shipped to Philadelphia. It will be asked whether there is no power child's play, it is not in a legal sense an ancient monument. The Irish courts decided that the stones belonged to a company, and since that time the causeway or pier cannot be seen without payment. It may therefore be assumed that the disposal of the basalt is a legal transaction. America is fast becoming a great museum, and it will be incomplete unless several of the natural as well as the artistic "ouriosities" of Europe are to be found here .- Scientific American

Concerning Apples.

The reason why apples are so much more wholesome and digestiple when they are roasted, boiled or baked is because the heat thus applied breaks down the cells of the apple, and thus the acid and the sugar contained in them are most generally diffused through the apples, and the moisture is also dispersed.

A Freuch way of cooking apples which we have seldom come across, excepting in the homes of those who have lived in that country, is as follows: Core and pare your apples and place them in a baking-tin, having filled with butter and brown sugar the space left by the removal of the core. Sprinkle brown sugar and bits of butter about between the apples in the tin, and then bake. These pommes au beurre are most delicious.

An apple and orange salad is also a very nice and little known way of using apples. Slice the oranges, after removing skin and scraping off the pulp, into a bowl, mix with the slices some apples out into quar-ters or eights. Put plenty of sugar in between each layer and mix well. Let this be made about an hour before you need to use it. It is a nice disb, for the oranges give a very delicate flavor to the apples, and both go very well together. Apples are considered wholesome even

when eaten raw. One taken at breakfast every morning is supposed to be good for the complexion and those who suffer from liver trouble or gout would do well to use them. Apples are considered to be of high value as brain food, owing to the amount of phosphorus they contain. Dyspeptice are often ordered apples, and, curiously enough, they are a preventive of jaundice. When a tickling sensation in your throat warus you of the coming of a cough, you would find a tablespoonful of the pulp of a roasted apple taken at night a great relief.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

> He is rich who comes and goes Where the pathway of the rose Leads to toil at break of light And to love at fall of night. -Baltimore Sun

It is not always an easy thing, as every mother knows, to find employment for active little brains and fingers that will

insure for the equally active little body the due amount of rest during stormy days or when it is too cold to play out of doors. It is a great relief to everybody concern-ed when some occupation has been hit upon that is congenial enough to make a resting time pass happily and quickly. With quite tiny folk an appeal to the imitative faculty so marked in very young children often answers the purpose better than any other expedient. To make believe to sew has ascinations that will last for a good halfhour of quiet, and this desirable condition may be brought about by the simple agency of a stout piece of cardboard, punched with good, large holes and having a brightcolored mohair stay-lace attached, or, for

want of anything better, a long shoestring The tag of the lace does satisfactory duty north of Ireland is suffering the fate of the for a needle, that has the merit of never New Jersey palisades overlooking the Hud-son, for it is in the hands of stone mer-and patterns may be made, and the ingenuity and inventiveness of the small worker called into play in quite entertaining fashion. This is, of course, the earliest stage of all in learning to handle a needle, in Ireland to protect the Causeway. Al- but the plan is an excellent one for the though at one time it was supposed to be the work of the giants who abounded in Ireland, and to whom a piece of construc-tion about a furlong in length would be object on some such piece as that capital kettle or iron holder which consists of a piece of coarse brown canvas, just darned with two bright contrasting colors in wool. The lining and binding with ribbon would make easy work for a youthful elder sister. Then there are the animal and figure outlines on oardboard, to be first pricked out with a coarse needle and afterward worked in wool or coarse cotton, not a novelty by any means, but one of the kindergarten employments that seem to have a perennial charm ; while, to go a step far-ther, there are delightful bits of work to be

had in the form of squaree of linen, with ontline designs of all kinds of familiar objects-farmyard studies, and so on. These may be worked out in their actual coloring

with more or less elaboration, according to the capability of the worker, or even (delight of delights to the possessor of a paint box) may be painted in and just outlined and touched up with needlework. It would be a good idea, when a party of children has to be provided for, to start a sort of juvenile "friendship quilt" madeof squares, each child working one, with her (or even his) iuitial in the corner. The whole thing would not in this way take long to make, and then the squares would be joined to gether with coarse lace insertion and finshed with a border of the same, and the children would have a piece of work to

show of which they might justly be proud. Those of them who have a turn for designing might even draw their own patterns for the squares, which would increase the interest.

Very amusing employment for children of, say, seven to ten years old is the braid-ing and making of paper school or hand bags. Crepe paper is usually employed for this, and the plait may either be the simple one of three strips of paper or a fancy weav-ing of four or five. When a sufficient ing of four or five. When a sufficient length has been braided it is quite easy to sew it together into a bag of the shape in-dicated, which should then be lined with fussiness of the driver.

FARM NOTES.

-When a fowl sneezes, waters slightly at eyes and nostrils and dumps it has a common cold, not regarded as a germ disease.

-Geese cannot be profitably hatched and reared artificially, while incubators and brooders have revolutionized the duck business.

-A new remedy for worms in sheep and goats is to have a supply of salty tobacco leaves (waste leaves), where the animals can eat them

-American turkeys are preferred by the British market, as it is claimed they have a whiter flesh and it is sweeter and more highly flavored

-Keep healthy cows. Promptly remove suspected animals. In particular, add no cows to the herd unless it is certain that they are free from tuberculosis.

-If the barness is thoroughly cleaned and oiled once a month it will last for 10 or 15 years, but if allowed to be dirty and sweat soaked it will rot out in three or four years.

-Foul in the foot in cattle is caused by standing in mud, and may become serious. To cure, cleanse the space between the toes by drawing a small rope through, then apply sulphate of zinc, one drachm in half pint of water.

-If you have a scratching room in which to drive the flock, fumigate with sulphur their lodging room. If you have no suita-ble place for them to go burn oil of tar or resin in their presence.

-The manufacture of oleomargarine is steadily increasing, as illustrated by the output in April of 7,409,721 pounds, as against 4.338,155 pounds for the corres-ponding month in 1906.

-The poultry house is better to have too few birds than too many in it during the winter. Crowding means disease, im-perfect ventilation, lack of exercise, uneven distribution of feed, feather eating, broken eggs and other losses

-In some parts of Europe farmers are conducting profitable dairies on land worth \$400 to \$1,000 per acre. They retain only cows that will yield 300 pounds of butter anuually, while American dairy herds average about 140 pounds per cow.

-An old fruit-grower says that the pick is the best tool he ever used around apple trees when the ground has become too bard. He sinks the pick eight or ten inches into the soil and merely pries the dist loose, without disturbing the roots at all.

-The farmer who places the best apples at the top of the barrel, or sends any article to market that is not uniform throughout the barrel or box, has no right to complain when he is imposed on by fruit peddlers or other parties who take advantage of him

-Do not fail to have your herd examined at least once a year by a skilled veteri-narin to see if tuberoulosis has gained an entrance. Promptly remove any that respond to the test. Never under any circumstances add an animal until it has passed a rigid examination.

-A high-spirited horse is generally an animal capable of enduring much hard usage, if it is only properly managed and controlled ; but very often these animals are made more excitable than they really

Of The Declaration of Independence. NOT FAMOUS, BUT FAITHFUL The early history of the place is envelop

A log building was erected on the land which stood about 20 feet north of the pres-

The date of the erection of the main ceiving a response. Then a window opendetonating report, and Billings heard the charge of a shot scatter along the porch. With a wild cry he whipped around the house ; he wondered that he still held the

In Unmarked Graves. Within this Ancient Burial Ground Were Laid the Bodys of Many Soldiers of the American Revolution, Whose Names so far as known Are Incribed upon this Boulder, In Grateful Remembrance of

with his elbow on the door.

A woman, thin and faded, of a colorless individuality, opened it. She carried a child, about fifteen months old, in her arms, and Billings could see she was very near

her trouble 'Well," she barshly queried, "what do

you want ?" "I'm a honest man, lady," he answered,

with his professional whine, "ont of work and cold and hungry. Could you help me a bite to eat and let me sit by your fire to warm myself ?"

"No," replied the woman. "We don't want no tramps around here." She said it more with indifference than animosity. "I ain't got nothing for you," and shut the door

Billings' experience was catholic, and be should have been prepared, but the woman impressed him with such a terrible forlornness, that he had expected better things. When he heard the lock click as she turned the key, despair obtained the mastery, and he sat on the steps, his head in his hands.

He was aroused by a tapping on the window and, with hope reawakened, raised his head. The woman was motioning to him, and he went close to understand.

"Lady," said be, "I'm starving, and I'll work for what you give me. Help a poor man to a little food, missis." "Go away," she ordered.

"I'll do the work," said he desperately. "Christ, madam, do you want to murder me ?'

"If you don't leave, I'll set the dog on you, was her answer.

The man gave up ; such flinty indifference staggered him, some way it assorted so ill with the decorous gravidity of the

With weighted footsteps he stood a moment pondering, then directed his course toward the barn. A dog came and looked wonderingly at him as he examined the door; it was locked. The dog came closer and licked the bloody cloth around his leg; then, as the man bent for a stone to smash the staple, bit him. Billings cursed with horrible profanity and forced his frozen limbs stumblingly away.

The legs of his trousers were stiff with ice where the water had frozen upon them, and below the knees he had no feeling, save for a little tingle back of his wound. Sometimes he would stagger runningly, then, if his foot struck an inequality, he stumbled; occasionally he fell. Automatically he blasphemed ; when he discovered himself,

he intentionally continued. Presently, he knew not how, he found himself close to some snow-laden pines ; he crawled beneath in the hope of shelter, sitting hunched together in a bundle, frozen hands within the ragged coat. Then he started upright, for some one bad laughed. Excitedly, he hunted ; no one was near. Then, in wild surprise, he heard it again and knew it for himself. Was he going mad? He thought he would if he stayed there, so he got up and wandered away. It was dark by now, and he knew little

of his direction, or whither he went ; times he hit against things, once he bumped into a tree, twice fell over fences, and the barbs tore deeper gashes in his rags. Then he found a little leau-to, one side and a roof and shut the door in his face, snow. Unthinkingly he disturbed it, and below was straw. In this he huddled for a space, but the chill caught his marrow, and and shut the door in his face, He gazed upon it vacantly, then, with a jeering laugh, put on his coat and limped away toward the barn. he felt himself nodding. With a jerk it

"We got to get somewhere," he said presently. "We can't stand here; you'll freeze, and the kid'll freeze, and I'll freeze, "We can't stand here; you'll and that crazy brute inside may come out and blow off some more lead. We just got to get somewhere."

"Let's go down to the barn," she replied "Yon bet. Got a key?"

"I can open it," she answered, preceding

had aroused was flickering out.

him with a decorous propriety. As they crossed the yard, the dog came and smelt his legs, but though it growled, assumed no further hostilities. The wo man produced a key and opened the pad lock

They groped an entrance within and climbed to the haymow, where, with a deep sigh of content, Billings passed the child to the woman and dropped to the straw. Warmth, warmth, he would soon be warm. He threw it over him, burrow-ed in ti, and buried himself, all but his face. Then, with the re-turn of heat, came frightful pains, aud he groaned and thrashed around in agony. The woman took no notice. As he tum bled about, his hand struck something and smashed it; he felt as well as he could, with his frozen fingers, and discovered that it was an egg.

With horrible avidity he licked his hand, sucked the straw, felt around and found a dozen more. Thinking nothing of good or rotten, he crushed them in his mouth, smashed them in his teeth, and swallowed shells and all. Six or eight he served thus, then told the woman.

"What!" she said, "you ain't eating them, and eggs so high? They's mine ; them are what I have for my own."

'But, Lord, I'm starving. I ain't eat today, and I'm cold and hungry.

'Well, you ain't got no right to them they're mine, I tell you." "All right," said Billings, 'I'll quit."

Even he, tramp and hobo, shuddered at the elemental selfishness of the woman.

For a time there was quiet, broken now and then by a short moan from the woman. Billings felt that the eggs had done him good and dozed as much as his pains would allow, but feeling was returning to his limbs, and the gash in his leg pained terri-The frozen trousers were thawing bly. and had become a sop of wet. Then the child began to cry, and the woman began to cry, and the woman began a patient moous crooning ; the sound seemed to irritate instead of soothe, and the infaut broke forth into wild shrieks of terror.

"Can't you do nothing for the kid ?"

asked Billings. "He wants his bottle, and it's in the house," she answered; then, continuing, "I wonder if Joe would let me in." "Let's try, anyhow," he replied, and they groped their way down the steps and

out of the door. The wind blew chill to the man, and his feet barned like fire when the snow bit them ; he winced with agony as they shuffled to the house. The woman knocked at

the door, but they received no answer, and after repeated hammerings she pushed it open and tremblingly entered.

After a space she returned.

"He is asleep," she said. "Here is your coat, give me the child," and then, without a word of thanks, re-entered the house

"Well, I'll be damned," said he, as he

"Still sits the schoolhouse by the road. A ragged beggar sleeping ;

Around it still the sumachs grow,

And blackberry vines are creeping.'

Matters took a turn for the better in 1895, when, after years of litigation, the original trust was re-established by a de-oree of Court of Chester county. Trustees were appointed by whom the property was restored. It is now used as a museum for historic relics and an historical and referapparent ence library.-Record.

Words Frequently Misnamed

Following Mr. Henry James, Mr. John D. Barry is now endeavoring to help Har-per's Bazar to reform the careless speech of American women. Mr. Barry's suggestions are eminently simple and practicable. He says, among other things in the August

"We constantly hear such mispronounciations in the street, on the stage, and even in the pulpit, as w'en, w'at, w'ich, w'ite, w'ether, all creating an effect of commoness, as well as of slovenliness. In the case of words ending in tle, on the other hand, the tendency is not to suppress, but to add a vowel ; we hear, for example, gentul, littul, brittul, settul, nessul, wressul, in the place of the more delicate gen-tle, little, brittle, settle, nestle, wrestle. The final ness tends to become nuss, and we hear darknuss, sicknuss, dullnuss, supplenuss. As for the final ings, not only is the g clipped, with the loss of the syllable'r resonance, beautiful in sound and useful in carrying-power, but when it is preceded by a syllable ending with a vowel the two syllables are merged into a mong-rel diphthrong. Being becomes beeng; say-ing, saing ; lying, lyng ; ory-ing, oryng; sigh-ing, syng. No less unpleasant is the tendency to shorten vowel sounds that ought to be distinctly prolonged, the fault that make ott, of ought nott of naught, dotter of daughter, watter of water, boot of boat, cott of coat."

The Book-kcepers.

The pugilist should keep a scrap-book The burglar—an entry-book. The acrobat—a balance-book e-book The motorist-a check-book. The cook-a reference-book. The miner-a pocket-book The yachtsman-a sales-book The magician-a pass-book. The wife-an order-book.

The husband-a blank-book

Stewed apples placed in the center of a rice pudding make a variety in that everydish. When the rice has been cooked day on the fire, pour it into a pie-dish, and make a space for the apples in the middle. Small pieces of butter scattered over the top and some brown sugar are a great improvement. Bake in a slow oven.

Datch Women

The women's costume is a trifle too complex for verbal description, as feminine be-longings usually are; but the white lace cap which covers the head from eyebrows to nape of neck and from ear to ear, curving out in rounded wings on each side of her cheeks, is always a conspicuous and inevitable portion of woman's attire. It may possibly be that on Sunday this cap is a trifle whiter or stiffer or daintier than on weekdays, but the difference is not very

The ladies assure us there is a vast diflens made no special note of that. In shape and outline the camera finds great distinction between those caps and those of Katwyk or Masken on Bois le Duo, but between Sunday and Monday caps in Volendam it records none whatever. For the rest of the costume feminine Holland asks above all things, apparently, a very flat, to things that catch the eye and occupy narrow chest surmounting enormous hips, and Volendam is no exception to this fash-ion rule. The invariable black "best waist" of the elder women is usually brightened by a square yoke of lighter color and material, and the dark apron or overskirt is topped by six inches or more of gay plaid or bright-colored band, worn over an underskirt of dull-blue striped or black material and uncountable petticoats. About the throat a collar formed of many rows of heavy, dark-red coral beads is fastened by huge silver clasps, and the num-ber of rows, and size and quality of the beads, are matters for feminine pride. Long hair is not the glory of woman in Holland, save, perhaps, at Marken. It is usually hidden, and at Volendam is cut quite close and entirely covered by a tight-fitting thick black silk cap concealed be-neath the snowy white lace. The younger girls, from the tiniest toddler to the young meisje old enough to wed, wear dresses and caps the exact counterpart of their grave mothers, no less full of skirt or narrow of chest, but much gayer in color. A group of tiny maidens in a stiff breeze on the dike resembles nothing more than a swarm of butterflies.—Scribner's Magazine.

-Mrs. Crimsonbeak - "Don't you think a man ought to tell his wife everything ?" Mr. Crimsonbeak-"No ; only as much

as he thinks the neighbors ought to know." -The Visitor-"yes, my 'usband is

oos before it oucks !" ping.

sateen or some similar material. The ticular example reproduced was of dark blue paper and had a lining of cherry col- are born, the first born wanders away and ored sateen, and a very pretty as well as useful article it was.

For many children anything in the form of modeling has the strongest attraction. The "Duck made of Modeling Clay" shows how this fascinating occupation may be made so easy that even quite small ohildren may be amused by it. Little wooder molds are to be had with the form that is to be modeled out of them. The mold is laid on a flat modeling board and the out-out part is filled with modeling clay. When the shape is quite filled a modeling tool is run round the edge of the design and again between the two boards, so that the rough model comes easily ou of its frame. Then comes the enjoyable work of molding the design with the fingers into a more perfect shape, and finish ing it off with the tool. If the result in

satisfactory the model can be put in a cool place to harden, and can be thus preserved ; otherwise the clay can be rolled up and used over again. Children who world intelligently will very soon give up the use of the mold and take to making their own models, thus developing the sense of form and the power of observation in a very easy and pleasant way. Endless is the amnsement that may be provided by this ingenious device, which is also of spe-

cial value in giving interesting occupation to those less fortunate little ones whom illference in the quality of the net and the ness or delicacy debars from the more act-amount of hand work employed, but the ive games and amusements of healthy, boisterons childhood.

A child in good health amuses itself with every toy, every scrap of paper or morsel of wood, but when illness comes, it loses all initiative, and gradually as it re-covers the natural love of action returns, and quiet amusement must be restrained

the mind and fingers. Very valuable to the mother of a sich child is a talent for cutting out in paper chains of dancers, hand in hand, sh dogs, horses, anything that can be placed on the bed or on a table in long lines. Bas kets of flowers are also hailed with delight and fans, boats and three-cornered hats. made of paper, give a great deal of pleas ure. A child can amuse itself for hours by cutting pictures from old magazines and pasting them in a sorapbook.

The Walker Family. -- Restless or uneasy moods in children yield to the cheerful stimulating exercise that is a part of the play of "Walker Family." It is merely a healthy march combined with singing. These words are sung to the music of 'Yankee Doodle:"

> "The Walker children are in town, They tread an endless journey; Their feet go up, their feet go down, And still they stand before me

"Then walk-a walk-a walk away, Sturdy lad and lassie, Three steps forward, three steps out, And three steps in the back.

By carrying out over and over again the directions given in the last two lines the endless journey is made. Until those lines are reached in the song the Walkers simply march about in a circle; then the three steps out, and the same number in the back, will leave the little pilgrims just at very 'andy. 'E mended the enckoo clock that point in the endless journey at which that, while the largest rise at a rate of a the other day, but it ain't right yet. It they stood before they began three step. little more than half an inch au hour, the

-Never allow a ewe to run with the flock. When this is permitted and twins becomes mixed with the flock before mother has a chance to own it, and the chances are that later she will refuse to have anything to do with it.

-The milking must be done in a quick, quiet manuer and the milk removed to a clean, cool place as soon as possible after milking. It should then be thoroughly strained into crocks or immedeiately run through a separator and the skim milk fed to the calves, pigs or poultry.

-It is impossible to say just how soon in her life a heifer should be bred. The distinctive, specialized dairy breeds may be bred earlier than the larger strains. Some beifers at 16 months are as fully developed as others at 24. Therefore the experienced breeder will breed according to development.

The care of milk and making of butter during the hot summer is to many a difficult task and to those who lack some facilties such as good water, ice or implements it is almost impossible to produce a first-class article. Cleanliness in making is one of the most essential acts in the care of milk. The cow's udder should always be wiped clean with a clean, damp cloth.

-The cream after separating should be cooled at once. It should be ripened from ten to twenty-four hours before churning and churned at a temperature of 52 to 54 degrees, which will insure the butter coming with a good grain and body. If the cream is sold to the creamery or shipped to a central point, it should be cooled and aerated to assure its arrival in good condition.

-The Agricultural Department at Washington recently tested eggs which had been preserved four years in water glass (sodium silicate). They were found to have an unpleasant taste, and the white coagulated in cooking. There was a slight taste of soda and the white h.d become pink in color and very liquid. Eggs kept in water glass for six months tasted and smelled like wellkept eggs a few days old.

-Dr. Smead advises the following condition powder for live stock : Two pounds of ground flaxseed as a base, in which mix five ounces of dowdered gentian, six ounces of ginger, four ounces of powdered sulphate of iron and four ounces of powdered ni-trate of potash. To this add two ounces of powdered charcoal and one pound of common salt. Mix all well together. Give at first two tablespoonfuls in feed of grain twice a day. After two weeks give half the quantity.

-Milk on which cream failed to rise in a night has been condemned by a careful housekeeper, but on analysis proved to contain as much cream as milk from another dealer on which a thick layer formed. The former was a specimen of "homogen-ized milk," now produced by forcing the liquid at high pressure through fine jets, thus breaking the globules. Milk is essen-tially an emulsion of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of fat in 881 per cent. of water, with casein and other substances that have little to do with the separation of the fat as oream. The fat globules vary greatly in size—from 2504 to 15,875 being required to make a row an inch long, and it has been shown that, while the largest rise at a rate of a smallest ascend fifty times more slowly.