

Bellefonte, Pa., April 17, 1908.

AN EASTER LONGING

Where is He, the Rose of Sharon, He, the valley's Lily, where? All the earth is dark and barren, None can with my Lord compare Through the city I have wondered, Watchmen told my anguish sore: But, alas! the hours were squandered-Who my lost one will restore?

Seven wounds His, when you have four

Wounds the Roman soldiers gave; And they spices wrapped around Him, Bore Him, weeping, to the grave. Wounds and spices! Thus you'll know him. I the guest room will prepare; If on me ye will bestow Him, Meet Him well with song and prayer.

He alone can bring me healing, Blot the stains of sin and death, All my sorrows from me stealing, Softly as the garden's breath; I will hasten to adore Him, Bring him gifts and spices sweet: I will weep and kiss His feet. -[J. E. RANKIN.]

MRS. GOODWIN'S EASTER.

Mrs. Goodwin walked rapidly down the narrow path to the street, and without a backward look shut the gate behind her. She was not one to linger at the hour of parting, and to day Mis. Goodwin was leav-ing the home of fifty years.

'I suppose you have heard the sad news. Margaret," said a voice at her side.

Mrs. Good win turned and looked into the face of her old friend and neighbor, James Wilson, who stood leaving on his cane, his long white hair blown about by the wind. What news, James ?" she inquired.dol-"I have been so taken up with my own

selfish cares that I have not thought of a soul in the village for the last fortnight.' "It is the old story of a good man taken and a bad one left to fill bis place," an-

swered James Wilson. "No one will find us having dealings with John Wilbur, eh, Margaret? We know too well the wolf in sheep's clothing." "Do you mean to tell me that Henry Wilbur is dead," said Mrs. Goodwin in a trembling voice. "He stopped at my house last night on his way home from East Au-

drews, and he told me that he never felt better in his life. I must see John at once. James Wilson's faded blue eyes took no note of his neighbor's confusion. "See John; well, now, I wouldn't, Margaret. But if that ne'er-do well of a Merrick were here,

I would run my poor old legs off to drop a tear on his hand. Well, good morning, Margaret ; and James Wilson tottered off. Mrs. Goodwin stood where he left ber, unmindful of the snow that was beginning to fall and the wind that made the branches of the big trees creak. With lightning rapidity her mind was going over the evente of the last twelve hours. Henry Wilbur had heard that she had sold her home, which was all that her husband had left her at his death two months previous, and the object of his call had been to make friendly inquiry as to her plans for the fu-ture. In the course of the conversation Mrs. Goodwin had told him of a matter that was bothering her not a little. The well-to-do farmer who had bought her bouse, farmer-like, had paid her for it in cash that afternoon. There was no bank in Andrews, and in order to deposit it she would have to go to East Andrews the next day at no small inconvenience. Moreover, she was more nervous at having so much money in the house, even for one night Out on the State road a woman nad been

murdered in her bed a few weeks before. To relieve her anxiety Henry Wilbur of fered to take the money home with him that night, and, as business called him to East Audrews the next day, to deposit it for her. And now Henry Wilbur was dead and there was no way she could ever prove that she had ever given the money into his possession. An appeal to John Wilbur would be worse than useless; nevertheless, as soon as decency permitted she would cal

Mrs. Goodwin shivered and drew her plain black cape more closely around her. With chilled hands and benumbed feet she started again on her way to her new home, two small back rooms at the Widow Bird's. O, why had Henry not been allowed to live till he had deposited the money? But what was she, to question the wisdom of the Almighty? Her lips moved in a silent prayer for grace. "O Lord, forgive Thy servant, for she is a very old woman. O Lord, help her to realize that if the way grows hard it is only because she is nearing the summit where she can see the laud of Canaan, and, praise Thy name, be soon within it."

The forenoon after Henry Wilbur's funeral found Mrs. Goodwin in John Wilbur's law office. When she met the glance of his cold eyes her heart died within her. The eyes had not changed in expression since, as one of her scholars in the schoolhouse at the Corners, he had daily outwitted her. Her mind reverted to that time, ard she unconsciously addressed him in the manner of that period.

"Well, you have lost as good a father as a man ever had, Johnnie.' John Wilbur straightened up his thin little figure and frowned. "Johnnie" did

not accord well with she added dignity that had come to him with the death of his "You know that your father and my poor

husband and I had most of our schooling together," Mrs. Goodwin continued, nervously fingering the ribbons of her cape. John Wilbur lifted a pad of paper from his desk and turned the cover back sug-gestively. If Mrs. Goodwin had come to talk over reminiscences of his father with him, it was well to give her a hint that he

had no time for such trivialities.

A spark of indignation flashed from Mrs. Goodwin's still brilliant eyes. She stopped fumbling with her ribbons. "But my er-rand this morning is a business one. Your father was kind enough to call on me the evening before his death. You may have heard that Timothy Black bought my home; that afternoon he had paid me for it in cash. I told your father how fretted I was at the thought of keeping it in the house overnight, and he offered to take the money with him to deposit in the East Andrews bank the next day. You must have come across the bills in his safe, John.

The amount was three thousand dollars."

Mrs. Goo' win eyed John sharply during this recital, and she observed with satisfaction the color that came in his sallow cheeks when she mentioned the passing over of the money to his father. She felt convinced that John had found the bills.

"Can you give me the money this morning, John ?" The calm assurance of Mrs. Goodwin's voice gave no token of the fears that were weighing her down.

"Did you bring the receipt with you?" said John Wilbur. "Of course my father gave you one."

"No, you know that he did not, John. What did I want of a receipt from an old friend like your father? How were we to know the mysterious ways of Providence?" "Then you have absolutely nothing to show that the money passed into my father's bands." John's voice had a metallic

"Nothing but my word as an honest woman. You cannot tell me that you

doubt that, John Wilbur?" "It is rather a queer story, you know." John Wilbur smiled after a fashion that made Mrs. Goodwin shiver. 'It would be presty hard to make some people believe that a woman—pardon me. I mean no offense-a woman who has the reputation of being as hard-headed in a business way as Margaret Goodwin, would be so deplorably careless as to trust any man with all the money she had in the world even for a night. Now if it were rattle headed old Grandma Pickard the case would be different. Mind, I am not saying that I do not believe your story, but in justice to the other heirs I could not notice a claim founded on such slight evidence—in fact,

no evidence at all. The "other heirs" were John Wilbur's five motherless children and his young brother, Merrick, whose long and frequent absences from home were generally accounted for by his dislike of John, which he ook no pains to conceal.

Mrs. Good win thought of Merrick, warmhearted and impulsive. "Merrick Wilbur is not the one to take the bread out of an old woman's mouth," she exclaimed, scornfully. "Is that all you have to say to me, John?"

"I think we understand each other," John returned, suavely.

A mist fell over Mrs. Goodwin's eyes as

she turned toward the door. She could not see to open it. John Wilbur hastened to her side and politely bowed her out. With the mist still banging in front of her she traversed the few rods to Mrs. Bird's house. That afternoon she would call on her pastor and ask him to intercede for her with John; but not now, she was too crushed and hope-

As she opened the door of her room its brightness and cheer made a friendly appeal to her. Thank God, she had her health. There must be work enough in the village for a faithful pair of hands. The next instant she fell to the floor.

When Mrs. Goodwin opened her eyes she was lying in bed, and Mrs. Bird was looking at her with tender concern. "Now don't you go to worrying, Mrs. Goodwin," Mrs. Bird exclaimed, trying to hush her deep voice to an appropriate degree. "You will be all right in a little while, 'ceptin', of course, your side. You have had a stroke but, land, that ain't anything. Jest you lie still and don't worry, and the doctor says you will come out all right. You ain't got a thing in the created world to worry about. Well, now, if it was me I would have to do considerable thinkin' while I was a-lying there. Everybody says how lucky you were to have Timothy Black snap up your place so quick. Every-body knows that when Timothy sets his heart on anything he ain't one to let money stand in the way of it."

Mrs. Goodwin's eyes opened wide, and a frightened look came in them. "You must 'that I have lost all the money Timothy Black paid me."

"There, there, honey," murmured Mrs Bird. "You must not talk any more. Poor thing." she added to herself, "her mind is beginning to wander." "But you must." Mrs. Goodwin repeat

"Sh. sh. else I shall have to go right away and leave you. Tomorrow you can tell me all about it."

Mrs. Goodwin closed her eyes wearily. Mrs. Bird was right, tomorrow would be time enough to tell her. "O God, send Merrick home," she whispered. "They say no one knows where he is, but Thou knowest and Thou canst put it in his mind to come to help the poor old woman. Merrick will not see me defrauded."

Within an bopr after Mrs. Goodwin had sold her trouble to Mrs. Bird, the whole village was ringing with the story, and John Wilbur became the recipient of numerous calls, one from Mrs. Goodwin's pastor, the Rev. Mr. Steele. To each one e made the statement that he knew nothing of the transaction and bad found no such amount of cash in his father's posses

Plainly there was nothing to be done Except to pray the Lord to change John Wilbur's heart," as Mr. Steele remarked to Mrs. Bird in an undertone when he was leaving the house after making Mrs. Goodwin acquainted with the result of his call. 'Indeed, it is not right to pray to the Lord for impossibilities," the good woman

returned, warmly.

Mr. Steele shook his head reproachfully but she was pleased to note that he could not efface from his countenance the glow o satisfaction that her vehement language had evoked

Mrs. Goodwin had not looked for any hing else. Her conversation now turned on Merrick and his return. The days were flying swiftly. All her wants were supplied by the church people, but the fact was force ing itself upon her that perhaps only the summer would bring back her days of usefulness. How could she endure to depend on the bounty of even her sisters in the church till that time? Hour after bour she sat by the window watching with concious eyes for Merrick's bandsome, sensitive face

and lithe, ereot figure.
"I bave had such a beautiful dream," she remarked to Mrs. Bird on Easter morning. "I thought that Merrick stood right here in the room smiling at me, just as bright and sweet as ever, and then he spoke to me as plainly as could be, and said, 'Mrs. Goodwin, don't you worry about that money. It will all come out some

day.' "O the dear lad!" cried Mrs. Bird, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "What is the matter? Is there bad news

of Merrick?" Mrs. Goodwin drew a deep sigh as she read the answer in Mrs. Bird's grief stricken attitude. The painful since was broken by the first sad tolling of the bell. With her eyes fixed on the church belfry, which showed through the bare loughs of the trees, Mrs. Goodwin counted the strokes. Twenty-four gay, loving years. And this was the answer to her prayer? Then her sharp sorrow for Merrick crowded out all selfish thoughts.

At the same hour Mr. Steele was mounting the steps to John Wilbur's house. It was the old homestead that his father had so lately left. Mr. Steele's heart was anxious for news. A brief illdess, a burial at sea; surely that could not be all?

In the room where Mr. Steele awaited John's appearance were many reminders of that stalwart Christian man, John's father. it bad." In the room where Mr. Steele awaited

On the table were "The Teacher's Journal" and the books that he had used as lesson helps. Beside them the open Bible. There they were, just as Henry Wilbur had left them the night of his death; for Mr. Steele knew that Henry Wilbur had never failed to turn to the study of the Sunday

school lesson on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Steele put on his glasses and drew
the Bible toward him. "Henry was what
I call a Bible Christian," he mused. "Now I think I will preach a sermon on that subject sometime-Bible Christians." A sheet of paper slipped from out the Bible and dropped to the floor. As he stooped to pick it up a name caught Mr. Steele's eye, which caused him to scan the whole with deliberation:

Received of Mrs. Margaret Goodwin in trust his night, to deposit in the East Andrews bank omorrow, three thousand dollars (\$3,000. March 1, 1899.

Mr. Steele smiled pitying. "Ah, John Wilbur, there was just one place in this house where this bit of paper was safe from pour evil intentions, and that was your father's Bible." A moment more and the minister was walking toward Mrs. Bird's with a speed that would have done oredit to his printing days in college. Up the stairs he bounded, two steps at a time. "A joyous Easter. Margaret," he cried,

waving the sheet of paper before her be-wildered eyes. Then dropping into a chair he told his story, while he laughed and sobbed like a child.

Mrs. Good win turned a radiant face toward Mrs. Bird, "Didn't Merrick tell me it would all come out right? she cried .-By Flora Longfellow Turknett, in the Christian Advocate.

Clara Barton is Eighty-six

About six miles outside of Washington. mong rather peculiar surroundings, a famous woman has just completed the eighty-sixth year of her remarkable life. If her present excellent health continues, it is a toss-up which will outlive the other-Miss Clara Barton or the big Ferris wheel which overshadows her house.

The wheel is not a part of Miss Barton's establishment. The fact is that her grounds are bounded on two sides by a so called amusement park, which appeals to the average person as somewhat oppressive for o close a neighbor.

The Ferris wheel hangs like a phantom

over the house in winter days, and the coaster railway, creeping along close to the fence, is as silent as a hibernating snake. But in summer time the amusement park must be far from amusing to its famous neighbor, according to the New York Sun.
Miss Barton's own house is an extraordinary structure. It looks as if it might be a summer hotel or a park casino. It stands on a high bank above the Potomac, at the edge of a little suburban village. An electric car runs out from George town, and the visitor descends at a post where hangs a sign "Red Cross."

The Red Cross is now a government organization, with its offices at the War Department in Washington. Miss Barton looks, acts and talks like a woman of seventy-six rather than of eightysix. Many persons have a vague idea that she was a sort of American Florence Nightingale during the Civil War, and she is often spoken of as a nurse. She herself says she was never a nurse and knows little

the name the trolley has given the station.

of nursing. "My work, she said the other day, "has tell everyone, Mrs. Bird," she stammered, always been to get supplies to people who needed them. It has been a work which has taught me the value of things. In almost any catastrophe—in war, in flood, fire, earthquake, pestilence—it is not money so much as things that the sufferers need. They want food, clothing, shelter, medicine. To bring these things to people has been my work."

Miss Barton has followed out this idea through two wars-the Civil War and the Franco-Prussian-and also through twentyfive years of Red Cross relief to the suffer ing caused by catastrophes. In this field she counts the Johnstown flood, the Sea Islands disaster and Galveston tidal wave as the greatest catastrophes with which she has had no deal.—Saturday Evening Post.

Authors in Maine

The coast of Maine appears to have a peouliar attractiveness for authors. William Dean Howells, for example, has long had his summer home at Kittery Point, which is not far from Portsmouth. His house is surrounded by a fine old garden, in which the veteran author may often be seen at work. His library is located in an old barn set in the midst of an apple orchard. A little further up the coast at York

Harbor, is the summer home of Thomas Nelson Page. It is located on a high point near the sea. Here, too, comes John Fox every summer to be the guest of Mr. Page. Still farther on, at Kennebunkport, is the home of Mrs. Margaret Deland, who lives in a charming, old-fashioned house, surrounded by a real New Englard garden. Mrs. Deland has been particularly successful in raising jonquils. In fact, she had such a large crop the past summer that she held a public sale of them and gave the proceeds to charity. Meredith Nicholson, the Iudiana novelist, also has a home at Kennebunkport.

Various authors live on the many islands that stud the beautiful barbor of Portland. The best known is Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, whose home is on Bailey's Island. On another island, not far away, lives Commodore Peary.

Given Away.

The people's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free by the author on re-ceipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. This great work contains 1008 pages and over 700 illustrations. It treats on subjects vitally interesting to every man and woman. It tells the plain truth in plain English. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper bound book or, 31 stamps for handsome cloth covered. Address Doctor R. V. Pieroe, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Blood tells." That old saying may have many applications. When the face is blotched with pimples, the body vexed with eruptions or eaten by sores, the blood is telling of its impure condition. By puri-tying the blood with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery you can have a smooth skin, clear complexion and healthy body. The "Discovery" purifies the blood and removes the poisonous substances which cause sores and pimples.

A Philosopher.

"Smiley says he basn't any luck at all."

"Indeed! It's something unusual for him to complain."

Another Butter Scoring Contest.

The pure food agitation is cultivating a more critical spirit on the part of the buying public. Butter dealers report a constant demand for more of the best butter, and the growing tendency to discriminate between the best and that not quite so good in the matter of price.

The moisture content of butter is receiving a great deal of attention since the National Food Laws have fixed a legal limit.

The investigations by the Dairy Division of the National Department of Agriculture have shown great differences in the amount of over run-secured by different butter makers.

Believing that a study of these three subjects, quality, moisture content and over run, are of vital importance to the milk shipper, the Dairy Husbandry Department of The Pennsylvania State College will conduct an Educational Contest during the ensuing year. Five pounds of butter to be sent by each contestant every two months. Package will daft on tennis, are figurines of men carrypaid by the College, the butter to become the property of the College. At the end of the year a sterling silver cup will be awarded to the butter maker receiving find toy pottery mngs at their plates, with the highest average score and a prorata this legend : "I'm on the water wagon," fund divided between all who take part in legible letters. Symbols for the navy in every scoring. (Six during the year.)

Butter makers desiring to take part should address Prof. H. E. Van Norman, State College, Pa., at once for package and blanks on which to report method used in making. Score, criticisms, suggestions and report of moisture content such gifts, an innovation one quite unex-will be furnished to each butter maker. Names will not be published if so re-

Wins Silver Cup.

In the Educational Butter Scoring Contest, conducted during the past year by the Dairy Husbandry Department of the Pennsylvania State College, E. C. ently, that no one would accuse him of a Wivel, of Fulton House, Pa., made the highest average score, namely 921 out of a possible 100 points, judged on market standards

In this Contest butter was sent to the College periodically, where it was judged, criticisms and suggestions for improvement were sent to the butter makers. 38 butter makers took part, though only a small part completed the year by sending every time.

Smullton.

Reuben Smull is making improvements on

Harry R. Brungart is attending select school at Spring Mills at present.

Wm. Shull, who has been critically ill for time, we are glad to say, is improving. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Smull were at Flemington, Clintoa county, Sunday and Monday to attend a funeral.

Mrs. Harry Burns, who had sale last Tues day, left for Centre Hill where she will make her future home.

Israel Haugh spent some time pleasantly with his daughter, Mrs. C. M. Bierly, at Dents Run, Elk county.

J. W. Brungart, proprietor of the Smullton furniture and novelty works, is turning out some fine furniture, besides the repair work he does.

News from this place has not appeared in the columns of the WATCHMAN because of neglect of the correspondent, but we hope to do better now

Rev. J. Max Lantz, the new Methodist minister for the Pennsvalley charge, preached at this place Sunday to a fair sized congregation.

Joseph Beckenbaugh and son, of Franklin county, expects to make their future abode with Mr. and Mrs. Bierly here, he being a brother of Mrs. Bierly.

Those moving last week were: Herbert Smull to Rebersburg; J.W. Brungart occupying the place left vacant by Smull; J. W. Bair recently moved into the home of Thos. Brungart here.

H. H. Stover expects to rebuild and en large his Studio and printing establishment. Last spring he added an addition, but because of the increase of patronage and to make more commodious quarters he will make the addition.

At last! What? At last the citizens of this place have awakened to a sense of their own interests, and while it has frequently been talked, "and never done," we can say today there is existing now a "Smullton Water Co.," composed of men who will and have done everything possible to bring about this end. The company has sent for its pipes and fittings, and if they are shipped promptly, Smullton will have water supplied to every home in town that wants it by Easter. There could be no better move made than this by the people of the town. We feel thankful for men who have backbone enough to do what their conscience tells them is right.

Hublersburg.

John Walkey was seen in our burg over Sunday. Our primary school, taught by Calvin

Hoy, closed Monday. The Thad Stevens library society held

in interesting meeting Friday evening. Harry and Roy Calathan visited their ancle, Frank Carner, during the past week. The farmers are commencing to do their

spring work and less loafers are seen on our Rev. H. I. Crow delivered an able sermon

to the graduates of the '08 class Sunday evening. Nevin Hoy, who is attending Bellefonte

High school, has been housed up the past week with illness. J. L. Walkey and wife have returned home after spending the winter months in the southern part of this State.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Good nature is worth more than knowledge, nore than money, to the persons who possess it. and certainly to everybody who dwells with them, in so far as mere happiness is concerned.— Henry

Easter week, socially and hospitably, heongs almost exclusively to college maid and man; they form the social pivots. and man; they form the social pivots. Boarding school miss and lad, come in second hand, and are made as happy as circumstances admit, but the great swath is out by the big brother and sister, who sweep the entire domestic field with feasting and pleasuring. Very individual and jolly are the table decorations in homes that invariably keep up Easter traditions by entertaining friends to luncheon and dinner. The present supply of table favors and symbols for such occasions exceeds all past records. Every kind of entertainment Pennsylvania butter makers, many of by this means has been made so that a whom must compete for a market with hostess has but to soan her list of guests. make a note of their fads and peculiarities,

to select without delay suggestive representations for each individual. For girls, who have a craze for new hats every month in the year, there is a dainty miniature hat hox containing a Virot or be furnished and express charges pre- ing bate and balls, and for the game of golf, figures on the golf order. Persistent matinee goers, may receive tiny opera glasses in cases. Youths, who "swore off" at the beginning of the new year, will and army, for lawyers and physicians, for poets, and preacher, in fact, for all voca-tions may be bumorously turned to ac-

count. It is at the Easter morning breakfast table that gifts from the family to each other, and from their friends, have their time, place and opportunity. Apropos of Fifth avenue jewelers It is no less than the getting up of their own exclusive Easter cards. They represent an upstanding soft, silky, piushy, Bunny, extremely sleek and well groomed, wearing the slickest of furry coats, black, white, gray, and tan-brown. They clasp in their forepaws one of the various small silver gifts-a pencil case, a book mark, a paper-outer and so on. Bunny is so well mannered, apparcommercial intent, or suggest that he, being the fashionable card of the season, would refuse to be sent off unless some silver tribute was exacted to the sender. It is no doubt one of the polite attempts to proclaim aloud the abundance of spare eash in the community, and it is fair play to draw the line against plain giftless Easter cards, on the principle that

words, however fine, butter no parsnips.
Following in this suite, high-mark book shops have caught the inflection, and have dressed up their booklets in ribbon, ready for the purchaser to slip in a visiting card, the top smaller than the roots or an Easter greeting tag.

In making cookies, if the dough is thoroughly chilled it will not only be lighter, but will not stick to the board when rolling. Some housekeepers also chill their doughnats before frying.

Never iron silk with a hot iron or on the right side. It is better, in fact, not to press directly on the silk, but to cover with a slightly dampened cloth.

In cleaning ribbons it is better not to iron them at all. Sponge with gasoline of ether and wrap around a large bottle.

It is a blighting fact that pique, that stiff, unconciliating material which makes summer days miserable alike for the woman who washes it, has been revived and that some of the very smartest suits occur in it. Indeed, it menaces the popularity of linen, which all last summer was the correct thing for tailored costumes.

Violet and gray is a favorite combina-This alliance is particularly becoming to the silver-haired woman.

Among the ash, smoke and elephant grays that tint must be selected which is

nost becoming to the complexion. Very pretty hats for the elderly woman come in braided straws of lavender trimmed with a bunch of white ostrich tips.

A single aigrette is also much used. Berthas of lace or net or silk and lingerie cape collars are charming effects avail These will transform a morning blouse

Lace scarfs are again being used to throw

into an effective afternoon gown.

over the head.

The pansy or heartsease is one of the oldest and most popular of garden flowers. The brilliance and variety of their colors make them most useful as border plants. The amateur may now sow seed in the spring where the soil is moist and not too warm, and he will get plants that will lossom in summer and keep blooming until fall. The flowers must be kept picked closely to insure steady blooming. If earlier blossoms are desired plants that have been carried through the winter in cold frames should be obtained from the cold frames should be obtained from the day's work? Then you are feeding too soon as the ground is in condition for working and the danger of frost is past. The only cultivation necessary is stirring the ground to keep it from baking and keeping the bed reasonably free from weeds.

The grower who wishes to have his own early plants should sow seed in August or September and transplant the seedings to pots to be kept in the house, or, better still, to cold frames with good soil, where they may remain until winter, when they would be protected by glass and boards.

For Prune Fluff .- Take four tablespoon fuls of soft, stewed prunes, mashed fine; cool, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the stiff whites of two eggs; put into small buttered dishes or oustaand bake : serve hot .- Harper's Bazar .

For Scalloped Oysters.—Take one level tablespoon butter, one-third cup thin cream or milk, one pint oysters, one cup buttered oracker orumbs, salt and pepper. Melt the butter in the blazer and add the oream. When hot add half the oysters, which should be cleaned and thoroughly drained. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and add half the crumbs. Add remaining oysters, more salt and pepper and remaining orumbs. Cover and cook until the oysters are plump

FARM NOTES.

-Don't plant old garden seeds. Get a fresh supply.

-Get the spray ready for spring work.
Spraying is the orchardists insurance.

-The finer the soil, the better the veg-

etables, both in quantity and quality. -Work the surface soil over after each rain, and thus retain all the moisture.

-Green peas and onions should be sown at the first opportunity, if not already in

-For all-around farm work, the horse that is low and compact is better than the one that is long-legged.

-Vegetables delight in having a warm, deep, rich and mellow, soil, and will gen-erously pay for the privilege.

-A hoe is the best thing yet for stirring up shorts or any feed that is inclined to be pasty when mixed with water.

-Three rules for success in gardening are : Freedom from weeds, thinning out and keeping the ground mellow. -Now is a good time while other work

s not pressing, to make frames for use in the flower and vegetable gardens.

-Asparagus demands a rich. deep, welldrained soil. It is a gross feeder, and will take almost any amount of fertilizer.

-- Have you investigated Jersey Red nogs? They are easily fattened, very prolific and the sows make good mothe -Horses that are worked to the limit of

their ability, should have all their grain ground and fed on moistened cut hay. -Do not prune grapevines during April or May, as the bleeding will occasion

wasteful and an injurious expenditure of -Two crops can often be planted on the same ground by planting early and late varieties, removing the early as soon as

-For heavy breathing or rattling in the throat of poultry, nothing is better than a teaspoonful of glycerine, to which is added four drops of turpentine.

-Potatoes that are kept for seed must not be allowed to spront. If kept in a cool, dry place spronting will not occur. Dip all seed potatoes in the formalin solu--When the weather is favorable, beet, carrot, cress, kale, leek, onion seeds, extra

early peas, potatoes, radish, spinach and early turnips can be sown in the open ground. -Kainit is an excellent thing for asparagus beds, as it contains a considerable percentage of sulphate of potash, which is

direct fertilizer ; it also contains a fourth of its bulk of salt. -When planting trees and shrubs on the lawn keep in mind the habits of the trees. Remove all broken roots, when trees are set, with a sharp knife. Make

-Asparagus culture is profitable, and it yields ready cash at an early season of the year. The cutting term begins (at Phila-

delpia) in the middle or latter part of April, and covers a period of six weeks. -It is a good plan to apply the fertilizer to the land a week or ten days before sowing the seed. In all cases it must be oughly incorporated with the soil ; other-

wise injury to young plants may result. -Cucumbers and squash have the same enemies, but the beetle will leave the oucumber and prefers the squash, which induces some growers to plant a few squash vines near encumbers in order to trap the

beetles. -Take a chilled lamb in by a good, warm fire, on a bed of straw. Rub them tharoughly. When they are able to take a little hot milk, give them a bottle furnished with a rubber nozzle. Often this

will save them. -Old pieces of baled-hay wire are not nice things to have lying around in the barnyard. Sometimes both ends may become embedded or frozen in the ground, making a dangerous loop for you or an animal to get a foot in.

-White Dutch clover is very desirable as pasturage for bees. The seed may be sown any time in April. It resists drought much better than most of the grasses, and forms a close green turf for the lawn, if kept out after it is well rooted. -At this season cows that are about to

calve should have especial care. Should the cow he fat, remove all grain from her ration and give a hot bran mash and a dose of Epsom salts, ginger and molasses a day or two before she calves and also the day -When we find a hole in the milk bucket the size of a pin-point, we hasten to the tinsmith and have it soldered; but we go

to cows that dribble a few cents' worth of milk into the pail, without any thought of stopping the leak. -For open ground culture in April, asparagus, beets, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, early cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, celery, oress, endive, kale, koblrabi, leek, lettuce, onion sets, onion seed, parsley, parsnip,

right on feeding high-priced bran and meal

peas, tomatoes, radish, spinach, sage, salsify, and early turnips. -Are your mangers half full of "orts," much, or else your hay is poor. Better shorten up a little in the first case, and, in the second, try cutting the hay and feeding it with some bran and meal scattered over

-Salt is often used on asparagus beds, and is sometimes an indirect fertilizer, acting upon fertility already in the soil, and having a distinct tendency to attract and hold moisture, but it has no direct fertilizing influence. However, it has a benefi-

-Low headed apple trees are now generally grown in commercial orchards. The time to start the trees to be low headed is in the early maturity of the young trees when transplanted to the young orchard. It often takes courage to cut back the top of the young fruit trees but it should be done when a low tree is desired.

-Watercress can be easily grown in the shallows of any pure water stream that has a sandy or gravelly bottom, a steady flow and a moderate current, if the seeds are sown at once in the moist soil at water level ; or a crop may be secured quicker by pegging down cuttings in an inch or two of water till they take root. After planting no cultivation is needed excepting to keep free from weeds and aquate grasses