Acutocratic Waldman

Bellefonte, Pa., June II, 1909.

THE BLOTTED PAGE.

The Angel with the Book That holds each word and deed. On my page let me look : And as I blushed to read-

"Three things," the Angel said, "I may blot out for thee I bowed in thought my head-Now which ones should they be !

"Blot this !"-"No, that !" came quick, As still new conscience woke Till all the leaf was thick

With blackening blur and stroke " 'T were better as I live."

I cried in my despair, "To blot the whole, and give A new page otherwhere !"

-Edward Rowland Sill.

GOD KEEP YOU.

God keep you through the silent night and guard

Your pillow from all perils, dear. From dark to dawn I pray His love toward And watch you, hovering ever near.

God keep you through the busy day, dear

heart, And guide your feet through every chance From dawn to dark may not His love depart Or lose its tender vigilance.

Nay, nay : there is no hour when I shall To supplicate His brooding care. All days, all nights, through all eternities,

God keep you, every time and everywhere -Maurice Smiley, in Leslie's Weekly

MISER.

"Hello, Black Giant!" I said, lookin' through a knot-hole in the board fence. "You mustn't walk through our alley on F'iday."

He came and looked down at me the fence. He wore a wrinkled old black hat, an' his hair hung down in his eves. "Why?" be asked, after a minute.

"I am Jack the Giant-killer," I told

"Yo're just a solemn little scamp. "Fe fi-fo-fum!" I answered.

He thought this over for a while an' cowled. "I ain't afraid of you." Then he soratched his ear, an' his hand had a black smut on it like his face. He seemed to be thinkin' tremendous.

"My name is Sledge," he growled. "I can hammer iron."

"If you can hammer the other giants, I'll take you in," I said.

"I'll beat 'em like an anvil. But keen still about it till I see you again. Good 'Good by, Sledge. You can walk

through our alley on Friday." He reached over an' I shook one of bis

fingers with my whole han'; then I watched him out o' sight through the knot hole, glad he wasn't afraid.

"I wish you wouldn't talk to every tag who goes along," said my mother from th back porch. "I don't," I told her: for I'd missed a

man an' a dog three days before.

"Do you think you can stay by yourself the rest of the day?" she asked. "What 'What

are you playin' ?" I'm not playin': I'm ed his eves through ain't time to play." a jew'e-barp," he said then. "Ob dear!" she said. "I wish you wasn't "I'm sorry," I answered, for I'd heard eo serious, an' would run an' shout like of jew's-barps, "but I don't like you any other boys. You give me the blues. Now more." I didn't look at him, an' pretty soon he went away. I knew I'd done right, though it worried me so I didn't like to think about it ; but I'm goin' out to tea, an' you'll find your supper on the table." Then she whisked into the house, while I thought how pretty that evenin' somethin' so much worse hap-pened that I forgot about him an' the she looked in her new white dress. I dug a miser's den with a sharp stick, an' buried two marbles, a clo'es-pin, an' a bread crust. As soon as I got 'em buried I wanted to see an' count 'em again like all in together, an' pickin' me up, he beld me in his arms. They were stiff an' hard as

to take him in hand an' teach him it's his duty to be playful an' affectionate, after He took my mother's hand, an' I won He turned away slowly, glancin' back dered she didn't have a chill, but she only over his shoulder, as my mother said faintly : "You can't take him away. My dean

"Dear Augustus, I'm sure you'll make a noble boy of him." This made me feel so cold all over that when I went to bed I even covered up my miser said. The very nex' day the bony do

Ine very nex' day the bony dog dame snifflin' along the fence, an' was so frien'ly that when his master came by I said: "Hello!" an' as he stopped, "If you tell me somethin', you can walk through our alley." He looked over, an' I went on: "I only want to know how to be a miser.

said with a little laugh.

head

Everybody says you're one, an' don't give anything away, even to your dog. How do you do it?"

He didn't laugh, or even scowl, like Sledge had done, only equinted at me through his glasses. Just then mother came out on the back porch, an' he jumped back an' hurried away to count his gold, without tellin' me what I wanted to

"Tad," she cried out, in a sharp voice, "I shall whip you if you speak to people passin' again." "I was only askin' him how to be a

miser."

I was so sorry when she left me that I

from 'em. Them battered places is where the baby giants whet their teeth." This made me open my eyes, an' I asked if he'd hammered the giant.

"Just like an anvil," he said. "Ab-h! but he roared an' spit out sparks." "What do you think o' misers?" I asked

him, an' he scratched his ear with smutty hand before answerin'. "I don't know much about 'em,

Giant-killer; maybe they're too small an' mean for us to consider." "I'm sorry," I said. "I was a miser myself once, because I thought they was all right," And I told him what I'd done.

"Is's ole Grimshaw; I've heard of him," be said. "He starves his dog." "Mus' we hate 'em?"

"I don't know about that; some of us might not be any better than they are. Maybe we'd better let 'em pass along with-

out noticin'. I mus' go now. Good-by, ole Killer."

"Good-by. You can walk through our alley any day, now. Bring the next roarer up here an' hammer him."

But before I saw him again, the miser himself came by one day, an' stood lookin' down; then he held out somethin' too. "I'm not a miser any more since I found

out about 'em," I said. "You can pass long, but I'll play with your bony dog." He didn't speak for a minute, but blink-

"You cruel devil !" he said, fierce as a giant ; then lookin' hard at my mother, who was pale and scared, "I was his fath-er's friend." giant, sat with his head between his hands, where the moonlight came in through the

lattice window. lattice window. The miser was speakin' very low: "It was my fault as much as hers; I was much older tham she, an' somehow we'd disagree on many things. I didn't want a divorce on account of Tad—such things are awful hard on children—but she insisted on it.

little boy !" But Mr. Mullet sent her a black look-I felt he was glad to get rid of me,-an' the

"Your affection comes too late." They all stood so for a minute, an' then Then we went to a strange town-the one

back there-where I got her a home an' did the best I could by her, for I couldn't hear to leave m her. '' the miser led me away. As we left I heard bear to leave my boy." "Wby, she pretended to be a widow," said Sledge, "and told Tad that you had obarge of his father's cetate, and would hardly let her have enough to live on." The old man sighed. "I never told any-Mr. Mullet say. "It is better so, as Grimshaw has the

boy's property." On the street he walked along lookin' straght ahead, his face so hard an' fierce it scared me terribly. Once he tried to speak to me, but his voice was so harsh he stopoody we'd been man an' wife," he said. "I baven's much pride left, but I couldn's "Oh, if I'd only meet Sledge," I thought, admit that."

Sledge said: "You sure couldn't; know-in' her pretty well." "before we get to his den, where he'll starve me like he does his dog." "She never spoke to me or let me see Tad, an' I thought it was better so; for if he knew all, he'd be ashamed of me too. But instead we met the boy I'd given the marble to. He was a bigger boy than

me, and said. "Ya-a ! there goes the misers."

I was so shamed that I hung down my head an' pretended not to hear. When Grimshaw let go my arm an' be-

""M miser!" she gasped. "What have you done? Though he is one, an' a dread-fully mean, cold-blooded one, too; but now he will pay us less than ever." I was scared and tried to take the hand Mr. Mullet had held the other night, but Sledge.

That's what's the matter with you," said the giant; "an' while you sacrificed your-Mr. Mulles had been de control of the she wouldn't let me. "You had boy; he has charge of the property your father left us, an' when he came here, years ago, I came too, so he couldn't rob us; though I believe he does, anyhow." The miser turned an' looked for me with his near-sighted eyes, but I backed away farther, an' all of a sudden took to my heels, hardly knowin' what I did. He cried after me, but I was aroun' a corner an' out of sight in a minute. The self, she let Tad go ragged." "An' I thought he was happy all the time. I believe now she only insisted on keepin' him to get what money she could

out of me." dog ran with me, barkin', till we came to sat down with my chin on my knees, an' made up my mind to eat a beetle if I could find a lean one, when there was a knockin' at the fence, an' I called out, "Come dig tan with mc, out in me, out in moonlight.

Sledge, the Giant, put his head over. I lay there very still till it began to grow At first he scowled, but when he saw I dusky, an' then I heard somethin' crawlin At first he scowled, but when he saw a dusky, all the passageway among the boxes. thin' with a hoarse whisper: "Take it: it's a iron ring I got away from 'em. Them battered places is where his elbow. could remember more about that night, only when I woke it was too late, with the sun shinin' through the crannies in the boxes.

Then we went out and stood in the middle of a long street, with nobody about that early in the mornin'; there I pointed with my finger and explained where I was goin', and the bog barked to go along, knowin' I would take care of him. So we started, and traveled till the houses got scarce and then quit comin' altogether. Some people looked at me curiously, but seemed to think the dog was takin' care o' me, an' passed on. At last we came to one more house, an' I looked through the gate

at a woman, who asked where I was goin'. "To visit Sledge," I told her. Then she brought me something to eat an' gave the dog a bone.

Farther on I had to wait for him to bury the bone, he havin' got the miser's habit-an' fell asleep in some woods.

When I woke it was gettin' gray, an' mly half the sun was left. The dog, who had been sittin' by me, looked up as if very sorry for what he was about to do; then givin' a little howl as if sayin', "I

must," away he ran. I was all alone then, an' as it began to get dusk an' chilly, the shadows crossed

the road, for they don't like to stand out the warm sun. Still I walked on-on along the white, dusty way, goin' aroua' the shadows where crickets chirped, an' listenin' to a blind giant with a bell on, tinklin' an' trampin' through the woods. This tinklin' got louder an' louder, till

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT O woman ! in hours of ease,

Uncertain, coy and hard to please and variabl as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made ; When pain and angnish wring the brow A ministering angel thou.

-Sir Walter Scott

There are but two new points in the spring and summer coats for the very little child, and also for the girl from 4 to 12 and as much alike as so many peas?

child, and also for the girl from 4 to 12 years old—two points so old that they are new every year, and so important that they should be reiterated to coatmakers each in-coming season. One point is the plainness of the coat, which means simplicity of line that amounts almost to severity ; and the other new point is the recurring question of correct material, which varies so little from year to year, but which makes or mare the coat. The washable coat for very warm days is, without doubt, at its best when made of pique. French pique of a ribbed or more unneual checked weave is the exact quality. The coloring this year may take on the more intense tones of the may take on the more intense tones of the She would call me stingy in her letters, but there was small pickin' in my little popular old blues and deep rose pinks. The silk coat is bengaline or ottoman in weave if intended for the very best occabusiness. My eyes are weak, an' I couldn's go into anything else." "You did all you could," mumbled

sions, or colored shantung, but never the thin and glossy dress silks belonging to nother. "I'd get bungry for the sight of him," Newest among the woolen weaves is the cotele, or Bedford cord—a quality that is almost dust-proof and has proved itself during a long term of years when it was with us before. Broadcloth necessarily holds its own; and for general utility pursaid the miser. "Hungry for food, too, I'll be bound. said

poses there is no better standby than the old favorite, serge. The only childish coat not made of a

the gobblers every year. It requires twenty-eight days to hatch a turkey egg, plain, solid color is the shepherd's plaid cloth, which is nunsually good at present and seven eggs are considered a setting The nests should be on the ground. for the 12-year-old.

Uncompromising severity of tailored finish and line is the rest of the story. said the successful business man. "I won-der who was the first to advertise his manufactures." "There's no exact data on the

For summer the dining room should be

It is interesting to note the strides that

have been made in the ready-made costume

subject," answered the farmer, "but I guess the hen's the person you're looking "Not me," with a tremble in his voice as if I had been a ghost. He looked very solemn and half afraid Coats to suits are somewhat shorter, and, except for that, they follow generally the lines of those which we have been wearing this winter.

at the cot where the miser bad raised on I looked too, and somehow the miser's When buying new furniture, insist on face seemed changin', an' in his eyes was a light I had seen before, though never having ball-bearing casters. They wear ing up look in the cracks and crevices for ever and never stick. No furniture about the walls and roosts for mites. These easily. The cheap casters cause lots of trouble and often have to be replaced. where it shown for me. "Why, I believe it was you who called

me." I said. "You don't seem to be the dwarf or miser any longer; still I know you." "You're right, said Sledge, "he's the

"Poor ole Killer?" said Sledge. "What is it?" I asked, comin' in, still

He stared at me still an' strange in the

"Did you call me, Giant?"

I feel awful small when I think of the way I talked about him." I stood thinkin' for a minute, an' then I double the data of the way I talked about him." I talked about him." I stood thinkin' for a minute, an' then told him: "I'm goin' over an' be friends, chairs, and sideboard there must be, but lounges, small tables, pictures and bric-a-brao may be dispensed with.

Sledge, like the starvin' dog." He nodded and drew his sooty hand ened by dissolving in half a pail of water one pint of salt. This should be used to wash matting at least twice during the summer, and after washing dry at once with soft cloth. across his eyes as he answered: "An' from this day I'm his friend too,

just as I've been yours; now I'm goin' out to see if a miserable dwarf can swing a hammer." Somehow I realized I was the miser's little boy, an' sat on the bed beside him

perfectly happy, an' wishin' Mr. Mullet could see me plain. "You an' Sledge an' I will be good com and suit departments. Not only are they

"Yon an' Sledge an' I will be good com-p'ny," I said, as we listened to the ole Giant scatterin' wildfire from the iron. He nodded as if he thought I was still asleep an' was afraid of wakin' me. "Then we will all be misers," I said, an' satisfactory assortment is already displayed ne nodded again. Of course I meant we'd be misers of each other's comp'ny, an' as he understood it that way I felt war component is already displayed that way I felt war component is already displayed the prunellas, make no the ferminent is already displayed of the prunellas, make no the ferminent is already displayed the prunellas, make no the ferminent is already displayed the prunellas, make no the ferminent is already displayed the prunellas of the prunellas of the prunellas. he nodded again.

FARM NOTES.

-The Poultry Yard. The house is a night hawk

-Rush the broilers along. The quicker you can get them on the market the better for you.

-June is the beekeeper's harvest. During that month the bulk of the honey grop is obtained.

-The best feeds for sheep are clover, al-

falta, sorghum, cowpeas, corn fodder, oats straw, turnips and beets. All of these used in connection with light feeds of corn or oats will insure sound, healthy sheep.

-My method for keeping lice from

troubling the poaltry at night, is to sus-pend the roosting poles by wires from the rafters of the house. If the poles are smooth, the lice will not remain on them

-Turkey hene are profitable until five years old, but it is a good plan to change

-"Advertising was a great invention,"

-A fowl house should not be a foul house. Wake up and clean up. Lice and disease germs thrive in filth. When clean-

seed. Pumpkins are one of the best fall and winter green feeds for almost all kinds

-We reap what we sow. The fruit of

careful feeding and housing is young stock

ration we like corn-meal and ground oats

-A double disc plow which plows as

deep as 16 inches is now being put upon the market in California. One disc outs

half the depth of the furrow and the other

disc outs the other balf. The increase in

depth should be made gradually, year by

year, because the deep soil as a rule does

best.-From June Farm Journal

disease germs thrive in filth.

relishing them greatly.

if they are there at all.

misers; but just then a boy looked in gh the knot-hole an' asked.

"What you doin'?"

"I am a miser," I answered, "an' don't

"I am a miser," I answered, "an' don't let people know what I'm doin'." "My ma says you look like a tramp," he said. "Why don't you get your clo'es patched an' come over an' play with me?" "My ma's a miser, too," I told him, "an' don't want people to know where we hear our matches." keep our patches.

I could hear him strainin' as if he was then he called out:

things buried in the groun'. Anybody could tell that."

It bothered me to think he had foun' out so easy, as he went on, "There's nothin' in there I'd bave."

I was jus' about to count 'em, anyhow' so I dug 'em up. "Them marbles ain't much." he said.

"I wouldn't take that big glassy if anybody but you offered it to me."

So, as he wouldn't take one anywhere else, I gave it to him. He grumbled 'cause there was a little nick in it, an' then bies

"Pshaw! You ain't any miser at all. or you wouldn't give things away," an' in-stead of his eye I saw his teeth grinnin' right across the hole before he went away.

sebody else was comin' an' lookin' through. I saw the man an' dog I'd missed three days before. He was the miser himself I'd heard folks talk about, an' was the cause of my bein' one. He was lean an' bent in his shabby old clo'es, an' wore spectacles. I wanted to ask him just how to be a miser, so I wouldn't make any more mistakes like I had with the boy, but I was afraid that time. His dog came sniffin' along, an' I stuck the bread crust through the hole, when he grabbed it. He was bony an' yellow, but he gave a little frien'ly bark when he went on, which was more'n the boy done. I only had the olo'es pin an' one cracked grassy left, so I quit bein' a miser before somebody got them, too, an' went into the house.

them, too, an' went into the house. I ate my biscuit an' butter on the front porch just about dark, listenin' to the frog in a little puddle across the street. I thought his mother had gone away an' left him without any supper, so I took him over a piece of biscuit; but though I waded aroun' after him, he was afraid to come

I sat on the front forch wonderin' if Mr.

I sat on the front forch wonderin' if Mr. Mullet would bring mother home, an' pretty soon they came in the gate, talkin' low an' laughin', "Here's Master Tad waitin' up for us agin," said Mr. Mullet, puttin' his hand on my shoulder. It touched my neck an' felt so cold that I wriggled a little bit. "I'm afraid had desn't came for mattin'. " I'm afraid he doesn't care for pettin',"

he went on. "No; he's a strang child," said my moth-

er; "not a bit jolly like other boys." "I think you let him have his own way too much," said Mr. Mullet. "I will have

wood, an' I couldn't keep from shiverin' a little ; but when I looked into his pale eyes an' saw he was goin' to kiss me, I jerked away an' said "No."

He held me a minute longer, an' then set me down on the floor slowly. They stood still after that, lookin' at each other.

"Wby ain't you a good boy to your new papa, Tad ?" said my mother, her cheeks red. "I don't understand you " "I must take him in hand, said Mr. Mullet, an' I was cold agin all that night. The

tryin' to push his eye through the hole; next mornin' he looked so stern at me that en he called out: "Ya-a! right there is where you have knew a giant who would get him. But my

mother was the one who looked scared, an Mr. Mullet locked me up in a dark room,

where I stayed all day without anything to eat. When at last he opened the door an'

asked me something I couldn't understand, I was too much afraid to answer. But he

let me out, an' I crept into the yard, where I was lonesome, even with the iron ring

for company. I got afraid of everything, an' couldn't think what to do, or even look toward the house ; so I began to hope Sledge would come by to talk to me, or let

me shake his big finger. But instead of Sledge, somebody else came to the fence. I knew who it was without lookin' by the sniffin' aroun' the hole, an' shook my head for him to go away. But he wouldn't go, an' I looked

There he stood without a word, his face wrinkled an' his near-sighted eves strainin' at me, while he held out the jew's-harp agin. Somethin' whispered to me that he found it an' didn't know what else to do with it, an' I thought, too, that if he hadn't been so stingy we wouldn't have had Mr. Mullet to take us in hand. So I said

"I don't like misers, but giants. Pass 'long, or Sledge will hammer yon.'' "Haven't you been cryin'?'' he asked, in his cracked voice. "Tell me. I can't see very well."

I put my hands on my cheeks and was surprised to find 'em wet. "Maybe I was," I answered. All at once I remembered

what mother had told me, an' went closer. "If you know my old papa, can't you get him back for us ?" I asked, "so we can get rid of the new one. He hates me, an' thuts me up in dark rooms, so I am afraid

of him." "So he made you cry, did he ?" said the miser. He looked aroun' as if for a place

to get through, then he walked away fast ; but in a minute I heard the front gate slam, an' he came back inside the yard. "Come," he said, an' takin' my arm in

his bony hand, almost dragged me to the houne. Right on inside he went, to where my mother an' Mr. Mullet sat in a room. "I'm takin' this boy with me," he said.

"By what right? What do you mean ?" cried Mr. Mullet, facin' him, stiff an' tall.

But the old miser grew straight an' hard as iron too ; his eyes flashed sparkles right into the other's face, an' his fingers almost cut into my arm.

it sounded clear an' strong ; then, as I went over a little hill, I saw an eye glowin' red an' dull in the deep, blue hollow helow. There was a muffled roarin'; cling-clang

-an' the sparks flew in every direction.] was mistaken about the bell ; somebody was hammerin' a giant.

"Sledge," I cried out loud, minute stood pantin' by his door. Tremendous an' black he looked in the

flarin' light, as the great hammer rose an' fell. Then he saw me, the hammer fell to the floor, an' I was swung high in arms that were strong as iron, but tender an' soft as a make-believe mother's.

"Ole Killer," he said, solemnly, "I was

jus' thinkin' about you." "Dwarfs there mus' be; dwarfs with flabby souls an' skins an' fat pockets full o' gold, who keep all the money they get hold of, so that their ole friends little boy

goes ragged an' talks to giants an' such in the back yard." So Sledge spoke after be had heard my

"You needn't hammer him for that last

part," I said. "But these dwarfs are called misers now adays," went on Sledge, as the roarin' stopped an' he pulled a white-bot iron from the blinkin' fiery eye with his pincers.

"Then give it to him," I said, an' the sparks fairly rained to where I sat on the bench in the smoky shop. "You'll allow that us giants has our

good part, ole Killer," he muttered, "but a dwarf, never. Why, if he'd gave you the money he should from that estate, your ma wouldn't have been worried into takin

"How long have I been here ?" I asked. "Three days ; an' jus' sunset," glancin' out over the hill.

"You won't let Grimshaw take me if he He growled, swinging his hammer.

"Beat him on the anvil agin. I believe I'll stop killin' giants an' begin on miserdwarfs myself."

"Good !" I said, when he had finished an' the iron was flat an' cold. "What made his dog go back ?'' "I don't understand it," said the Ham

merer ; "fer not even a dog could be his frien'."

We were silent a minute, an' then it seemed as if one of those floatin' sparks had spread into a circle of light, with a black figure walkin' down through its deep shinin' centre. We watched it come; Sledge with his arm stretched out holdin' hammer, an' me leanin' from th

In the middle of the sunset at the door,

into the smoky light, stood the peerin'

"Wait fer me. Tad." he said, in a soft voice that ran whisperin' all around the shop. And then he lay there on the floor, with the bony dog lickin' his face; I thought even then that he must have start-

ed his master after me along the road. It was nothin' for Sledge to carry the old man into our little house near by, where he bathed his head, while the dog whined as if askin' questions.

After while, as the miser could only half open his eyes. Sledge said we must be very still, and I went to bed.

But along the middle of the night I woke

that way I felt very comfortable, which have done ever since, with those two an'

the dog, who is now fat an' will not lick anybody's hand .- By Calvin Johnston, 'in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

-Do you know that you can get the finest oranges, banannas and grape fruit, and pine apples, Sechler & Co Life.

The poet's exclamation : "O Life ! I lustrons cloths and silks with which they feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never not quite so exaggerated in the points at make it, in honesty to themselves, are the side, and the wide, flaring ruchings are

among the most unfortunate. They do not affected only by a few. Either a band of lice, but exist, for to live implies more than silk or velvet or a narrow frill is better. to be. To live is to be well and strongto arise feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire not overcome by Invariably roses should be planted by themselves, for they thrive poorly unless them-to feel life bounding in the veine.

allowed to absorb the entire nourishment A medicine that has made thousands of of a rich soil. Indeed, many growers bepeople, men and women, well and strong, lieve that certain varieties do best when has accomplished a great work, bestowing the richest blessing, and that medicine is living apart from even those nearest of kin, and make up their rosariums with many beds, each holding one kind of rose, or set Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, rundown, or debilitated, from any cause, should the plants in rows with ample room left not fail to take it. It builds up the whole between for cultivation. June, however, system, changes existence into life, and is not the time to plan or build a rosari-um, which can be done successfully only in the spring or autumn. —The Delineator. makes life more abounding. We are glad to say these words in its favor to the read-

rather than mix it.

ers of our columns. -Do you know we have the old' style sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cents and

60 cents per gallon, Sechler & Co. Knows His Business.

M18. Highsome-He preached to an au-dience of women, did he? And he took for his text, "Let your women keep silence in the churches ?" That must have seemed like a deliberate insult to all of you. Mrs. Upmore-Quite the contrary. You ought to have heard how he roasted Paul and one of silver at the top is too often

seen and is always wrong. She should use the same care about the for writing those words ! combs in her bair. It is not correct to wear dark and light shells mixed up or a -Do you know where you can get a

jeweled comb in with plain ones. fine fat mess mackerel, bone out, Sechler & Co.

If the children seem to be getting into "I see your bair is falling out, sir," the way of continually quarteling among themselves do your utmost to stop it. It is a bad babit and one that grows rather remarked the bairdresser, who was getting ready to work the bair tonic idea on the than diminishes with time. istomer.

A generally effective way of putting an end to the recurrence of such wranglings is to separate the little folk as soon as they begin to dispute. Most children love to be together and find it a great hardship to "You don't see anything of the sort," rejoined his victim. "What you see is the sequel to a falling out between Mrs. Codgers and myself."

be apart. When a child is continually cross and -Do you know where you can get a fine fat mess mackerel, bone out, Sechler

& Co. -River had taken Brooks out to nncheon "Ever eaten at this place before ?" asked

rooks, sawing away on his steak. "O, yes; a few times," answered Rivers, trying to find a piece of chicken that was tender.

"Serves you right, then !"

-Do you know where to get the finest teas, coffees and spices, Sechler & Co.

And after a moment's reflection Miss

Cayenne answered : "The cover design."

the purity of the air by lowering a lighted present the sleeves match the body

have replaced the larger expanse of lace.

are worn. The stocks are well shaped, but

candle or lautern. If the light burns dimmaterial of the frock, because, no matter how infatuated we may be with a style, its gas "damps" can be driven out by ignitcharm palls as soon as it has become com-mon, and gnimpes must be placed in that category. But they are sure to take on a new lease of life sooner or later. The nets, with fine mesh and hand-embroidered dots, new lease of life sooner or later. The nets, with fine mesh and hand-embroidered dots, are most effective for the small yokes that the lantern, and note the improvement.

-A Southern correspondent says that the best remedy be ever tried for ridding cabbage of worms and lice is air-slaked lime. It can be sprinkled on quickly and evenly by putting the lime in an old guano sack, then shaking the sack over the cabbages. It is hetter to put it on early in the morning while dew is yet on the cabbage. It may be used once or twice a week until the worms disappear. Cabbage will thrive, and the heads grow firmer and whiter after using it. Air slaked lime is

also valuable for sprinkling on young squash and cucumber plants to protect them from the ravages of insects.

-President Beechley, of the Johnson County (Iowa) Horticultural Society, says he has had experience with pear blight. His trees all died but one that was affected by blight, and as it was in the way and of no account and having some pork pickle (salt) and thinking to kill the tree to get

it out of the way, he poured the salt water on that tree. That was in March. This The girl who wears bar pins, belt buckles, sleeve links and watch obain of dif-ferent colored stones is not dressing corspring he took a sprinkling can and sprinkled the tree with a strong salt solution. It rectly. She should go without jewelry still grew finely. He now got other trees, some of which he treated in like manner. Plain gold at every place is better than a diamond here, a pearl there, a piece of jade in another place, and coral somewhere else. Of those thus treated all are doing nicely. Those of the same lot not so treated blight

If she uses bar pins to fasten the edges of her collar they should be alike. To have one in colored stones at the bottom -Celery blight can be controlled by spraying with ammonical carbonate of cop-per. To make this dissolve three onnces copper carbonate in a pint of ammonia, and add 25 gallons of water. To make copper carbonate, dissolve five pounds copper sal-phate (blue vitriol) in five gallons of waof water, also six pounds carbonate of soda in five gallons of water. Mix the two solutions slowly, stirring well. Let the mix-ture stand until next day to settle, after which pour off the liquid. Pour on ten gallons of water, let stand until next day, and repeat the operation, after which strain and dry the blue powder, which is the copper carbonate.

> -A report of the United States Depart--A report of the United States Depart-ment of Agriculture says : Any good scap is effective in destroying soft-bodied in-sects, such as plant lice and young or soft-bodied larvae. As winter washes, in very strong solution, they furnish one of the saftest and most effective means against scale insects. The scaps made of fish oil, and soft under the news of means against and sold under the name of whale oil soaps, are often especially valuable, but variable in composition and merits. A soap made with caustic potash rather than with caustic soda, as is commonly the case, and not containing morn than 30 per cent. of water should be demanded, the potash soap yield-ing a liquid in dilution more readily sprayed and more effective against insects. The soda soap washes are apt to be gelatinous when cold, and difficult or impossible to spray, except when kept at a very high temperature. For plant lice and delicate larvae, such as the pear slug, a strength obtained by dissolving half a pound of scap in a gallon of water is sufficient. Soft so

will answer as well as bard, but at least double the quantity should be taken.

peevish it often means that he is out of sorts in some way-possibly he is tired and out of gear and is cross merely because he feels ill and cannot keep his nerves under control. When this is the case take him to see a doctor who understands children and their ailments. A course of medicine

will sometimes work wonders and transform a cross child into a happy little mortal.-Home Chat. Drop Biscuit. Take one quart flour, two

heaping teaspoons baking powder, two tablespoons melted butter or lard. Stir in enough sweet milk to make stiff batter, drop in hot gem pans and bake in quick

Feathers are being more liberally em-

oven.