

THE BOY WITH THE HOE.

Say, how do you hoe your row, young chap?
Say, how do you hoe your row?
Do you hoe it fair,
Do you hoe it square,
Do you hoe it the best you know?
Do you cut the weeds, as you ought to do,
And leave what's worth while there?
The harvest you'll garner depends on you;
Are you working it on the square?
Are you killing the noxious weeds, young chap?
Are you making it straight and clean?
Are you going straight,
At a hustling gait?
Are you scattering all that's mean?
Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill,
And dance a step or two,
As the row you hoe leads up the hill?
The harvest is up to you.
—New York Sun.

A HOUSE THAT WAS SAVED BY THE FLAG.

At 1655 Taylor street, in the city of San Francisco, there stands to-day a house, which, in the great fire of modern times, was saved from the flames by the flag. When over four hundred blocks of buildings lay in smoking ruins, this house was the only one left standing unscathed along the east side of the full length of Taylor street—a distance of twenty-eight blocks, nearly to the Pacific coast.

The house is one of the prominent residences on one of the great hills of the city, known as Russian Hill; and was the first large dwelling-house erected in that section of San Francisco, away back in the early days. It is not built of lumber that grew upon the Pacific coast, but of the houses of pioneer times, it came in the hold of a vessel around the Horn. In the far-off state of Georgia the pine-trees grew; and there the house was framed and fashioned before it started on its long sea journey of thirteen thousand miles. Some additions have been made, and its exterior has been covered with California shingles; but for the most part it stands to-day as it was first framed in Georgia.

It has long been the home of patriots. Its owner, Eli T. Sheppard, served as a member of the Eighty-fifth Ohio Volunteers in the Civil War; rendered valuable service to his country as United States Consul at Tientsin, China, from 1869 to 1875; and in 1876, was appointed by President Grant international law adviser for the imperial Japanese cabinet. Another portion of the residence is occupied by Mr. E. A. Dakin, a veteran of the Civil War, who, after the arrival of her husband to take steamship to Japan. She had long resided in that country, and had had "earthquake experience," so to speak. Accordingly, as soon as the earth had ceased trembling, she proceeded to fill the bath-tubs and all other receptacles in the house with water. She feared that the disturbance of the earth had broken on the supply mains; and hardly had she filled the last pitcher when her fear was proved well-grounded. The water ceased to flow. But the first step that made it possible for the flag to save the house had been taken. Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Dakin took the second step. In order that the household might have a supply of drinking water, they brought home from a neighboring grocery a dozen or so bottles of water charged with carbonic acid gas—the kind of bottles in which you press a lever at the top, and the water flows out in a stream under pressure. They are commonly called "siphons."

At this time no one thought the house in danger. It had steadily withstood the earthquake; and the fire was many blocks away. But all on Wednesday and Wednesday night and all of Thursday the flag on the sloop; and at last it came creeping up the slope of the Russian Hill. The flames reached the block in which the house was situated. The heat grew intense. The sides of the house sent forth smoke. The veranda on the east broke into flames, and the under side of the eaves on the north and east kindled a blaze.

Mr. Sheppard and his family had taken one last look at their home with its treasures, and had sought refuge with friends across the bay. Mr. Dakin had stayed to the last, hoping against hope. But now all hope was gone. The house was burning, and he was warned away. He determined to hoist his largest American flag and let the house meet destruction with the colors flying fair above it. He rushed to his room of flags, selected his largest Stars and Stripes, mounted to the roof, attached the great flag to the balyards, and flung it to the breeze. Then, with a feeling somewhat akin to respect for the conquering power of the great fire king, roaring forward in irresistible ruin, and with a spirit somewhat akin to the unconquerable pluck that stirred the breasts of his comrades in the days of the Civil War, he dipped the flag in salute. Three times the glorious banner rose and fell; and then fastening the balyards, Mr. Dakin descended the stairs, locked the door, and with a heavy heart left the house to its fate. High in the air, shining bright in the light of sun and flames, above the house of pines that had grown by the shores of the Atlantic, streaming forth on a breeze that came fresh from the Pacific, stood "Old Glory."

The white stars on that flag were there as symbols of the States of the Union. One star was there for California and one was there for Georgia, but three blocks away, to the eastward, at the corner of Vallejo street and Montgomery Avenue, at that moment, there obtained to be a company of men who represented all the stars on that flag's field of blue—a company of the 20th United States Infantry.

Under the command of a young lieutenant, the company had been on its way to San Francisco on the day of the earthquake; and had been delayed on its journey twenty-four hours. It had entered the city, Thursday afternoon, by the ferry from Oak-

Forty Years in Iowa.

[Written especially for the WATCHMAN.]

In emigrating from one country to another, and especially when some considerable distance intervenes, one of the principal requisites inquired into is, are climatic conditions conducive to good health. There have been many instances where simply a change of locality; the getting away from conditions or environments resulted in transforming a person of a delicate constitution into one of rugged health which would naturally be followed with the prospect of prolonged life.

The death rate in the valleys of Centre county may be no greater than that of the Iowa prairies. There are no classes of people healthier than the mountaineer, yet how few of the Bald Eagle valley homes are built very far above highwater mark or at least above the elevation known as the "foot of the mountain." No criticism can attach for this, for where the cultivation has to be done there the home must be, and where railroads can be constructed there will the towns be and neither of these two industries as a rule are operated on the mountain side, and were it not for the splendid, natural sewerage system leading out from every nook, corner, "hol-low" and valley carrying away unhealthful and refuse matter, Pennsylvania might be called unhealthy; but this never was or never will be. Mountain springs are always pure and give out nothing but health.

Good authority says that Iowa is one of the most healthful States. Its altitude is nearly regular being 1513 feet above sea level at its greatest surveyed elevation, differing from Pennsylvania in from 1000 feet at the lowest and 2084 at its greatest, so that the average places are about 300 feet lower.

However we even up by having a constant flow of pure air with no mountains to interfere, with an equitable distribution, some say the winters are severe on account of the northwest winds, but they come laden with purity, as does the mountain spring. The summers are delightful and the falls are clear, warm and dry. It is a fact that we are free from epidemic and epidemic disease, and the dryness and purity of the atmosphere cause many to regard Iowa as a desirable place for those predisposed to lung trouble.

The only scrap to be had with the writer as to the relative healthful conditions of the two States in which he claims a lively interest, is to attempt to place either one below what they really are, namely: good places in which to live and end one's days.

My father's family in 1869 was intact; that is, death had never visited us, there being eight brothers and three sisters. We were not all in good health and as a consequence, Dr. Dorworth was an almost weekly caller at our home. Father was always in poor health, while our mother seemed to be the only robust member of the family. So it was largely to test, and perhaps for better health conditions that caused a removal of the family here. That Iowa furnishes a more healthy climate, we are not ready to assert, but certain it has been that the entire family were greatly benefited and the eleven brothers and sisters alive today are all robust men and women. The youngest brother, of twelve children, was born soon after coming here. The youngest sister the most delicate of the family, died Feb. 2nd, 1907, at the age of 47 years. The providential privileges meted out to us has been the subject of some comment, and at the times of our reunions went the rounds of the press of the country. We note one or two: On Sunday, Oct. 6th, 1889, the unborn family consisting of father, mother and twelve children gathered at the parental home and sat down together at one table to a dinner prepared by the mother and three sisters. There were present, and served at another table twenty-three grandchildren, a total of thirty-seven—another, and our last, occurred in August, 1900. Father was taken with a severe attack of a nervous affection, of several years standing and it soon became apparent that he would not survive. The family were all summoned and were present at our first sorrowful gathering. Watching and waiting for seven days the end came on August 23rd, while mother and we twelve stood around his bed and saw our father breathe his last; the first break in the family by death. His funeral was from Wesley M. E. church, the sermon preached by Rev. C. C. Mabee, who began his career as a minister at a campmeeting held in the early fifties, a mile above Howard in Pletchers woods. We six brothers carried him from the old home to the church and lowered him to his last resting place in beautiful Woodland cemetery in this city.

Over six years later, our mother was stricken with pneumonia and passed away December 12th, 1906, before the arrival of all the family, but all twelve were present at the funeral and again we six brothers completed the task of placing our parents side by side where they now silently rest.

Less than two months later the youngest sister, Annie, born in Howard, was taken suddenly from us with that almost always fatal disease pneumonia, and another time we six, laid a sister away, the first break in the family of children. We eleven survive, all in good health and wondering who will be the next.

Our parents were upright, conscientious christians, living and putting into practice their profession.

In a communication to the WATCHMAN recently, Capt. Austin Curtin referred to father's habit of chewing tobacco and his desire and effort to rid himself of it which he finally succeeded in doing. The captain's statement is correct, for on Monday, March 9th, 1885, he wrote a pledge in his diary, and from that date on he never used it again.

Our family connection about all living in Iowa, were joined on February 18th, 1881,

by grandfather, Jacob Baker, of Howard, who finally concluded to retire and spend his remaining days among his kindred. The severing of old home ties was hard for the old gentleman to get over, but he lived a quiet and fairly well contented season with his son Mitchell, passing away on Friday, November 4th, 1887, and lies buried in a country cemetery, ten miles south of this city. He was followed to the grave by Mitchell, who died in the hospital in this city, following an operation for appendicitis on the 23rd of July, 1898, and was buried beside his father.

It can hardly be realized, yet the writer is now the senior male survivor of his family name, while but one of Jacob Baker's family lives: Mrs. Mary Mott, widow of the late Capt. Jos. W., and who is now visiting in the old home State.

We encroach on space in the foregoing allusions of a personal nature for the benefit of many old time personal friends and acquaintances who may not have known of the changes that time forces upon us, having been led to think thus from letters at hand, expressing surprise that the writer still survives.

With this we close a series of what was intended to be of four or five articles that have been swelled to about an even dozen. Claiming no pretension as a writer for publication, having never attempted such pretensions to this, we apologize for poor construction, but emphasize the accuracy of the foundation and in conclusion assert what has permeated the entire series that Pennsylvania and Iowa are both good enough to live in and enjoy life, good enough to die in, and not fit subjects for adverse criticism, and in support we append the following composed by a member of our Keystone club, sung to the tune of My Old Kentucky Home, and always put to use in our annual meetings:

My Pennsylvania Home,
By W. W. FINEK.
Turn back, O Time, to the days of long ago,
In fancy we fondly return
To the dear old State where the Schuylkill
waters flow
And the merry larks of childhood burn.
Through the eyes of youth we can see the distant hill
In purple and shimmering green,
Her mountain chains and a thousand rippling rills,
And her mellow, golden fields between.

chorus
Pennyl—enyl—raula
But vain my pencil—so
We will sing one song for our Pennsylvania home
For our childhood's cherished home of long ago.

On battle-fields where our fathers fought to break
The shackles of the tyrant old King George,
Their graves lie low by the river and the lake,
And at their heroic Valleys Forge
Der Dutch, der Dutch mit ihr karshie pot und schuh,
Und ihr schweiza halver Englis just so gahr,
But der karshie pot und brodt warsocht der Pennsylvania Dutch
Nourished heroes for the mighty civil war.

—Chor.
The quince bush grows by the little cottage door,
As ever in days that are gone,
The schoolboys play on the Susquehanna's shore
In the glory of their life's bright dawn,
A golden haze from the happy olden days
Falls round us, and so, once again
In loving tones we will soft our voices raise
For the dear old land of William Penn.

—Chor.
Und noon mine lieben freinds, missen wir obseide maenn,
Wir haben angenaense
sseite mit inander veriebt. Ich werd
alla ein leasoolles ondenken in mienem
hertzen bewaren. Ich schleitza mit den
schobanen, traestrichen worten Schiller's:
"Per dies kurtza meuchen laben awichkiten
muzz es gaben wo sich freinds
wedersaben."

Good-bye,
S. W. BAKER.
Des Moines, Iowa, June 1st, 1906.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.
So life's year begins and closes,
Day's through short'ning, still can shine;
What though youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.
—Moore, "Spring and Autumn."

Satin is perennially the leading material for the wedding gown, but it is more than ever the fabric of to-day, when gloss is desired of all materials. Of the satins there is such an all but endless line that it is difficult to discriminate. One thing is true of all of them. They are glossy to the last degree and supple as the silk will allow. As the season grows uncomfortably warm for satin thinner materials will take its place. Accep de chine of satin float, tulle, net lace and chiffon of various textures. The wedding gown of to-day is as picturesque a robe as ever a girl plighted her troth in.

In the robes seen this spring the waist line has dropped more or less, as it has in all other toilets, and the lines of the figure have been brought out at the waist and bust more than is possible when the giraffe is lifted. As yet, all the gowns are of princess style, although some very handsome ones have been seen that had a two-piece effect. This is usually done, however, to suit the figure. Certain figures carry off better a gown that has a break somewhere between the hem of the skirt and the bust.

One of the loveliest spring weddings which took place on the other side of the water was all in white—the bride, her two attendants, the four little flower girls and two young boys, who wore white sailor suits. The bridesmaids wore lace and the flower girls chiffon. The bride's gown was satin.

The old-fashioned blue and white checked gingham is developed into a smart little gown that is equally suited to some of the soft wool materials or to flannel, of which at least one gown in the summer wardrobe should be made. There is a four-gored skirt, with a double box plait down the back which gives the effect of a panel by being piped with plain blue, like the blue in the check.

The jumper suit, on account of its convenience, will figure conspicuously this season, but the gumps and sleeves are generally securely attached. Sometimes, too the skirt is made separate, but provided with hooks, and the waistbands with eyelets especially where there is any degree of fulness in either or both.

It is still somewhat of a puzzle whether trailing skirts shall be given preference through the summer. The odds are with the nays. There are, and probably always will be, certain occasions upon which only a long skirt is appropriate, and there are a great many materials suitable only to be worn in long gowns; but for all but ceremonious occasions there is no doubt that the instep-length skirt will be the more generally worn, although the designers still advocate the others.

There are many pretty designs among the inexpensive linens, the chevrons, and cotton crepes, that have small figures printed on them in delicate colors. They are as cool and smart-looking for morning wear as white, and somehow seem to keep their immaculate appearance for a greater length of time than all white. White is used a great deal for trimming purposes in the way of bias, straight, and shaped bands, in stripes and piping, and in jacket and collar effects. White braiding or cording on colored materials is one of the fads of the moment, and for this there are many varieties of braids—plain, lace, applique braids, round, flat, tubular, and in all widths.

The cherry season is at hand. Native fruit is already fairly cheap in the markets and before long will be here in quantities for preserving. No cherry is better for canning than the bright red Royal Ann. The Morello is also fine. Neither are sweet enough to eat, but are ideal for cooking and preserving. Harper's Bazar suggests an original method of stoning cherries. Take ordinary long wire hairpins—new ones, of course—and sterilize by dropping for a moment into boiling water. Put the loop end of the hairpin into a cherry and pull out the stone. The fruit will be very little injured.

In preserving cherries allow three quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Stone the cherries and sprinkle the sugar through them in a porcelain vessel. Cover the leaves overnight. Drain off the syrup and boil until the sump rises. Skim carefully, put in the cherries and cook for about twenty minutes. If cooked too long the fruit loses its beautiful color.

To make a very rich preserve proceed as above. After the fruit has boiled twenty minutes take it out of the syrup with a skimmer and place on a platter in the hot sun. The dish should be covered with a wire screen if the busy bee and the industrious fly are not to benefit. Boil the syrup until it is thick and like molasses. Return the cherries to the syrup, but only to heat through. Seal in tumblers.

The best cherries for the table are black hearts. Served on lettuce hearts with a delicate mayonnaise these cherries make a delicious salad. Many people sit into the mayonnaise a cupful of whipped cream, but this is not necessary.

Natural finished willow furniture may be cleaned with soap suds in which borax has been dissolved.

It should be applied with a scrubbing brush.

The pieces should be dried very speedily in the sun.

Before the cleaning with water begins the piece should be thoroughly dusted.

This rule holds good with any article at all that is being washed.

All loose dust should be shaken or brushed off or out before water is applied.

The English fashion of serving the hostess first at dinner is coming more and more in favor in this country. One advantage is that by watching the hostess a guest may be saved embarrassment if new or complicated dishes are served.

The old-fashioned remedy of applying a cold compress is one of the best that can be used for sore throat.

To make it a bandage, such as a folded handkerchief, is wet in cold water and wrung, not very dry.

FARM NOTES.

—Ashes of any kind mixed with dry soil will make a good dust bath for poultry.

—When genuine roap breaks out among the fowls it is very difficult to get rid of. By keeping the hen houses dry and having perfect ventilation the disease may be avoided.

—Two crops of lambs cannot be expected in a year with any sheep but the Dorsets and Tans, and with these it is not considered desirable to breed twice a year. As a rule, single lambs once a year will be found more profitable than twins or two lamblings, even with the Dorsets.

—Out of 2,500 hogs recently examined in the schools of Kansas, only six cigarette smokers were found to be what would generally be called "bright." Ten of the remainder were average smokers, while all the rest of the 2,500 were found to be poor at their studies, or worthless.

—Cultivation of the soil is not merely done to kill weeds, but it is a moisture conservator; it makes the soil more porous, so that the plant roots more easily penetrate in search of plant food. In time of protracted drought the cultivator should be kept going whether there are weeds or not.

—The asparagus beetle is now doing damage. The best remedy is to cut the shoots as soon as they appear above ground, as the beetle attacks the tips. Many persons prefer the green tops of asparagus, but the best stalks are those out when the tips are white, as they are then tender from tip to butt.

—One of the handiest things about a farm is a canvas large enough to cover a load or stack of hay. Those who still stack all year outside need one most. But there are many other uses for one, such as covering loads of grain that cannot be unloaded before a shower, a protection for the binder on dewy nights, etc.

—Sprinkle lime in the watering trough and not a particle of scum will form on the surface. When the lime loses its strength, scum will begin to form, which may be twice during a season. Wash out the trough and repeat the dose. It is cheap, harmless, wholesome, keeps all insects that come within its reach.

—Some Philadelphia gardeners use lime and tobacco water for destroying many insects which prey on plants. A half bushel of lime is emptied into a barrel of water, together with a bucketful of tobacco stems. This is well stirred up, and after it has settled for a day or two the clear water is syringed over bushes, killing all insects that come within its reach.

—Melon vines sometimes die from an apparent cause. Decay begins at the base of the vines, the branches not falling until later. This frequently happens when no indications of insect damage appears. The cause of the dying of the plants may be from the ground being low, or from the use of fresh manure in the hills, which creates too much warmth during dry periods.

—The bumble bee is a friend of the farmer. In sections where cloverseed crops are dependent upon, the value of the bumble bee as a fertilizer is fully appreciated. A knowledge should be had of the useful as well as the destructive insects, which would prove that the farmer has quite as many good insect friends as he has destructive ones.

—Good hay can only be made by cutting the grass as soon as it heads out, and clover as soon as the heads are in full bloom. It is a mistake to wait until the heads turn brown. There is nothing in the theory that sunshine alone makes hay. Air is as much a factor as sunshine. Curing mainly in the windows and hay cocks is now practiced by many of our best hay specialists.

—A stockman claims that when calves three or four days old become sick and die with scour it is due to indigestion, apparently, and yields to treatment with pepper if taken in time. A teaspoon twice a day given in a little warm milk after feeding will cure it, and if given when the calf is born, and continued for a few days, will prevent it. The pepper is the common kind sold in drug stores, and can be purchased by the pound.

—Shallow cultivation conserves the moisture and prevents it from escaping from the surface. Every time a rain falls the loose ground absorbs more than does the hard soil, as the latter permits the water to flow off. When the rains go down into the soil, and the soil then loosened, the capillary tubes are sealed and the flow of water upward is arrested. A loose top soil, therefore, not only permits of securing a large share of water from each rain, but also retains it.

—It is claimed that by pouring buttermilk freely along the back of sheep it will prove a remedy for ticks. If a gallon of kerosene is added to a gallon of buttermilk the remedy will be improved, as the kerosene forms an emulsion with buttermilk and does no harm to the animal. The remedy will cost but little and should be given a trial by way of experiment. It is also claimed that if buttermilk is given a horse it will serve better than any other as a remedy for bots. These remedies were suggested by parties who have tested them.

—In some counties of England, it is said, a law exists compelling a lamb to be produced for each acre on the farm. The value of sheep on the farm is thoroughly understood and appreciated by the English people. In some of the States in this country, the rule seems to be to produce a dog for nearly each acre. Sheep are constant farm improvers, while dogs are exactly the opposite. But for the prevalence of worms there are many sections where sheep would be raised and their wool would turn the tide that would soon lead to profitable farming.

—Strike or mottled butter may be caused by the salt, or it may be due to the working of the butter. The salt is so evenly diffused in the finest kind of butter, that, as is shown by a microscope, every grain is surrounded by a film of clear and transparent brine, which prevents the necessity of avoiding the overworking of the butter before the salt is added. In the first working every particle of the milk should be gotten rid of, but enough clear water should be left to dissolve every grain of salt in 12 hours before the next working. If this is done, where water will be little danger of streakiness in the butter, but to get the best results the salt should be very finely ground.

—Do you know where you can get a fine fat mess mackerel, bone out, Seehler & Co.

Dogs in Hamburg are taxed according to size. The bigger the dog the higher the tax.