Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 16. 1909.

A BIRTHDAY ODE. BY ALFRED BEIRLY.

For the WATCHMAN.] Sweet sixteen plus two today, 'Tis indeed a charming age Light's thy heart, and life is gay, Gladness all thy thoughts engage

Golden days of youth and richest pleasure, Shouldst woo such bliss to linger without me

things

water was so cold !"

ly like that will be easier.

Like the blossom-freighted spring, Filled with perfume sweet and rare. Joy to many thou dost bring, Shedding fragrance everywhere

May all thy days be cast in pleasant places, And every hour enrich thee with new graces.

Sing, desr heart, for very joy, Life is filled with hope divine : Let not fancy's dart annoy. Love's enchantment will be thine

For youth is like a fount of joy upspringing, That peace and happiness to thee is bringing

Thou'rt a lassie good to see, Always winsome, sweet and fair ; Few there are like unto thee. Few that can with thee compare

O Paradise divine, where there's no weeping, Woo her at last into thy blissful keeping. Chicago, Ill.

THE PACK.

"I call it living a lie." That is what the minister's wife said, and she bit off her words the same way she bit off her thread. "A lie;" she repeated it, as if once was the lies for me to protest even if I had dared to. But I am afraid of the minis. says I must, too, but Appa or minister's wife she is so--knowing. She knows all the things I don't know, besides the few I do. I am sure if I were the minister I should look up all my "points" and arguments, not in the encyclopedia, but in the minister's wife.

She meant Judith Pride, the woman who has "moved into" our church. " 'You ask my advice, Mrs. Pride,' " she reviewed for my benefit, "'and I advise you to tell the child at once. Twelve years old is not a minute too soon." "

minute too soon."" I osught at that straw. Twelve years old—that would be a reprieve of two years for me. In two years I could go into his little room so many nights and sit on the "mother" I have been glad. He said little room so many nights and sit on the edge of the bed, just in the old way, without any shadow between us, -put out my hand and feel for him in the dark and find his little warm body. After I tell him there will be a shadow-I feel certain there will be a shadow between us. Perhaps in the dark I shall hear the little warm body shrinking away from me. If I do-

I did not get any farther last night-Yes, yes, of course I went into Nathan's room. I lighted the lamp and looked at him a long time. He looks so little in his sleep ! Even when he is twelve I am sure he will look little, and it will be hard to tell a little boy !

ber advice to Judith Pride. I was calling was men

ing off his little cap, and his laugh and his mother of a brave. Yet in my arms be felt bair and his freckles. John likes all of Nathan, I am sure. We would have felt the same about the bim go. I think I was trying to look

telling, I know. John would have wanted stern. to put it off, too. "Not yet," he would "I a have said. "Not today nor tomorrow—nor next day." But he would not have want-"I said he told lies 'n' he said pooh everybody did 'n' I said no sir I knew somebody that never. He said pooh I couldn't prove it 'n' I bit him 'n' he hit ed to live a lie. If some one had put it to me-I beat." I think my breath stopped for a fragment him like that-some minister's wife-I have decided to tell Nathan very soon.

of an instant. I did not need to ask him, He is not very well tonight. I have just been in again to feel of his cheeks, and they are bot. I know what the trouble is. but I asked : "Who-who was it, Nathan, that you

meant?" "You." The little word was whispered and Nathan knows. I wish he would tell me, though,-perhaps next time I go in he will. It is not like Nathan not to tell not need to hear it to know. It was I, I who never! I felt suddenly sore as though

But it is like me. I do not tell things. the little doughty fighter had hit me. The I say, "Tomorrow I will-or next day," minister's wife seemed to be sitting oppo-but I never do. Now, tonight, I say that I will as soon as Nathan gets well. Even the minister's wife would not have me tell it living a lie." I put my little brave out of my arms a little boy that is sick.

He has told me,-I have been in again. and went out of the room to get away from He pulled me down to his hot little face the minister's wife. and whispered it : "I went in wading, and you said not to. I'm sorry, mother,-the

Dreams are disquieting things. Mine that I had that night disquiets me now. But it was a dear little dream. I thought I wonder why little sinners are so dear ? Does the minister's wife hug hers? And love him better than before? "Nathan," I went into Nathan's room to rid myself of the lie at last-I thought it was a heavy I whispered, "always—always tell meth-er !" But "mothers" do not always tell Nathans. Perhaps I will tell him next the source is big soft and warm. It bled against something soft and warm. It was Nathan in his little nightgown coming to me. "Nathan, Nathan," I cried, glad time I go in. Perhaps starting up sudden-But he was asleep. His cheeks are quite crimson-I am going to send Ann for the it was dark and he could not see my pack, "I was not always yours, dear, -you were not always mine! You had another mother once, but I never had another son-I never Slender, erest of carriage, with a swaying She has gone. I have brought my jour had another son! I could not bear to tell graceful movement inherited from a mothnal in here and shaded the lamp from the bed. Nathan breathes so hard ! He has never been sick in his life before, since Iyou for fear you would stop loving me!" In the dream his little face shone out of the dark. It was keeping on loving! I golden-yellow skin, the color of which is since he was a tiny boy. It frightens me. thought I felt straight and light, for the pack was gone. But the queerest, dearset part of the dream was what Nathan said: "I knew it all the time. Nobody told marked brows, gleaming teeth, and an ex-It is two weeks since I have written a me, but I knew. When you were rocking me an' brushing me an' mothering me,— I always knew. But I hoped you wouldn't find out,—I was afraid you'd stop.'' I canght him an min is a would at the state of vord. Nathan is getting well now, but he has been very sick. Ann says I am to go

I caught him up-in the dream-and I It has been such an anxious time. thought Nathan was going to John. How could I bear to lose them both ? I rememcan feel his little warm body now. We were so happy. I thought when I went the Irish lad of the streets would fail to bered the terrible empty rooms after John died-I couldn't have borne this little is always with me when I am happy.

one, too. Oh, ministers' wives may say no -all the ministers' wives in the land,-but I know better ! I know I should have mourned like mothers of the little sone and daughters John and I never had ! It would have broken my heart as much as their hearts. I tell you I know ! him to-night.

it so many times-so many, many. He might have said it just as much the other I have told him. I have been in, in the way, in his poor little tossings and burn-ings, but it would have sounded different, dark. He was not coming to me; I did not meet him in the hall. I had to go all the way. But John came back with me.

But I shall tell him when he gets well. To-day Nathan went to school again It is six weeks since he was taken sick, and I

Every day I could see his little white face grow a little less white. Nathan bas a beautiful little face. When he is grieved when I finished, and it was the pack, I

-I am glad he did not know.

I have in mind a woman, Who never sings a song, Her house is neat and tidy. But she worries all day long. She worries if the sun shines; She worries if it rain; She worries if she teels well,

THE WOMAN THAT WILL SING.

And worries if in paip. She worries 'bout her husband; She worries 'bout her child; She worries 'bout the chickens, And drives all round her wild.

I know another woman. Who, when at work will slog: Her home is just as tidy, And she's happy as a king.

She's happy if the sun shines She's happy if it rain; She's happy if she feels well, And happy if in pain.

She's happy with her husband; She's happy with her chlid; She's happy with her chickens, And her temper's seldom riled, What is it makes this difference?

Hath worry such a sting? If so: 0, give us music, And the woman that will sing! -Life.

The Merry Donkey Boy of Egypt.

One's first impression of Egypt is more

r less inflaenced by the donkey boy, for in Alexandria, even before von step ashore, he is on hand to take your financial measure. er long accustomed to carrying burdens on

of these dark eyed striplings. On the out-skirts of Cairo he is to be found at his best, sea hore ontfit.

Such a queer little, dear little dream— but it disquiets me. The pack is still on my back; it was only in a dream it fell off. I have thought so much about it that it is getting a heavy pack to carry. I suppose his donkey when he leaves his carriage at lonely women whose Johns are dead dwell the Mena House gate, where, unless he imon things more, especially things to do mediatelly flies within and to the hotel for with a little borrowed son who is all there a cup of tea on the lawn, he will be literalis to love and live for. I suppose I shall ly lost in the cloud of noisy, scrambling never be easy until I get rid of the pack. I might tell him to night. I will tell ing him to hire his particular animal for the quarter mile ride to the Sphinx. "Ride Yankee Doodle, miss," urged a

little chap, patting a sleek but sleepy-looking donkey on the nose. "He not fall -he run very fast. I sing you a song," be continued; and, seeing that he had attract-

My heart beat foolishly fast. It hurt ed some interest, he squared his donkey me, trip-hammering against my ribs. "Nathan," I called, softly, at the door. I considering a possible refusal in the face of have been all this time helping him get heard him nestling in his bed. Perhaps such inducement. And, admiring his busi-well. I could not stop to write in a jour- he was waiting to have me feel for him in ness-like methods, I mounted and made off nal. Getting well is a serious matter to a ten year old ! But we've had a beautiful time together, even on the crossest days. sounded! He did not say a word, but lay ad his rivals. "You like Yankee Doodle?" we when he is twelve I am sure he will hock little, and it will be hard to tell a But to go back to the minister's wife and But to go back to the minister's wife and Every day I could see his little white face But to go back to the minister's wife and But to go back to the min

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. It is vain to be always looking toward the future and never acting toward it .- J. F. Boves.

Paris has abandoned the directoire style

It really is a pleasure to see maids and matrons going around during the warm weather with uncovered necks. Not every woman can expose her neck. This is an uppleasant truth. But the majority can if they will, and they are doing

The Dutch neck, the Byron collar and the rolling neglige collar have all come back into first style for this season.

It is a relief to the whole system to get away from the stiffboned stock and the bigh turnover starched collar, with a line like a saw under the chin.

They are both too hot for summer weather. They are both uncomfortable. True, they must be endured by the woman, who through nature or carelessness has allowed her neck to become scrawny or encircled

with dark ringe. The girl of the day, however, has an exceedingly good neck. It is an American characteristic. It may be from daily baths, from exercise, from the erect way she is taught to hold her head-but from what-

ever cause, the round, strong neck is

A most delightfully large parasol for the sandy beach presents itself just in time to tempt the burrying seashore folk. It is of huge proportious, and since it is an established fact figures and sides mean nothing to most women, it may be better to de-scribe its ample outline by vouching for the fact that three bathers and a small child may share its grateful shade.

enduring charm to the artistic eye. No street gamin of London or New York or Naples can compare with him, and even Ite long wooden and metal-capped handle is made to dig into the sand, while the tiltback to my room John was with me. John hold his own against the mimiery and wit ed sunshade rests on its edge. It is port-

> Some long linen fringe, looking very like the knotted fringes of a damask towel end, is shown edging the tunic of a brown French linen gown. The drapery is longer in front than at the sides, while separate and shorter tunic ends fall at the back of this interesting model, but all of them are frayed and fringed to a depth of six inches, with a knotted heading extending an inch

and a half below the tonic. This is nice work for the needlewoman. and the drawing out of the linen threads is delightful play for the small daughter who loves to help mother.

The gown, in soft brown, with its long lines and graceful fringe, is well suited to the tall, slender woman

Some of the most attractive of the anm mer hats are of soft legborn lined with figured foulard. These accord with semidressy gowns and make the costume com plete for a tour of the shops and the inevitable "five o'clock."

In the morning almost every other wom- make the fowls work for what they get.

results are decidedly luke warm.

cracked ice is not used.

spoons.

FARM NOTES

-The soy bean is a pea, and the cow pea is a bean-fuony, isn't it?

-Never tolerate a man on the farm who vanks, kicks or whips a horse.

-In no case should the colt be allowed to follow when the mare is at work.

-Sow a good patch of carrots for the horses this year, if you never have before.

-Do not bang the bits against the horse's teeth. Be patient and he will open his mouth.

-Get a first-class horse dentist to look over the teeth of every horse on the farm, young and old.

-Don't toggle your barnesses up with strings. No surer way to invite trouble ; have everything stout.

-Break your colts to walk down bill. Now, that may mean that you will have to break yourself first, for it seems to be natural to hurry horses down hill. It is a bad plan.

-When things go wrong with the pon-try there is always a cause ; therefore, look for the cause. After locating the cause of trouble, even if it be the weather, see if the obstacle cannot be overcon

-A silo 16 feet in diameter and thirtytwo feet high is large enough to supply silage for twenty cows two hundred and twenty days allowing an average feed of thirty five pounds per cow per day.

-System is a very valuable substance to mix with dairy feeds. The best results are obtained by knowing what you want and by following your own prescription carefully until you see a chance to improve it

-More high-priced dairy cows suffer from overfeeding than from any other cause. Liberality is commendable up to a certain point, but overfeeding is not a kinduess; it is a damage, and it will not pay in the long run.

-According to the Department of Agriculture of France, a toad during its lifetime is worth \$9 to the farm, a lizard is worth \$9, a swallow \$20, a titmouse \$8, the robin \$4, a bat \$30, an owl \$12, a screech owl \$16 and a fern owl, \$30.

-If you have a small amount of cream, do not skim so closely and add some milk. Put in a little starter and warm it by putting the cream can in warm water, constantly stirring until the proper temperature is obtained, when it will quickly ripen.

-An occasional feed of sliced raw potatees substituted for the grain ration of colts will prove beneficial to such colts as will eat them. Those that are not inclined to eat them can soon be taught to do so by cutting them very fine and mix-ing them with the grain ration.

-According to Consul J. C. Higgins, of Dundee, the farmers of Scotland are among the best in the world. Although their land has been cultivated for hundreds of years its fertility is yet of the highest order. Nearly all progressive farmers of that country use American farm machinery.

-Exercise is important for breeding birds. They may be well fed and not too fat, but they may have lacked the oppor-tunity to take such exercise as would have hardened the muscles, made the tendons strong and perfected every function of the bone. Scatter all grain in a deep litter and

ing her children's clothes. The way she drew her needle in and out irritated me ; it said so plainly that they were her children's clothes. The minister's wife has six, -- I tell you she doesn't love the whole six any better than I do Nathan !

"Twelve years is not a minute too soon," she said. And I agreed with her because of the two years' reprieve.

"Yes, of course," I said, "twelve years. He-she ought to know by then." Judith Pride's is a little girl.

"By then ! My dear, she ought to have known years before !" the minister's wife bit off severely. "But what was the use, then, of telling the poor woman at this late day? All I could do was, rouse her to her day and the poor woman day." duty now. But I pitied her, my dear,-I pity all such mothers."

She need not pity me ! I suppose she dren in, she thanked the Lord because they take another child,-that-that-that-till were hers-well, every night I thank the Lord for Nathan, when I tack him in and I wanted to start and run to get away from her. I could not bear it, but I had to. I feel round with my lips for his little freck-led face. I tell you I love every browny gold freckle ! They have always been mine, I got home to Nathau I caught him in my anyway-from the very beginning ! I re-member the first one, and I kissed it so arms and could not let him go. I could not take my face away from his face-it often Nathan called it the kiss spot.

God it was warm ! And all my heart I have said right along that I would tell ached for poor Judith Pride with her little him before he grew up. I could not bear to have any one else tell him. But the face that was cold. minister's wife has unsettled me. It is "living a lie," she says, not telling him now. She meant Judith Pride, but she like that? What right has any one's wife? How do they know? They hold their little new-borns tight and look over the little would have meant me if she had known. I bald crowns, at us denied women-perhaps they don't mean to, but I tell you they am living a lie, she would think. Well Well ! Well ! What would you have ?— what would she ? Am I to go into Nathan's gloat ! They kiss and kiss the little crum-little dark room tonight and wake him up pled faces. I don't blame them -I would and tell him ? "Don't love me any more. gloat and kiss. But I blame them for pre-I'm not what you think I am, -you're not tending they can measure our love for the what you think you are. You're not what little children we borrow-or our grief the minister's wife's children are to her. when the little children die. How do they You'd better stop loving me." That is what haunts me—for fear he will stop. We've lived the beautiful lie so long toknow ? Their arms have always been full. They have never envied a tenement mother her tiny, sweet, soiled baby. How do they know the joy we feel when at last we rock a little child to sleep? When we go in at night and look down at him in his little gether ! It's woven into the woof and warp of us. If we stop living it, it will be like unravelling us. bed? When we wash him and brush him

Twelve years, perhaps, but not ten ! Nathan's ten is so little ! I patched his little trousers tonight, and whon I held them up they were so small !-- I wonder if the minister's wife ever kisses her little patches? Or is it only "such mothers" that do?

mine. If John were living, I think I should get him to do it. He would be willing-John was always willing. It is queer how I can I have not told him yet. He comes home from school and calls, "Mother," at never realize Nathan is not as much his as mine-I know he is ! I know nights John the foot of the stairs, and I can't. Or I go to meet him and when he sees me taces goes into the little dark room with me ! If down the road to me. "Mother ! Mother !" my fingers were delicate enough I should put them out and feel his white soul in the -can Itell him then ? Can I ever tell him? But to day he came home in a different little tremelo stops were all out ; it was only a wreck of a tune. "Nathan !" I

Once, when we were new to being mar-ried, we used to talk about going into a little room and looking down together. We said, just softly to each other, how beauticried ful it would be. It was always a little daughter John looked down on, but I looked at a little son. We used to laugh because we disagreed. And sometimes I yielded John the little daughter, and sometimes he let me have the little son-John times he let me have the little son-John yielded oftenest. Still, I know he likes looking down at Nathan. He likes his lit-the straight legs, and his fine way of clutch-

or dissappointed it still keeps its baby knew! I thought he would cry out sometrick of breaking up into little pitcons thing—answer something—but I think puckers. I suppose it will do it when I tell— Oh, why must I tell until he is "Nathan! Nathan!" I put my face down twelve? Two years is not much more to and found his little face in the dark. It

"It's all right,-I beat."

"Nathan ! Nathan !"

ask for. I am going—to wait— two years! was close and warm, and I seemed to feel his arms tighten a little round my neck— John would say. Not the minister's wife, arms do not tighten when little sons have but John. It isn't as if I had more than "stopped." He did not speak one word, one and were young-I'm old, and I only | but I am sure-I don't know how I know, have Nathan. Forty is old to women whose but I tell you I know he will not stop lov-Johns are dead—and old women take things hard. I know it will break my and here I am happy! I think I have been heart if Nathan stops loving me. After singing over this little patch I am sitting we've been so "int'mate together"-I stayed quite a while in his little room Judith Pride's little girl is dead. I

then John and I came back. We left him walked home from the funeral with the minister's wife, and I wish I hadn't. She —I am glad I don't know he was asleep said things-that she wondered Judith took it so hard, it not being her own little girl,-that nobody but real mothers knew when I told him. I like it better this way.-By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Harper's Monthly Magazine. what sorrow meant,-that Judith could

-Do you know we have the old style sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cents and had to walk, -oh, we crept ! Poor Judith Pride !- poor Judith Pride ! I knew. When

Why Steel is Painted Red.

"Why is iron or steel invariably painted

was warm against mine. Ob, I thanked red?" This question was asked by scores nen and women who were walking on the viadnet, where workmen were busy painting the steel work of the structure a bean-What right have ministers' wives to talk tiful carmine, says a New York daily. In most of the skyscrapers it is noticeable that the steel frame is first painted red and then some other color. It was also the case with the "L" road structure

and is also the case with all steel bridges and iron works of all kinds. One of the workingmen was asked why

iron work was painted red. "Oh, it's not the color that counts." he

said, "but it's what the paint is composed of. This is red lead, and any steel man will tell you that red lead is the best preof. servative against dampness and rust. Recently a dark green lead has come into use as a first coat for iron and steel, but after all, red lead seems to hold its own as a covering to preserve steel work. When the red lead is once on it the structure can and mother him-oh, we are mothers then? be painted in any other color to suit the We have come juto our own. We wake up happy and go to sleep happy. I tell you we forget we borrowed our little sons taste. The red lead lasts years."

and daughters,-they are ours. Nathan is -Do you know that you can get the finest, oranges, bananas and grape fruit, aud pine apples, Sechler & Co.

Gan Powder.

is made of nitre, charcoal, and sulphur in proportions intimately mingled with wa-Nitre, charcoal and sulphur without that exact proportion and commingling have no more explosive value than common know, is dear to John. And so—and so perbaps I should not ask him, after all, to do it, knowing that it would hurt. Once, when we were new to being met powder are ef explosion. For this reason health cannot be gauged by appetite. To obtain the benefit of food, to have it con-"He looks worse 'n I. You oughter see im!" I had him in my arms, the little fighter ! nutrition must do their part. Dr. Pierce's I was ashamed of him—and proud. It seemed to me I had always known that

ly up to his reputation. "You maby give back-sheesh?" he anxionsly queried, ap-parently wishing to settle that important question in his mind before giving himself up to the full enjoyment of his triumph in drawing a prize in the shuffle of tourists, while many of his companions failed. "How about that song ?'. I answered evateresting. sively. "What are you going to sing?" "You like church song?" he asked ; aod, catching my nod of assent, he began the However the doctors and health fearful

"Doxology," and in a peculiarly sweet treble, not unlike the voices of our southlong as our thermometers are so unruly in summer. It is surprising, however, con-sidering the amount of iced tea we Ameriern Negroes, he sang, with evident enjoyment, the mission-taught hymn, which sounded strange there under the shadow of cans consume, how rarely it is good. The most scientific and supposedly health-ful way to prepare it is to pour freshly brewed hot tea over a large lump of ice, then pour into glasses balf filled with shav-ed ice. the great Pyramid and from the throat of a disciple of Mohammed .- [Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

-Do you know where to get the finest ed ice. Unfortunately the Ice Trust forcauned goods and dried fruits, Sechler & bids most housekeepers to be lavish, so the

What an Earthquake Is.

"An earthquake," writes Mr. Frank A. Perret, formerly honorary assistant at the Royal Vesuvian Observatory, in an article cooled by a few lumps in the pitcher. There must be either cracked or shaved ice on "The Messina Earthquake" in the April Century, "is an undulating vibra-tion of the ground resulting from some in glasses to make it palatable. sudden movement of the underlying strata.

put a little water into a thin, wide-month-ed crystal goblet, wet the finger-tip, and rub it around the rim, a sound will be pro-duced, and the water will be set in vibra-tion, like the ground waves of an earthiced tea, besides the lemon, gives a deli-cious flavor. It is also good with a little ginger syrup or a few drops of rum.

-Do you know where to get the finest

Progress in Cuba.

The thinner and more slender are iced With the beginning of the present fiscal tea glasses the more refreshing it tastes. It

year the Republic of Cuba established a should be stood on a glass saucer or tum-Bureau of Information, President Gomez bler coaster. If possible use long-bandled appointing Leon J. Cauova, an American newspaper man, who has resided in Cuba eleven years and has a wide acquaintance

with the Island, as its director. Parties wishing information of any nanew potatoes, young carrots and celery roots boiled, drained and set aside until of charge, by writing to Leon J. Canova, U. and I. Bureau, (Utility and Information Bureau,) Department of Agriculture, Commerce and Labor, Havana, Cuba.

tart apples were added. The dressing ma-made of olive oil and tarragon vinegar, blended in the proportions of three table-spoons of oil to one of vinegar. Salt, pep-In the use of ordinary pills the dose must be increased the longer the pill is used. That means the pill habit is being per and a little French mustard were ad to season. A salad bowl was lined with crisp, new lettuce leaves, and the salad was turned into the bowl and sprinkled established. In the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the dose is diminished instead of increased. That means that a cure over the top with minced parsley. Toasted is being established. The "Pellets" are an orackers and cheese were served with it. aid to Nature, and when the natural func-tions are re-established the "Pellets" hav-ing done their work can be dispensed with. For a quickly prepared luncheon dessert

They are invaluable for the cure of constipation and its myriad consequences. -Do you know where to get your

garden seeds in packages or by measure Sechler & Co.

-The time of the year is here when the foulard, and, strangely enough, they are almost all of black and white. This seems to be the favorite selection for the hours before 12, but in the afternoon, between dejeuner and the hour of tea, madame still wears foulard, but of chartreuse green.

ground dries out very fast after a rain. Give plenty of time after each rain for the soil to dry out before you start work on it. More injury than good is done by working the ground when it is too wet. Do some-There seems to be a singular unanimity of thing else while the soil is drying, so as to opinion on this point, and the result is in- be ready when it is in a good workable condition.

-The common cabbage worm is among the best known of all garden pests, both as may revile iced tea, it is bound to stay as a larva and in the adult stage, when is becomes the common black spotted, white cabhage butterfly. The young plants should be sprayed with arsenate of lead, one onnce to a gallon of water, and the foliage kept covered until they begin to head up well. Water heated to 130 de-grees F. will destroy all worms which it hits, without injury to the plants.

> -A bog fattens more quickly by being fed no more at any time than it will eat.

It should always clean up all in the trough More economical is it to make a small and do not feed again until you are sure quantity of rather strong tes several hours that it is hungry. It will lose less in weight to permit it to go without food a day than it would by continuing to feed it beyond its appetite. When a hog begins to feed indifferently food should be discontinued before it is to be used, let it cool in the rerigerator and weaken to the desired consistency with iced water just before needed. It is a mistake to think iced tea can be until it shows signs of keen appetite. Overfeeding is one of the most common mis takes of hog raisers.

Lemon is also better added before the -It is more easy to prevent disease in animals than it is to cure. Hog cholera prevails more or less in all sections of the country, but in the majority of cases it is due to the condition of the herds and mismanagement in feeding than to any other cause. Hogs must have green or bulky food, also salt and charcoal. These subwhen some of the family do not like it, out stances are not in a direct way preventives into lengthwise sections rather than thin of cholera, but they keep the animals in a rounds, and pass in addition a small glass more thrifty condition and render them less liable to disease.

-The meat of all animals is affected by the food they eat. For instance, the ducks that live on fish have a fishy flavor ; the flesh has a disagreeable taste when the fowls are fed on onions. When swine are fed on One hostess on gala occasions serves her iced tea poured cold over lemon, orange or beechnuts the bacon from the pigs has the pineapple sherbet. This is served in a punch bowl and each guest fills her tall to feed on finest flavor, while hogs allowed stinking, filtby slops and on dead animals furnish food unfit for human beings. There glass with the mixture. In this case is no excuse for not feeding the soundest, cleanest, freshest food, and fresh and pure water. There is much in the feed.

-Before starting in the breeding of sheep the farmer should have a definite object in view and make a careful selection of the foundation stock. If it is intended to pro-duce wool, the Merino should be chosen; if A delicious vegetable salad was made of mutton is the chief object, one of the larger breeds would be best. If it is desired to produce both wool and mutton a judicious cold. They were then cut in thin slices and thin slices of cold boiled tongue and crossbreed or grade may be selected. Bat tart apples were added. The dressing was in any case the start should be begun on a small scale and cautiously proceeded with, never forgetting that the "ram is half of the flock."

-William Jennings Bryan says that he believes that the agricultural colleges are doing a great work, in that they are teaching the diversity of crops that can be produced in the different sections. The agri-cultural college is one of the factors in turning the tide of people toward the counput naives of canned peaches or preserved pears with some of the syrup in individual dishes, cover with a generous amount of whipped cream and sprinkled with chopped marachino cherries, greated cocoanut or ohopped nut meats. Serve with sponge cake.

meal than in it. The usual way is to pass This may be produced by a volcanic exploa section of lemon to each guest. Far betsion, the breaking of a stratum of rock unter is the taste if both lemon and sugar are der strain, or the sudden intrusion of lava mixed with the tea when the iced water is between the strata or into a fracture, the types respectively known as volcanic, teo-sian plan of grating the rind of a lemon opic and inter-volcanic. My own impression in experiencing these and pouring hot tea over it. If lemon is passed as it may have to be shocks was that of a rubbing together of masses under pressure, which throws the adjoining material into vibration. If you pitcher with extra lemon juice. Mint leaves or lemon verbena added to

quake."

teas, coffees and spices, Sechler & Co.

Co.