

Bellefonte, Pa., September 24, 1909.

IN CHURCH.

In front of my pew sits a maiden, A little brown wing on her hat, With its touches of tropical azure And sheen of the sun upon that

Through the rose colored pane shines a glory By which the vast shadows are stirred, But I pine for the spirit and splendor

That painted the wing of the bird. The organ rolls down its great anthem, With the soul of a song it is blent, But for me, I am sick for the singing Of one little song that is spent.

The voice of the curate is gentle, "No sparrow shall fall to the ground," But the poor, broken wing on the maiden Is mocking the merciful sound.

Close and sweet is the breath of the lillies Asleep on the altar of prayer, But my soul is athirst for the fragrance Far out in the bountiful air.

And I wonder if ever or never, With pinions unbroken and furled. I shall find the white spirit of pity Abroad at the Heart of the World. Mrs. T. W. Brown

SOUS OMBRE.

Down there in the French Quarter they had grown up ; in one of the fine old houses looked sternly upon the street and smiled only within the privacy of the laughing children).

Their mother, incapable of realizing the necessity of action, had drifted on with the tide, when she found herself, at the close themselves as was she. She made no change in her way of living; she did not know ty an appearance as though Monsieur Jarrode, watchfully, through the the fields of cane and no ruinous mortgages menaced the splendid estates that had descended in hie family from generation to generation. It had almost broken Madame's heart that, as her girls grew older, she was forced to send them to public nools, where they not only mingled with Americans, but were taught by them. "Mon Dien !- Whas will they be?" she oried. The Americaines are so crude—they have no manners!"

Alas! The time came whon Madame was forced to live in the midst of ces Americaines. The old house passed out of her posses sion, and the terrible question of self-sup-

port presented itself.
"What shall we do, my children? I have
so little, that is nothing." It was Jeanne, the eldest daughter, who answered this ap-

"We will move up-town ; we will take a house there; we will have hoarders; I will teach music. Clemence will give French lessons. Angele shall belp you keep the

"Impossible !" said Madame Jarrea ly were established, in a large house in the | the dead, and many fell by the roadside, garden district, so high above Canal Street
that not a sound of that other life of the
No longer the night lured the lovers into old town penetrated to sadden them with vain suggestions in their brave efforts to fly fluttered around them. The lesson of attain independence. Madame Jerrean did not concern herself much about the house ; she thought it was enough that she, the window of Omere Jarrean, should open ber and thought to the saving of life in the doors ; besides, there was and old Lisette in stricken oity. the krichen, and who could ask more than to drink her coffee, and to eat the delicious

If Madame took any interest in the welfare of the house, it was shown in her firm | tenderly. Angele crept in from time to in the old St. Louis Cemetery, each with but conrteons, insistence upon credentials. She knew too well what was due to her, to him, but he seldom knew her. His con- God willing, the heart will blocm allow the new or the vulgar rich to penetrate the atmosphere of aristociatio refinement which her old name and her old silver alike helped to create.

They were very brave and very cheerful, those ereolo women. All day the two older girls went from house to house, giving their lessons ; and all day the little Angele tripped up and down the long stairs, encouraging and soolding the old servants, who had known her as a little child ; and all day Madame, who used to sit in a high, cool chamber, with vines clambering over the windows, sat in a little gallery-room such as her servants had, and mended her children's clothes, and sighed over a past that would never come back again.

In the evenings they all made toilettes for dinner, and they were so gay, so bright, so full of mirth and laughter, that one could not imagine that they could be tired. Often they went to the opera, and if the soles of their little shoes were not above reproach, the dimpled shoulders that rose from their simple muslin dresses were, and

alike pause beside them. Oftentimes on Sunday they had soirees. There was music and conversation, and sometimes dancing; little cakes and ices were banded about. Some of the borders did not approve of this; they thought is would be better if the lunches were less meagre and the soirces fewer. But they were frugal Americans of New England stock. Perhaps they could not know that these creale girls, with their Celtic temperaments, their love of excitement, would have dropped and withered under the monotonous existence which the boarders would have prescribed as benefitting their poverty. What did they know of getting shead? What did they care? They had a home, they had the necessities of life, and God had planted in their hearts the necessity of song, and so they sang. And one

sang with them. He was a creole too. He was a creole too-that is, he was a Cuban, and he had come into their midst with a certain little air of mystery and reserve, which had melted away under the genial influence of their home. He was handsome, in a swarthy way, and there was something that was melancholy in his soft dark eyes. Unlike most Cubans, he was tall and athletic in his build. After the first barriers were passed, he took his place as prime favorite in the household, and left the room on tiptoe.

When she came back, some hours later, take the WATCHMAN.

yet so gentie.

eyes were oftenest fastened upon ber demure face.

Is came about very quietly. One day angele said to her mother, "Mamma, I Angele said to her mother, "Mamma, I have promised to marry Andreas de Ceril-

"You have promised to marry Andreas made a marriage for you, and you, a haby. tell me that you have promised to marry It is impossible, I say !"

Angele laughed and repeated obstinately: "I have promised to marry Andreas. I am an American now. I will marry like au American girl, the man I love, not a man picked out for me."

"My father said to me," Madame Jarreau hegan, feebly, ""Monsieur Jarreau has done us the honor to ask for your band. I have promised it.' And I said, 'I thank you, my father,' and I was a glad and hanny "ife."

happy wife."
"Is is all changed," said Angele. "I will never consent," said Madame. But she did consent in the end. The way had been pointed out too long for her to be able to tread a path of her own making. But she could not resist the temptation of confiding to one of the boarders, in her charming broken English, the state of

mind in which she found herself :

"Me! I was astonish when Angele say to me, 'Mamma, I go to marry Andreas de Cerillo.' Those girls make me astonish, walled garden where a fountain cooled the beated air and tall palms guarded the state-ly entrance (huge iron doors, which rarely swung open to let out the troop of merry, have come to treat me like the Americaine mothers. Is it not one outrage? Me, mecessity of action, had drifted on with the tide, when she found herself, at the close of the war, a widow with three little girls, a small income, a great house, and a horde of domestics, as incapable of taking care of themselves as was she. She made no change in her way of living; she did not know sang more gayly in the mornings when she in the sang more gayly in the mornings when she in the sang more gayly in the mornings when she in the sang more gayly in the mornings when she in the sang more gayly in the mornings when she in the sang more gayly in the mornings when she is sang more gayly in the mornings when she is sang more gayly in the mornings when she is sang more gayly in the mornings when she myself—That Mousieur Cerillo he is reech, and is loving Angele a great deal—but—I how. The armories were replenished as gave out the linen, and she was seen sitting in corners, shyly rolling and whipping the dainty ruffles that are so large a part of the dainty ruffles that are so large a part a creole trousseau. The whole family rolled and whipped ruffles, and did dainty hemstitching; and there was many a gay laugh and jest. Andreas himself was not backward in adding his share to the kindly "I was a free woman, one of the state o teasings that brought the rich color to the young girl's soft cheeks.

balmy breath of the tea-olive filled the air. their sweetness more prodigally upon the skin was dark. summer night. Every whispering breeze was laden with love, and Andreas and Angele walked in that enchanted garden of young hope where every pathway led to the altar of a united life. The days sped, and they were counting the moments, when a change came over the life of the old town; Never yet has one of my house disgraced New Orleans. The women and children, herself thus. No, it shall not be. We wherever it was possible, were sent away, shall starve first." She threw on her and soon on the houses of the rich and poor hands with a fierce gesture, her delicate alike were seen the placards that warned features were suffused with indignant color. the passers-by of the tainted atmosphere. But the cool, common sense of Jeanne pre- Brave men and women were organized into vailed, and before very long the little fami- relief bands, to nurse the sick and bury

> the garden, no more the moth and the fire | sheet up. love is pain, and Angele was learning hers in the hours of anguigh which she spent alone while Andreas gave his very energy

One day they brought him home and gumbos, for which she was so justly cele-babbled incessantly. Madame Jarreau, who girl goes to see her in the convent, where had long since given over her old opposition to him, sat beside him and nursed him race find refuge; and sometimes they meet sciousness came and went at intervals.

still and dark, and the high bed with its canopied top seemed like a catafalque, and Madame sitting there, the Mother of Sorrows. One morning Angele opened the door of the sick room and ushered in a closely veiled woman. When she threw back her veil it was seen that she was almost white, and that her features bore a Bazar. striking resemblance to those outlined upon the pillow, a resemblance that made Madam stare baughtily, and awakened an unea-y interest in Angele's breast. The woman did not wait to be interrogated, but advanced swiftly and softly.

"Is he ssleep?" she said.
"No," Madame answered; "he is in a

stupor." The woman sank down upon her knees at the bedeide and lifted one of the thin hands, kissing it passionately. Andreas opened his eyes and gazed upon her with no apparent recognition.

from their simple muslin dresses were, and the sparkling, animated faces, radiant with courage and with health, drew many an eye to their box, and made youth and age alike pages beside there.

"My son," she said, softly, "do you not know me? My son, speak to me." This time her voice seemed to penetrate the dulled brain; one of the recurrent intervals of consciousness had come, but the effort to remember seemed painful to him; there was almost a look of agony in his eyes.

> you not know me?" no longer fluttered in the doorway.

leaned against it for support.
"Mammy! My mammy," said the sick Madame Jarreau breathed freely. Angele

closed the door softly and went away, a strange lightness at her heart. The cotoroon rose to her feet. She was very tall and ber black gown fell in graceful lines about her figure. Her hands trembled a little as she removed her bou-

net and veil. "You will let me watch beside him," she said, pleadingly. Madame consented. It had been many nights since she bad slept unbrokenly, and in those troublous times it was no uncommon thing to accept service even from strangers, and Andreas had called her "Mammy." There was so little to be done in the sick-chamber, only to watch the patient and cool the parched lips. Madame established the woman in her own

girls should spoil him. He was so hig and there was a change for the worse in An-When he came in to dinner Jeanne would whenever his nurse would approach him exclaim, her eyes alight with mischief: he became more violent.
"La roi! Le roi!"

Take her

Clemence would make room for him to away. Bleed it out! Bleed it out!" he theside her; but the little Angele said would cry. "Save me from that woman!" sit beside her; but the little Angele said nothing, would only give him one swift plance from under her long, black lashes; my?—I want her—mammy, mammy!" he little Angele said only give him one swift my?—I want her—mammy, mammy!" he learn to swim?" It is very easy if one just determines to learn and to keep on and it was perhaps for this reason that his oried, like a petulant child.

A tortured soul looked out from the octoroon's eyes. "I must go away," she said, desperately, "I do him harm, not good—and I would give my life for him."

She caught up her bonnet and left the

news of the sick man. One day she found crepe upon the door. and easy to bend with each movement. The first position in the swimming lesson She did not ring the bell, but passed into the house unchallenged, and into the chamber of death.

Angele was there alone, kneeling at the bedside. Everything had been done; the figure lay calm and straight, the bands were folded on the breast, and upon the beautiful features of the Cuban was stamped the seal of divine layer and attacks. ed the seal of divine love and strength.

The woman stood silently beside the sobbing girl. She neither spoke nor wept.

Angele looked up. "Why are you here?" she cried, fiercely. "It is you who have killed him. He was doing very well until you came. What right have you—" "I am his mother," answered the woman. "Ob no, no!" Angele said, shuddering-

"He denied me," the woman went on, in a montonous voice; "he called me his nurse, and I had borne him. "Mammy," he called me, because my skin is yellow, and he knew that your pride would make you spurn him if he told you of that one festering drop of black blood in his veins. white are the same to God."

Angele shrank from her in speechless sang more gayly in the mornings when she of linking to her pure blood the blood of a ward the door.

The woman caught her hand. "Ab no. do not leave me!" she cried. "Listen and

"I was a free woman, one of those unfor-tunate women, too good for a negro's wife, and not good enough for a white man's. The world seemed full of love. The But one white man saw me, and loved me enough to make me his wife. Not here,

The nobler qualities of Angele's pature awoke. She threw her arms around the days.

woman's neck, and they wept together. "We both loved him- you more than I," Angele said softly. She took the mother's hand and stood with ber for a long time, gazing silently upon the face of the dead. "Andreas," she called. The name lingered on the silence, but the peace of the

lead face was unbroken. She drew the "It is better that he cannot answer."

Nobody knew but Angele that the tall yellow woman, who stood in the back-ground as the coffin was slipped into the vault where the bone of the dead Jarreaus had reposed for generations, was the mothlaid him on his bed. He knew no one and er of Andreas de Cerillo. Sometimes the the sad and sorrowful of a despised. time and would stand motionless beside her hands full of flowers; and sometime, again, its season of blight be over For the most part, the room was very and its flowering shall be all the still and dark, and the high bed with its sweeter because of the deeper nature that God gave her in place of the child's heart which had been buried in the grave of her young lover; but the heart of that other woman, the mother, who had been born in the shadow, would have no belated blossoming. - By Louise C. Bowles, in Harper's

--- The Paris fashionmaker has won his greatest triumph. He has stripped the veil off the faces of Mohammedan women, thereby overcoming a custom centuries old. The Princess Hafza evidently is a young woman with the courage of h victions. She is a cousin of the Khedive of Egypt and could not reason why her fresh loveliness should be hidden by a veil from the world. She realized the Paris fashionmaker enhanced her attractiveness, so, attired in the latest importations, she walked the streets of Cairo in trim figure and with her face uncovered. Little won-der the devout Mohammedans petitioned the Khedive by telegram, by letter and orally to discipline his daring consin. But what was the Khedive to do? He might exert pressure on one of his male relatives, as almost a look of agony in his eyes.

"My son," she whispered again, "do defiant in her youth and charms. He did not interfere, and of course that inspired other Mobammedan women to follow the but he was powerless before a girl of 20. Madame Jarreau listened eagerly. Angele example of the Princess. And as a result Cairo has become more interesting to for-eign visitors, for a lot of Oriental prettiness has come from behind the veil.

If there were no sin there would be no sickness, for sin is the "transgression of law," and sickness is the punishment of that transgression. Nature accepts no excuses. She punishes the malicious law breaker no more harshly than she punishes the little child who breaks the law in ignorance. And yet suffering through ignorance appeals patherically to the human heart. It is sad to see the young weman suffering in consequence of ignorance, her hody racked with pain. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes as a God-send to those, who through ignorance, have allowed disease to fasten on the delicate womanly organs. It always helps. It almost always oures.

-You miss a good thing if you don't

Women in the Water.

All women should learn to swim. Though this fact has been advanced many times, but few women are able to do so. One of the first questions asked by the woman who is an accomplishment that takes a certain amount of fearlessness, and it is usually the one with this trait who learns the quick.

One of the great faults with women in the water is that they insist on remaining rigid. Swimming can never be accomde Cerillo!" cried Madame, horror-strick-en. Mon Dieu! What are you coming to? It is I, your mother, who should have made a marriage for you, and you a baby, news of the rick was a new of the rick was a ne the body should not be rigid, but supple

is to thrust the right arm forward, then draw it backward in a balf-circle. This is repeated with the left arm, and then again with the right. This is probably the easiest way to swim, though the heginner is apt to use the "dog stroke," that is, stroking with the hands up and down like a dog in the water, and allowing the feet to hang

Swimming can be accomplished in this way, but it very soon tires the swimmer on account of the strength needed in the powerful up and down strokes. Remaiuing cool is always a great help, and the slow, easy strokes are the best, better results being attained and the strength being reserved. After the swimming stroke is learned there are many other things which will come gradually to the swimmer, among them being the resting position, where one can lie flat on one's back in deep water. without moving a mu-cle, and take a good rest. Then there is the floating position, which is easy for the awimmer, by folding her arms and just keeping her head above

the water.
For those who have never been nearer a great body of water than the bathtub it is almost useless to teach them the important strokes, as they must first become accus-tomed to the water. Many of the best women swimmers depend very much on the powerful side strokes for their progress.

-- Do you know we have the old style sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cents and

Interior of Taft Home.

Entering the Taft bouse on the Beverly side, the large living room on the left is lighted by long French windows opening on the verauda facing the ocean, and by four stained glass windows over the landing on the main staircase. The sycamore paneling and wide staircase leading to the upper story and surrounding balcony both Never before had the magnolias opened their smooth loveliness more lavishly to the moon. Never before had the roses flung the moon. Never before had the roses flung the moon. Never before had the roses flung the moon. is a mirror where lady visitors take sly peeps to see if their bats are "on straight." Opening off the balcony, and reached by the staircase from the living room, are six bedchambers, while the third story con-tains additional rooms which may be used

In Mrs. Taft's home one naturally exa change came over the life of the old town; an excitement, at first suppressed, grew into a terror that pictured itself upon the faces of the timid, that forced the fool foolbardy into bravado, and the brave into helpful action. At first there was only a whisper that "the fever," that dread scourge of the semi-tropical town, had, against all precautions, forced itself into shore, with its stirring memories of privateer

This room, handsomely paneled in English oak to the height of four feet, is deco rated with tapestry paper surmounted by a heavy white any dining table, Chippendale buffet and colonial chairs promise solid comfort as well as suitable effects, and the great fireplace foretells that many cozy chats around the blazing logs are in store for the Taft family when the autumo days tinge the foliage of the North Shore and President Taft leads with increasing ardor his cohort of golfers. The Myopia links are some dis tauce from the house, but that is a small matter when there is an automobile always ready to dash over the dusty thoroughfares, carrying the President and his friends to the scene of contest .- "Affairs at Washington," Joe Mitchell Chapple, in the National

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

London Police vs. the Social Evil.

It is agreed in London that there is no connection between the police and the social evil, and that while street-walkers are too prominently visible in many quarters, there has never been a charge that they were subjected to blackmail or collections. The attitude of police and public toward the social evil is very different in London from that in New York. In London they ignore its presence unless it be-

comes personally aggressive, and flaunts itself loudly and offensively. These women (and they are a hig army) are, of course, well known to the poli especially in the vicinity of the large hotels and in popular thoroughfares, and they are seen at all hours of the evening, but they are never interfered with unless they com-mit an overt act of disorderly conduct or offensive solicitation. Their liberty is woman in the land, and it is so laid down in the rules. When the evil becomes loo l-ly offensive, plain clothes men are used, as here. Assignation becomes a second as in a soft shade of gray. The brim is turnin the rules. When the evil-becomes loc !here. Assignation houses are tacitly policed, but I could find no trace of blackmail or protection money .- September Cen-

—Not merely is our ex-President destined to be known to fame for his "policies," which are gradually disappearing from public view, and for his slaughter of elephante, lions, bippopotami, camel-leopards, rabbits and other half-wild beasts in the preserves of South Africa. According to reports from Washington he may enjoy the singular prestige of having introduced to the country one interesting but deadly testse fly, which produces the "eleeping sickness" and numbers yearly its many thousands of African victims. It is related that in unpacking several lots of Roosevelt hunting trophies at the Smithsonian Institute numerous eggs of the tsetse fly were found in skins of rabbits and bares. Steps have been taken to thoroughly sterilize the skins, it is said, and thus to prevent the propagation of the malignant insect and its spread over the land .- Record

-Do you know we have the old style sugar syraps, pure goods at 40 cents and 60 cents per gallon, Seohler & Co.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

Look for goodness, look for gladness, you will find them all the wnile : If you bring a smiling visage to the glass

Do not look for wrong or evil, you will find them if you do : As you measure for your neighbor he will

measure back to you.

Indian splint furniture is among the latest fancies for the summer buogalow. This furniture, despite its somewhat bulky and ruddy appearance, is by no means inexpen-sive, for the splint chair backs and seats are mounted in frames of weathered oak and the strips of galvanized steel cleverly woren through the splints make the furniture very durable and solid. To match these swart looking chairs and low seats there are splint topped tables and footstools and splint-woven scrap baskets and the very up-to-date bungalow will have splint-paneled walls divided off by uprights of weathered oak.

There are many openings that show both autumn and winter suite, but the half has has not been shown. We know the general lines for this season and the trimmings as well as the fabrics. But it is not until October that we get all the many touches

that really count.

If one has to buy an autumn suit now, and it is the fashion to do so, the choice should be a moderate long coat and a short plaited skirt. It is time to purchase the winter sait when winter comes. The American woman now gets a mid-season coat and skirt of lightweight fabric, which she wears from September until Thanksgiving, and puts away with many hopes that it will be in fashion the first of April. It is not possible in this changing climate to get a suit of heavy fabric in September and make it serve until spring. If one does not indulge in the luxury of the mid-season suit, it only means that one must wear faded one-piece frocks on the days that are warm and sultry.

There is something about the first touch

of cool weather that demands a coat of some kind; not for warmth, but for looks. It may be of linen or of heavy cotton rep , but it is a coat, and it looks correct on the train, in the trolleys and in the shops. Its only rival is a smart one-piece gown of dark and good material.

These new suits for autumn are of cheviot, serge and homespun in the lightest

ning through it diagonally.

Even strips of different color from the surface are allowed, and a bias thread of black is frequent and fashionable.

The colors are green, preferred, with dull red coming next. After this are blue, amethyst and brown. Gray, with a hair line of black, is very much in style and the small shepherd's plaid of black and gray is back in favor.

In green one gets okra, fir, bottle and linden as shades. All are quite at the top of style. In red one gets deep claret, crushed raspberry and garnet. The latter is especially worked out in a good looking weave of homespun called basket cloth, which has alternate blocks of garnet and black. Every one seems to unite on the fact that the reds and the greens will have everything their own way this year, not only for the street but for the ho

important social occasions entire season, but the autumn coats are shorter. Many of them have a parrow panel of plaits let in down the back, and others have a three-inch stitched band of the fabric put around the figure about two inches below the hip line. This band is inches below the hip line. This band is strate whether it will be profitable for only attached at the upper edge. It seems farmers to grow a special alcohol crop. to be quite a smart touch on many of the high-priced coats, and is used on the short as well as the long ones. On the latter it dips down a little at the back, but this is not a pretty line for a short coat.

Nearly all the models have the shawl collar, and do not begin to fasten until the waist line is reached. An inch or two above it is allowable for the first button, but the entire effect must be that of a loose top and a tight fit over the hips and to the

Not that the coats curve in below the waist as they once did by means of nar-rowed gores, but they are fastened snugly over the hips, and then fall into straight lines against the figure. The skirts are plaited; not in the Moven

irregular and paneled and placed at difwith this fulness introduced there must be no flare at the hem. The line must be en- upon the high flavor brought about by the tirely straight, and this can be obtained by omitting a petticoat. If one must wear the to any difference in varieties. These Rocky latter garment, then a straight narrow one Ford melons seem to have brought pretty is the thing with only a knife plaiting at good prices in the east, in a season when the edge. A ruffle throws the hem of the outer skirt out of plumb.

The wide shawl collar or rever, as you may choose to call it, is faced with Ottoman or velvet or moire, but not with satin. That fashion seems to have been colipsed. Well, pretty as it was it has had a long reign and been very much abused.

Some of these hats have becoming brims turned back sharply at the side something after the style of the summer hat, while others are in tricorne shape. In colors there are new greens, blue, browns and smoke otherwise as sacred as that of the highest grays, while the trimmings are of the simplest variety.

ed back sharply across the front, and fastened to the crown with mercury wings.

Half the secret of smartness in a bat

the way it is set on the head, says a famous

milliner in The Housekeeper. This is the reason provincial millinery so often betrays itself to the practiced urban eye. Shape and mode of trimming may be quite fault-less expressions of the prevailing mode; colors may be indubitably correct, butthe hat is put on wrong and there's the end of it. Often the last citified whim of adjusting a hat seems intensely exaggerated to the woman not accostomed to the new style-just as the Paris millinery for fall, with its smashed down, eclipsing effect over the diminished coiffure, is startling New York at this very minute. All the new fall hats set well down on the head and they have large head sizes and slanting brims which increase this low effect. If like affairs which serve not in the least to raise the bat, but only to keep it from sliding completely over the wearer's ears. And | borer. the fall hats are to be tip-tilted to one side just a wee bit whenever there is a roll brim to excuse it. In fact, all the new styles stateliness of the mode just past.

FARM NOTES

-During 1908 more than 4,000,000 dozens of eggs were exported from the United States. Great Britain alone hought 2,000,000 dozen. Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico are heavy buyers of American

-A horse that is gentle and safe under all conditions is easily worth three times as much as one of equal ability that cannot be trusted. When buying a horse look for width between the eyes, a large brain, a plea-ant look out of the eyes and a fine coat

-Professor James E. Rice, in his Cornell Reading Courses for Farmers, says corn is an excellent grain. It is, perhaps, the grain most relished by fowls. Therein lies the danger. Fowls eat it so greedily that, it being a fattening food, they are likely to become over-fat if it is feed too frequently.

-In beginning to feed new corn and corn fodder to any animals, feed only a small amount at a time until the animals get used to it. With horses on dry hay and grain, gradually reduce the dry feed and gradually increase the new corn. New corn, stalk and all, is nutritious, easily digestible, and very palatable.

-An experienced horseman has found equal parts of corn and oats ground to-gether to be one of the best grain rations for growing colts. It furnishes elements needed for the production of fat, bone and muscle. Adding bran or linseed meal to the ration aids very much in keeping the bowels regular, and avoids constipation, and in this way lessens the liability of dis-

ease. -The South Jersey poultrymen stallfeed to a certain extent. They give only the purest of food, do not allow too much exercise, and two weeks before marketing the stock is placed in fattening pens and thus put into a condition where the meat is soft and tender and the carcass plump and fat. That is South Jersey's secret, and that is what made "Philadelphia poultry"

famous. -Lewis Roesch, the veteran nurseryman, says the best time to plant everything except strawberries, black raspberries and perhaps peaches, is in the fall, say from October 15th until the ground freezes up. The next best time is as early in the spring as the ground is dry enough to work. In case the ground to be planted is exposed to severe winds or else is so damp as to beave in winter all stock had better be planted in spring.

-As from 700 to 800 people are killed, weight. The surface is rough and slightly hairy, and there is usually a stripe, a woven plaid effect, or a wide wale runer Bureau, thinks more attention should be given to protection from lightwing. The professor has recently prepared a paper on this subject, and it has been published as Farmers' Bulletin No. 367, of the United States Department of Agriculture, and will be sent free.

-The "Jersey brand" of dressed poultry has probably a better commercial record than poultry from any other section of the country. It stands well in the front and commands the highest prices, especially in the New England and the New York city markets. In these markets it is known as "Philadelphia poultry," although the pro-duct is not grown in Philadelphia, but principally comes from the southern part of New Jersey.

-The United States Department of Agriaportant social occasions.

The uniform coat is 46 inches for the introduction of four varieties of coarse, heavy, starch-producing potatoes from Moscow, Russia. These are sorts adapted to the steppe region of Russia, and are be-

> -The best time for the principal pruning of grape vines is soon after the leaves drop in autumn, but pruning can be done in any time during the winter when the vines are not frozen. Summer pruning consists in pinching lateral branches in order to encourage the development of the fruit and the bearing wood for the succeeding year. The pruning for the first two years must be done with reference to the system under which the vine is to be trained after is begins fruiting. During this time the vine should become thoroughly

established. -Although less is heard of late years about the Rocky Ford melon of Colorado, that section has been sending large shipage style, for that is out. The plaits are ments east, and is is thought the crop will amount to about 800 car loads. ferent depths around the bip line. Even seem to be well known varieties, the reputation of the Rocky Ford melons depending sunny climate of that section rather than the market was very much over-supplied with muskmelons and cantalogues from

other sections. -Twenty-five dollars a bushel, or about 75 cents each, is the price paid an Oregon orobardist for two boxes of apples for President Taft. The high price was handed over by a keen admirer of the big President. The apples selected are of the winter banana variety, big, golden-hued pomes with a blush of red on one side and a flavor suggesting the tropical fruit from which it gets its name. It is asserted that they will be the finest boxes of apples ever gathered in this country. The bushel boxes in which the fruit will be packed will hold about 36 apples, so the little present will stand Mr. Taft's friend \$50 for about 72 apples.

-A specimen of insect, taken from a Carolina poplar tree, was received at the Division of Zoology of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture from Columbia county. The person sending it said that two trees had been badly eaten by insects, which bore through the bark, then work up towards the heart of the tree, making a hole six or eight inches long, and larger than a lead pencil. He wanted to know whether the "bug" was the cause of the

State Zoologist Surface replied as follows: "I think I recognize the description of the boring of your Carolina poplar trees as being done by the insect known as the larva of the Goat Moth. You can best destroy this boring larva by injecting carbon bisulfide into the holes, using a spring bottom oil can, and then close them with mud. The beetle which you dug from one of the bandeau is used it is one of the flat, disk. boles and sent to us is not one of the borers, but was doubtless feeding on some of the sap within the hole which was left by the

A Waste of Time.

Most men fool away so much valuable seem to hint at coquetry and bewitching time trying to be like somebody else that charm rather than the dignity and classic they have no chance to a mount to anything as themselves.