

Belleville, Pa., October 1, 1909.

MY LADY MOON.

So slowly down the western sky
You sail, my Lady Moon,
The fleecy clouds that after fly
Will surely hide you soon.
I'd like to sail the skies with you,
And race the clouds along the blue.
Please take me in your gold canoe—
My pretty Lady Moon!

Around the world and home we'll float,
My pretty Lady Moon,
I'd rather travel in your boat
Than in a silk balloon.
We'll look down on the rivers deep,
The lonely roads, the huddled sheep,
The woods where birds are fast asleep—
My pretty Lady Moon!

Here all the world is green and gay
Beneath the kindly moon,
But oh, what wonders far away
You see, my Lady Moon!
You climb above the mountains' crown,
You view the broad, crowded town,
The restless sea, the lonely down—
My pretty Lady Moon!

Oh, let me sail the skies with you
When you're "The Harvest Moon!"
We'll choose a night when clouds are few,
And West Wind sings a tune.
When orchards shine with apples bright,
And reapers sing in wailing light,
And you shine for their dance all night—
My pretty Lady Moon!

Cecil Cavendish in October St. Nicholas.

MY PICNIC.

I am afraid that that title will make you think, gentle reader, that the picnic of which I am about to tell you is the only one of the kind I ever went. That is far from the truth. No, indeed, it wasn't the only one—and I eleven years old the ninth of September! The fact is, I have been going to picnics as long as I can remember, big picnics and little picnics, nice picnics and stupid picnics, picnics on the seashore, and picnics in the woods, and picnics upon the tips of mountains. I have had more children ever fortunate in the picnic line than I have been. But the picnic I am now about to tell you of was the very nicest one I ever had, and that is why I shall think of it as my picnic as long as I live and breathe. Another reason for calling it my picnic is that I went with only one other person. Except, of course, Rob Roy and little Gamboge. But they don't come in till later, as you will soon see.

In the first place, I had better tell you about my ancestry and so forth, and then that will be over with. You are not a bit anxious, gentle reader, than I am to get at the picnic part. But I must explain a little, first.

My father is an artist and paints the most beautiful pictures in the world. Some of them we sell, but we have a great many left. He is the jolliest father you ever heard of, too, and perfectly splendid at sports (coasts and things). Probably he hadn't been at this picnic if he hadn't been so busy painting a picture of mother standing in the red sunnys that grow along the top of our bluff.

You see, what I am about to relate took place on Turtle-Back Island, where we spent all the summer, last year, and all the fall up to Thanksgiving week.

It's a lovely place, and we liked it all the time, but the very best was after all the summer people had gone away and we had every bit of the island to ourselves. The day the last family except ourselves went away, we stood on the bluff, father and mother and I, and watched the steamer out of sight around the other end of the island; and then we all joined hands and had a dance of delight, and father shouted just as loud as he could that poem of Robinson Crusoe's about

"I am monarch of all I survey
My right there is none to dispute!"

Finally mother got all out of breath dancing and laughing, and she had to be fanned with father's hat while I found her hairpins.

I see I forgot to describe mother when I was telling about my ancestry. She is something like other mothers, but nicer; and she knows the names of all the butterflies and birds on Turtle-Back Island—spangled fritillaries and tufted titmouses and all those hard ones.

I think I have now got nearly to the picnic part.

It was upon the thirtieth day of September that the last of the summer people went away, and after that we were all alone and never saw a soul for a whole month and most of another one, except old Uncle Johnnie MacDonaid, who came over from the mainland every day in his mail boat to bring us milk and mail and things, because the steamer had stopped running. Mother let me wander anywhere I wanted to, because there was no one to molest or make me afraid. That is how it happened that one beautiful morning in October I asked her if I might take my lunch in a basket and go around by the beach clear to the other side of the island, where the big moustons are that they call "cottages" but that aren't. Mother said I might go, but that was a pretty long walk and she was afraid I would get tired. I told her I knew I shouldn't, and so she packed my little basket full of lunch and covered it with a napkin. I didn't once watch to see what she was putting in, because I wanted it for a surprise. Then I went down the steps out in the bluff and started north along the beach, and father and mother stood up above in the red sunnys and waved their hands and called good-by.

The lake was blue as blue and all sparkling with whitecaps, and the little waves made so much noise among the rocks that I wouldn't have known I was singing except for the feeling in my throat. By and by I came to the place where the beach gets broad and sandy, and the beach-grass is taller than my head. There are great beautiful clumps of it there, and they wave in the wind like plumes. When I got to the stairs so I could see it better. Of course it was all shut up tight, and it looked sort of foamy and luscious. I hadn't meant to go in, but as I was walking slowly by I noticed some nasturtiums in blossom by the piazza, and I thought I'd better pick a few for mother, since it was no one there for mother, since it was no one there for me to enjoy them. So I went in and was picking the flowers, when all of a sudden I heard footsteps pattering around the corner of the porch. As first I was a little frightened, but in just a minute I wasn't, for there before my face and eyes stood my own dear, darling Rob Roy. Of course I didn't know then that it was Rob Roy, but I did know right off that he wouldn't dream of biting me. He just stood looking at me and wagging his tail in a sort of slow, droopy way,

and after a while he began to make soft little whines, and I knew he was trying to tell me all about it. I put my arms around his shaggy old neck and hugged him hard, and told him he didn't need to try to explain. I understood perfectly how it happened. We've been to a great many summer resorts, father and mother and I, and we know all too well how wicked lots of the summer people are about going home in the fall and leaving their pets behind. They always say: "Oh, they'll find a home! Some one will take them in!" And once in a while some one does, but just as often some one doesn't. It's the poor kitties that are the worst sufferers, and it almost breaks my heart to think how many little birds they have to eat to keep from starving.

I might as well tell you right here, gentle reader, that I know more about Rob Roy's family than I could tell you about him till they had got started away on the boat, and that all they did when they remembered was to send word to Uncle Johnnie MacDonaid that if he ever saw a black-and-tan collie dog when he was at Turtle-Back, to take it over to the mainland and give it to any one who would have it. They told him the dog wasn't thoroughbred and they didn't care anything about it. Perhaps it is just as well for me not to dwell too long on what we think of such people. It might spoil the story of my picnic.

We hadn't been each other more than twenty-five seconds before we understood, Rob Roy and I, that we belonged to each other. I told him that he was to be my dog and that I'd take care of him, and the minute I said that he looked at my lunch basket. Poor dear, I hadn't thought before that he must be almost starved! It was more than a week since the last of the summer people had gone away, and he couldn't have had anything to eat since except the few scraps he could pick up and the dead fish on the beach, of which he is still, I grieve to state, fonder than we could wish. I suppose he formed the habit during those dreadful days of hunger before I rescued him. Of course I opened my lunch basket at once and gave him a sandwich. It had cold chicken in it and looked very good. The poor dog enjoyed it so much that I gave him another and another and another. There were only four, but I filled him up fairly well on cookies and spongecake and hard boiled eggs. There wasn't anything else but a bottle of milk, and I hadn't anything to pour that into, so I had to tell him that he must wait till I got home for more. He was very nice about it, licked up the last cookie crumb from the piazza floor, and followed close after me as I went back down the steps to the beach.

We decided to go on around the point and home that way. That is a nice thing about an island: you don't have to go back the way you came. If you keep on long enough you get to the place you started from. We walked slowly along the beach for quite a way. Rob Roy was hunting for dead fish, and I was looking up at the big cottages along the bluff. We had just passed the last of them when I suddenly noticed that I was a little tired. I thought I would sit down for a minute under a willow tree and take a drink of milk from my bottle. The gentle reader, it was while I was in the very act of uncorking my lunch basket again that I heard a mysterious sound. It seemed to come from thick bushes that grew all over the bluff, which was very strange right there.

"Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—"

What could it be?

Once I should have thought of fairies, but I—well, I wouldn't for the world have the fairies think I didn't love them just as much, and of course there are times yet when I just do believe in them. The last time that I saw them, it was at Peter Pan, you know.

"Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—"

The sound came nearer and nearer. I fairly held my breath. And then, all at once, out from under the bushes popped my little Gamboge—my dearest, prettiest, loveliest yellow kitten that ever wore a bell around its precious neck! Of course I didn't know then that it was Gamboge. (It was father who suggested his name and mother who suggested Rob Roy's.) But I knew he was to be my kitten, just the way I'd known Rob was my dog.

Gentle reader, can you imagine a person cruel enough to abandon a poor little helpless yellow kitten to its fate on a desert island? I wish I could think the same fancy that left Rob Roy had left the kitten. That would be better than to feel that dear old Turtle-Back has to have two families so "outrageous and undesirable," as father said.

I fear, however, that Rob and Gamboge had never met till this eventful day. If they had been old acquaintances I feel sure that dear, kind Rob would never have done the dreadful thing he did to him, and come back from his last dead fish and found the cuddling and comforting Gamboge under the willow. For before I knew what he was doing, Rob came bounding at the kitten with great barks, and poor little Gamboge, soared half out of his wits, had jumped out of my arms and was flying across the beach with his tail as big as an Angora's. Of course Rob Roy went after him, beller-sketter, and I couldn't do anything but stand and scream at Rob to come back, which he didn't. (I have always thought that if I had had a name to call him then he would have minded me, but all I could call him was "Sir," and of course he didn't mind that.) Little Gamboge, in his blind terror, ran right down to the water's edge, and before my horror-stricken gaze appeared a good-sized wave and washed him right off his paws and out into the deep. Rob Roy plunged after, and in a minute had the kitten in his mouth. As first I was too terrified to speak, but suddenly I had an inspiration, and I began to call: "Bring it here, sir! Bring it here! Good dog, bring it to me, sir!" And, if you'll believe it, Rob brought that kitten straight to me and let me take it out of his mouth. There he stood, looking up at me and wagging his tail, and I think he thought I would throw it in again for him. Letch.

Rob Roy, you know, had been bringing me sticks to throw in all the time we had been on the beach together. I think it is needless to say that his cruel desire was not satisfied.

I had to be very stern after that with Rob. I made him lie down on the beach while I took little Gamboge back to the willow shade, dried his soaked yellow fur on my dress and soothed his fears. Then I found a clean glass and poured some of the milk into it. He lapped it up so hungrily that, if you could have seen him, it would have made you feel the way I do, gentle reader, about those summer people that left him. I filled the clamshell again and again till he'd had every bit there was in the bottle, and then he cuddled down in my lap and began to purr.

I felt that the moment had arrived for him and Rob Roy to become friends, so I got a firm though gentle grip on Gamboge, around his body, behind the front legs (he scowled least when you hold them that way), and then I called Rob, who had gone off on another fish hunt.

It was an anxious moment when he ap-

proached. However, the kitten seemed braver for the nonishment it had taken. In fact, I doubt if he could have run very far. That was a very good-sized bottle of milk. And as soon as Rob really understood that I didn't want him to hurt the kitten, he behaved himself very well. At the end of about half an hour they would sniff noses without barking or spitting, and I felt that the worst was over. And my hands had got only a few little scratches.

The rest of the way home seemed longer than I had expected, for I was quite tired and a good deal hungry. But, oh, gentle reader, it had been such a happy picnic!

—By Marian Warner Wildman in October St. Nicholas.

Boats of Concrete.

The latest use to which concrete has been successfully applied is in the construction of boats and barges. The Gabelini Company, of Italy, after working for eight years on concrete construction of various kinds, has demonstrated that the material is practical and economical for boats, large and small. The concrete barges have the following dimensions: length, fifty-one feet; beam, sixteen feet. They are built with double bottoms, and are practically unsinkable. The cost of such a boat is thirteen dollars, and after years of use they are said to be in perfect condition. Modern barges (which cost slightly less) after five years of service require repairs to the extent of thirty per cent of their initial cost. This is due to the fact that the concrete hull has a perfectly smooth exterior, thus reducing the friction which hinders and hampers their use in boat maintenance. Although Signor Gabelini says he has thus far made no installations of motive power in his barges, this can readily be done, in which case it would seem that his achievement would mark an epoch in sea-going vessels.

—Swarms of bees are sometimes compelled to take refuge in very remarkable shelters. A peculiar and instructive instance was observed by the writer in the spring of 1908. The swarm flew over a large vineyard which contained few buildings. One of these buildings was constructed of hollow concrete blocks, and the swarm flew directly toward a small hole in one of the blocks and disappeared in the interior. No doubt the swarm had rested on a tree or shrub on the preceding day and had sent out scouts to seek a home. The scouts found the little hole leading into the concrete block, and they reported their discovery to their comrades. This case furnishes indisputable proof that swarming bees really send out scouts, as they are believed to do, for the little hole could not have been discovered in the rapid and lofty flight of the swarm.

One baby in arms, a couple of others tugging at her skirts as she moves about the house, no help, and yet this woman manages to sweep and cook and sew. Is it any wonder that she wears out fast? Is it any wonder that her nerves are racked? Is it any wonder that she is constantly "feminine trouble" in some form. It is upon the woman of many cares, the woman who cannot rest, that the di-verse falls the hardest. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to every weary, working woman, vexed by woman's ill, as a boon and a blessing. It heals the system and inflammation. It dries the drains that sap the strength. It cures female trouble, strengthens the nerves, and makes weak women strong and sick women well. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotics. It cannot injure the most delicate woman.

—The railroads of the United States have ever been famous for the great size and carrying capacity of their rolling stock. Nowhere in the world are such heavy passenger and freight trains hauled as in this country. Not long ago a train 3,000 feet long, containing 85 cars loaded with 4,451 tons of coal, was hauled from Altoona to Enola, Pa. Trial was made to determine what loads could be moved over the middle division, where the maximum grade has recently been cut down to 0.2 per cent. The train was hauled for 124 miles at an average speed of 17 miles per hour by a single freight locomotive.

Anxious to Know.
"Yes," said the doctor, "I can cure you if you will follow my directions rigidly."
"All right—I'll take anything."
"I'm not going to give you anything to take. You must simply quit drinking intoxicating liquors and give up smoking for at least six months."
"And are you going to charge for ordering me to do that?"
"Certainly. My fee is \$10."
"Say Doc, how much would you expect to get in advance for hitting a man on the head with an axe?"

One Wish Unfulfilled.
Wife—"You promised that if I would marry you my every wish would be gratified."
Husband—"Well isn't it?"
Wife—"No; I wish I hadn't married you."
"I admit," said Crittick, "that he's acquiring some notoriety, but not fame as you call it."
"But," said Dumley, "I don't see the difference between notoriety and fame."
"You don't? Then you wouldn't be able to distinguish between the odor of a rose and Limburger cheese."

A Theatrical Paradox.
"There is one contradictory thing actors seem to do."
"What is that?"
"The longer they are at one stand the more they consider it a run."
Not Yet, But Sometime.
Man From the City—"You intend to keep her, I suppose?"
Suburbanite—"Some day, perhaps. At present we are devoting our entire energies to keeping a cook."

"You say you are in love with Miss Baggins?"
"I sure am."
"But I can't see anything attractive about her."
"Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank, all right."
"Have you," inquired the city visitor, "a moss covered book about the place?"
"No, sir," answered the farmer. "All our utensils are sterilized and strictly sanitary."
Do you know where to get the finest canned goods and dried fruits, Sechler & Co.

Digest of Game Laws.
Within the next few weeks the hunting season will open and hunters should look themselves on the revised game laws which are in brief as follows: On October 1st it will be legal to kill bear and there is no limit on the number which may be shot, that depending entirely on brain and the hunter. The rabbit season this year is delayed until November 1st and will last until December 15, thus giving cooler weather for the capture of the cotton tails. The following is an abstract from the state game laws:
Bear, unlimited, October 1 to January 1; black birds, all kinds, unlimited, September 1 to January 1; doves, mourning or turtle, unlimited, September 1 to January 1; deer, male with visible horns, one each season, November 15 to December 1; English, Mongolian or Chinese pheasant, ten in one day, twenty in one week and fifty in one season, October 15 to December 1; grouse (ruffed) commonly called pheasant, five in one day, twenty in one week, fifty in one season, October 15 to December 1; hare or rabbit, ten in one day, November 1 to December 15.
Quail, commonly called Virginia partridge, ten in one day, forty in one week and seventy in one season, October 15 to November 15; waterfowl, wild fowl of all kinds, unlimited, September 1 to April 10; wild turkey, one in a day, two in one season, October 15 to November 15; woodcock, ten in one day, twenty in one week and fifty in one season, October 1 to December 1; grouse, fox, black or grey, six of combined kinds in one day, October 15 to December 1; shore birds, unlimited, September 1 to January 1; snipe Jack or Wilson, unlimited, July 15 to December 1.
Game killed in this commonwealth may be had in possession only during the open season for such game and for thirty days thereafter. The automatic gun cannot be used.
No deer, ruffed grouse, commonly called pheasant, or quail, commonly called Virginia partridge, killed within the commonwealth can be brought or sold at any time. No ruffed grouse, commonly called pheasant, killed outside the commonwealth, excepting during the open season for like birds in the commonwealth and for thirty days thereafter. No wild turkey or woodcock killed either within or within the commonwealth can be bought or sold at any time. All other game can be bought and sold in season.
Non-residents who pay the license can carry out of the state game legally killed in one day.
Unnaturalized foreign born residents cannot shoot or hunt or own a gun in Pennsylvania.
There shall be no fishing or hunting on Sunday.
Do you know we have the old style sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cents and 60 cents per gallon, Sechler & Co.
References.
When you engage a servant, especially in a position of trust, you demand references. You are not content to just read these references and take them for what they say. You require into their genuineness. When you give your health into the care of a man, you demand and require equal care? Anybody can claim to be a doctor. But proof is a different matter. The closest scrutiny of the claims of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is invited. Does it cure dyspepsia, "stomach trouble," weak heart, sluggish liver, worn nerves? Does it strengthen and purify the blood and make new life by making new blood? Hundreds of thousands of people testify that it does. Look up the testimony and decide whether you can afford to be sick with such a remedy within reach.
Do you know that you can get the finest oranges, bananas and grape fruits, and pine apples, Sechler & Co.
Oriental Greetings.
Some of the Oriental modes of salutation are very peculiar. For instance, in central Tibet, the custom is for the saluter to stick out his tongue, hold his right ear, rub his left hip, and bow deeply, all these motions being carried on at once. Certainly the other fellow need have no fear of personal assault from the subject of these curious antics! Less ludicrous, but equally repulsive, is the Chinese custom of rubbing noses on bended knees. The salams or profound bows of India and the Mohammedan countries serve a similar purpose.
—From W. R. Murphy's "Salutations" in October St. Nicholas.
Do you know where to get the finest teas, coffees and spices, Sechler & Co.
A Suspicious Silence.
Howard was only twenty months older than the baby. He had somehow come to realize that Elwood, who was creeping, was more likely to be in mischief when quiet. One day he called to his mother with a great deal of anxiety in his little voice, "Mamma, I hear Elwood keeping still."
Do you know that you can get the finest oranges, bananas and grape fruits, and pine apples, Sechler & Co.
Do you know where to get your garden seeds in packages or by measure Sechler & Co.
Mrs. R. P. Menfort, of Lebanon, Warren Co., Ohio, writes: "I have received the Medical Adviser, and very much pleased I am with it. I think it quite a prize to get such a book for so small a sum. I do not think a crisp five dollar bill could tempt me to part with it. My husband said to me yesterday, 'That book is worth five dollars to you.'" Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth binding to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.
"Look here, Jane, it seems to me that you're asking for money all the time."
"That's a detestable, John, dear. If you'll think a minute, you'll realize that I'm spending it, part of the time."
—Little Edna (reading)—"Say, mamma, what is a lack of artistic taste? Mamma, what is the feeling, my dear, that prompts a half-bred man with red whiskers to wear a black wig."
"Why, Johnny! Your little sister is selling two quarts of peas to your one."
"Well, I told the darn little chump about it, but it didn't do good."
—A cottage, if goodness be there, will hold as much happiness as a palace.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.
DAILY THOUGHT.
Time is infinitely long, and each day is a veritable eternity into which a great deal may be poured—if one will actually fill it up.—Goethe.
Sugar Eating.—There is too much fear of eating sweets. Sugar is fattening, but it has never been proved that the time-honored theories of its being ruinous to the teeth and digestion are anything more than theories. There are certain conditions, such as diabetes and kidney troubles, in which the sugar eating is inadvisable. Ordinarily, unless one is trying to thin down by abstaining from all the joys of life, it is unnecessary to go without sugar on one's cereal, fruit, or in desserts and candies, except from motives of economy.
It has been said that an adult in good health may eat a quarter of a pound of sugar in 24 hours and benefit by it. This may preclude unlimited candy munching, but it more than allows for the average sweetening of foods.
While some of the utterances of the heads of the important houses favor of Delphic vagueness with regard to aesthetic fashions for the winter, there is a decided note which is being sounded in the millinery world of Paris. It is noticeable that covered hats are gaining favor. The covering can be confined to the crown, in ornate silk or velvet. Entire large hats with high crowns are beautifully covered with moire and topped with an immense bow of wide moire ribbon. Just at the juncture of the crown and brim a narrow fold of the silk is placed. This style is most convenient, because any shade of a costume can be well matched for the hat. Unusual, this, for the Parisienne loves her contrast. In the Parisienne's view, the tendency of the bulk of the trimming. Most of the folds of material are drawn from the front and project at the back beyond the line of the hair. Velvet in black and colors figures conspicuously in autumn millinery. Jetted capes are extensively used. Metallic figures in gummat tones are conspicuous. There is a renewed vogue of jewelry which appears in combination with crystal, silver and gold. It is also introduced in beautiful embroidery designs.
In some new models the waist line is again normal. The French woman clings to the high line for the evening, and her demand for this is answered by the upper line of a high girde. Although the polonaise draperies are featured, the long, clinging lines and the variations of the tunic will not be completely surrendered. The fullness of the sleeves appears at the elbow or below, rather than at the top of the arm. Huge stiffened revers and large pockets are conspicuous to the liking for Louis XIII styles.
Skirts of street gowns are generally devoid of trimming, a la Americaine. Designers are relying upon clever introductions of plating to give decorative effects. On the bodices much braiding is used in ruffled and fancy designs.
The emphasis in street costumes is laid on the line rather than the trimming. This deserves careful study, but when mastered it can be incorporated in many new gowns. A raised line is the mark of innovation. It appears in the upward tendency of tunics, in the line of trimming on the bodices and in the underarm seam that curves upward from the hip to the bust.
The waistcoat will play an important role in autumn wear, if the low-cut coats buttoning below the waist line retain their popularity. This length of line in the revers is very graceful and helps to lessen any influence which is cropping out in pleated skirts.
In the long coats there is an effort to throw one side across the front and fasten with a few buttons low on the other side. If the waistcoat be not worn the space at the neck between the revers can be filled with a dainty jabot. These are appearing in delicate fluff styles of lace and linen, and for the woman who prefers a stiffer effect the plain pleated ruffe is here.
The Jersey dress has been met with, but it has not been carefully introduced. Its credentials have not come with it and it is misunderstood. It is hardly to be regarded as a coming fashion—it is here. Whether or not it will be found a favorite and encouraged for any length of time, its place is within the present fashion period, and its time is now. It is not put forth as a dressy garment, but as a fairly low-priced and convenient one for the lover of the outdoors, or fitted princess, and for the buyer of things new. Its happiest expression is a headed, glittering surface and a well-tied sash.
Every one has heard of what the cucumber will do for the beauty of the skin, but comparatively few know how it is used. There is a sort of natural arsenic in cucumber that makes it valuable as a skin whitener.
The easiest way—in the season—to use cucumber is to cut it in slices and rub well into the skin. Let it stay on as long as you want, or overnight if possible. Rinse in lukewarm water.
To extract the juice, cut the cucumber in fine pieces, skin and pounce to paste and bring to boiling point over a hot fire. Cool quickly on the ice and put in bottle with patent stoppers.
This juice will keep quite a long time without spoiling if kept tightly corked. Dilute it with twice the quantity of water when used night and morning. A tablespoonful of the juice to two of water is a good proportion.
In a funny paper not long ago a mosquito being asked the cause of his sore bill, replied, "Oh, these face lotions the girls are using now are so fierce it is all blistered."
If you want a lotion that is sure not to be "fierce" you should do as did your grandmother, especially if she happened to be a pretty Southern belle, and make your own lotions, face washes and creams from some of nature's vegetable cures.
The tomato, for instance, is a famous bleach for a sunburned or yellowed skin that has gotten a dark line around the throat. Cut into thin slices and rub well on the neck or face. Let it remain five or ten minutes, then rinse off with hot water, which has been made creamy with a few drops of benzoin or a half tablespoonful of powdered borax to a quart of water.
When using a cleaning fluid rub it gently on the fabric with a clean cloth. It is not necessary to rub the material roughly in the hands.
The fancy for drapery around skirts is growing every day.
The pale gray tints are worn with various shades of green.
—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FARM NOTES.
—A packer declares that the cost of picking a barrel of apples on the very large, high trees is 20 cents per barrel, while on low-headed trees the cost does not exceed 7 cents.
—Judge Fred Wellhouse, of Topoka, Kan., holds the title of "Apple King of America." He owns over 1600 acres devoted to apple trees, and has made apple growing a life study.
—The latest estimate is that the Cape Cod cranberry crop will amount to 300,000 barrels this year. Successful bogs in the Cape Cod vicinity are valued at \$1000 per acre, although many from land which in its natural condition was nearly worthless. It is common swamp land, covered with growth as wood and bushes.
—The great secret of the enormous yields made by the French farmers lies in the high state of perfection to which they have brought their top soils. The top soil can be enriched and built up until its possibilities of production are many times what they may be at the time improvement is begun. The capacity of the soil is limited only by the ability of man to enrich and cultivate it.
—To produce the greatest return in next spring's crop of asparagus shoots, remove the seed berries while they are yet green. This will take time. The foliage must not be seriously interfered with. The usual way, however, is to cut the stalks near the ground after they have ripened, remove them from the ground, manure and compost manure, and dig into the earth lightly in the spring.
—The best protection for roses and other hardy deciduous shrubs is, perhaps, the cheapest. They require, for the best effect, that they be protected in such a manner that they will be well ventilated. Merely put a framework of light sticks driven into the ground around the shrubs, and cover them from the ground, manure and compost manure, and dig into the earth lightly in the spring.
—The best plan for ridding the fields and pastures of noxious weeds is to cut all of them out this month, before they go to seed. If no seeds are allowed to form, the crop will at least be reduced next year. Many of the weed pests are biennials, blossoming and seeding the second year; hence by keeping them from going to seed the second year they will die and that will be the last of them. The Canada thistle belongs to this class.
—Castle manure contains considerably more water than that from any of our domestic animals. It ferments and heats slowly, and is ranked as a cold manure. A cow will produce 40 to 50 pounds of dung or solid manure per day, and 20 to 30 pounds of urine of liquid excrement. A cow fed a balanced ration will void about one-half of the nitrogen in the urine, about one-fourth in the milk, and the balance in the solid excrements.
—The trees and shrubs will lose their leaves as soon as the killing frost comes, and should at once receive attention. One of the most particular things needed is to go over them and destroy the eggs of insects which may be attached to them. Look for them in the crevices of the bark and high up in the limbs. Every one destroyed this autumn will save many thousands next season. Do not pack the mulching above the trees until the ground is frozen hard.
—A Maine dairyman has found the keeping of hogs and converting them into sausage a profitable side line. He has erected a sanitary slaughter house, with all the up-to-date conveniences, and with an ample supply of both hot and cold water. The piggery is also constructed on plans which insure the highest degree of sanitation and the pigs are kept clean and healthy. The sausage are packed over in oiled paper in one-pound boxes and in bags and find a ready sale to city customers at very attractive prices.
—The hairy plants such as the phlox, hollyhock, peony, etc., will die down to the ground as soon as the heavy frosts come. They should be cut off, and the tops, and all rubbish, burned. Loosen the soil about the roots, and merely lay a slight covering over them at this time. When the ground is frozen hard is the time to put manure or litter over them, which should stay on until the frost draws out of the ground in the spring. This course of treatment will prevent them from freezing out of the ground in the spring.
—Some fruit growers believe that the most appropriate time to plant an apple orchard is in the fall from about the 1st of October till the middle of November, when the ground is loose and moist enough to work well, but not wet and sticky. At that time the growing season is over and the trees will hardly be injured at all by the change from nursery to orchard. The roots that have been cut in digging and preparing for setting will callon over, and the ground will settle fairly about the roots, and in the spring the trees are ready to awaken into new life without a check to growth.
—The only protection that is needed by the hardy hedges, such as the arbor vitae, privet and althaea is that which will keep off the snow, when in such a location that the drifts will form upon them. In case of a mild day turn it to ice. This is fatal, and is most likely to occur late in the winter or early in the spring when the weather is variable. There is no better protection for such hedges than hemlock boughs, when they can be had, but when they cannot a good substitute is six-inch boards, Y-shaped, over the hedge, nailing them together at the top. Set these six feet apart, and along each side nail one by two-inch strips a foot apart, and tuck on to this heavy building paper. It will save the hedge from winter killing.
—Hale, the well-known peach expert, says the white-fleshed peach is coming to be in great demand wherever quality is sought for, and as it is more hardy than the yellow-fleshed, it is better for the grower in a cold climate. He further says the Greenboro is the earliest good peach; Waddell requires rich feeding and severe thinning; Champion, the most delicious, requires a heavy crop and requires severe thinning; Belle of Georgia, good quality, handsome; Elberta, handsome, of inferior quality; but the best seller and a sure money-maker; Crosby, yellow-fleshed, but hardy, can get good-sized fruit by high feeding and excessive thinning, has extra small, fine-flavored fruit; Hills Chili, late, but a fine keeper, needs excessive feeding and good thinning.
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