

# Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., October 8, 1909.

## THE HILLS OF REST.

Beyond the last horizon's rim,  
Beyond adventure's farthest quest,  
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,  
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their small slopes uplift  
The castles we have built in Spain—  
While fair amid the summer drift  
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live, go by  
To soothing notes, on scented wing;  
In golden-lettered volumes lie  
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there; the days of dream  
That build the inner lives of men;  
The silent, sacred years we deem  
The might be, and the might have been.

Some evening when the sky is gold  
I'll follow day into the West;  
Nor pause, nor heed, till I behold  
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

—Albert Bigelow Paine, in Harper's—

## The Evolution of a Tenderfoot.

[Written especially for the WATCHMAN.]

The evolution of a tenderfoot is an interesting process if you have enough philosophy in your make-up to study the matter in all its details.

For instance, you walk out on a warm, sunny day and come suddenly upon man's hereditary enemy, a snake. Your first impulse is to look about for a stone, which is an invisible quantity in the rich, deep soil of Meadow Ranch; then in desperation, you look for a fence rail when your companion quietly remarks, "We don't kill these little things, they are harmless and they eat mice and rats which do a great deal of damage." It is a fact that there are no poisonous snakes in this immediate locality. It may be on account of the high altitude for they are numerous in the lower valleys. The poisonous reptiles here are the scorpion, centipede and rattlesnake lizard; and they are not often seen. Hence it is a favorite location for camping parties in the summer.

Though carriages and buggies are frequently used, the ordinary method of travel is on horseback; and it is the only possible way on many of the trails. So we will take a horseback ride this morning to visit a settler's cabin. Some of the members of the party are walking and of course you enjoy the novelty of your position until you come to a creek which must be forded. At this point curiosity gets the better of you and you ask how deep the water is and are told that it comes up only to the horses' sides and if you hold up your feet you will not get them wet. You are also assured that the horse knows the way and will take you across in safety; while the other takes the foot log a few rods down stream. You ask a small boy who happens to be of the party if he would not like to ride and of course he would, so you change places with him and cross the foot log with the others. There are times when a small boy becomes a very useful member of society.

As you ascend the sloping hill on the other side you begin to realize the beauty of it all. The majestic fir and pine trees waving their green plumes aloft; while beneath their gorgeous flowers brighten and beautify every shady nook; and make the air heavy with their perfume.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,"  
And under them and all about them lies many a mighty monarch of the forest, which having braved the storms of centuries ago, in silence, the law of nature and returns again to mother earth.

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,  
May some day fill a hole to keep the wind away."

After traveling in this way for about a mile we come to a clearing or "slashing" as they call it here. In the middle of this is a neatly built log house surrounded with flowers which show the results of careful attention. The owner proudly informs us that he calls this place the "Cedars" having cedar trees growing about it for shade trees. You are moved to inquire if he can spare the time to cultivate those flowers. He answers "yes, I could not live here alone without flowers." This is one type of settler who is carving a home out of the hills of Oregon.

Imagine yourself, on leaving the school-room in the evening, in less than an hour after dismissing your pupils, being met by one of your boys with a gun on his shoulder, asking you if you saw the wildcat he had been chasing. Having heard several shots fired and a noise in the woods as of dogs running, you are prepared to listen to the story he tells of his adventure as he walks toward home with you to show you where some of the balls with which he missed the cat hit a log. Then as you are near home and out of danger he continues his search for the "varmint." That is the last you hear of that creature. It has gone its way to prey on squirrels and rabbits. You occasionally hear of a cougar, but there is so much game for them to kill that they avoid coming in contact with man. It is estimated by some hunters that a cougar will destroy two hundred deer in one year.

Again, fancy yourself on returning from school on Friday evening, being told that you are included in a party to go over the Canyon mountains to Stouts Creek on the following day. In order to give some idea of the trail we shall state that Meadows Ranch is about two thousand feet above sea level. We leave here in high spirits, mounted on sure-footed horses that are used to these mountain trails.

The leader of the party, a woman who until a few years ago lived in Chicago, accustomed to all the conveniences of city life, sits on her horse as naturally as if she had always lived on horseback. She carries a gun, for to quote her own words, "It is convenient to have a gun along if we should see anything. My husband heard wolves the last time he was over this trail." As you proceed you find yourself studying this woman, and, intelligent read, well informed on the questions of the day, she seems perfectly happy in the health giving air of these mountains. This is only one of many instances of well-educated people living in these solitudes and finding health as they get in closer touch with nature.

During the ascent you are shown all the points of interest as well as warned of all the traps and sink holes in the way. When you have reached an altitude of twenty-three hundred feet you are in the saddle of the mountain and then begins the descent on the other side. This is decidedly interesting. That is you become deeply interested in the condition of the trail, though the others who have traveled it many times pay but little attention to it. When you come to a narrow place as the trail leads close to some overhanging rock or around some great tree, you have a feeling akin to that of Mr. Winkle on skates and you conjure up a picture of Mr. Pickwick up to his neck in ice-water as you mentally say to your pony "Take care of yourself, Belle, for my sake!" Thus you go down into dark glens where the waters tinkle musically as they dance over the rocks, up again over steep banks until at last the objective point is reached, seventeen hundred feet above the sea. Here are two settlers' cabins with a clearing around each of them.

"What is that?" you ask as a large head with a pair of short, spreading horns, looks at you over a high fence. "That is our Jerry, he has been here a few weeks." And "Jerry" having attracted notice immediately proceeds to express his sentiment by scoping the dust and tossing it up in the air. You look about for a place of safety in case the belligerent "Jerry" should become more aggressive. There are large high stumps in sight, but to be entrenched on a stump with an over-grown horse for a body guard is not a pleasant prospect. Your fears are groundless however for a few sharp decisive words of command from one of the party cause the boisterous creature to retreat as ingloriously as boasters commonly do.

It is not long until dinner is announced, and, oh, how you eat! As the afternoon advances there is saddling and mounting and climbing until you are again in the saddle of the mountain, and you are silent while you drink in the glory of it all. The sun kissing the treetops good night, a bird singing its evening song to its mate in the distance, all framed in majestic stillness.

From here the descent is soon made and the beautiful, green fields of Meadow Ranch spread out before us and once more we are at Anchor.

M. V. THOMAS.

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

### A Wild Animal Farm.

M. F. Kendrick, of Denver, Colorado, has a farm equipped for the rearing and sale of wild beasts. The enterprise bears the title of the Kendrick Pheasantries and Wild Game Association. It grew out of the need for a supply of game for the Denver, which Mr. Kendrick maintained entirely at his own expense, because of his love for wild game. Many thousands of dollars yearly went to the development of Mr. Kendrick's hobby. What was a fancy has become a substantial business institution.

For the first few years only animals native to North America will be reared, but eventually lions, tigers, and even elephants will be bred. The farm is now stocked with deer, elk, antelope, bears, mountain goat, etc., and sixteen acres of ground are utilized in the venture.

Mr. Kendrick says that it does not cost any more to produce a pound of buffalo or elk than it does of cattle or sheep. Buffalo meat sells at from fifty cents to one dollar a pound, elk meat bringing nearly as much.

The association will not look a market at these prices if zoological parks and game preserves do not take the entire output.

The United States Government is taking great interest in Mr. Kendrick's farm. It will co-operate with him by telling him how to cure or prevent any disease with which he is not familiar.

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

### Woman as a Slave.

In the far past woman was a slave. She had no rights and few privileges. Today she advances along a shining path of liberty. Yes, she cannot altogether emancipate herself from some of the old slave superstitions. Even today many a woman believes that a period of monthly misery is a necessity, that she must suffer agony in attaining the dignity of motherhood. But it is not so. Half a million women and more have been emancipated from this idea by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It does away with monthly suffering. It makes motherhood practically painless. Its mission is to make weak women strong and sick women well, and to fulfill that mission.

Do you know where to get the finest canned goods and dried fruits, Seehler & Co.

To remove grass stains from children's clothes, rub the spots thoroughly with a little fresh lard a short time before washing. Then wash as usual and the spots should come out.

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

A woman has cured her husband of a bad attack of "affinitis" by feeding him on rad onions.

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## A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE

All Those Who Helped Samuel Salter to Cheat the Law and Escape Punishment For Stuffing Ballot Boxes Greatly Favored.

At the time that Samuel Salter was tried for the stuffing of ballot boxes in Philadelphia, John Weaver was the district attorney and Judge Von Moschzisker one of his assistants. Soon afterward Weaver was promoted to the office of mayor of the city and was slated for governor, which distinction he would probably have reached if he hadn't broken with the machine in the matter of the selling of the gas works.

Two of his assistants have since been promoted to the office of judge of the courts and Mr. Moschzisker is the nominee of the machine for justice of the supreme court. He probably earned the promotion in advance of his colleague by his preposterous decision affirming the validity of the law increasing the salary of judges in commission. Judge Barratt would hardly have done that absurd thing.

These incidents justify the belief that in the opinion of the machine the saving of Samuel Salter from just punishment for one of the gravest crimes in the catalogue was a valuable public service to be rewarded generously by the people. After the break between John Weaver and the machine it was openly charged and has not been denied that the district attorney's office was aware that the jury had been fixed to acquit him.

What part Von Moschzisker played in the fixing of the jury is not known. It would not have been revealed, but the case could not have been manipulated as it was without his knowledge and acquiescence unless he is a born stupid.

## QUAY STATUE JUST JUNK

Lies In Storage Warehouse Subject to Sale For Fees Ere Long.

Surrounded by boxes, bales, packages and bundles, the Quay statue reposes in a storage warehouse in Harrisburg—just plain junk.

Two weeks ago, in pursuance of orders from David H. Lane, one of the members of the Quay statue commission, Sculptor Bitter shipped the marble to Harrisburg, directed to Governor Stuart as president of the board of public grounds and buildings, but the latter body would not show it and placed the burden of selecting a site and installing the statue on the commission. Mr. Lane then issued orders to Mr. Bitter to plant the statue on a site selected for "Cousin Matt's" statue by "Cousin Sam" Pennypacker, but Mr. Bitter has failed to move.

The Pennsylvania railroad freight officials needed the room in the freight shed occupied by the statue, and having no information when it would be called for, directed that it be taken to the Harrisburg Storage company's warehouse. There is no word from anybody whose place it is to look after it, unless the statue is called for. It will be sold for storage expenses at the expiration of the legal time limit.

Matrimoine the Quay statue is junk in a storage warehouse.

That Powerless Tariff Commission. Although Taft's new tariff commission will have luxurious quarters in Washington, with a retinue of experts and clerks, with fat salaries and plenty of money for traveling abroad and at home, theirs is not going to be a bed of roses. That enfant terrible of protection, Wilbur F. Wakeman, ex-general appraiser of customs, has already opened war on the commission. In behalf of the American Protective Tariff League he proclaims its distrust and his own of the three commissioners whom President Taft has chosen to collect tariff data for use at some more or less remote period in the dim future.—Philadelphia Record.

Death of Governor Johnson. In the death of Governor Johnson, Minnesota, the nation loses more than a favorite son—he was a civic hero. His type of manhood, his standard of citizenship, his pluck, and his character combined to make of him not only one of the foremost figures in the public eye, but they have combined in making of his life that kind which lives for good in the hearts of the people, the kind which makes a monument of example rather than that of eulogy chiseled upon gravestones.

And as was his public career, clean and courageous, so was his private life, noble and kind and Christian.—Williamsport Sun.

Weight Wins In Both Instances. In saying that the rich litigant has the best of it at law, the president might add that the rich lobby had the best of it in making the tariff law for which he apologized when he signed it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One Matter Elucidated. President Taft's praise of Senator Aldrich shows how little a man who is drawing a salary of \$75,000 a year knows of the tribulations of the ultimate consumer.—Dallas News.

Read the legislative records of A. E. Sisson and J. A. Stober which will be found in another column of this paper. These records are taken from the Journal of the Senate, the official chronicle of that body and are official and accurate. It will be seen that they voted for every iniquitous measure considered by the Senate during the sessions of 1901 and 11903.

The political conditions of this year are precisely like those of 1905 when William H. Berry was elected state treasurer by nearly 100,000 majority. The same result can be brought about this year if the Democrats of Pennsylvania are equally vigilant and energetic.

## THE SEVENTH AMENDMENT

Machine Plan to Deprive the People of the Right to Vote For Election Officers a "Staggering Innovation."

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Among the proposed amendments to the state constitution which will be submitted to the voters at the ratification on Nov. 2 is one (Number Seven) amending Article 8, Section 14, providing for the choice of district election boards by the citizens of the districts, as to empower the general assembly, at its option, to change the method of choice by making the boards appointive instead of elective in the cities of the state. The only limit set upon the power of the general assembly in enacting such a change in the law is the requirement that the laws shall be uniform for cities of the same class. This is a most staggering innovation.

It will not be denied that the voters in the cities of this state have been culpably remiss in the selection of duly qualified and honest men to receive and count the ballots. But the right to vote might as well be taken away as the right to secure the proper casting and counting of the vote. Furthermore, under the permissive provision of the proposed amendment, the general awakening of the part of the citizens to long-neglected duties and responsibilities, and such a revival of the public spirit as to result in a marked improvement in the character of election boards chosen under the present system.

Amendment Number Seven should be overwhelmingly defeated. It is a sheer, bald proposition to hereafter put in the power of the general assembly to provide in any manner for debauching all future municipal elections in the cities of the state. It will never work out as the reformers who originally intended it. They should have looked to the future as well as to the present. We may not always have an honest governor to delegat the appointment power to his committee. We are not likely even now to have a legislature that could be trusted to keep faith with the members of the Seventy in framing new laws under the permissive provision of the proposed amendment. The power of selecting election officers should never be taken from the people.

The proposal of Amendment Number Seven should receive popular assent once its aim is exposed. The alacrity with which two machine majorities in congress and legislature put themselves behind the proposition is a sufficient indication that it does no good to the people. Every voter who reads the proposal should understand the aim of the proposed amendment. The power of selecting election officers should never be taken from the people.

## COLONEL POTTER ON QUAY

Veteran Reformer Pays His Respects to Memory of Arch Corruptionist.

At a meeting of the veteran reformers of Philadelphia the other evening one of the hopes of the Republican machine was badly shattered. Four years ago the Lincoln Party men in this city declared, until within a few days before election, that they had no intention of interfering with political conditions outside of the city. This year the William Penn Party has assumed very much the same attitude and the machine Republicans had begun to express the hope that the old Lincoln Party men would not only not support the Democratic state candidates, but that they are indifferent to the success of Mr. J. Clarence Gibbons, the Democratic and Penn Party nominee for District Attorney.

To refute all rumors on that point and for the purpose of setting themselves in a proper light before the public these veteran reformers held a meeting the other night at which Colonel Sheldon Potter and other speakers, and Mr. Blankenburg, who was prevented by sickness from attending, wrote a letter which was read. During his speech Colonel Potter said of the Quay statue:

In a few days there will be placed in a niche in the place where Pennsylvania's heroic sons should be honored the statue of a man who was the prince of corruptionists, and whose only fame was his power to enslave men to do as he dictated. This proclaims that the state of a man who was the prince of corruptionists, and whose only fame was his power to enslave men to do as he dictated. This proclaims that the state of a man who was the prince of corruptionists, and whose only fame was his power to enslave men to do as he dictated.

We can see no great reason why any of the proposed constitutional amendments should be adopted, but we can see very many grave reasons why the seventh proposed amendment should be defeated. In the first place, it would take from the citizen the most important of his electoral rights. We are all more interested in the election of a president than in that of a judge of election, but as a matter of fact the local office is the more important to the average citizen. Besides, upon the character of the election boards depends the integrity of the ballot. If the citizen abdicates his right to a voice in the selection of the election boards he consents to any form of ballot frauds and electoral immorality which the majority party may choose to impose. For these and dozens of other reasons vote against the proposed constitutional amendment marked No. 7.

No self-respecting man could hold his head up among his associates if for any reason he was disfranchised by processes of the law. Yet a man who disfranchises himself by failure to register, pay his taxes and conform to the requirements of the ballot laws in other respects is disfranchised by the processes of law. There is time yet for the delinquents to get in, but to ask certain they would better get busy at once.

A young man who voted on age last year must pay a state or county tax in order to vote this year. This tax must be paid on or before the 23rd of October, moreover.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

### DAILY THOUGHT.

What then—your little candle-flame blown out  
And all the world in darkness for a minute?  
Why, even so? The stars still shine, no doubt,  
Enough to strike a match by—and God's in it!

The chroniclers of fashion, well nigh out of breath trying to keep up with the disconcerting style changes of the past twelve months, have at last found something to which they can pin their faith as a mode that will be likely to remain for some time in feminine favor. This is the vogue of the long coat—or "topcoat"—of wool material, which, making a first tentative appearance last fall in Paris, has at last settled down in America for a winter's stay at least.

Of course the English woman and the Scotch woman know all about topcoats. They have worn them, bless you, for generations when tramping over their moors and traveling in their billly railroad carriages. But these English topcoats are really utilitarian in fact and they are vastly different from the trig, natty, altogether delightful garment to which Paris introduced us last season. The French topcoats were originally seen at the races where these big, smart coats were slipped on over their frocks for the motor drive home after sunset.

Neither is the topcoat a motor coat. Its general fit, its sleeve, its general air of "on parade," distinguish it from the roomy, informal motor coat built for warmth and practicality, and usually much too heavy for the pedestrian. The topcoat, on the contrary, is a delightful walking coat. It is built of light weight, rather loosely woven wool material and when skillfully cut swings well away from the feet with the dress skirt at every step; and this while preserving slender, graceful lines at bust, back and hip.

The clever tailor produces this graceful shape by a multitude of gores, the long coat requiring more gores than a shorter one of the same fabric. These extra gores are usually placed at the back, the front of the coat falling straight and flat from breast to hem and giving what the expert tailor terms the "tapering line," evident to the lay mind in an entire absence of clamorousness and a slender figure effect.

The topcoat, of course, owes its reason for being to the one-piece frock, which is such an important item of dress just now. This winter we shall see hundreds of these one-piece costumes made up in light wool, silk and wool and permo-hair (the new wool and mohair) materials; and in all the soft colors; for women have adopted with enthusiasm a style which gives them as varied and as pretty costumes for winter as for summer time. But with these various frocks, of course, the three-quarter coat of the winter suit was not to be considered. A bery red silk cashmere frock with a smoke gray broadcloth coat, or an amethyst cheviot coat over a navy blue frock! One general utility coat was the crying need and Paris resourcefully came to the rescue with the smart topcoat designed for street wear over the little wool frock of lighter fabric.

Some of the French topcoats are fairly bewildering in their cleverness of cut, the French tailors seeming to vie with each other in whimsies and eccentricities of shaping, in strappings, pockets and belts placed entirely out of conventional position, but astonishingly smart for all that. A Solovio topcoat of rough golden brown homespun, flecked with white, has the back breadth formed of four sections, each lapping over the next higher, two of the sections extending around the figure in belt fashion—one at the hip and the other just beneath the bust.

More dressy is a Bernard model of hunter's green cheviot, which swings out well toward the foot and is bordered all around with dark skunk fur. At the hip are slanting pockets, tremendous in size but giving a remarkable dash and character to the coat. Topcoats of plain colored cloth will be exceedingly smart for afternoon wear, and for these rather dressy coats tailors are selecting wide diagonal serges, broadcloths, soft, loosely woven chevits and camelhair; the mixed fabrics like two-tone homespun, tweeds and coverts being used for utility or rough weather wear.

A particularly smart topcoat was seen in a fashionable restaurant at luncheon hour the other day. This coat showed the graceful, slender lines of faultless tailoring and was made of mustard cheviot. There was no trimming except one jet black button where the coat fastened below the waistline, the long revers being faced with bengaline matching the coat material. When thrown over a chair the coat lining of deep cream satin was revealed.

The topcoat era includes not only morning and afternoon coats, but also very elaborate models for theater and evening wear. These are called houseline coats, and many of them have the very long opening, with revers extending to the waist and the fastening arranged with a big button, cord ornament or metal clasp. Of course, it requires great skill on the tailor's part to make a coat so loosely fastened maintain its correct position on the figure and fall with straight, evenly-meeting edges in front. The green cheviot Bernard topcoat, spoken of earlier, has this low front fastening, the border of rich fur crossing the waist in a slanting line on the overlapping edge.

Topcoats are being built for evening use over opera and ball gowns, but these coats partake of the nature of wraps and pelisses. A saffron pink evening topcoat of satin cloth fits the figure trimly at the back, but the fronts fall in quite flowing lines, instead of tapering to the figure below the waist, as is necessary for the trig street coats. Three shaped pieces of the cloth lapping over each other give an effect to flounces at the bottom of the coat, which is intended to set off gracefully over trailing dresses of silk and lace. A braided pattern outlines the seams, and the fastening, where one front overlaps the other at the waist, is made with a gilt ornament studded with coral.

Southern Hash.—Any left-over chicken or tomatoes will do for this:

Cut the chicken into small pieces. You should have about two cups. Cut the tomatoes into small pieces—two cups are sufficient—and stew them gently in one cup of water for twenty minutes. An onion stewed with them is an improvement. Put the chicken, tomatoes and one cup of boiling rice in a kettle and heat to boiling point. Serve hot. Garnish the platter with parsley.

Yellow spots on clothing are often due to acid. Try immersing them in a weak solution of ammonia and water.

A good way to bleach linen or lace is to put it in a towel of soap water and set it out in the strong sunlight. If it will be exposed thus to dust and dirt, place a piece of glass over it.

## FARM NOTES.

—Market the surplus stock.

—The opposing season ends.

—October neglects may cause November disasters.

—This is a good month to paint the outside of the buildings.

—Fast, heavy hens that spend too much time in the corn crib, eating with the hogs, are in danger of dying suddenly with apoplexy.

—Clean the coops thoroughly before you put them away. Get them under cover, if you can. They will last so much longer.

—Two parts lard and one part turpentine, will often cure "bumbershoot" if the afflicted bird is discovered in time and the remedy given promptly.

—The April-hatched pullets should now be laying. It is a mistake to overcrowd them—not more than twenty-five should be allowed in a flock.

—Ducks intended for breeding should be separated from those intended for market. It will be an advantage if they can have plenty of range and swimming water.

—We cut hay into about one-inch lengths, and pour enough hot water on it nearly to cover. Allow it to stand overnight, and feed in the morning. Feed about three times a week during winter.

—Cut out and burn all dead and diseased branches of fruit trees and bushes as soon as they are detected. Often the removal of a diseased branch will save the whole tree and save others from becoming infected.

—Now is the time to fix up the hen-houses. If you don't want to buy tarred paper, take some of the rolls of wall-paper lying around the house and paste over the cracks. It will make the place very much warmer.—From October Farm Journal.

—No crop has been more generally neglected than oats. Growers have appeared to think any oats would do for seed, and the result has been the oats crop of the country is weakly. Seed selection and breeding must be made use of in all crops.

—It is a mark of poor farm management to allow any animals to become infested with lice. Hogs cannot thrive when their vitality is sapped away by these insects. There are several good dips on the market, and kerosene and grease, mixed warm, is a good common remedy.

—At six months of age a well-bred colt will sell from \$60 up. It has cost very little to bring the colt to that age. It would take an average dairy cow two years to be worth this price, and almost the same length of time to build a fine beef steer where he will bring this amount. Money spent for feed counts. It pays to raise draft colts.

—The dairy bull should not be fed on an exclusive diet of corn and be made beef fat. He needs to be kept in fairly good flesh and allowed daily exercise for maintenance of health and animal vigor. If accepted principles of feed selection are relied upon, a dairy animal that is kept too fat will transmit the fat tendency to its offspring, and fatness is not a desired quality in dairy cattle.

—The big tomato worm, which eats the leaves from the tomato vines, is very difficult to see because it so resembles the tomato foliage in color. After they get through eating and mature they drop to the ground and burrow in it to pass the winter in the chrysalis stage. In the spring, when the garden is plowed or spaded, these chrysalids may be found, and can be recognized by their brown color and "jug handle" proboscis.

—The question of feeding fava beans into eggs was practically settled some years ago by Professor F. E. Emery, of the North Carolina Experiment Station, who tried feeding onions to hens, with the result that the eggs of all those which ate the onions showed a more or less distinct flavor. Therefore it appears that to get fine flavored eggs it is necessary to restrict runs enough so no considerable amount of the food can be of such a character as to yield ill-flavored eggs.

—Sheep manure is usually richer and drier than that from any other domestic animal, except poultry. It ferments easily and is classed as a quick-acting manure, but keeps well when allowed to accumulate in the pens, where it is tramped hard by the animals. When placed in piles or composts it is benefited by mixing with cow manure. It is especially valuable for use on flowers or vegetables, when a quick acting manure is desired. A sheep produces about four pounds of manure per day.

—There are several different methods for storing and keeping sweet potatoes, which have proved successful. Potatoes, when first dug, have a large amount of moisture in them which must evaporate. When the weather is good they should be left out in the field until this evaporation is complete; otherwise the moisture and the intense heat generated by their drying in a hill will cause rot. When this is not possible they should be piled loosely in a dry house for a week or two. They may then be stored in the lot of a building or in a room, where the temperature will be such that they do not freeze.

—When pears can be readily and smoothly parted from the branch by bending gently to one side, they are ready to be gathered. Handle them carefully, and do not break the stems. Sweet pears, and those that become mealy, should be gathered as soon as the skin changes from a dark to a light green. If the fruit is to be ripened quickly and for market, place them upon the floor of a dry, cool room in medium sized piles. In a few days assert them, and place all good-sized, well shaped ones in boxes. The fruit should be handled by hand, and not poured into the baskets or boxes. Give good measure and mark each box with the kind of fruit it contains. Send to market before they are fully ripe. Unless cold storage facilities can be had, it is doubtful if much will be gained by holding back the crop. Pears kept in a cool cellar will ripen more slowly than in a warm upper room. It is also true that Bartlett allowed to hang on the tree until late will be larger, though inferior in quality. But the plan is unsatisfactory because so much fruit will be injured by dropping and because the quality is so much poorer. Fruit intended for exhibition should be gathered with great care, wrapped in soft flexible paper and stored in a cool, dry cellar.

—Do you know we have the old style sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cents and 60 cents per gallon, Seehler & Co.

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