## THE EAGLE.

Adrift, adrift in the blue of the sky. On dauntless wings of white and gray; Adrift, adrift as the hours go by, The languid hours of the summer day : Adrift I see him, the hoary king Of craggy castle and mountain peak, This bird of the height, of the vision bright.
This monarch of birds, this ruler and sheik

Ah, he calls and he calls with a hoarse deer

cry. Above in the dome of the boundless day And he faints on my sight, as into the light He speeds like an arrow shaft away. And the sea beholds with its surge and roar The fisher bird with its talons brown; And it lifts its arms, its lace-draped arms, To welcome the airy wanderer down.

The crag is steep in the distance far, But it holds a nest of rush and reed; And the pine, where it leans o'er the sea

gray bar, A hermit lone and old, indeed, Hear's oft the flutter of strong swift wings That come from the mist and the dashir

spray;
And it knows, and it knows, this was old pine That love has brought them all the way. -Rev. Leslie Clare Manchester North Orange, Mass.

## THE FAILURES.

· It was not the sort of day that you would expect a man to commit suicide upon. Neither was it the sort of place that you would expect him to pick out for the act.

The spring had come late "up State;" and though a May sunlight lay in the open hollows of the woods in scented pools of heat, overhead among the treetops there was a boisterous March wind that came plunging through the branches with the sound of a surf. In these warm hollows the wood anemones were still maydaying—clustered together like pic-nicking children in holiday white, delighting the sun and in the breeze that set them dancing. Out in the fields the first strawberry blossoms were weddingstrawberry blossoms were wedding-wreaths in the grass; and the springbeauties had already wandered off into shaded by paths, where they seemed to wait a sentimental rendezvous in coquettish pink and white

Matt Divins noted them all as he went by-observing the progress of the season by them-in much the same way that a city man notes the hour on the street clocks. His cotton shirt, his crossed sus-penders and his trousers, soil-stained and shapeless, were of one yellowish drab color, as if they had been worn and wash-ed and sun-faded down to the essence and common nature of all cloth; and he walked like a self-moving frame of bones—a frame of bones held together by sinews and covered with a weather-tight integument of leathery skin.

He was a "buckwheater" in that part of the lower Catskills—only a hundred miles from New York City—where the farmers still plow with oxen and thrash with flails. He was going fishing—with an alder pole and a rusty can of earth-

His companion evidently did not intend to fish. As became a man of position in life, he wore black broadcloth and clean linen; and he walked, head forward, his shoulders high, every now and then shooting a keen glance sideways among the trees as if to surprise some one watching him. He was gray in the face and hardset of feature. He bore down on his walking stick, stiff-armed, with dignity. "That house of yours," he was saying, "with a gate and no fence—and a door with no steps—is a disgrace. Why don't you build yourself a home fit to live in?" Matt did not look up from under the brim of his greasy felt hat. "My house 's my own, I guess," he said mildly. "Any one that doesn't like it needn't look at it." The other had eyes of a cold blue, pinched in wrinkles. The wrinkles tightened on them now—as his hand tightened on his walking stick—in an impatient repression of his contempt. "That's not the question.

"Besides, I don't need a fence there. The fields are fenced, an' the dog's always 'round the front door. He keeps out the cattle. I never got round to makin' steps. We don't need 'em anyway."

"You 'get round' to going fishing." They were following an old "wood road" that led through a second-growth full of fairy vistas, where the sunlight was caught in a net of low-hung branches

ised the missus I'd get some perch fer supper," he explained, "if they'll bite. The water's cold yet fer perch." "Here!" the other cried. "I didn't come

all the way up here to go fishing!" He had thrust his stick into the soft loam and stood anchored. "My time's valuable, if yours isn't. I have something to say to you, and I want you to hear it.

Matt had turned slowly. "Well?" He took off his hat and ran his hand up through his hair. (It was a thatch of black hair like the hide of an old New-

They looked at each other for an appreciable moment of suspense. There was something vaguely patient and even pathetic in Matt's defiant regard. The city man's eye flickered uncertainly, glanced off among the trees, came back to the old "buckwheater's" steady gaze, and surrendered its impatience. He growled: "Where do you want to go to?" And Matt put on his hat again and led the way of the brown lily-pads that had not yet lifted themselves to the surface of the way "No perch comin', I guess."

The man who followed him was his brother—his brother, the Honorable Benjamin Divins, a State politician of the party machine, the president of the D-ville National Bank, and a "financier" who had invested largely in companion of the party machine, the president of the D-ville National Bank, and a "financier" all day waiting for a five-cent fish to come

as Highland cattle—and as slow—over six miles of hill roads that had been dissolved to the stones by spring rains. He had arrived cramped and short-tempered; and Matt had received him as if they had

only parted over night—without even a deliberately—you c'n have it. I don't handshake—with a mild acceptance of him that was worse than indifference, because indifference might have been as-

They had met in the roadway. Matt, instead of inviting his brother to the house, had led him toward the lake. He had acted as if the politician had come to buy a cow and must not be encouraged to think that the owner of the cow was aware of what he had come for. And now he led the way to the boat with an air of not caring whether the cow was ever mentioned again or not.

At the edge of the little mountain lake the edge of the little mountain lake there was a flat-bottomed punt, unpainted, coffin-shaped, home-made, as crude as one of those "stone-boats" in which the Sullivan county farmer sledges the loose rocks from his fields. Its bow was tied to an unfinished wharf made of stakes driven in like a row of piles to hold in place a filling of loces works.

place a filling of loose rocks.

The Honorable Ben looked down at the boat and saw clumsy ignorance and backwoods poverty made manifest in the shape of a punt. He narrowed his eyes in a morbidly interested scrutiy of the wharf. (There was a gruesome fatility connected with the history of that wharf; and he knew it.) He asked: "Where do you

want to go to ?" Matt brought out a pair of oars from their hiding place under the trunk of a fallen hemlock; and in reply to his broth-er's question he moved his head vaguely

in the direction of the lower lake.

The politician took his place in the stern with the impatient pity of one who has to do with a doddering old man. He underestimated the mental activity

of his brother. Matt, in fact, was known in the neighborhood as a bit of a "character." had a theory of the earth's electric cur-rents, from which he predicted the weather; he knew the medicinal properties of the local plants, and dosed himself, for the local plants, and dosed himself, local liver chills and rheumatism, with his own prescriptions; he knew enough of law to keep out of litigation with a quarrelsome let his cattle run wild, and laking politics. You studied everything but his party and despise the campaigns of the Honorable Ben. On account of his ill health and his meditative habits, he was the least successful farmer on the ridge; and his wife and his neighbors did not respect him for it. But his dog and his cattle had always made a friend of him, and so had his son—his son, who had re-

cently died of a gun shot wound.

(That son, as he had landed from this same punt in which his father was now sitting, had tripped on the edge of the unfinished wharf; and his gun, caught by the trigger as he stumbled, had been discharged into his side.)

Matt rowed. He rowed tediously, beaten from his course by the gusts of wind and recovering it without a word. He did not look up at the bursts of sunshine that were blown across the lake, in sudden glories, with the flying clouds. He seemed indif-ferent to the fact that this was his brother in the boat with him-until he had dropped his anchor-stone off Alder Point.
Then he raised his eyes from his can of He sat back with a contemptuous

evidently thinking of whatever it was

Yours.

He thought it over. "Huh!" he gruntasked.

at his watch, and asked in a harsh tone : we were all livin' fer. I didn't want to do you want? Money?"

"I'll fix the house," Matt assured his fishing-line, "if that's all the trouble."

"Well, it's not all the trouble!" His

"Well, it's not all the trouble!" His voice was a bark of irritation. "They're throwing it up to me for letting one of healthy life without it. I saw that. I throwing it up to me for letting one of my family live here in this sort of way. know all about that talk of gaining the It isn't my fault, is it? What's the matter whole world and losing your own soul. with you? Don't you care how you live? But you can't save your soul by losing I'd think your wife 'd want to do better, the whole world either. Poverty— It f you wouldn't."

Matt replied, without any apparent re- you ha forest of beech and maple. It was a wood of gray tree-trunks and green underbrush, "If you think I'm living on my wife's money— She's given more to her church than she ever had when I married her."

> that's better than rum.' The brother snorted contemptuously.

"What's that got to do with it ?"

yerself." Ben did not reply to this absurdity. He pulled his hat down upon his brows foundland dog, brown in spots and shag-gy.) "You c'n stan' here if you want reflected, "don't seem to think there's any to," he said, "er you c'n come an' sit down in the punt an' not waste my time. I got en, uh? Think you're goin' there, Ben?" he added, in interpretation of his broth-

"My religion's my own concern."
"I guess that's right." He nodded.

Matt puffed. "You folks that have money call us failures. You remind me of the bees in a hive, workin' yourselves to death to store up honey that's no use to you. The bum-blebee has more horse-sense. When it gets enough for its family, it's satisfied. You tell me I'm lazy because I'd sooner be a bumblebee. I tell you you're just sort o' foolish."

"I'd like to buy you at my price and can't buy what ain't for sale. You can't buy respect from your wife—nor happiness fer her. You can't buy back your two sons from ruination. You've been so busy makin' money you've left everything elso go to smash—everything that was worth more than money. You're a failure, Ben. I'm sorry fer you. That's the feelin' I have. I'm sorry fer you. the feelin' I have. I'm sorry fer you."
"Is that all? Is that all you have to

"Good." He stretched out his arms to bare his wrists, like a man about to deal cards. "Now," he said in a cold passion, "listen to me. There were some people over on the lake last summer. They used to row over here to get milk and eggs

and so forth-from you. Do you remem-

Matt nodded. "They complained to your wife one day about that wharf of yours. She said it was your wharf and like everything else you did it was a failure. She said you never finished anything you started and never started anything you could put off. She said she was ambitious when she married you-a girl of good educationwanted to be a school teacher. You were studying then, at night, and she thought attend to your work. When you moved out to the woods here, she gave up hope. She saw she'd never escape from poverty unless the boy pulled her out of it. And

whose thoughts are turned inward upon himself and his past. The brother clenched his hand. "That

boy tripped on your wharf and shot him-self! On your wharf—the wharf you were too lazy to finish. He tripped on one of the stakes you were too lazy to even off—and killed himself! Those people told me about it when I saw them in town. They told me your wife was as good as crazy-that she went around like a mad woman, stone dumb—that she never even shed a tear—that you'd killed the boy and worse than killed her. They found out that you were related to me, and they asked me to come up here and He sat back with a contemptuous ges-

bait and examined the politician with a gentle regard that ended, at last, in:
"Been doin' pretty well, Ben?"

The Honorable Ben nodded grimly,

The Honorable Ben nodded grimly,

All derstand. She don't either. I've been-Matt said hoarsely: "You don't understand. She don't either. I've been—All my life—" He looked down at his that he had come here to say.

Matt slowly crowded his hook with a bunch of wriggling worms. "Boys growin' up?"

"Whose?"

All my life—" He looked down at his feet, clumsy in their cowhides. "The boy was an accident. It might have happened anyway." He fumbled the pipe in his great hands. "A woman isn't responsible for what she says, like that."

It was as if he found his tongue as clumsy as his feet, as fumbling as his hands, and struggled within himself fu-"What're they goin' in fer?" Matt tilely, without expression, bewildered by this new and terrible view of himself as He snapped impatiently: "Deviltry!
Deviltry!"
Matt cast his line and meditated.
"Rum?" he suggested.
His brother did not answer. His eyes
His brother did not answer. His eyes
His brother did not answer. His eyes
His brother did covarse of the clouded

His brother did not answer. His eyes were on the cold expanse of the clouded water. They focused suddenly, as if he were about to speak. Then he checked himself blinked in the suplicity looked himself, blinked in the sunlight, looked live like a cow. I wanted to know what "Well, what about the house? What make money just fer the sake o' makin' money, like you fellas in the city-

"Look here," the other interrupted fiercely, "I want you to understand that I whole world and losing your own soul. was poverty that killed your boy, because you hadn't money enough to build a dewhat replied, without any apparent resemble the sentment: "I didn't have your luck, Ben. I didn't marry money."

I didn't marry money."

"If you think I'm living on my wife's cent wharf. It's your poverty that makes your wife despise you. You want money—that's all. You're a failure because

and tossed among entangling leaves.

Matt looked at the glimmering streak of water among the trees ahead. "I promised the miner of thought and the miner of thought and the miner of thought and the miner of the min owing thoughtfulness again—water ob-rved:
"She's took to religion, uh? . . . Well, at's better than rum."

up suddenly, his face working with emo-tion. "What's the matter with things? Why'm I what you people think I am, when I tried to be what I did? Why are

Matt looked up at him. "Are you what you are, when you used to be"—
you'd call happy, Ben?"
That fond little name of their childhood came upon them from their past "Nuthin', Nuthin'. Only you don't like the way I'm livin' here—an' I was wondering what you're gettin' out o' life a mist of tears before his eyes, and Ben

a mist of tears before his eyes, and Ben looked as if he had seen a ghost.

He had been Benny. The old grindstone had stood by the well-sweep, under a tree in which a broken blade of a scythe was sticking. The children was sticking. was sticking. The chickens were pecking at the apples that strewed the grass in front of the porch. Their mother stood in the doorway to see them on their way to school—hand in hand, Matt, the

elder, taking little "Benny."

He glanced aside quickly at the green edge of Alder Point. "That's got nothing to do with it," he said. Matt muttered to himself:

both failures !" "Suppose we are," the brother broke in. "That's no reason why we should be fight-

ing about it."

The sunshine burst upon their silence with a sudden light that seemed to make their emotion public and improper. Matt plucked at his line and drew it in to examine the bait. The Honorable Benja-

party machine, the president of the D—ville National Bank, and a "financier" who had invested largely in companies that held public franchises. Matt and he had not met for the better part of a lifetime—not since their schooldays—not since Ben had hired himself to the owner of the village store and Matt had remained at home to work his father's rented farm.

The Honorable Benjamin had just driven out from the railroad at Clappsville, behind a pair of hired horses as shaggy as Highland cattle—and as slow—over six miles of hill reads that hed bear as low—over six miles of hill reads that hed bear as low—over six miles of hill reads that hed bear as low—over six miles of hill reads that hed bear as low—over six miles of hill reads that hed bear as low—over six miles of hill reads that hed bear as low—over six miles of hill reads that hed bear as low—over six miles of hill reads that hed bear as low—over six miles of hill reads that hed bear as low—over six miles of hill reads that hed bear as low—over six miles as low—over six miles of hill reads that hed bear and sooner sit in a boat all day waiting for a five-cent fish to come to you than go out in the field and earn an honest dollar. That's why you're live in the back of his neck and his shirt collar and made a pretense of easing the pinch of the linen.

"Look here," he said, with a determined gruffness. "I came up here to say this: "I'm looking for a bit of land to build on. The wife likes the country. I want a place for her to live—in case of trouble. We could get this land around the hill reads that he as low—over six miles and the back of his neck and his shirt collar and made a pretense of easing the back of his neck and his shirt collar and made a pretense of easing the back of his neck and his shirt collar and made a pretense of easing the back of his neck and his shirt collar and made a pretense of easing the back of his neck and his shirt collar and made a pretense of easing the back of his neck and his shirt collar and made a pretense of easing the bac

deliberately—you c'n have it. I don't want it."

The brother looked at him, summing him up, in a grim control of his surprise and anger.

"You could make farming pay as well here as anywhere, if you had the capital behind you. You could work it on shares if you liked."

Matt said nothing.
"Who owns this?" He waved a hand to the shores on the lake. "The man I rent from-Coddington." "Would he sell the whole thing-lake

"Yes, I guess so." The man of large affairs nodded curtly. "Take me ashore here and we'll look it

Matt drew in his line, lifted up his an-"You can't buy what ain't for sale. You can't buy respect from your wife—nor happiness fer her. You can't buy have back in the water as they pulled the boat around. His brother said, under cover of the action:

rerything elso go to smash—everything hat was worth more than money. You're failure, Ben. I'm sorry fer you. That's the feelin' I have. I'm sorry fer you."

"Is that all? Is that all you have to ay?"

Matt took up his rod again. "That'll was a man starts out in life to do the right thing—an' can't. out in life to do the right thing-an' can't. There's something wrong with things." He paused to think it over, shook his head, and concluded, in a toneless resignation: "It's too much fer me. Too much fer me."

Ben rubbed his hands together, chilled by the wind. "Nonsense," he said, impatient of this moral questioning. "Non sense. Let's look at the land. . want you to buy it for me. I'll put up the money-and more too-but I don't want my name to appear in the matter at ail, for reasons. Understand? I want this to be between us alone. Who's that?"

The boat had swung around to point its nose toward the home shore again. There was a man in a top coat and a derby standing at the landing

A note of alarm in the voice startled Matt to attention. He caught the direc-tion of his brother's eyes and turned in the bows. The man was a stranger to him "I dunno," he said. "What's the matter ?"

Ben reached a hand back to the tail pocket of his coat and said quietly: "Wait. Wait a minute. I think I know him. Don't row in. . . In case anything happens. thing happens. . . I want you to buy that land for me. Understand?" He drew out a package of bank-bills, the size of a brick, strapped with elastic bands. He stooped to conceal his action from the man ashore, and threw the money along the bottom of the punt to his brother. It struck Matt's boot.

"Whatever's left over I just want you to put away safely for me. I'll trust

"What's the matter ?" "Nothing. It's just the financial strin-tency.—There's been a run on the bank. Things will be tied up for awhile. I've saved this out. Understand? I want you to buy the land. Just put it in your

out loosening his stiffened hold on the to beautify their throats. "What's the matter. Why can't you buy it yerself?' Ben glanced at the shore. The wind was carrying them slowly toward Alder Point. He said: "I'm in a litttle diffi-Point. He said: "I'm in a litttle difficulty—for the time. That's my wife's money. I've saved it out of the smash." is worn.

His impatience fluttered in his voice. "She'd be fool enough to give it up. Understand? I want you to buy the land for her, and keep what's left over until I see her, and keep what's left over until I see her, and keep what's left over until I see her, and keep what's left over until I see her, and the good results will be very apparent when evening dress will be very apparent when evening dress is worn.

To improve the neck that is thin it is a safe and excellent plan to massage it with almond oil every day, using upward strokes. Should there be any tendency invest slowly and surely.

Learn your business as you go along; invest slowly and surely. A squab raiser of Illinois has special.

you again." Matt drew back his foot from the pack-

Ben said, anxiously: "I want you to work the place for us on shares. That's what I came up here for. Anything you need to fix your place up, you're welcome to it, too. Understand? Fix your house

up. Make your wife happy."

Matt did not move.

"Listen! I can't keep that money myself. The bottom's dropped out of the market. I've lost everything but this. They'll take it. They'll take everything. I want you to use this for Mary and the boys. I'll trust you. We'll all go in together. You're getting too old to work. I'll see that you don't have to. . . . They can't touch me. I'll get out of it, I guess. But they'll pluck me to the last cent. I

want you to keep this for me. Take it. Matt sat motionless, his eyes on the money, as if he did not hear. The water lapped and chuckled along the side of the punt maliciously as a puff of wind hurried

them toward the shore. "Say! Say, Matt. Look here. For God's sake! It's all we have. Everything's gone to smash. They've been watching me while they—they've been going over the books. That's one of them at the landing. He's come to—Matt!

Take it. Don't let them get it. Matt!" Matt shook his head, without raising

his eyes. Their progress had put the Point between them and the landing. The Honorable Benjamin, seeing that he was hidden from the man on the wharf, crouched, half-risen from his seat, grasping the thwarts. "D—it!" he cursed in a fierce undertone, "aren't you good for anything? Won't you even save yourself and all the rest of us from the poor house now that you've got the chance? That man-Matt! Hide it! Hide it!"

Matt did not move. Ben looked back over his shoulder at the lake, reached one

over his shoulder at the lake, reached one hand toward the money, and then said to himself desperately: "It'd float!"

There was a long pause and silence. The crackle of a trodden branch sounded from the laurel bushes. Ben sprang from his seat in a passion of angry despair, snatched off his hat and flung it at his feet, plucked from his hip pocket a bright metal object that flashed in the sunlight, and put it to his mouth in both hands, holding it as if it were a flask from which holding it as if it were a flask from which he was to drink. Then a little cloud of yellowish-blue smoke exploded from it and blew him backward, stiffly, over the stern of the boat—and his face was still distorted with an expression of anger as he fell, but his eyes, meeting the blaze of the sunlight, looked surprised, startled, as if he had suddenly realized what he

had done. And when the man from the landing burst through the laurel bushes—with his warrant for the arrest of the president of the wrecked D-ville National Bank-he the wrecked D—ville National Bank—ne found an old farmer, with a pair of oars still grasped stiffly in his hands, sitting in a coffin-shaped punt, staring, horrified, at a spot of blood and bubbles on the water a spot of blood and bubbles on the water a few yards from shore—with a small fora few yards from shore—with a small for- or pongee and shantung, which are so tune in bank-bills lying in plain view at his feet.—By Harvey J. O'Higgins, in

-If a colt is allowed to run down and ed woman to stand. become poor, no after-care can quite overcome the injury done.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Two gifts there are of value far Beyond great wealth or lands. The gifts are these: The eye that sees,

The heart that Understands. -William Patterson White in Woman's Home

Watercress and asparagus should be saveyed to the mouth with a fork.

Corn from the cob is properly eaten holding the cob in the hand, unless little silver "corn stickers" are served with it. When eating celery hold it in the fin-

It is not good form to cut salads. When the leaves are large each should be wrap-ped about the fork before taking from the

Tomatoes may be cut with the fork.

One should not eat meat from bones. Oranges are usually eaten with a scoop spoon, cutting the fruit across in the middle, so that each section is severed.

Grape fruit is done in the same way, when it is not taken from the skin be-fore being brought to the table.

Eating boiled eggs from the shell, first chipped off the top, is an English custom. In this country eggs may be broken into a cup and stirred.

Porterhouse Steak With Mushrooms-Broil a thick porterhouse stake. Melt and brown one tablespoonful of butter, add one tablespoonful of flour; stir until smooth and brown. Add one cupful of stock; stir until it begins to thicken, then add onehalf can of mushrooms. Stir until the sauce thickens and the mushoms are heated through. Take from the fire; season with one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper and pour over the steak.

Strawberry Sherbet.-Wash one heaping quart of hulled berries, drain and mash to a pulp, adding at the same time one pound of sugar. Let stand four hours, then add the juice of a lemon and three pints of cold water. Stir thoroughly and strain through a coarse cloth, pressing hard, so as to extract all of the juice. Taste to see that it is sufficiently sweet, as all berries vary in acidity; set on ice until chilled and serve with a little crushed ice in the glasses.

Although in Paris the collarless corsage is being refused by many elegantes, it is it takes money and work to run any busi pocket and say nothing about it."

so tempting to a vast proportion of womental looked down at the money with the many are taking instant means to heavify their throats.

The throat that has been attenuated and marked by a high collar worn too tight will benefit immensely by the free-dom and play of air afforded it by uncov-ering it altogether, and the good results

to that bane of the woman who wishes to wear the collarless corsage, a double chin, the chin should be stroked upward with the palm of the hand moistened with warm water and simple tincture of benzoin, which is useful for its astringent

With a repetition that approaches the costume reappears with noticeable insist-ence, and well deserves a careful consideration. When looking at it with an eye for the proper fit, it were wise to place the lace or linen yoke and collar upon a W foundation of lawn cut to fit as a cor- squab must retain the popularity it has set cover. When the lower edge is attached the upper part of the lining can be cut away and the seams and edges finished neatly. The belt on this lining who will sell a few good birds at fair insures an unwrinkled surface at the front and back and prevents the embarrassing and untidy slipping out of the lace

Torchon lace, remarkably inexpensive, makes good-looking chemisettes. The strips should be joined by hand with strong linen thread and the whole finished at the back with wash buttons and loops. Eyelets embroidery is a sensible suggestion, while the favorite Irish lace is the last of this month.

just as much sanctioned as ever.

The chemisette need not be so deep as in other seasons, for yokes are more shallow. Any line for the lower edge is approved, while color can be introduced on the lace in various ways. Hand embroidery, beads or narrow pipings of color and black are the means to the decorative are susceptible to but few diseases.

Remember that perfection of fit is the first requisite, and so important is this fac- lofts. tor that when present in a chemisette of inexpensive lace a distinction will be the result that amply repays the maker for the time and trouble expended in its con-

The most fashionable separate coat for dress wear is pongee, shantung and rajah weaves, made in loose effect, long, of course, and lined with foulard printed in

right colorings. The long single rever or double, as the model of the coat suggests, is usually faced with the same material as the lining. Black for facing is, however, still considered smart, and when the lining is in a large design the somber tone is in better taste, as well as more practical, as there will be no chance of colors clashing.

Parasols will be used this season to accentuate the color scheme of the costume. This accessory will be as ornamental as useful, and will not hesitate to A

much worn, in an admirable way. It brings out white as few colors can, and when used against black it forms a certain splendor that it takes a well-endow-

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FARM NOTES.

-On windy days when your horses are standing exposed about the farm, slip a blanket over them. It may save them from taking a bad cold.

-Potatoes should not be planted in soils where scab has been prevalent in previous years. Changing the potato patch to another field is a good preventive measure in such cases.

-One of the most convenient remedies for cuts, strains, sores, etc., is crude petroleum. A bottle of this substance should be kept in every barn or stable and in a convenient place, so as to use it freely when occasion requires.

—A heavy draft horse should be long-ribbed. If a horse is short-ribbed he is light in his middle and is nearly always a poor feeder. His stomach is too small to contain enouge feed to serve him from one meal to another. When put into hard work he generally has a fagged-out appearance.

Censiderable loss occurs to farmers each summer by wheat smut, according to the correspondence of State Zoologist Surface, of Pennsylvania. A formalin dip has been recommended in a bulletin heretofore issued by Prof. Surface, and letters have been recently received inquiring whether this is a reliable remedy for wheat smut, and how it should be used. The following answers to seven queries in one of these letters, in regard to the use of formalin, were made by Professor Sur-

I. Yes, it is a practical preventive for smut of wheat and oats.

2. You use one pint of commercial formalin (forty per cent. solution of for-maldehyde) in thirty gallons of water.

3. Immerse the seed for at least forty 4. The best way to do this is to put the seed into a bag, and let it stand in a barrel of formalin solution, and when you wish to dry it spread it on the barn floor

and shovel it over occasionally.

5. The strength is gradually lost by evaporation when it stands open, but not quickly lost.

6. You can dip any number of sacks in the same vessel as long as you replenish it with the same per centage; or, in other words, return what is carried away by the previously removed sacks. You can keep the undiluted formalin in stock as long as you desire.

7. The diluted liquid is not at all dangerous to handle, and the unused seed does not need to be washed after it is dry, as it really does not poison it, as it merely kills germs that are upon it. After it once dry it is safe to feed it to stock or otherwise use it, if not used for seed.

-- Many misleading statements are made regarding the pigeon business. Too much is said about the profits, and too little about the expense and care. Remember

The great difficulty with many who start into rearing pigeons for profit, is that they want to earn big profits from the start. If this does not materialize, they become discouraged. Many also start with a meagre capital, forgetting that time means expense, and should un-seen delays occur, a small amount will

A squab raiser of Illinois has special feeds for each day in the week. One is given in the morning and one in the evening, in order as follows: Sunday, hemp, peas; Monday, Kaffir corn, wheat; Tues day, wheat, cracked corn; Wednesday, millet, wheat; Thursday, Kaffir corn, wheat; Friday, cracked peas, cracked corn; Saturday, Kaffir corn and wheat.
"Eternal vigilance," as one of our vet-

trite, the subject of your chemisette is again taken up, but then that part of the in the pigeon loft. The squab industry, like any other, re-

quires a great deal of business sagacity, patience and perseverance to bring suc-With the scarcity of game birds, the who will sell a few good birds at fair prices, without resorting to those dealers who never see a bird lay, or a pair drive for the nest; and from these reliable breeders the novice will get courteous treatment as well as many points leading

to success. The market now demands a large squab, so that many of the breeds used five years ago are now out of use.

The breeding season begins again about While continually cleaning the lofts has a tendency of greatly disturbing the birds,

He says that if properly kept, pigeons are susceptible to but few diseases.

Ailing birds should be placed in a light, warm, airy room, away from the other Unless inherited, no disease comes from within, but always from contact with out-

If taken in season, all diseases are susceptible to treatment, but only time and patience can bring health back to a sick If the loft is free from drafts, and is

kept well ventilated and in a sanitary condition, there will seldom be any trouble with disease of the respiratory Mr. Chapman says he looks upon a pigeon as made up of two sets of organs, viz., those of respiration and of digestion. Here lies the seats of all troublesome dis-

A common cold will generally yield to a pinch of epsom salts (sulphate of magnesia) given in the crystal form by dropping down the throat; or as a solution, about a pinch to a small medicine dropper of water. By giving it in this form the dropper can be inserted well into the

A recommended alum-water solution flame out in all the brilliant colors that have been the fashion since the era of gorgeousness came in.

A recommended atum-water solution is made as follows: Three-fourths of a teaspoonful of alum, six minims of carbolic acid crystals, and three tablespoongorgeousness came in.

Chantecler red is mentioned first be- bolic acid crystals, and three tablespoonfuls of water. Thoroughly swab out the

> "Is your new maid capable?" "Yes, indeed. She can tell callers I don't want to see that I'm out and make them believe it."

> ----An advertisement in the WATCH-MAN always pays.