MY CREED.

I would be pure, for there are those who trust

I would be true, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for there is much to suffer; I would be brave, for there is much to dare; I would be friend of all-the foe-the friend-

I would be giving and forget the gift; I would be humble, for I know my weakness; I would look up—and laugh—and love—and

Howard Arnold Walter, in Harper's Bazar.

THE POCKET COMPASS.

The February sun was near its setting behind Long Island's shores; and out at the lonesome light-station preparations were going forward for the long vigil from sunset until sunrise.

Stuart Judson, the keeper's nephew, had fed the chickens, carried up the coal, and now was chopping kindlings at the woodpile on the beach of the tiny island. In the snug kitchen Aunt Amelia was preparing the supper which would be ready

after the "light-up."

Captain Justin Judson, keeper, was toiling up the six flights of iron stairs on his way to the lamp which crowned the tall granite tower. He threw open the door of the costly glass lens, stepped inside, and turned on the oil so that the triple must go quickly to her. Let me take the wick might become saturated and ready boat, and I promise you I will bring it for the match. He then proceeded to safely back within ten days. It is reatake down and fold away the voluptuous sonable to expect a chance to return withwhite linen curtain which, draped about in that space of time. We are not likely

harmful rays of the midday sun.

It was part of the daily round of his duties as keeper of the lonely light-station, and Captain Judson had gazed down from the tower for the space of fifteen years. Earlier in life he had been a seafrom the tower for the space of fifteen years. Earlier in life he had been a seacaptain. When the Jennie Van Wie was wrecked outside Long Island in the fierce was a proval to the stars. This was a wrecked outside Long Island in the fierce blizzard of March, 1888, he and his crew had escaped with their lives only after hours of exposure in the yawl-boat. Then Captain Judson yielded to the pleading of his ard and save up coasting for light.

Amelia, and Harrison, the assistant keeper. Applying the post of the post a lunch.

than a good-sized ship. No trace of earth many years of voyaging. Stuart pro-or vegetation was there. The island was tested, knowing that it was his uncle's only a mound of small round stones rising a few feet above high water mark "It wou and safeguarded by a stout breakwater from the fury of the gales to which it was exposed. Despite wind and sea, the the way back to the lighthouse." lighthouse had stood there for a hundred years and was an important sea-mark for all craft entering or leaving Long Island Sound. Captain Judson, through his long Captain Judson's marine glass. marine glass, watched them passing daily, the ships he knew as a man knows his neighbors. Yet, because his wife was dear to him, he took his morning tramp across the lighthouse concrete floor in-

sixteen, to come to the lighthouse for the winter, at least. Stuart came and found the routine there a daily joy. To him salt air was the breath of life, and a boat the creature of his will and skill.

Nor was the arrangement without benefit to Captain Judson. Though the light-house was but half a mile distant from a larger island, to which a steamer came twice daily, bringing mail and supplies to the fort there located, yet that half-mile was often a difficult one to cover. And it frequently happened in winter that, for Stuart's thoughts set ever toward the lita week at a time it was impossible to the lighthouse. His promise to his uncle, and the trip because of the heavy seas and the hazard involved in his return that broke upon the islands. When the trip, were ever in his mind. His resoluway was open there were eddies and cross tides to be understood, the tide-rips to be event, his desire to select the best weathavoided, the set of the current and its er conditions possible for the return trip, strength to be estimated. Altogether, the and the swift passing of his allotted time, row across in winter was work for two combined to harass his mind, though he men, and Captain Judson, growing older each year, was glad to have Stuart act the family. Of his voyage in the skiff he company Harrison, the assistant heeper, and to remain at home himself.

Captain Judson, watch in hand, glanced through the window to note the exact moment of the sunset. His glance fell upon the nearest point of the other island. A soldier was standing there waving a flag, white with a red center. It was the signal that a submarine telephone mes-sage for the lighthouse had been received at the fort. The captain stepped out to the rail and called to Stuart, who was chopping wood, down below, to take the message, as he was familiar with army wigwag signals. The message proved to be for Stuart, telling him that his mother was ill of pneumonia.

At supper that evening Captain Judson said: "Stuart, the best thing you can do is to go over to the fort tomorrow morning and board the steamer. You will reach New London in time for the threethirty train, and can be at home by five o'clock."

"You forget, Uncle Justin," replied Stuart, "that tomorrow is the first Tuesday in the month and inspection day for the steamer, which will not come here again until day after tomorrow."

"It is too bad," sympathized Aunt "No chance to get ashore for Amelia. forty-eight hours, and you frantic to get home this minute, I know.'

"I could get home tomorrow, Uncle Justin, if you would consent to a plan I

"What is your scheme, my boy?" The keeper's voice was sympathetic and invited confidence. He knew that Stuart was not given to speaking until he had thoroughly thought out his subject; also that the boy was in a desperate hurry to reach home.

What time does the flood-tide make tomorrow morning?"
"At seven o'clock." The keeper made a point of knowing his almanac.

'What will the wind be?" The keeper surveyed the stars of the sky and the lights of the sea before re-

plying.
"Light southerly winds and a clear sky tomorrow, boy."
"You are an encouraging weather-

prophet," said Stuart. "Now please en-courage me a bit further. Will you lend me the government boat in the morning for a few days?" "Let me hear your plans," commanded the keeper, who carefully cherished all

government property committed to his

"If you would trust me with the boat," explained Stuart, "I would take an early start in the morning, when wind and tide will be free. By saving the whole flood-tide I ought to reach Saybrook early of reaching the light-station alone in a

"There are some points to be considered first," said the keeper, slowly. "You know I am anxious you should reach home as quickly as possible. I would trust you with the boat before any other person, for your skill and judgment, boatwise, are beyond your years. But have you considered that the trip you propose in that sixteen-foot skiff is a risky one at this sixteen-foot skiff is a risky one at this time of year? Going across wouldn't be so difficult, for you would have wind and is a hundred miles long, you are bound to strike it somewhere if you keep going. But coming back, that 's another propo-thought. It was clear that, until he sition. The weather might change after reached his island goal and Aunt Amelia's you had started, the wind breeze up or a table, he must cope with hunger as well fog drop down. You know how swift and as with fog. strong the ebb-tide runs through the Race here. If you miscalculate and miss this as a sound broke the stillness. Stuart Atlantic you go, to be swamped or frozen or picked up. The chances would be

about even. "Last of all, but quite important, is this consideration: this station will undergo government inspection in ten days, and we are expected to have that boat here for inspection. A storm may prevent your return for many days. How could you be sure of bringing back the boat in time for inspection?"

Stuart's answer came promptly, deci-

sively:
"Uncle, I have thought of all those the lens, had protected it from the to have bad weather for ten days in suc-

> "That is true," assented the keeper, "May I take the boat?" The boy's voice

his wife and gave up coasting for light-house-keeping. "Anywhere," she had said at that time, "where we can live our lives together with solid earth under foot."

The little island was scarcely larger than a good-sized ship. No trace of earth under foot the pleading of the had carried through the had the had carried through the had carried through the had the had

"It wouldn't be wise to start on this voyage without it," insisted the keeper. "In case of thick weather it will show you

Then the sail was hoisted, and the lit-

across the lighthouse concrete floor instead of across a ship's deck.

When his brother John died, leaving a widow and four children with no provision but a life-insurance policy, Captain Judson at once sent for Stuart, a lad of sixteen, to come to the lighthouse for the

There followed days of 1 for brother and sisters while their mother was battling for her life. But the crisis passed, and the family physician told them she would recover, adding that the un-expected arrival of her son had seemed to give the patient needed impetus in the right direction. Then, indeed, did Stuart

feel that his journey was justified. Throughout this period of anxiety and succeeding relief, the undercurrent of managed to conceal his mental state from had told no one, and it was supposed he had come ashore on the steamer, as usual. He would have the family feel no useless anxiety about his return to the

lighthouse. Unnoticed, each day he watched the weather signs, each night he scanned the forecast in the evening paper. For a week of his absence came. Having promised to return to the light-station not later than the tenth day, he felt that he could wait no longer for the weather. Bidding his mother and sisters farewell, he again boarded a train for Savbrook.

When he reached Saybrook lighthouse he saw a leaden sky above water of the same hue, untroubled by a breath of wind. It was not the weather he would "How did you get here a night like" have liked, but it was something to have this?" a smooth sea.

The Saybrook keeper ventured a protest as he helped to launch the boat. "I must go," Stuart told him. "The ebb tide is making, and I can drift across to the island if I can't sail."

The keeper looked skyward and shook his head dubiously, but said no more. Stuart put an oar over the stern and sculled the boat outside the breakwater. There he raised the sail to catch whatever breeze might spring up, then fell to sculling again. He could count upon six hours of ebb-tide and a "white ash" breeze, even if the sea were as smooth as glass, he thought jubilantly. It was a

relief to have started on the voyage. After sculling for about an hour, Stuart wearied of the wrist motion and settled himself on the thwart to row awhile. With the change of position he caught sight of a swirling gray cloud reaching from sea to sky far to the westward. It was fog, bearing down upon the little boat with the ebbing of the tide. Even as he looked, the fog-signal on Cornfield ligh-ship moaned its double note of warn-

To turn back wss useless, even had Stuart been so inclined. He rose to his feet and looked off toward the island lighthouse, whose tower showed dimly welve miles away. He must get his bearings before the fog-cloud closed in about him. He felt in his pocket for the com-pass Uncle Justin had urged upon him. It was not there. Then he remembered that, in his anxiety to keep it carefully, he had hung it on a nail in his room at me the night of his arrival. It hung

in the afternoon. There I would leave skiff on a February day was a perilous the boat at the lighthouse and walk up one, as he had known it would be. Now the boat at the lighthouse and walk up one, as he had known it would be. Now that vision was denied him, for the fog practically blindfolded him, he knew that his chance of finding so small an island before the tide swept him by was slender

But idle despair was not helping the situation. Stuart laid one oar in the bottom of the boat and prepared for a season of sculling, by which method, only, could he expect to keep the boat on a

straight course.

Another half-hour of the vigorous exercise made him hungry, and then he so difficult, for you would have wind and realized that he had forgotten to bring tide in your favor, and, as the north shore food with him. His mind had been so occupied with getting started upon the voyage that all else had escaped his

little island, what happens? Out into the ceased sculling to listen. The steady throb of a steamer's engines was rapidly approaching. There was no time for delay, and only instinct could tell him whether safety lay before or behind. With one quick turn of his practiced wrist, the boat swung on its heel, as it were, and sped back along the course

just traversed.

It was none too soon. Cutting her way through the fog-cloud, so close that, even in the fog, Stuart could read the name on the bow, a Sound steamer hurried by. There was no slackening of speed, no warning blast of the siren, as the great prow advanced. Ghostlike, silent, terrible, the steamer passed where, but a moment before, the little skiff had paused, and the fog closed in behind it. No one aboard saw the little boat so nearly run down, nor the white face of the boy who

had so narrowly dodged heath.

For a moment after his escape, Stuart's strength failed so that he could scarcely wield the oar. A sense of his own in-significance crushed him. What was his puny strength pitted against the great forees of nature and of man, which seemed in conspiracy against him?

Then reason regained its equilibrium. His determination to keep his promise to his uncle reasserted itself. His brain cleared, his arm was strong. Again he turned the boat and headed it once more for the island.

The steamer in passing had rendered Stuart an important service. It had left a well-defined wake. He knew the steam-er, which regularly passed the lighthouse, and was familiar with its course. He was now able to accurately lay his own course for his uncle's light house by the direction from which the steamer had come. This revived his courage in no small degree. He proceeded, if possible, with caution than before, so sharpened had been his faculties by the recent danger. He sculled on and on. The short winter afternoon drew to its close, and evening Stuart had no indication of this beyond the darkening of the gray fog about him. The exertion of sculling began to

seem intolerable, yet he dared not stop, lest he lose his course. Then, faint and far away, he heard a familiar note. He listened intently, and made out two blasts in close sequence. Risking a deflection from his course, he crouched in the bottom of the boat, shielding in the hollow of his hand a lighted match while he timed the sounds by his to him

There was need of caution now, never more need. He must stem the tide which was hurrying like a mill-race past each side of the little island. He must avoid the rocks, a menacing company, that rose above the surface of the sea all about the island. To miss the island now meant to be swept out into the Atlantic.

Stuart heard the siren only occasionally. By some strange law of acoustics, the sound traveled in curves, now striking the water, now rebounding into the air. Yet it reached his ears frequently enough to guide his course The strength of the tide slackened. Close above him blared out the siren's

voice; a spot of biurred brightness showed overhead where the tower rose, and the boat's keel grated on the beach of the little island.

In the engine-room of the light-station Captain Judson was standing watch, hover-ing with an oil-drip above flying cranks and clacking valves. Protruding from the seaward walls, the siren shrieked monotonously. In the tower above, the lamp was lighted, but its powerless rays were bent to the ground by the weight of the wind was contrary blowing half a gale. So the days passed swiftly until the ninth tion would be the lamp that night. A figure darkened the doorway, and Captain Judson looked up. Above the

roar of the machinery Stuart made himself heard. "The boat is on the beach, Uncle tin. Will you help me haul it up? Astonishment, pleasure, wonder, swept

"How did you get here a night like In reply Stuart held out his hands. They were blistered, bleeding from the friction of the oar. The answer "Sculled across sound in this fog!" ejaculated the keeper. "Then you get right into the house, where Aunt Amelia can take care of you. We'll lay up the

Captain Judson smiled quietly in the dark as he helped Harrison to haul the boat high on the beach. He was think-

what he did. But he never could have found the island in this fog if he hadn't had that compass in his pocket. It 's lucky I made him take it."—By Mary Hoadley Griswold, in St. Nicholas.

-Uncle Zeph had had some trouble getting about on the cars and complained of the employees. "When a conductor is uncivil to you take his number, said his nephew. Two days later uncle came in some-

what battered, but looking triumphant. "I got the number," he said, with a satisfied air, "but I had to grab the pull cap too." -Master-"I see you've got a horse-shoe up there, Pat. I thought you didn't

believe in that superstition.'

Pat-"Sure an' I don't, sir. But I have heard that them as don't believe in it gets the best luck." -Mrs. Caller-"This mince pie is

simply delicious. May I have your recipe for it?" Mrs. Inne-"Certainly, dear. I don't think the baker will ask us to pay for it

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN

The Animals In the Zoo.

The sleeping bours of the animals at the zoological gardens in Regent's park vary as much, according to the families to which they belong, as do their other characteristics and habits. The orang outang goes to bed at sundown, draping its head in a blanket and refusing to see visitors after dusk. It is also an early riser. With the lions, tigers and other members of the cat tribe the night finds them at their liveliest, and they sleep most between the midday meal and supper time. The eagles go to sleep just about the time their neighbors in the owl cage are waking up, while the bears during the winter months apparently sleep all day and night too. The residents of the monkey house object seriously to being disturbed after dark, and if one of the keepers happens to take a light into their quarters they scold him unmercifully. On the other hand, it would probably take a dynamite bomb to arouse the rhinoceros, and it is not uncommon, the keepers say, to find rats biting holes in its thick hide with impunity.-London Mail.

"There is one kind of correspondence sometimes received by women clerks that makes heads of firms hopping mind letters and magazines, but if a petticoat, and it fastens securely giri wants to keep on good terms with means of glove-clasps, which may she had better advise pattern companies to send their communications to some other address. I know one employer of about 100 girls who has put up notices in the workroom to the effect that no patterns can be received at that office. Not many men go that far, but all hold the same grudge against patterns. A girl who has a new dress to make up can't belp in the office becomes interested. Nothing is so disorganizing to women clerks as patterns. Nothing takes up more time that belongs to the firm. so you really can't blame the bosses for putting a ban on patterns."-New York Press.

A Beautiful Lake.

Perhaps the most striking instance to be seen in the whole world of the wonderful apparent coloring of bodies of water is the marvelously beautiful Blue lake in Switzerland. Encompassed on all sides by lofty mountains. their lower ranges luxuriantly clothed with verdure down to the edge of the water and adorned with many fine forest trees, while their higher acclivities are garbed in a mantle of eternal snow. the little lake, nestling in its deep hollow basin and protected from winds and storms, is quite startling in its water, although really pure and colorcoin dropped into the water in the center of the lake can be seen gyrating downward until it reaches the bottom, apparently more than a hundred feet beneath.

Japan's National Beverage. Sake is the national beverage of Japan. It has a peculiar flavor not comparable to any European drink, is made from fermented rice by an intricate process in winter time and contains from 11 to 14 per cent of alcohol. It is a necessary constituent of every ceremonial Japanese dinner, is served in little, ampulla-like jars and drunk with much formality from squat, earless sake cups containing approximately about two ounces. To the European palate it tastes sour at first, but a preference for it is readily acquired. Curiously enough, it has a much more powerful effect on the Japanese than on Europeans. A stronger variety. shochu, contains from 20 to 50 per cent of alcohol. Another form, mirin, is more or less a liqueuer.-London Lan-

The Peanut.

The common peanut, beloved of the small boy, grows in a way that is distinctly original. The little plant sends up its shoots, with the fruit on the end of a somewhat stiff stalk. and then before it ripens the stem bends over and carefully pushes the fruit underground. As pigs are said to be especially fond of these, it has been suggested that the plant does this to hide its nuts from the porker's too inquisitive investigations.

System Required. Clerk-May I have a day's leave tomorrow, sir? It is my mother-in-law's funeral. Employer-My dear Huber, this mustn't occur again. Last week your wife died, and now your motherin-law's going to be huried. You must arrange things better in your family and see that they happen in the holidays.-Lustige Blatter.

Unkind. Medical Man-Jobson has done the meanest thing I ever heard of. He came to my house the other night, ate a big dinner, got indigestion and then went to another doctor to be cured.

Cheering Him Up. New Boarder-How's the fare here? Old Boarder-Well, we have chicken

every morning. "That's first rate. How is it served?" "In the shell."

The Way of It. Knicker-Life is an irony.

Bocker-Yes. By the time you have the money for a grand stand seat your home team no longer wins .- New York Sun.

We make our fortunes; we call them fate.-Alroy.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown In courts and feasts and high solemnities, Where most may wonder at its workmanship.

To the woman with the small dress allowance there is a rosier prospect than ever, and it is embodied in the pretty cotton imitations of foulard. Theirs is a softness of fabric and and a clearness of design and, too, an excellence of pattern that places them very nearly on a par with silk itself.

It is quite possible to so trim the cotton foulard with good linen lace or with folded bias linen of a plain color that it will serve the purpose of a foulard, and there is no objection to doing this if their be no tawdriness in the design and ornamentation. For instance, it would be an evidence of poor taste to put rich lace or satin upon the cotton foulard and to make of it a copy of some fancy paniered model suited only to chiffon, satin or foulard.

There is everything in keeping the simple frock appropriate.

The woman who laments the good old days of the pocket, and feels no joy in the all-containing handbag, will welcom a new "wrinkle" from Paris, the home of

that makes heads of firms hopping mad." said the pretty stenographer. This is the flat cutside pocket, sewed on the front of the underskirt. It is "That is dress patterns. They don't large and of the same material as the her employer and maybe keep her job purchased at any glovemakers; or the band with the clasps inserted is also

It is remarkable how much-"from handkerchief to a pie"-can be put in one of these pockets without either making an ugly bulge in the skirt or causing the sensation of carrying a football about with one. And certainly they are not accessible to pickpockets!

new dress to make up can't belp A very dainty and practical gift for the spreading the pattern out the minute girl who is going to Europe for the sumshe gets it. Then every other woman | mer or to the nearest town for a weekend is a linen shirt-waist case made fit into the cover of her suitcase. It is very pretty in dark linen embroidered or braided in white, then bound with nar-now white tape and fastened by means of frogs and pearl buttons. The case will hold several shirtwaists, and should be strapped into the suitcase. No pattern is needed, as there is nothing to put out. A smaller case might well be used for a man's shirts, and makes a good going-

> The square Dutch neck is a serious rival to the sailor collar as a finish to bathing suits this season. On the beach the latter is undoubtedly the more jaunty looking, but in the water-and, indeed, after a wetting-the neat square neck is the most desirable.

A bathing suit of good mohair (black and blue) made in semi-princess fashion, the full, plain skirt trimmed around the bottom with a band of white mohair.out singular and strange beauty. The lined with black and white fancy braid, would be serviceable. A well watch. A three-second blast, as silent intense sky blue. And its transparency three-second blast, and he knew that the siren of the island lighthouse was calling hair, trimmed with three rows of the braid. The sleeves puffs.

> Much of the success of a small luncheon depends on its simplicity and table can make a living on brushy and hilly decorations. There is nothing more delightful than a delicate green vase of starve. They are very beneficial to land freshly gathered pink roses, with one in cleaning it of weeds, sprouts and brush. half-blown rose at each plate.

For the city girl who must content herself with fewer flowers, a dainty basket filled with forget-me-nots will be very

informal affair of this kind, the menus suggested are simple

> Lemon and strawberry cocktails. Whitefish in pimento cases. Lamb de menthe. Browned potato balls. Nasturtium salad. Pineapple parrait. Small cakes. Iced chocolate.

For the cocktails wash, hull and mast one quart of strawberries; add one cup-ful of powdered sugar and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice: chill thoroughly Just before serving put one tablespoonful of crushed ice in each glass and fill up with crushed berries.

The popular bathing cap of today can be easily made by any woman. One style of cap consists of an oval-shaped piece of material shirred about the face by means of a drawstring run through a pocket on the wrong side of the fabric's outer edge. The turban cap is cut in circular shape and gathered on a wide ribbon with long ends which, by passing behind the ears holds the headgear firmly in place.

Stiff corsets are unknown in France. French corsets are always supple and bendable, and this much accounts for the ease of French figures, which are never tightened except at the waist, leaving the bust and hips quite free.

If the figure is tightened in too much

at the bust and hips, it gives too straight a look to the figure and makes it stiff and uncomfortable, movement being rendered ungraceful by this stiffiness. Let any girl try to lace her corset only at the waist and let her select it as soft and light as possible, and then see if her figure be not as graceful in shape as the

No tight, straight down, even lacing will ever make a pretty figure. If the corset cannot be made expressly to suit the figure, then let it only be laced in the middle of the waist. Even then no real corset should be worn by girls until they are well in their teens.

The Best Lemonade.—To every quart of water use three lemons and the rind of one, taking care to peel the rind very thin, using nofhing but the yellow outside. Cut this into pieces and put with the juice and put week. vessel (a jug is best), using two ounces of sugar to every quart of water. Boil the water, then pour over the lemon and sugar; add ice and serve. The beaten white of an egg added is very nice. This makes a delicious lemonade.

FARM NOTES

-How many thousands of dollars are farmers going to lose by letting the stock run down?

-With feed high the dairyman must get more for the butterfat. The price is bound to advance.

—Cut off at any time, any sucker you may find growing at the foot of fruit trees or on the trunk or main limbs, where branches should not grow. -The alfalfa grower does not get wor-

ried when mill feed goes up in price. His dairy herd is provided for if the alfalfa crop is in the stack or barn. —A pig is a money making machine and should be fed all he will eat cleanly from the time he is able to nibble; then

keep him going until he is on the block. -The greater the capacity for food the better the milker. A cow cannot pro-duce a large quantity of milk if she does not have the capacity for food that makes

—Make free use of the straw in bed-ding the cattle. You provide better for the cow and at the same time increase the amount of good fertilizer for the

-Remember in using Paris green in water to keep it well stirred so that the poison shall be held in suspension. If this is neglected the green will settle to the bottom of the vessel, as it is not

soluble in water. -An English fruit grower declares that he has been able to preserve his apple trees from the wooly aphis by scraping off the loose bark and applying a thin coat of paraffin. Each tree requires about one pint of paraffin and the application is made three times a year.

-Kaffir cornmeal and skim milk make a splendid ration for growing young calves. Calves fed on this by the Kansas Experimental Station weighed 375 pounds each at six months old. They were fed about 2500 pounds skim milk each, with a small allowance of Kaffir cornmeal.

-Corn ensilage possesses numerous advantages for early forage, as it is at hand many times when it would be diffi-cult to get spring crops available for early feeding. An acre of corn will produce more succulent food in the form of ensilage than an acre of any other kind of forage.

-A Chicago commission merchant declares that one reason why the farmers receive low prices for their potatoes is that they send them to market unassorted and with dirt clinging to them. If properly sorted and cleaned, and put up in clean bags or barrels they would bring at least 25 per cent. more.

-During the summer sawdust can be used for bedding with the horses to good advantage. The surplus horses on many farms eat up the profits. Keeping the wagons and buggies well oiled is one way of being kind to horses. Allowing the manure to accumulate in the stables may be convenient, but it is unhealthy

-Young calves should be kept dry, and under no circumstances should they be allowed to remain out during rainy weath and they cease to grow. Calves must be kept in a thrifty, healthy condition at all

-The milk goat, like all other goats, They cannot endure low, wet land, but thrive perfectly on rough, hilly land.
Those giving milk should be fed on good
grass, hay fodder and wheat bran, but
no grain of any kind.

-It is useless to hunt for some preparation that will kill Canada thistles and As a light meal is the rule for a little quack grass. There is no such remedy that is worth anything. Cultivation so thorough that it will prevent growth above ground for one growing season, is the only effectual method of procedure. When growth above ground is prevented the roots must die, for they leave no lungs through which to get oxygen.

-Probably the most unique dairy farm in the world is situated in New York city. There on the top of a six-story buildi is a farm. The farm consists of a halfblooded Holstein cow, half a dozen sheep, an Angora goat, a Shetland pony with her colt, a large shepherd dog, a number of chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese and some monkeys. From 1000 to 1500 peo-ple visited the farm nightly during the

-If the colt has not had any of its mother's milk, first give a dose of castor oil, then feed cow's milk to which at least one-fourth of its volume of water has been added and a little sugar. Warm this to about 100 degrees F., or blood temperature. Oil meal made into a jelly by boiling and mashes made of boiling beans and peas are excellent feed for young colts. During the first few weeks these gruels should be strained to remove the skins, as these are liable to irritate the colt's tender stomach.

-Out of less than 35,000 farms in New Jersey there are 4000 on which poultry raising is carried on in a business-like way, the investment per farm running form \$500 to \$1000 in each case. In addition to this there are more large poultry plants in New Jersey than in any other State in the Union, with the possible exception of California. On the Rancocas farm, Browns-Mills-in-the-Pines the poul-Rancocas try industry represents an investment of half a million dollars, on the Lakewood farm of a quarter of a million, while there are seven farms with investments running from \$5000 to \$50,000 each.

—If the horse steps on a nail do not pour turpentine in the puncture. Such treatment only tends to increase the pain and inflammation. Always bear in mind that the foot cannot swell like other parts to accommodate itself to the results of inflammation. This is the reason that punctures or injuries to the feet are so painful. Soothing treatment is always indicated. Enlarge the opening made by the nail with a knife completely through the sole of the foot and apply a lin-seed meal or bran poultice. Change the poultice every 24 hours, but do not poultice longer than three days at a time, for if prolonged too much softening of the hoof is likely to be the result. The shoe should in all cases be removed and the horse given complete rest until recovery