

Bellefonte, Pa., July 22, 1910.

NEXT YEAR'S PRICES.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "To the jeweler's shop, kind sir," she said; "To the jeweler's shop to buy a chop And a gram of steak with which to top The mid-day meal of a grain of bread And a whole half-turnip, kind sir," she said. -Gerrard Harris, in Puck.

NOT UNDERSTANDING.

They are so dear to us, these they who go, Along the way with us-we love them so. And yet how often on some weary day, A jarring act, a thoughtless word they say, And lo, we turn, all petulance, and fret; The little fault has caused us to forget How great is love—and so in haste we say Impatient, unkind words that weary day— Not understanding that perhaps they, too, Have borne all they could bear the long day

For though so near to them, yet do we see What burdens may be theirs? That there may

Some hidden pain-some heartache borne Some bitter sense of failure or of wrong: And if they sometimes hurt us as we go Along the way-may we not love them so That we may try more near to understand The true heart motive-and to hold the hand More tenderly of some dear one? for, O, They are so dear to us-we love them so. -Grace G. Crowel

"UNTO DEATH."

It was yesterday at the twilight hour that, weary with a a long day's work, I threw myself upon the rustic bench that stands by the sweet rose bower. The shadows crept softly down, the pale moon shimmered through the Shisham boughs and all was calm. I drank deeply of the perfumed air and tried to soothe the pain within by fhe quietness around. All day faint and hungry ones had pleaded at my door, and my heart was sick and sore at the thought of those for whom I had had no bread. Their cries and prayers still rang within my ears and tortured every

nerve and fiber. As I sat thus seeking solace from the silence clothing nature's God, glidingly a ghostly form drew near me. Looking closely, I beheld the thin, gaunt face, the wild and hungry eyes of the woman with whom I had but shared my frugal evening meal. Hardly knowing what I did, I asked her where she had been and what she wanted. With a desperate pleading motion she threw herself beside my feet and with an effort answered my first

"I have come," she said, "from the roadside, yonder, where I sought to share the bread you gave me with another, who was dying; but ere I reached her she was dead, so I gave it to a child, that, forsaken, alone, sat crying."

Then with a sob that shook her she

seized my hands, entreating me to listen. "Oh Missahib, there is a heavy sorrow resting on me and I cannot die until I tell

Silently I bowed my head consenting. ly could I see each feature of that wasted face: her eyes told deep tales of sadness, bnt her thin, parched lips were still, until she sighed and said: "Tis Kismet. I dare not curse the Gods, but woe is me that I have lived to see this day!" She paused; then, gathering strength, began to speak again: "It was when this moon was like an old man's silver hair, following close upon the sinking of the sun that I left my village, Missahib, for nothing could be found within it that one might think of eating. All the village folk had gone a day or two before me, for I had lingered, hoping that my "man" would come again and bring the 'chapaties' he had promised soon to get me, when he left to seek the great bridge they are building somewhere, far away, where by working they may earn one meal a day. He may have died before he joined the workmen, or at the joy of having food again he may have ceased to think of me. Who can tell? One thing I know, he did not come, so alone I took the road that passes on the right our village of shrine, where I left the last small morsel that I had with a promise to the mighty Shiva that I would share my first wheatcake with another if he would save me. Praying thus a prayer

that was to be my curse, I started. Two days I traveled on, only eating the few dried herbs I found clutched tightly in the hand of one who did not want them, for he was dead, had died want them, for he was dead, had died beneath a banyan tree that stretched its great limbs like a forest round. Two days, I said, I traveled on. After that I ded neither day nor night, for the dening pain within me, for the burning thirst had set ablaze each bone in this poor body. I scarcely saw the corpses with the solemn vultures walking round and round; I scarcely heard the crying children, crying for the food their parents

could not give them. "It was last night, when the moon was road with a hunger gnawing, gnawing for the food I could not give it, I came across and save myself from starving. Just then shriveled like a green gourd baked, was distance that the wild duck flies, when he goes from the great jail to the long grass swamp, when I met a woman sitting, "Perhaps it was the noon hour when I rocking to and fro and wailing as she threw the dust upon her brow. As if by instinct I approached her and asked her why she wept. For answer she turned her face to mine—her face!—as if dazed I gazed upon it, for it was the haggard image of my Mina's, my only child who had gone the 'Rains' before with her husband to a Chumar's village lying many kos from ours. While I looked and saw the likeness, yet I doubted, could not help but doubt that it was she, who had been as comely as a dal field when the yellow blossoms are in flower. So I doubted till the moonbeams fell upon her only former mar, fell upon the deep, white scar the paraya's teeth had made when she

first crawled from out our door. Uncertain

then no longer that this in truth was Mina, I uttered a loud 'Hai! Hai!' and took her to my breast, passed my hand upon each shoulder with a great deep tenderness. She knew me too, for the burden of her wail was changed to 'Umma,' 'Are Umma, ji.' [Mother, ch, my

mother.] "I cannot tell how long back and forth we swayed together, but at length I bade her tell me what great grief had fallen on her. At the mention of her sorrow she burst into a piteous lamentation, pointed to a sandpile by the roadside, moaned—'There my son, my little son, my light, my joy, le's dying since I have nothing more to feed him.' Saying this, she laid her head upon the ground and wept as if her soul had turned to tears, and I too wept, for her affliction was a

part of mine.
"When at last she raised her head she drew a little closer to me, then told me all her sorrow—told me how, when first dire want oppressed them, her 'man' ran off with all they had, how from day to day she struggled on till naught was left that she might feed her children; how then she took her son upon her hip and her daughter by the hand and led them forth from out their village, led them to a Shair, a city that lies against the set-ting sun; told how at last they reached that city and how the first night they fed from off the bounty of a rich man living

"At each word that she had spoken more crushed and more broken had her spirit grown, till at length, with failing strength, she groaned—'Oh, that we had never tread that city's filthy streets, had never breathed its cursed air, for after that first night our cries for food were all unheard. Just as the Bunya drives the stealing sparrows as they swarm around his basket store, so they drove us from each succeeding door. With the dogs we strove for every morsel that we had, and with the dogs we shared the gutters, when exhausted we fell down to

"With scarce a moment's breath she hurried on and said, 'After we had lived I cannot tell how many days in this meager, wretched way, it happened on one morn as we sat upon the worn steps leading down to the bathing tank, with the mud upon its floor all baked and cracked like the cakes upon a turtle's back, that a man of wealth and power with his gold and jewels glittering rode thrice around the water tank. Every time that he passed by us closely did he look upon us, till at last he stopped his horses, sent his servant to us with a message; asked through him if I would sell my daughter for the corner of my veil filled full of gold and good wheat flour and a cake or two already baked. At the thought of having food again, food to give my starving son, my love for sweet Phulmani seemed to go, for, wretched mother that I am, I sold her to a life, woe me, worse than that of any brute. But it was to save your grandson, mother, that I let her go, and the Gods will some day know and some day bless me for the pious deed. That was a month-' suddenly she ceased her speaking, looked with eyes so wildly wide at a low, dark form that hid and crouched along the roadway, a form that crouched but for a moment, then glided with no sound to the sand-pile, seized her son, darted back into the bushes and the grass.

"With a look of wondering agony she saw it all and sat transfixed, like the image of the great God sitting in our erable area of country. temple, looking, staring in the way her son had gone, but moving neither hand gathered up the substance and with it nor foot. So she sat, till a cry of pain falling from her dear one's lips came from over an ever-widening distance. Then she screamed one piercing scream, rushed with leaping strength into the network of the leaves and grass, cared not if 'twas man or beast that she thus sought to meet.

"And I-what did I do? What can a mother do but follow close upon the foottracks that her heart-sick child has made? So I followed, ever calling softly—'Mina, Mina, Mina.' But Mina soon had far outstripped me, and I could no longer see her well beloved form. So I wandered here and there, here and there, ever calling softly, 'Mina, Mina, Mina.' Back and forth, then on and on I groped and stumbled, still more softly calling-'Mina, Mina. Mina.'

While I moved thus in the mazes of that high and yellow cutting grass a mys tic silence came upon the earth. The cries of pain were hushed, the screams of anguish too had melted from the air, and even my low call was softened to a whispered breath of 'Mina, Mina, Mina.' In this silence then at length a strange fear fell upon me, and feeling many dr adful things, I forgot that I must seek for Mina, forgot to even whisper her sweet name. I only longed and tried to reach the road

less gloom. "To the left and to the right I had pushed the clumps of grass till my hands were cut and bleeding, till my heart was crouching in me at the thought that the roadside never would be reached. It was when the moon had grown blood red and large on approaching to the earth that I large on approaching to the earth, that I pushed aside a thicker and a heavier high, that as I crept along the long white road with a hunger gnawing, gnawing for the food I could not give it, I came across with her arms outstretched, holding in a prostrate form that stopped me. It was a mother who had died and left a Oh, the awful look upon her face! Oh, new-born babe. Loitering I stooped to see the child, and one hideous thought came to me—I might eat its tender flesh hand upon her breast and broke the stillness, calling for swift death. It was from I saw a cake some stranger, pitying, had life I prayed then to be saved and nof placed within its tiny hand; greedily from death. But my first wheat-cake had placed within its tiny hand; greedily from death. But my first wheat-cake had I seized it and devouring it I fled. Pity, not been shared, and Shiva would not save me, would not send me death. When dried up within me. I thought not of my cries had grown too weak for sound, the child, nor did I think of the promise the awful stillness creeping back brought the awful stillness creeping back brought I had given till my last mouthful had the mystic dread again upon me, and been eaten. Then with a shudder it came across me that my first wheat-cake had been taken, that Shiva could not save. Sound the road too, and ran and walked Half frantic I hurried on; I had gone the and crawled till the dawn of this day

woke, saw an ox-cart drawing near. As it passed I hailed the stranger in it, asked him out of pity to lift me up and take me on my way. And out of pity he took me up and brought me here.

"And now I've shared the food you

gave me with another, perhaps the mighty Shiva will hear my prayer and save me from this life that is worse than death." Ceasing to speak, she swooned and fell upon the ground. Gently I raised her, then bore her in and nursed her with an aching heart's tenderness. But it was all to no avail, for in the passing of another hour another victim had fallen to gaunt famine's power.—By Lois M. Buck, in the Christian Advocate.

The Orange Secret.

It was told me by Maritza, a little Greek girl in far-away Turkey, and I am going to tell it here and now to every one, because I never have found an American child who had discovered it.

I was finishing my breakfast one morn ing when I heard a little sound at my elbow. It was Maritza, who had slipped off her shoes at the outer door, and come so softly through the open hall that I had not heard her.

After I had taken the parcel of sewing her mother had sent, I gave Maritza two oranges which were left in a dish on the table. One of them was big and the other quite small.

"One orange is for you," I said, "and the other you may carry to Louka. Which one will you give him?"

Maritza waited a long while before answering. At any time she would have thought it rude for a little child to answer promptly or in a voice loud enough to be easily heard; but this time she waited even longer than good manners required. She looked one orange over and over, and then the other. After a little more urging from me, she whispered: "This one.

It was the big one. Curious to know of the struggle which made her so long in deciding, I said: "But why don't you give Louka the small orange? He is a small boy."

Maritza dug her little stockinged toes into the carpet and twisted her apron hem before she answered. "Is not Anna waiting for me at the gate?" she said. "Anna and I will eat my orange together. Mine has twelve pieces, and the other only eleven.

only five."
"You cannot see through the orange skin, Maritza, to tell how many pieces there are. How is it you know?" I asked. Then Maritza told me the orange se-

would not like to take six pieces if I had

cret, and this is it: If you look at the stem-end of an orange you will see the scar where it pulled away from the stem is like a little wheel, with spokes going out from the center. If you count the spaces between these spokes you will find that there are just as many of them as there will be sections in the orange when you open it; and so you can tell, as Maritza did, how

many "pieces" your orange has.

Perhaps you think every orange has the same number, just as every apple has five cells which hold its seeds; but you will find it is not so. Why not? Well, do not know. But, perhaps, away back in the history of the orange, when it is a flower, or perhaps when it is only a bud, something may happen which hurts some of the cells or makes some of them outgrow the rest. Then the number of cells is mixed; and, no matter how big and plump and juicy the orange becomes, it has no more sections than it had when it was a little green button, just beginning

to be an orange.

The next time you eat an orange, try to find out its secret before you open it. -[Little Folks.]

A Shower of Manna.

Some time ago there was forwarded to Paris for analysis from Asiatic Turkey a specimen of an edible substance that fell during a copious shower of rain in the vicinity of Mardin and Diarbekir. It was stated that the substance in falling had been plentifully sprinkled over a consid-

The inhabitants came out and eagerl made excellent bread. The "manny was floury, palatable and nutritious.

The Parisian chemists stated that the sample of the manna sent them was in the form of small globules about the size of millet seeds, and that the mass, yellowish on the outside, was perfectly white within. It was pronounced to be a vege-table substance of the lichen family, scientifically known as Lecanora esculenta. This lichen is frequently found in the

most arid mountains of the desert of Tartary, where the soil is calcareous and gypseous and grows on the ground amid the pebbles, from which it is to be distinguished only by the closest scrutiny. Considerable quantities of lichen are found also in the desert of Turkestan and in other parts of western Asia.

Parrot, the traveler, brought home a quantity of this substance as long ago as 1828. It had fallen in a shower in Persia and was said to have covered the ground to a depth of several inches. Cattle ate it eagerly, and the inhabitants gathered

it in quantities.
It is regarded as likely that this lichen, abundant in the country where it fell, had been drawn up by a waterspout—not an nfrequent phenomenon there-and, after being carried by a vaporous wind at a high altitude had fallen to the earth again in a rain shower .- Harper's Week-

The Common Sewing Needle.

We are so accustomed to seeing the little steel sewing needle in everyday use that we accept its presence as a matter of course, quite as if it grew on a tree like an apple.

It is true that needles have always been used, but not always in their present form. In times when skins of animals were worn for clothing the needle was made of fishbone, bone or ivory, without an eye and of goodly size and strength, in order to pierce the skins easily.

Since the latter part of the fourteenth century steel needles have been made. Various are the kinds and sizes which are now required for everyday use by a world of people for sewing by hand, by ma-chine, for packing, upholstery and leath-er work, wonderful needles for surgical purposes and many others.

The material used in the manufacture

of the needle consists of fine steel wire, which is supplied in coils. These coils are cut with powerful shears into lengths each sufficient for two needles.

Several thousand of these lengths are placed together in a bundle, heated to red

heat and then quickly straightened by pressure and rolling. These straightened lengths are then pointed at both ends on a revolving grindstone. A grinder will point as many as one hundred thousand needles in a day, while machinery invented for the

same purpose will point three times as many as a skilled workman. Next comes the eyeing of the needles You will remember that each length of wire referred to is sufficient for two needles. At the centre of each length, therefore, is stamped the grooved and rounded impression of two needle heads end to end, and then perforated by steel

Through the double eye holds thus formed (of, say, one hundred needles at a time) is threaded fine wire, giving an appearance of a two-edged comb.

needles are held rigid and then broken apart with comparative ease between the

The needles are next hardened and tempered by being subjected to red heat, plunged into an oil bath, reheated again nd gradually cooled.

After this they must be scoured and polished by friction combined with soft soap, oil and emery powder. Washing, drying aad more polishing follow—in fact, there seems to be no end to the polishing and finishing processes—but when the work is finally completed the needles are as near perfection as modern machinery and human skill can make them.

Yet we buy them for four cents a paper, at the rate of about six for one cent-[Selected.

The Ancient Story of the "Bloody Hand

of Ulster." The emblem of the Ulster steamship tine is a huge red hand, from the wrist of which is flowing drops of blood. An official of one of the vessels of the line gave this explanation of the queer device:

"It was in the early days of Ireland, when James I. was king and when Ireland was divided into four provinces, that the king of Ulster died. He had two sons, who were devoted to each other and who at the time of their father's death were on the isle of Auron, Scotland. In those days the eldest son did not always succeed the father on the throne.

"They were brave lads, these two sons of the old king, and upon learning of the death of their father each planned to race across the channel and be the first to place his hand upon the soil of Antrim and thus become king of all the north.

"With eight men each they started off from Mulicantry. On nearing the shores of the isles the youngest prince, whose name was Neill, seeing that his brother was in a fair way to become king, drew his sword, placed his left hand on the side of the boat and cut it

off at the wrist. "Quickly seizing the dripping hand, he threw it on shore and thus won the crown. Since that time, it is told, the bloody hand of Ulster has led to victory on many a hard fought field as emblem on the shields of the young king and his followers. Ulster's name, whether in trade or war or sport or on a steamship line, is known by this sign."-Philadelphia North American.

Saved by His Wit.

Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, at the time when he was one of the justices of appeals of Ireland, was holding assizes in Tipperary county when a man was brought before him on indictment for murder. The case was proved that the victim came to his death by being hit with a stick in the hands of the defendant, but the doctor testified that he had what they called in medical parlance a "paper skull."

The case looked dark for the prisoner, however, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. As the man was brought before the court for sentence it was noticed that his lordship had his black cap in his band.

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?" demanded Lord Fitzgibbon.

The man tooked for a moment and then said. "No. your lordship. I have nothing to say, but I should like to ask one question."

"What is that, my man?" said Fitzgibbon. "I should like to know what a man with a head like that was doing in

Tipperary?" The black cap was put away and a prison sentence imposed.

There is one very interesting fact connected with meteors that have struck the earth. Hundreds of them have been examined and found to contain animal remains-that is, the very lowest forms of life. This indicates that they are parts of a world that burst into fragments long, long ago What a thought-a world broken up and scattered through space! Maybe we had another moon once, but that broke into pieces and these are the pieces, and maybe they are parts of the planet that once revolved between Mars and Jupiter. Over 500 of the larger pieces of this planet have been discovered and catalogued. One of Why may not many of the smaller pieces and these solid meteors be they? It is probably so .- Columbus Journal.

The Way to Float.

This is the advice of an old swimmer to those who cannot swim: "Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind his back and turn the face toward the zenith may float at ease and in perfect safety in tolerably still water. When you first find yourself in deep water you have only to consider yourself an nose and not the top of your heav, head be the highest part of you and you are safe. But thrust up one of your bony hands and down you go. turning up the handle tips over the pitcher." There are reason and logic in this.

One day the teacher asked her class to write an essay on London, about which they had just been reading. When examining their papers later she was surprised to read the following: "The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

"Where did you get that from?" asked she of Maggie Jones. "Please, miss, it's all in the book It says 'the population of London is very dense. "-London Answers.

"My dear brother." said the clericae

looking man, "are you doing anything to keep your brother from falling?" "Why. yes." was the reply. "I'm in terested in a courern that manufactures lampposts!"-Boston Courier.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear; But 'tis a task indeed to learn-to hear, In that the skill of conversation:

That shows or makes you both polite and wise-A trained nurse gave to a mother what she called her "five P's," for keeping chil-

dren well. Here they are: Pure milk, pure air, plenty of sleep, proper clothing and perfect cleanliness. Those few rules cover most of the ne-

cessities in hygienic child-rearing. The importance of pure milk cannot be over-estimated. Except for infants, cows' milk should answer every need but mothers should know where it comes from and how it is cared for after it enters the house. The best milk is quickly contaminated if left without a cover in hot place.

The strongest children are those who live most in the open air. Naps in daytime can be taken in a sheltered porch Well wrapped, a child does not take cold, even in cold weather. At night every window should be open wide. See that enough bed clothing is supplied, or colds may result.

Plenty of sleep is essential. Babies should be put to bed by 6 o'clock each evening and sleep through until the next morning at 7. A nap during the day should be given. Not all children are amenable to such

rules, but they should be trained into better sleeping habits. Proper clothing includes that which keeps a child warm without overheating. Less bundling is thought necessary than formerly. Wool should be worn next the

skin for the first two years, but it should be light weight.

Perfect cleanliness is a matter of dainti-

The Tidy Girl.-Never puts her clothes away unbrushed. Never neglects to put trees into her

boots, if she owns them; if not, she uses tissue paper, stuffed into the toes, as a Never sits about the house in a walk-

ng dress. Never forgets to pull out and straighten gloves when she takes them off. Rolls up her veils leaving them on her

Keeps any jewelry she may elect to wear immaculately clean.

Fastens her collar straight in the back Fastens her collar straight in the back instead of having it gaping in sections, or crops carefully from now until finally disthe pins set in at all sorts of angles to

dinner, a hotel, a hoodlum, a gown or a ring. The name Apache is the last thing cow, \$32.25; sheep, \$2.29; pig, \$3.06. According to the same authority, valueing the most of it.

There is some talk of gowns for the autumn which are lavishly trimmed with the following is the average value per fringe, made up of a narrow skirt and a hunting skirt; to precede this there is a cow, \$2.43; sheep, \$4.25; pig, \$3.20. hat called the Apache, which is warriorlike, to say the least.

Those who are tempted to jeer at all the present fashions will readily give to it the qualities of savagery and crudity; and yet it is dashing.

from the Pocahontas trimmings that we one-half pint three times a day. The wore on our hats two seasons ago. These consisted of upright feathers in different colors spread acsoss the front and side of the hat. In some of the Apache turbans exactly the same kind of trimming is used, only the Apache effect is made prominent around the head and not on a

brim of a hat. One of the models which is being exploited in Paris is almost a facsimile of an Indian chieftain's headdress. The feathers are about eight inches long in the form of quills at the base, curling into soft tendrils at the top. They stand close together in an even band, grading a

little lower at the back than the front. These surround an extra high turban of chiffon or tulle draped into a mound shape, and there is a slight brim, say about an inch in depth, which forms a

base for the feathers. This is a startling hat, but as it is turned out by a great house it will probably be worn by those who can set the fashions. There is no longer any doubt that we are to wear hats that exceed in height anything that has been attempted for centuries.

While the first hat is more definitely Indian and has more of the atmosphere than any other model, it is also true that some of the other turbans are more popu lar because they are not so daring. There these flew away inside of Mars' orbit is a high crowned turban made of gauze Why may not many of the smaller shot through with metal and trimmed across the front with an immense bunch of plumes.

These are vari-colored, extra thick and mount fully ten inches in the air.

The head space of all these hats is small. It is the height that counts; and the more it looks like an Indian headdress the more startlingly stylish it is. So far these Apache turbans have not been frequently seen on this side of the water, but they are coming one by one. There is no use in saying that our women are too sensible to wear them, because a statement like this becomes a mockery empty pitcher. Let your mouth and when one remembers the aeroplane hat, the Merry Widow and the peach basket.

> The question of keeping dust and sand out of the hair during the summer months is one that is not always wisely settled. Women are careless because it is hot. They go without hats, refuse to wear veils, sit by open car windows under an avalanche of cinders, and yet expect their

hair to keep its lustre.

To wash the hair every week is distinctly bad for it. It takes all the oil and life from each strand. Once a month is as often as the hair will stand; therefore, the question arises. What shall be done? One answer is to wear something on the head at any hour of the day and night when one encounters dust; and to always wrap the head up well in a chiffon

These can be bought in extra lightweight straw, and some of the traveling ones are made of triple thicknesses of chiffon veiling, with a bow of taffeta at

FARM NOTES.

-One ounce of seed will sow 150 feet

The earliest and quickest turnips are

best for spring growing. —Overcrowding will result in rough and poorly-flavored roots.

-Rutabagas should be sown three or four weeks earlier than other turnips.

-Early turnips are sometimes bunched like beets, or they may be topped and sold in barrels, baskets, etc. -It is better to drill turnip seed than

to broadcast it, as by the former method the seed is more deeply sown. Swedes or rutabagas sown in the spring are very apt to grow tough and stringy. The usual cause is a deficiency

of phosphoric acid. Turnips, if left in the ground, will produce early greens in spring, and so will the stocks of cabbage if they are left

with their roots in the ground

-Every crop that is raised on the farm should help to put the soil in better condition, both physically and chemically. This is the purpose and aim of the rota-

-Lewis Palm, a Wisconsin farmer, recently brought from Sweden 2,000 plants called the Lingon berry, a new plant in this country. They are similar to the native blueberry, with a fine flavor, though a little smaller.

-In England young people organize rat and sparrow clubs, the object being to organize campaigns against these pests. In one small village the local club reported a slaughter of 3,838 rats, 839 sparrows and 614 moles.

-The quince is easily propagated from Perfect cleanliness is a matter of daintiness as well as hygiene. Nothing is more shocking than a dingy infant or child.

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Guility. Cuttings and the orange quince is one of the best, ripens early and is of the best quality. Cuttings should be kept in moist sand in a cool cellar or buried in

the ground until wanted. -Tomatoes are grown with entire success in all types of soils. The sandy loams are considered superior and with most varieties such soils produce smoother fruit. Clay soils, however, are favorable to large yields, and if earliness is not a consideration the results may be entirely satisfactory.

-Reports from many parts of Penn-sylvania and other States in the Union tell that the late frosts have done great damage to fruit. To what extent we cannot tell, but we would advise all who posed of, as we anticipate a strong market for all fruits the coming autumn and

winter. It is not news to say that every other —According to Roberts, the following thing in Paris is called Apache. It makes is the yearly value of fertilizing constitulittle difference whether it is a dance, a ents in solids and liquids voided by farm nitrogen at 15 cents, phosphoric acid at 7 cents and potash at 4.5 cents per pound,

—If necessary to rear a lamb by hand, a New York State farmer says he finds the lamb the best judge of amount of milk required, and feeds at first nearly all it will drink, which is about one quarter of a pint every three hours, the last In a measure it is not a startling change starts the feeds are gradually reduced to milk fed in this way will yield larger profit than if sold to the cheese factory.

-Weevils in grain or seeds are destroyed by fumigation with the bisulphide of carbon. Put the infested material in a tight box, bin or pail, put on top of the peas a shallow saucer, and pour into this some of the chemical, then close the container tightly, and leave closed for 24 to 36 hours. The gas given off is heavier than air, and permeates the contents of the container. Do not bring lighted pipe or any other light near the bisulphide, as it is highly inflammable.

-A Pennsylvania fruit grower reports success in spraying with pure kerosene during the growing season. He uses a small two ounce atomizer sold at drug stores. It reduces the kerosene to a very fine spray or mist and does not drench or cover the foliage and fruit. It is claimed that by spraying in this way, and using great care, such pests as plant and tree lice, grape hoppers and the like, are killed without injury to the trees or plants. This fruit grower carries the at-omizer with him and applies the kerosene mist whenever he notices insect

-Buckwheat Is a good crop to grow on weedy lands; it is a nitrogen gatherer like clover; it may be sown late with safety, when the rush of other seeding is over, and it is a good yielder. Whole buckwheat has about the feeding value of corn, but its middlings has a high protein content, 22 per cent., oil meal has 28 per cent., and the manure from that feed is rich in nitrogen. Ground buckwheat made into a thick slop is good for the brood sow, and its flavor soon induces the little pigs to learn to eat. Horses eat whole buckwheat and they seem to do well on it and welcome it to break a monotonous diet. Fowls like it and relish it for a long time continuously. As a crop for home consumption, as a weed killer and nitrogen source to land buckwheat deserves a recognition that it does not get, and more of it should be grown; not in large quantity, unless to be used as a weed destroyer and to plow under as a fertilizer, but moderately.

—Balking is the stubborn resistance to move of a horse when urged to do so by rider or driver. Lighting straw under its belly, prodding it from behind and other cruel devices mostly fail and make the horse worse. First of all look to the bit, see that it does not hurt the gums, in-spect them. Then look to the shoulders under the collar, and feel if the animal flinches from pressure—for there may be injury there, even without the presence of a wound, or the collar may press on the windpipe. This would make a horse in harness balk. If no manifest reason for not starting can be discovered, proceed as follows: While speaking to the animal, pass the hand down the front leg to the coronet, lift the hoof up pretty weil if one is in a motor.

This should also be done in a train unstrike each nail in the shoe, with a final less it is so stifling hot that it is unbear-able. The motor bonnets or peach-basket ing anything to the horse as you suddenwear in dusty places, as they protect all the head except the lower part of the force.

Ing anything to the horse as you suddenthe driver gathers up the reins sufficient for the animal to feel the his horse's temper will have been diverted by what has been done. and he will start off at once, if it has been a matter of illtemper. This advice has been rarely known to fail, if the horse feels that he is master of the load behind him.