

WEATHER SIGNS.

When the Parrot shrieks his strain  
Wise old maids prepare for rain.  
When the skies look like a shad  
Weather's likely to be bad.  
Morning gray and evening pink  
Put rain prophets on the blink.  
When these hues reverse, begosh,  
Then's the time for your galosh!

If the streets are damp and wet  
It's been raining, you can bet.  
Heavy gifts wher'er you go  
Are a perfect sign of snow.  
Slushy snowballs 'neath the ear  
Are no sign that all is clear.  
Streets as soft as morning mush  
Send the traveler through the slush.

Furry taste in morning bright  
Means a rather dampish night.  
Bill unpaid and tailor blue  
Mean a stormy day for you.  
Leaks in pipe and holes in roof  
Shadow forth the water-proof.  
Water-pitcher brimming o'er  
Means wet weather on the floor.

Three months' note ahead of you  
Means a heavy fall of dew.  
Pebbly ice along the street  
Is a likely sign of sleet.  
If the skies are full of doubt  
Better get your 'breller out.  
Hats-a-dancing on the way  
Mean a somewhat windy day.

Heavy swaying of the trees  
Indicates a lively breeze.  
Ships-a-scuttling without sail  
Are a sign of gusty gale.  
Piercing shrieks through nursery wall  
Are an omen of a squall.  
Best girl smiling on your knee  
Heralds fine days soon to be.

Would you know where you are at?  
Paste these items in your hat.

—Carlyle Smith.

WHEN THE STARS FELL.

It was Aunt Silvey's time to tell a story, and she hobbled forward leaning on her stick to take the place of honor closest to the fire, her listeners knew that it would be a story of the elements, for Aunt Silvey studied the heavens and could prophesy good or evil in the whistling of the winds. And this was Aunt Silvey's story: Uncle Bob's Lish was as fine a young negro as was ever born on Ole Marse's plantation, and Ole Marse was proud of him. He was tall, slender, and brown, and when he laughed his teeth glistened like ivory; when he swung his axe at the roots of the great trees down in the new clearing, the sway of his splendid young body was beautiful to see.

The other negroes said that Lish was as good as free, for since he put out the fire in the gin-house all by himself, when it was full of cotton, and the same year swam through the ice at the risk of his own life and saved Young Marse from drowning, all he had to do when he wanted anything was to go to the Big House and ask Ole Marse for it, and he got it.

All the girls in the Quarters made eyes at Lish, and the mothers always had a word of praise for him. But for all that Lish had a hidden sorrow. A sorrow that made him an outcast from all the merry happenings in the Quarters, a looker-on, with no part nor pleasure in them. He could buck-and-wing and double-shuffle and buzzard-lope by himself, with the best of them; but let a petticoat swish by him and it was all over with Lish.

But when spring came again and the peach-trees blushed down in the orchard, and the apple-trees wept their white petals on the hillside; when the bees came out into the open and drummed in the hearts of hyacinths and the joree that nested in the thorn told his mate that the winter was surely gone; when there was a breaking of the clouds at the cornfield and a weeding out in the young cotton, and the swarming life in the Quarters stretched itself in the dazzling sunshine and let the back logs die into ashes—then it was that something happened to Lish. Aunt Mauby dropped her rake right in the middle of the row, in wonderment, and even Uncle Bob, Lish's own daddy, leaned on his hoe, to look. By twelve o'clock every negro on the plantation knew that Lish had sidled up to Dicey in the field and offered her three partridge eggs, and Dicey had accepted them.

"Hain't nuffin 'but spring fever," said Uncle Bob, as he went back to his work. "Lish hain't never had his sheer, an' his ketchin'." And the spring fever would have prospered and thrived wonderfully in Lish, save that Dicey was a flirt. It was great fun to watch the envious glances for a while, but all too soon Lish's awkward wooing wore the spoiled belle of the Quarters, and she longed for the larger field which had always been hers. It was very stupid to sit and hold hands with the speechless Lish as he gazed first at her, then at the sluggish river, muddy and swollen with the late spring rains, then back again at her without a word.

Blessed thought he was with treasures among the men of the Quarters, day after day he had brought them all and laid them at her feet; the trophies Ole Marse had given him year after year as wrestling prizes; the gold ring which he had chosen as Ole Marse's gift when she had asked him to name it after he had saved Young Marse—Ole Marse had taken it off her own finger. Then came the china cup with the gold band around it and the motto "Love the Giver" across it, which Little Miss, the baby, had sent him for Christmas. As a last offering, he had slipped into Uncle Bob's old cedar "chist," and stolen his dead mother's hoop earrings, and he gave them to Dicey. Then Lish silently labored with words until they came "Hain't I convinced you yet, Dicey?"

Dicey with her one free hand smoothed her faded blue cotton apron, then tossed her head until the drops on the hoop earrings tinkled like bells. "Not yet, Lish, but it's er comin'! It's er comin'!" she said.

"When hit gwine come?" whispered Lish.

"When I finds my heart," and Dicey tinkled the bells again. "What else Uncle Bob got in dat chist dat b'ling te you 'maw, Lish?"

"Des kivers, Dicey," and Lish drew his free hand across his eyes. "I done slip ever' thing else outen hit 'ceptin' de kivers. Mammy's kivers sho gwine hain't me if I taken dem giv'er sum daddy!"

"Lish!" crooned Dicey, as she swayed her body to and fro. "De ses er pinin' an' er honin' for some er dem kivers, 'fore I kin be convinced!"

So it came to pass that now, since they had been folded away for the summer, one by one of the patient dead Marthy's quilts were slipped from Uncle Bob's "chist" by the infatuated Lish. First came the "Golden Chain"; the "Lone Star" followed. Lish shivered even in the first spring heat as he took from the bottom of the "chist" the "Yellow Rose of Texas," which had been the pride of the industrious Marthy's heart. Still Dicey was unconvinced. Perhaps there was something else in Uncle Bob's old wonder-box for Lish to give her. But Lish had impoverished the unconscious Uncle Bob, and he himself was bankrupt of all his former wealth; so now the days went by without the offering of another gift. Then Dicey looked about and began to smile on Selim, whose mother had a brood of fine young broilers. Lish burned with jealousy in the field as he watched the blissful Selim, and froze with fear in the cabin less Uncle Bob should discover the loss of his "kivers"; and once more he sought the presence of the coquetish Dicey.

"Is Selim convinced you yet, Dicey?" he asked, mournfully, as Dicey snatched her hand away from his hopeless grasp.

"Naw, Selim hain't convinced me yet, but maybe hit's comin'!"

"An' wid all I done give you uv mine an' done steal yew daddy, hain't I convinced you yet, Dicey?"

"Naw, you hain't convinced me, Lish! Dar's mo' in dat chist uv Uncle Bob's!" Lish groaned in spirit. "Can't I convince you wid what I already done?"

Again Dicey made the drops on the earrings of Lish's dead mother ring like bells.

"Not if de levee was ter'break an' ever' body drownwed 'ceptin' you an' me! Not if all de cows an' de hosses an' de sheeps what w'ant drownwed was ter up an' ter ax hit!"

Lish groaned and leaned his head on his hands.

Dicey, grown more audacious, rose and turned a pirouette on her toes. "Not if de very stars was ter come drappin' outen de sky, fur ter ax hit, kin you convince me, Lish?"

Lish lay out on the grass alone and looked up at the sky. Modestly he watched the afterglow fade and the swift twilight come on; then one by one the stars came twinkling out to pierce the darkness, but they brought no message to Lish's rudely broken heart.

Uncle Bob loved few things on the face of the earth; of these things, the first was the "kivers," his dead Marthy had made with her own hands, and the next was Lish, his son. It so happened one Sunday morning, as he was basking in the sunshine in front of his cabin, and Lish was lying on the grass looking up at the sky, he spied Dicey across the way, hanging her quilts on a line to air.

"How pretty to his old eyes, as she fitted and to, pinning them up on the line—one, two, three, four, while their kaleidoscopic brilliancy fairly dazzled him. But there was something very familiar about three of them, the "Golden Chain," the "Lone Star" and the "Yellow Rose," and he thought himself of his own wealth and began to stretch a line for the airing of his own treasures. Whistling as he went, he turned into the cabin and opened his precious "chist." It was empty! Even the Sedilite-powder box in which he always kept his Marthy's hoop earrings was gone.

"She's got 'em!" he muttered. "She's got 'em!"

Trembling with rage, he picked up his knotted stick, but when he looked out upon the grass at the prone figure still staring up at the sky his heart melted.

"Lish?" he called. "Lish! come here!"

Listless and indifferent to the consequences, whatever they might be, Lish rose and stood before his father. Closing the door, the old man put his back against his knotted stick, he brought it down softly to the floor.

"Hain't no usen ter whine over split milk, boy," he said, sternly. "I knows what you steal 'em fur—I knows!—an' I ought'er frai you in er inch uv you' life! But you gott'er git dem kivers back, an' ter git 'em you gott'er git de gal too, so you better be up an' movin', 'case you gott'er git dem kivers 'fore cole weather!"

"Daddy, I cain't convince Dicey," moaned Lish.

"What you done ter convince her?" asked the old man.

"I done give her all I got an' all you got too!" whispered Lish.

"Den you gott'er convince her, if hit take fum now twil Christmas," said the old man, positively, "an' you'll ole daddy gwine ter hone you, 'case he'll freeze ter def widout his kivers!"

Straightway, Lish took heart of grace and stopped lying on the grass looking up at the sky. Instead he took to dogging Dicey's steps and springing out upon her unawares, with his oft-repeated question, "Is you convinced, Dicey?"

Uncle Bob, following the teaching of his fathers, proceeded to help in the only way he knew, and sought Maum Scylla in the dark of the moon. Maum Scylla knew how to work all kinds of charms, and made cunners for the whole plantation. Maum Scylla was never known to fall unless the devil worked too strong against her, and then even a spirit in the air has to give way. It was said that Maum Scylla wore fern seed bound to the bottom of her feet and could make herself invisible whenever she chose, and could rise in the air; but Maum Scylla services came high, and she had to be paid in advance. Before she would promise to work a single charm, Uncle Bob had to give her, for good, the big brass spectacles that he wore to "meetin'," and the stick with the real silver heak. Little Miss had given him when Lish had saved Young Marse from drowning. Uncle Bob demurred, but yielded finally, for, as much as he treasured the dignity of his stick and of the spectacles, which he wore of a Sunday, the three big warm "kivers" meant more to his rheumatic bones.

But, said Aunt Silvey to the circle that sat around the fire, listening to her story, Lish might plead with Dicey in the simplicity of his heart, by day, and Maum Scylla might work with her brews and cunners by night; but above the earth with its ploughing and hoeing and cotton-picking, and the air, with its rain and sunshine, its bees and butterflies and whirling flights of birds, the elements worked together with a terrible force which should be scattered over the face of the earth.

It was the thirteenth of November, said Aunt Silvey, and Ole Marse had made such a big crop of cotton that the negroes on the Happy Hollow place had to be brought over to help get it all out. The picking was nearly done, and the negroes were working hard for the barbecue Ole Marse had promised to give before he sent the Happy Hollow negroes back.

Summer had come and gone, but Maum Scylla was still working over her cunners and Uncle Bob was grumbling and limping, for Lish had not yet "convinced Dicey."

Now, on the night of the thirteenth of November, again Lish sat beside Dicey

and held her hand. Above them the stars winked and twinkled, and afar they could hear the hum of voices, but Lish was in despair.

"Hain't I convinced you, Dicey?" he almost wailed.

"Naw," said the reluctant Dicey, wondering why Selim had not come by, "you hain't convinced me yet, Lish, an' what's mo', it's a case I's plum tired."

"Set here by de door, an' I gwine ter plead, 'an' if I hain't convinced you den, I hain't gwine ax you never no mo'!"

"Wall, if you sho hain't never ax me no mo'," said Dicey, "case I's plum tired. I wants ter git shut uv you fur good!"

Nobody knew how the elements were working behind the veil of stars that night, said Aunt Silvey, though some smart folks tried to explain it afterward. But they just went on working, not knowing or caring about plain common people like Lish and Dicey, who were looking into each other's faces instead of into the face of the heavens. But the elements in the heavens, said Aunt Silvey, lead men, whether they know it or not, and under the sprinkling silver of the stars, on the night of the thirteenth of November, bashful, but de sparks uv burnin' cotton-seed flyin'!" said Lish. "It's gott'er convince you, Dicey! Ef I hain't convinced you ter-night, I hain't never gwine try no mo'!"

But Dicey had hidden her face in her arms from fear. Then, for the first time, said Aunt Silvey, Lish turned and looked into the face of the heavens instead of into Dicey's face, and, lo, and behold! the air, the sky, the roads, the fields, were full of falling fire as thick as snowflakes in the winter and as bright as fireflies in the boggy woods in summer, and there was no way to turn where the falling fire was not.

"The world's on fire!" cried the terror-stricken Lish. "But I gott'er save you, Dicey! Come!" And hand in hand, shrieking and dodging like frightened rabbits, they ran back into the Quarters.

Bedlam met them there. From every cabin a dusky stream had poured regard of sex, age, and condition, roused from slumber and warm beds, wrapped in "kivers" as varied as Joseph's coat, or clothed only in that which which nature had provided them.

Every creature that had lungs had opened their lustily, and everything with a voice added fulness to the sound. Some wept, some shouted, some cried, some prayed, and some confessed to sins that their little world had never known were committed.

Now in the deep basses and contraltos were chanted the fright and misery of their souls, while above these at intervals the high soprano and tenor voices soared in their oratorio of terror! "My God! The world's on fire! The world's on fire!"

Some threw themselves with their faces on the ground that they might not see the terror of the heavens; while others, dazed by the awful splendor, could not draw their eyes from the blinding spectacle. But the parson and the good housewife, said Aunt Silvey, prayed without ceasing with their faces toward the east. One, two hours passed, and the whole world seemed full, with wailing and with fire.

"Let's go up ter de Big House, whar we be safe!" sobbed Dicey, who all this time had kept her face hidden on Lish's trembling shoulder.

"De hain't no safer'n we is," said Uncle Pliny, the parson. "De day er judgment done fotch up all low, de white an' de black, de quality, de po' buckra, an' de nigger! Have mercy on our souls!"

In the third hour, though it was the middle of the night, the sheep, terror-stricken, began to bleat, and horses to neigh, the mules to run, the cows to low, and every fowl for miles and miles to add its quota to the general confusion.

Old Uncle Pliny's flesh had reached the limit of its endurance, his knees were knocking together in a way that was never trembling like the others; but his spirit kept up bravely, for, though Uncle Pliny's flesh was weak, his spirit was willing to strive.

"Behold, my people," he cried, "de millenium is come! De ox in de stall done lift' up his voice an' kneel down 'er pray! De ass by de manger an' all de brutes what goes on four feets is bowed de knee an' cried out, 'De 'struction er de worl' is done come. Have mercy on us po' sinnin' creatures!"

And again the wail of the multitude rose in answer and died away in a moan.

The third hour had nearly passed, in an unceasing, spectacular display, when the fiery sleet in the heavens gradually abated. But the terror-stricken people still lay upon the ground and clung shivering with their faces in the damp earth. Now the grauduer of the illumination was over. Only a fitful meteor sped across the sky. Then a faint streak flushed gently in the east and another day was born.

Then and then only, said Aunt Silvey, did Dicey take her tear-stained face from the shelter of Lish's shoulder.

"Lish! she whispered, "Lish! I don't be mad at me! I's done convinced, forever an' forever!"—By Virginia Frazer Boyle, in Harper's Weekly.

Disease of Chestnut Trees.

Within the past few years an entirely new disease of the common chestnut tree has appeared. It is evidently spreading in all directions from the neighborhood of New York City where it was first observed. On Long Island, Southern Connecticut and Northern New Jersey it has proved so virulent that nearly all the chestnut trees are affected, and many of these are now dead.

In Pennsylvania it is quite abundant throughout the eastern counties, but in the central and western portions of the State it is still either lacking or but sparingly distributed. Like all other plant diseases which do not have their origin and it is not likely that it will arrive in all sections where the chestnut tree grows. It is not unlikely that it may have already nearly reached the limit of its extension.

However, that may be, it is well worth the attention of all who have chestnut trees or timber. A strong effort should be made to arrest the progress of the disease so soon as it appears. This is not a specially difficult; and now, before the leaves fall, is the time to do it. When a tree is attacked and becomes infected the fungus rapidly spreads in the bark and gnaws wood of twigs and branches. It progresses so fast that these twigs or larger or smaller patches are soon disorganized, killed and somewhat shrunken. The leaves which depend upon these parts for their water and food supply wither and shrivel, but do not fall. These twigs or branches with their attached dead leaves are very plainly seen in contrast with the natural ones and mark the presence of this particular disease. Of course, branches may die from other causes, particularly attacks of boring insects, and mechanical breakage, but the difference is not difficult to detect.

If during the next six weeks a careful examination is made for this disease, particularly west of the Susquehanna, and in sections not yet known to be infected, it is probable that it can be arrested or even entirely prevented.

Affected limbs should be cut off well below the dead wood and burned. Any trees, the trunks of which are diseased should be cut down and the bark and branches burned. The wood could be used for any purpose desired; it will not spread the disease.

While the State Forestry Department is personally directing work of this kind it behooves every individual to exert himself immediately, and co-operate for the common good. Within the sections named complete control or destruction of this chestnut disease seem assured if proper effort is made.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Jealousy is the apprehension of superiority.—Shenstone.

It is a happy bit of news to most women that fashion is not only approving but emphasizing the vogue of the separate waist for autumn, says Grace Margaret Gould in *Woman's Home Companion*. "The costume blouse will divide honors with the shirtwaist and women the world over will be glad. The versatility of the separate waist, as far as usefulness goes, is well known, and this coming season it will add to its practical and economical qualities an unusual measure of good looks. In the guise of a costume blouse it will lend its charm and effectiveness to the plain tailored suit, making it appropriate for many varied occasions."

Many a chill is caught by children sitting in wet shoes and damp clothes all day at school. The floor draught and the damp footgear sometimes combine to lay the seeds of rheumatism and even consumption in the future, as well as ordinary colds in the present, says *Home Companion*. In all schools good cloakrooms should be provided where clothes can be dried and shoes and stockings changed when necessary. Such details make all the difference to the healthy constitution of children.

The first thing that the corsetiere says to you these days, when being fitted for a new pair of corsets, is that you must not adjust them in the modern way, but in the old-fashioned way. This is interesting news, isn't it? We have been taught for so many years since the new corset came in to begin adjusting them by fastening the second hook from the bottom, then to pull them down as far over the hips as we possibly could, then to insert the right hand under the corset while holding it down with the left hand and bring up every ounce of flesh from hips and abdomen to the free part of the corset above the waistline. After this the elastics are adjusted and the corset laced.

Every one knows the result. A narrow pair of hips, abdomen that curves in, a thick waist and diaphragm, and a flattened bust.

You must not follow this method now. This is the thing that the corset fitters impress upon you. They tell you with emphasis that the new corset is made to offset this work.

They beg that you take your hands off the corset; and allow them to put it on. Their method is this: The corset is put about the figure in the normal position and is hooked from the top down. You are then requested to pull it slightly below the waistline. If you pull it more than a little you are told that this will not do at all.

You may insert the hand at the sides and adjust the corset under the arms to a more comfortable position. You are not asked to pull up an ounce of flesh from anywhere. The elastics are stretched, and the front ones, which are exceeded in width and made up of two pieces at each side, are crossed and caught to the stocking on the opposite side. The lacers are tied in two places: once at the waist, and again well down on the hips. The corset is laced as tight as you can stand it. It is then tied into place at the lower position.

After this is done the corset is pulled in smartly at the waistline to catch the flesh securely just under the ribs, where you can stand the most pressure. Then the lacers are pulled from the top down with as much comfort as the figure desires, and the strings are knotted at the waistline.

As the new corsets have an extra low back and are long and straight over the trunk of the body, they are excessively comfortable.

Satin is cropping out again in the tailor-mades and is used liberally for ornamentation.

In black and navy blue the soft, sheeny fabric leads.

Short skirts, little coats that are nearly tight-fitting, and generous jabots of lace are important constituents of these costumes.

Some bit of color here or there makes the most serious trimmings.

The new buttons and a little strapping usually serve for the entire finish of the coat.

A bit of rare old lace is a wonderful brightener for a satin suit.

Satin costs little more these days than handsome wools or even cottons, and they are the very acme of smartness for afternoon suits.

The satin suit will probably hold its own in leadership until it is replaced with velvet later on.

Immediately on knowing of a death in the family of a friend, one should show formal recognition of the fact, even though the acquaintance be slight. Only if one is really an old friend does one send a note or go to the house, but unless some attention is paid to the affliction, those who are undergoing it have no way of knowing whether others from whom they have not heard are aware of it.

To post one's visiting card, or better still to leave it at the house in person is the most formal way one may do. Something may be written on the card or not, as one chooses; but, generally speaking, if one writes at all the form should take that of a note, and not a line on a card, which may always be considered as a casual, saying the bother of a note. The card, which should be accompanied also by that of the husband when a woman is married, is addressed to the widow or widower, as the case may be, or to the parents when the death has been that of a child. If the bits of pasteboard are left in person the one for whom they are intended is not asked to receive, but the visitor inquires at the door who she or he is.

Flowers which may be sent are addressed to the head of the house and visiting cards are placed in the box. It is not good form to send them when funeral notices request that flowers shall be omitted. If one is keenly desirous of expressing sympathy which is felt, one may wait until after the funeral services and send flowers to the person most deeply bereaved, as the wife, or widow. Only at that time are blossoms received by an individual; that is, any sent before a funeral are supposed to be for use at the services, and are not retained in the house. Those sent several days afterward are undoubtedly meant for the use of the individual to whom they are addressed.

FARM NOTES.

—This month and next will be the time for saving vegetables for pickles and relishes—cucumbers, tomatoes and peppers.

—Lettuce may be had for table use till late in winter by starting the plants now and protecting them with a cold frame when cold weather comes.

—Flax and harrow the ground before sowing fall turnips. Turn under all the weeds and make the seed-bed as fine, clean and smooth as possible.

—Cabbage will continue to grow late in the fall if the ground is clean and the surface fine and loose. The same is true of celery, beets, carrots and some other hardy vegetables.

—Arrange to save seed of the best varieties of tomatoes, pumpkins, squashes and other choice garden products for next season's planting. Then you will be sure of plenty of good seed.

—Apply cow manure around rhubarb clumps and work it into the soil so that fall rains will dissolve out the richness and carry it to the roots of the plants. The extra fine growth next spring will handsomely pay for all the trouble.

—Many people make the mistake in winter of letting milk and cream stand too long before churning.

If cream is kept too long it becomes bitter and full of white flakes.

If you have a small amount of cream, do not skim so closely and add some milk. Put in a little starter and warm it by putting the cream can in warm water, constantly stirring until the proper temperature is obtained, when it will quickly ripen.

A little buttermilk saved from a previous churning is a good starter.

You will need to take extra pains to have your milk clean and free from odors now. But you can do it by taking care to wipe the udders off clean, and by bedding the cows and cleaning them every day. Don't miss any of these things.

Milk pails with rags drawn in through holes in the bottom are a miserable nuisance. You can get a little kit of soldering tools very cheap, and it is not much of a trick to learn how to use it. Scrape away the metal around the hole, drop a bit of resin over the place, or a little sulphuric acid, and then go ahead with your solder. Make a nice, smooth job of it.

—Prof. Gamnitz of the Division of Animal Husbandry at the University of Wisconsin, says that fine-wool sheep live longer than the coarse-wool sheep. The former have been used successfully as breeders from one to eight years, and the latter from one to six, and more rarely seven years. The prime of life probably extends from one to five or six years.

The lamb has a short and small head as opposed to the head of the mature sheep. It is smaller in every way. They are usually smooth and white as opposed to a more corrugated, darkened surface in the old sheep. The age of sheep is told by the four pairs of incisors which are found only on the lower jaw. These are all present by the time the lamb is six weeks old.

In the yearling the central pair of small incisor teeth are replaced with a large pair when the lamb is ten to fourteen months old. They are almost twice as wide and much longer than those at either side.

At the age of two years the animal gets a second pair of large teeth. It would then have three pairs of large teeth and the one pair of small or lamb teeth.

The four-year old has a full mouth of four pairs of large teeth. The upper ones are never as large as those in the center. After the sheep is four years old it is difficult to tell the exact age. With age the teeth usually grow longer and narrower. They begin at six years to resemble shoe pegs. Sheep that are living on short pasturage and get sand with their grass wear their teeth short, even in early age. This is unusual in Minnesota. When sheep get long, peg-like or broken teeth, it is time to dispose of them.

—In certain sections of the country apple trees do not grow to proper size, neither do they show sufficient vigor so that they may produce fruit of size or quality to make it good, marketable fruit. There are reasons for such conditions. In some cases the land is employed to produce hay, and no fertilizers are applied to the land. In some sections, notably New England, the land is very stony, so that it cannot be profitably cultivated. Without the proper fertilizers, and without the needed cultivation, it cannot be expected to grow good fruit.

The rule is to cultivate the orchard. What can be done when that is impossible, when it is full of stones, or when the apple trees are growing along the roadside, as is so often the case, among grass?

It is unreasonable to say that apple trees should not be planted on land that cannot be cultivated, for many are found on just that kind of land. Nor would it be right to advise not to plant on grass land, for numerous cases can be cited where apple trees are growing vigorously in sod and producing good fruit. It is not correct to grow apples in that way, and, if possible, it should be avoided. But where it is done—where the orchard is kept in sod, or where soda should be applied. Without the proper fertilizers, and without the needed cultivation, it cannot be expected to grow good fruit.

No. 1. One pound to five pounds nitrate of soda, one pound to five pounds sulphate of potash, and two pounds to 10 pounds acid phosphate.

No. 2. One pound to five pounds nitrate of soda and 10 pounds to 25 pounds good hardwood ashes.

No. 3. Stable manure, five to 20 large forks full, applied in the fall or winter, and the same amount of potash and phosphoric acid, or woodashes as in formulas No. 1 or 2.

The amount of these materials that should be used per tree will depend upon the size and the vigor of the trees. A good growth must be produced if large fruit is expected. A very good rule to follow in this matter is to use enough to produce a growth at the ends of the branches of from six to 12 inches per year.

—Character is not cut in marble—it is something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing and may become diseased as our bodies do.—George Elliot.

Roosevelt's Trip Cost \$3,444.

Theodore Roosevelt's circuitous excursion to Cheyenne, Wyo., is costing the *Outlook* a pretty penny. The railroad expenses of the colonel and his party for the 19 days' trip over nine roads, will amount to \$3,444 or \$181 a day, an official of the New York Central railroad estimated recently. When Mr. Roosevelt returns to New York he will have traveled 5,493 miles.

The Title of Esquire.

A wondering Englishman expresses in one of the papers his astonishment that Americans should sometimes use the title, or the abbreviation, "Esq.," as a form of address on the superscription of letters.

"How," he asks "can you have esquires in a country where there are no knights?" This question may be hard to answer, but the answer to the other question, why "Esq." is sometimes still used, is easy; it is one of the English customs which have not yet been dropped altogether in this country. No doubt it might be a good thing to discontinue all English customs here, but some of them are singularly tenacious. There is no doubt that the use of "Esq." in this country is an absurdity—just as, for that matter, it is in England, where there are no longer any esquires in the true sense. "Mr." should be good enough for all purposes of formal addresses, unless the man addressed holds some official or military position which entitles him to another handle to his name. And for that matter, "Mr." is intrinsically absurd, too. Does any one know what a "mister" is?

Elephant Slaughter Should Cease.

The elephant, as the largest of living land animals, and as a beast that has figured in sacred and profane history from the beginnings of both, deserves consideration from modern western civilization which produces mightier hunters and more devastating weapons than the elephant has ever before encountered.

The Indian elephant has been a domesticated animal in the service of man for thousands of years. He has borne the Indian warrior to battle and headed the procession upon state occasions with the rajah upon his back. He carried prodigious burdens when there was no steam transportation and an elephant load of goods was the largest quantity that could be moved on land.

The remarkable intelligence of elephants and their docility and faithfulness have laid the foundations for many engaging stories of India depicting their characteristics. One narrator declares that he discovered in the interior the use of elephants as guardians of native children. While the poor parents worked in the fields the family elephant protected the babies from the ferocious beasts of the jungle.

Don't Wait.

Don't wait if you are showing symptoms of "lung trouble," but get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and begin its use. Where there is weak, obstinate cough, or spitting of blood its remedial action is marvelous. Mr. Cornelius McCawley, of Leechburg, Arden, Pa., had eighty-one hemorrhages, sometimes spitting five pints of blood at a time, to quote from his letter: "He was perfectly cured by the use of Golden Medical Discovery." When there is constipation the action of the "Discovery" is assisted by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Jealousy is the apprehension of superiority.—Shenstone.

DAILY THOUGHT.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

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FARM NOTES.

—This month and next will be the time for saving vegetables for pickles and relishes—cucumbers, tomatoes and peppers.

—Lettuce may be had for table use till late in winter by starting the plants now and protecting them with a cold frame when cold weather comes.

—Flax and harrow the ground before sowing fall turnips. Turn under all the weeds and make the seed-bed as fine, clean and smooth as possible.

—Cabbage will continue to grow late in the fall if the ground is clean and the surface fine and loose. The same is true of celery, beets, carrots and some other hardy vegetables.

—Arrange to save seed of the best varieties of tomatoes, pumpkins, squashes and other choice garden products for next season's planting. Then you will be sure of plenty of good seed.

—Apply cow manure around rhubarb clumps and work it into the soil so that fall rains will dissolve out the richness and carry it to the roots of the plants. The extra fine growth next spring will handsomely pay for all the trouble.

—Many people make the mistake in winter of letting milk and cream stand too long before churning.

If cream is kept too long it becomes bitter and full of white flakes.

If you have a small amount of cream, do not skim so closely and add some milk. Put in a little starter and warm it by putting the cream can in warm water, constantly stirring until the proper temperature is obtained, when it will quickly ripen.

A little buttermilk saved from a previous churning is a good starter.

You will need to take extra pains to have your milk clean and free from odors now. But you can do it by taking care to wipe the udders off clean, and by bedding the cows and cleaning them every day. Don't miss any of these things.

Milk pails with rags drawn in through holes in the bottom are a miserable nuisance. You can get a little kit of soldering tools very cheap, and it is not much of a trick to learn how to use it. Scrape away the metal around the hole, drop a bit of resin over the place, or a little sulphuric acid, and then go ahead with your solder. Make a nice, smooth job of it.

—Prof. Gamnitz of the Division of Animal Husbandry at the University of Wisconsin, says that fine-wool sheep live longer than the coarse-wool sheep. The former have been used successfully as breeders from one to eight years, and the latter from one to six, and more rarely seven years. The prime of life probably extends from one to five or six years.

The lamb has a short and small head as opposed to the head of the mature sheep. It is smaller in every way. They are usually smooth and white as opposed to a more corrugated, darkened surface in the old sheep. The age of sheep is told by the four pairs of incisors which are found only on the lower jaw. These are all present by the time the lamb is six weeks old.

In the yearling the central pair of small incisor teeth are replaced with a large pair when the lamb is ten to fourteen months old. They are almost twice as wide and much longer than those at either side.

At the age of two years the animal gets a second pair of large teeth. It would then have three pairs of large teeth and the one pair of small or lamb teeth.

The four-year old has a full mouth of four pairs of large teeth. The upper ones are never as large as those in the center. After the sheep is four years old it is difficult to tell the exact age. With age the teeth usually grow longer and narrower. They begin at six years to resemble shoe pegs. Sheep that are living on short pasturage and get sand with their grass wear their teeth short, even in early age. This is unusual in Minnesota. When sheep get long, peg-like or broken teeth, it is time to dispose of them.

—In certain sections of the country apple trees do not grow to proper size, neither do they show sufficient vigor so that they may produce fruit of size or quality to make it good, marketable fruit. There are reasons for such conditions. In some cases the land is employed to produce hay, and no fertilizers are applied to the land. In some sections, notably New England, the land is very stony, so that it cannot be profitably cultivated. Without the proper fertilizers, and without the needed cultivation, it cannot be expected to grow good fruit.

The rule is to cultivate the orchard. What can be done when that is impossible, when it is full of stones, or when the apple trees are growing along the roadside, as is so often the case, among grass?

It is unreasonable to say that apple trees should not be planted on land that cannot be cultivated, for many are found on just that kind of land. Nor would it be right to advise not to plant on grass land, for numerous cases can be cited where apple trees are growing vigorously in sod and producing good fruit. It is not correct to grow apples in that way, and, if possible, it should be avoided. But where it is done—where the orchard is kept in sod, or where soda should be applied. Without the proper fertilizers, and without the needed cultivation, it cannot be expected to grow good fruit.

No. 1. One pound to five pounds nitrate of soda, one pound to five pounds sulphate of potash, and two pounds to 10 pounds acid phosphate.

No. 2. One pound to five pounds nitrate of soda and 10 pounds to 25 pounds good hardwood ashes.

No. 3. Stable manure, five to 20 large forks full, applied in the fall or winter, and the same amount of potash and phosphoric acid, or woodashes as in formulas No. 1 or 2.

The amount of these materials that should be used per tree will depend upon the size and the vigor of the trees. A good growth must be produced if large fruit is expected. A very good rule to follow in this matter is to use enough to produce a growth at the ends of the branches of from six to 12 inches per year.

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