

Bellefonte, Pa., October 7, 1910.

THE LEAVES.

"Come, little leaves." said the wind 'Come over the meadows with me,

Put on your dresses of red red gold-Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon the leaves heard the wind's Down they fell fluttering one and all; Over the brown fields they danced and

Singing the soft little songs they knew

Dancing and flying the little leaves went: Winter had called them and they were con-

Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds, The snow laid a white blanket over their

-Baldwin Second Reader.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air. It fell to earth. I knew not where: For, so swiftly it flew, the sight Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air. It fell to earth. I knew not where: For who has sight so keen and strong

Long, long afterward, in an oak, I found the arrow still unbroke: And the song, from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend. -Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

DE PROFUNDIS.

The incalculable benefit of wireless telegraphy as a life-saver in maritime disasters was forcibly demonstrated in the rescue by was forcibly demonstrated in the rescue by its agency of seven hundred passengers of the ocean-liner "Republic," which was sunk in a collision at sea on January 23rd. The following story by Mr. Sutphen, written about two years ago for "Harper's Maga-rine" constitutes a remarkable batches of zine," constitutes a remarkable prophecy of what afterward came to pass.

At ten o'clock that particular evening Marcus Floyd entered the operating-room of the Cape Cod station of the Interna-tional Wireless Company. Gray, whom he was to relieve, came forward to meet

"It's thickening up outside," remarked young Floyd, as he divested himself of his top-coat, upon which the condensed moist ure from the sea fog lay in glistening globules. Gray, never a talkative man, grunted and went out, closing the door noisily behind him. Mark threw his cap into a corner, glanced at the Marconi communication-chart hanging on the wall, and tightened up a wobly binding-nut on the automatic receiver. Then he filled his pipe and drew a chair close to the stove. His trick would last until six o'clock in the morning, and it is not pleasant to sit around in damp boots. Yet, come to think of it, why should he be exercised over so trifling a matter as wet feet? This was Saturday, the 10th of September, and it was just four weeks ago that Lorna Gaydon had gone out of his life forever; it seemed incredible that he should be thinking now of anything less important. "I must be getting over it," he concluded, grimly.

It had been a foolish misunderstanding. so utterly trivial in its nature that for the life of him Mark could not remember its initial point of departure. Yet neither would yield, and the gap had quickly widened; four days later Miss Gaydon had sailed for Europe, and a steamer letter had brought him back the ring and a cold word of farewell. Two weeks later he noted the names of her party among the arrivals at a London hotel, and that was

In the briefest possible words: Marcus Floyd, bachelor, aged four-and-twenty, and a two-year-old graduate in electrical engineering. Upon the completion of his course, Mr. James Coldwell, maternal uncle and president of the International Wireless, had offered young Floyd a place in the operating department of the com-

'It's one thing to graduate at the head of a college class," remarked Mr. Cold-well, thoughtfully, "and they tell me down at Princeton that you're clever. But this is business; will you begin again at the

"Try me," Mark had answered, confidently. Now, at the end of his two years' all disappeared, and the ship seems to be apprenticeship he had gained sufficient practical experience to qualify as an oppractical experience to qualify as an oppr really responsible duty. Uncle James, keeping a watchful eye on his nephew's progress, was well pleased, but took care

not to say so openly.

"He is clever, right enough," decided this Spartan relative, "and I think that he

business and even beyond it—for instance, Miss Lorna Gaydon. A man must have always some object to work for, and in the youthful imagination the ideal is almost invariably personified. Success is a beautiful flower, and the young man desires ardently to gather it, but not for himself; it is only the stage hero who may actually venture to wear garlands. The real man seeks his bays in order that he may lay them at the feet of some divinity whose loveliness they shall fittingly adorn This is the normal and healthy incentive to masculine effort, and Mark Floyd had drawn his inspiration from the approved fount. It had been Lorna, always and eternally Lorna. And now the goddess had deserted his shrine; what did anything matter after that? To work along without an object, the one object—the proposition was virtually unthinkable.

The clock struck eleven, and almost

The clock struck eleven, and almost simultaneously the young man's trained ear told him that the instruments were at work; some one was trying to communicate with his station. He glanced at the case with his station. He glanced at the case with his station. He glanced at the case with the communication of your first-cabin passengers. The message she sent was addressed to me, Mark Floyd." He spelled the name out carefully. "Have you got that? Please required to the gray and broken sea-line. The sick man hour or two. Though I'm not so sure that he isn't better off as he is," he added, under his breath; his eyes travelled outward to the gray and broken sea-line. The sick man had raised himself to a contract of the contract of t tape, but the signals were too faint and irregular for reproduction by the automatic apparatus. "Long distance," said Mark to himself, and picked up the telephone receiver. He listened intently to to the slight clicking of the diaphragm and recognized the distress call of the universal code; several times it was repeated, and then a message began; by dint of guesswork he managed to get the gist of the communication. Written out, it read tape, but the signals were too faint and

to New York. Port engine wrecked—ex-plosion low-pressure cylinder and ship's hull badly damaged. Water gaining heavy sea running—small boats—imp ble—May keep afloat—daybreak—"

the message terminated abruptly.

Mark reached for the maritime register and looked up the call letters of the Sirius, Black Ball liner. They were E S S. He began sending with the coil, and a vicious spark leaned crackling across the gap as he pressed the key. E S S again and yet again: at last he got the response. and yet again; at last he got the response.

"This is Cape Cod," rapped out Mark.

Where are you?' "Mid-Atlantic. Unable to get sight for

41 degrees," he decided, "and possibly as low in latitude as 39 degrees, 50 minutes."
He picked up the entry sheet, turned over to him by Gray, and studied it attentively. Three ships had been spoken during the early part of the night—the United States cruiser Springfield, the Bennett liner Navajo, and the King Harold, Lord Estates of the American States of the States of the

Floyd sent out the King Harold's code to do. "You might call King Harold your-self," he said. "Her signal in the inter-national code is A E A."

There was silence for perhaps ten min-utes, and then Floyd's receiver spoke

"Can't get King Harold," reported the

A brief official statement of the dent to the Sirius followed, and Mark transcribed it with painstaking care. It was like taking down the last words of a dying man, and his hand trembled as it raced over the writing-pad. "Anything more?" he asked, and in reply the Sirius operator announced that he had a batch

of private messages to forward.

"If I can only keep my nerve," went on the man; suddenly his sending had become weak and shaky as of one suddenly

to the door; the atmosphere in the little room had become close and choky and he must have air. He flung the door wide open and looked out; the fog jumped at him as though it had been some gray, misshapen monster waiting for its prey; whisper. Floyd turned quickly away. misty tentacles of vapor crept across the threshold and coiled themselves about his feet. But he breathed again, and the thumping at his temples had sensibly les-

For perhaps half a minute Mark Floyd stood gazing steadfastly into the night. Somewhere behind that thick curtain of darkness a dead ship lay rolling upon the ampless waste of sea, and men and women were waiting the moment of their last agony. Out of that infinite vastness one feeble voice had called and his ear had heard. Yes, and had understood; beyond that there was nothing save the consciousness of his own helplessness; the need was bitter and he had only words, words to offer. How slender was the thread uniting these doomed men with the living world; yet a little while and it must snap, and then there would be silence again-a silence that would remain unbroken. In an hour perhaps or even sooner; the sting of the thought sent him back quickly to the operating table. "Siri-us," he called, and sat shaking in his chair while he awaited the reply; then it

"Are you ready?" asked the steamer's operator, and Floyd answered, yes.

There were perhaps a couple of dozen nessages, and all were brief and characng; most of them had to do with purely ness interests, and Mark found himself setting down the words as unemotionally as though they were nothing more than the commonplaces of the daily routine. A great despair mercifully numbs, and Mark felt his own spirits sinking in saw that the apartment was empty. Then mysterious smypathy to that lower key. "Morituri te salutamus," he murmured, under his breath. When he had finished

nothing in sight. The small boats have

mind. King Harold again," returned Mark. He caught a glimpse of the commander of the Sirius, sitting at his desk—a silent E A—in monotonous iteration, and as he did so he picked up his entry-pad to run North Atlantic had been spread open behas the stuff in him. If he has, it'll show for itself; we'll wait and see." A very businesslike man was Marcus Floyd's Unclis James.

Examin monotonous iteration, and as ne did so he picked up his entry-pad to run over the messages that he had taken down. Incredible as it may seem, it was only then that he realized that one of and had fallen to the floor, where it lay with its stiff, crackling edges slowly curthem bore his own name and address; he read the half-dozen words it contained. with its stiff, crackling edges slowly curling together. Directly abaft the bridge

"I was coming back to you." The signature was "L. G." Mark bent down and felt of the soles of his boots. They were quite dry again, twenty-five minutes to five. The electrics and the assurance brought with it a dis-tinct sense of relief. Long afterward when he recalled this trivial incident its apparent irrationality puzzled him mightily, un-til he reflected that Nature always seeks a young chap who wore the uniform of a moment of emotional overcharge. He had been bothering about the discomfort of wet feet, and the slight reaction was at the patient. The doctor completed his sufficient to balance the immediate effect of the greater shock; he straightened up to find himself in full and cool possession of every faculty. "Sirius," he called, and,

"Here," came the answer. "I want to speak to Miss Gaydon, one

Mark stopped for an instant to con-sider; what one word should he choose

"S.S. Sirius-four days out-Liverpool of the myriad that crowded to his lips. "She knows who it is?" he began.
"Yes, she knows, and—" here the mes-

aing—
sage broke off abruptly.

Mark sounded the Sirins call once, twice, thrice; then he realized that com-

pounding out the call on the sending-key; an unreasoning fear that his own electrical power might fail obsessed him. The minutes dragged on, and presently two days, but probably to south of west-bound lane. Water close to fire-boxes. His fingers had stiffened with the con-Heavy sea running and pitch dark. It has Mark wiped his damp brow and considered. "She must be close to longitude 41 degrees," he decided, "and possibly as low in latitude as 39 degrees, 50 minutes."

He picked up the entry sheet turned over

mond's yacht, coming over for the America's cup races. Of course the King Harhis toe caught in a hole of the shabby As he turned again to his instruments old was the only boat within possible strip of carpet covering the floor; he striking distance of the Sirius. came in contact with the corner of the signal several times without getting any response; then he picked up the Sirius and told her operator what he was trying chair and found the key; A E A were the operating table. With the final effort of letters, and he must keep on sending

The ship's cabin, as Floyd saw it, was tolerably well filled with people. For the most part they sat about quietly, and there was but little conversation, and that only in undertone. Of confusion or dis Sirius man. "Captain Ward desires to send this message to his agents. Will you tress there was not a trace. At a side table sat two men, and they were drinking champagne with a certain curiously measured deliberation. One of them happened to let his glass clink against the bottle and looked up hastily, an evident apology upon his lips. But to his relief no one had seemed to notice.

Presently a steward came to them with fresh glasses and a plate of biscuit. The dark-haired man pulled a piece of money from his pocket and held it out; by some

"If I can only keep my nerve," went on the man; suddenly his sending had become weak and shaky as of one suddenly stricken with a great fear.

"Steady, old chap," returned Floyd.
"You're still to the good, and I may pick up King Harold any time. She can't be more than fifty miles east or west of you—probably nearer. But just one moment—"

Mark pushed back his chair and went to the door; the atmosphere in the little room had become close and choky and he arms, hushing the childish sobs and bid-

> A tall, gray-haired man-he looked as though he might be some hopeless invalid going home to die-paced monotonously up and down, and Mark fancied that the oses in the carpet were worn and faded where his restless feet had passed and repassed; probably he had been walking in just that fashion for hours past. A young chap, hardly over four-and-twenty, with a fresh, bright face, sat under the main lightway poring over a pocket account-book and jotting down rows of figures with methodical precision. Presently he finished his comparisons, shut the healt with a corn and smiled comparisons was more and smiled corn. to go on deck: then he sank back in his chair and buried his face in his hands.

A priest began reading in a low tone from a little black book as he moved about from one group to another; a darkhaired girl sat rigid in a secluded corner, staring straight before her as though fearing to lose a single word. But although listening, she heard nothing—of that Mark felt quite sure. And then he saw

that she was looking at the clock. It was very quiet now in the cabin, and the motion of the ship had ceased almost entirely. One might have fancied her terized by a remarkable restraint of feel. safely moored at her dock were it not for the sinister and steadily increasing slope of the floor. The port-holes to starboard were already under the water line, and it was but a pale and greenish light that filtered through them. The door of state room No. 207 stood wide open, and Floyd he remembered that his message had summoned her to the wireless operating room. That was on the upper deck, of

he looked at the clock and saw that it was on the upper deck, or course; he would go up at once.

Under the gray light of a stormy morning the ship wallowed heavily in a creaming seaway. The decks were encumbered with a raffle of broken spars and the ship wallowed heavily in a creaming seaway. The decks were encumbered with a raffle of broken spars and tangled running gear; at the life host tangled running-gear; at the life-boat and communication must cease. Go on talking as long as possible—if you don't like a whale's back. There was no one to be seen either on forecastle or bridge "In a moment-after I have tried for but through the window of his cabin Mark the door of the wireless operating room stood a jar; Floyd went forward quickly As he entered he noticed that the clockdial keeping New York time indicated were burning brightly. How could this be, since the dynamos had stopped work-

company surgeon, the unconscious man on the lounge, and the woman who stood examination and straightened up.

"It's only syncope," he said, abruptly.
"A fainting fit, you know, induced by overexcitement and all-night work with his instruments. Pull out of it? Why, of course; he'll be as good as ever in an

peat."

"F-l-o-y-d. Right. I remember meeting you once at the International New York office. My name is Wood. I have sent for Miss Gaydon to come to the sent for Miss Gaydon to come to the coverating room."

sitting posture. "I saw her," he said, excitedly. "The King Harold—straight over the starboard bow and just below the horizon—A E A, that's her call—get me to the table—" His voice thickened and trailed away into unintelligible muttertrailed away into unintelligible mutter-ings; he fell back on the couch. The man and the woman looked at

"If I only knew something about the business," the little doctor said, quietly, "But I don't—not the first thing." He darkest cloud.

took the hypodermic syringe from his pocket and turned to his patient.

The girl's breath came hard and quick.

"If only some one knew," she whispered

To get to the operating table Mark had to pass directly in front of Miss Gaydon; could have put out his hand and touch ed her, but the deeper instinct restrained him. Yet she seemed to understand what it was he wanted her to do; she sat down at the instrument without any hesitation and pressed the key; the current was still on in full force, and a detonating spark followed. A E A was the signal, and it was sent out twice in rapid succession. Then came a response.

Mark opened his eyes slowly. The surroundings were unfamiliar; the clean, white walls, the green-shaded windows, the table covered with vials at his bed--all these things confused and puzzled

An attendant stepped up. "Good!" he said, heartily. "You'll be coming right along now—drink this."

Mark obeyed and slept again. When he awoke later in the day the confusion in his mind was gone. "Hospital?" he said invuiringly to the man in the man in the said. said, inquiringly, to the man in the white

duck uniform. "You had a nasty knock on the head," answered the nurse, "and just the barest touch of fever to supervene. Want to sit up? Why not—no, today is Wednesday, the 14th."

Outside in the street a stentorian voice was calling: "Extra! Extra!" Then came a jumble of undistinguishable words, out of which two rang significant and unmis-takable—King Harold and Sirius.

Later on it was decided that he might see a copy of the Evening Messenger, and one was brought in. The head-lines told the story—the rescue of the passengers and crew of the S. S. Sirius by the King Harold, Lord Esmond's yacht. A column of description followed, and then several interviews, notably one with the Kins Harold's sailing-master.

"We carry a wireless operator," said Captain Law, "but he is not on duty at night—not considered necessary. Early in the morning of Sunday, the 11th, Mr. James, the operator, was awakened out of a sound sleep by hearing the international signal call of the yacht—A E A -twice repeated. It was then about twenty minutes to five, New York time. He answered, and received the following message: 'S. S. Sirius fonndering-steer S. W.' Of course we obeyed, and that is

all I know about the affair."
"All?" repeated Mark to himself, and lay there wondering. "Now you mustn't read any more," put in the nurse, authoritatively. "However, I don't mind telling you that a lady called to see you just now. I told her that she could come again in the morning-any time after ten o'clock. She gave me her card-what did I do with it? "Never mind," said Mark. "Just get

some water for the violets, and put them where I can look at them."—By Van Tassel Sutphen, in Harper's Magazine.

"When Ma Was Left Rehind."

The one woman invited to attend the meetings of the first Conference of Gov-ernors held at the White House in 1908

ently he finished his comparisons, shut the book with a snap, and smiled complacently. He drew a cigar from his miles away, and after unhitching his marre, miles away, and after unhitching his marre, waistcoat pocket and half rose as though walked over to the pump for his customary scrub, and then joined his son and daughter at supper in the kitchen.
"Sort o' 'pears to me 'sthough I'd 'a'
forgot something or other," he remarked

toward the end of the meal, as he searched for his tobacco. "Why, pa, did you get the reel of thread and the pink gingham for my dress?"

"And the crock for butter, and the bag of flour, and the vaniller flav 'ring?'

"Yep."
"Did ye git the harrer mended and shoe old Jinny?" "Yep, Sam."

"Well, pa, I don't rec-elect that ye had anything else ye ought to have brought back." But still pa did not seem quite satisfied. He chewed a while reflectively, his gaze fixed ruminatingly on space. Suddenly he smote his thigh with a prolonged ex-

clamation: "By gash! It's ma I've for-

got!" "And that," observed Mrs. Decker, "has been the trouble all along. Ma's been left behind. But now she has given up waiting. She has arrived by a path of her own, and she's not going to be forgotten again."—From Hildegarde Hawthorne's "The General Federation of Women's Clubs" in October Century.

Take Your Bearings.

If you are suffering from "weak lungs" obstinate cough, bleeding at the lungs, with attendant emaciation and nightsweats, every day sees you either a step farther from health or a step nearer. Which is it in your case? There is no standing still. Are you moving backwards or forwards?

Those who try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for "weak" or bleeding lungs will be able to take their bearings accurately. They will find them-selves taking a step toward health with every dose of the medicine. Nothing gives the sick so much confidence to persist with this great remedy as the fact that they are certainly growing better every day.

Out of the Ginger Jar.

There is a difference between a hoodoo and a who don't.

A level-headed man avoids many ups The shirt-waists a great deals of starch

in the course of a year. The skunk cannot be called penniless since he always has a scent. A runabout wagon is greatly to be pre

ferred to a runabout wife. The evils of riches are seldom manifest to those who possess them.

-Sin is not something that is abroad in the air. There is just one place where it has its home and that is the human heart. It is a taint of nature that has come down from successive generations -Rev. J. M. Walden.

—The most disastrous times have produced the greatest minds. The purest metal comes of the most ardent furnace, the most brilliant lightning comes of the

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Jealousy is sustained as often by pride as by af-

Frocks for Schoolgirls.—Schoolgirls' frocks for very small girls nearly all show combinations this year. Plain and plaid effects or those of plain fabric combined with checks, are perhaps most frequently seen. Just now taffeta is used to trim cloth, and cloth to trim taffeta; moire or velvet will be combined with almost any material, either as a mere touch or as a substantial portion of a dress. As for old foulards, they may be freshened for use throughout the winter as house dresses, they may be cut up to line a jacket or cape, or be remade as a petticoat. Just now some of the most fashionable petticoats are trimmed with strap found.

The average cow produces only about 165 pounds of butter yearly. She would produce more if she had the chance.

—Throw some coats are trimmed with strap-flounce bands of flowered foulard or other soft

The correct birthstone for September is the sapphire. It is generally thought of as blue, but it occurs in many colors. Yellow, pink, white, green and innumerable shades and hues. Those other than blue are designated as fancy sapphires. They are the most popular of the semi-

In the olden times the superstitious considered the sapphire a cure for madness

and boils. The most valuable specimens, those dark in color, are found in Burma, Siam, Ceylon, Kashmire and Australia. Lighter shades of blue are found in Montana and North Carolina.

Large specimens weighing from 25 to 30 karats have recently been found in Australia. They combine well with diamonds.

Among the new Eton suits sent out by the Paris dressmakers may be noted cream-colored moire suits with black sailor collars of mousseline de soie and also black satin suits with white cloth sailor collars, finished with a double row of gilt buttons down the front of the short

In black and white fabric combinations white silk with a black velvet stripe have been seen.

A new note in the tailored suits is the shovel back on coats. The back of the coats showing this are cut rather broad, shaped a bit into the waist-line, and then flared just a trifle. The coats will be cut this season to a line just below the hips.

With all the fluffy charm of furs and the light, airy attraction of feathers, our friend marabout comes back again with renewed favor in the eyes of both modiste and wearer.

It is hinted at here because, perchance, you may be hesitating with a piece of marabout in hand, wondering just where you will put it away for a few years. The

As single edging for the handsome satin scarfs for evening it has no equal. Tulle, chiffon, veiling are all capable of bearing the weight of this fluffy trimming, and its richness of brown, gray, black or colored tones harmonizes suc-

cessfully with any shade of material. Evening dresses are trimmed with marabout on sleeves and tunics-a revival of the vogue for fur of last season. Even-treating seed potatoes to prevent a scabby ing wraps and capuchons are also under the sway of this soft down of the eastern bird, and entire turbans, with very high (often called formaldehyde) and fifteen pointed crowns, wiil be worn by those who cannot flaunt a genuine mink toque on the street.

For marabout is decidedly not an imitation of anything; it is just marabout. It is its own excuse for being used as trimming, which is only another way of say-ing that it is very beautiful.

In the new display of fall footwear there are to be seen several changes as compared with last year's fashions, both in regard to the styles and the materials employed. It is expected that the most pop-ular shoe will be the cravenette. The fabric is waterproofed and, owing to the ease with which it can be cleaned and the general softness of a woven material, it is them properly, provide them with good reasonable to expect it will meet with quarters and they will lay eggs in the winwomen's approval. A whisk broom or a clothes brush will quickly remove dust, mud or the average soil. It is said that cravenette will give as good service as kid, and in some cases better, because it does not require a dressing, and some of the polishes are known to be injurious to

leather. The entire shoe is of the cravenette, thickly, no injury would be likely to rewith trimmings of leather in strap or nar-sult.—From May Farm Journal. with trimmings of leather in strap or narrow band effect, with soles in two weights, medium and fairly heavy. There are also two styles, one cut extremely high and the other of medium height for wear with the skirt of average walking length. The buttonholes are finished with a scalloped fly, and the newest thing in boot buttons is the smoked pearl. The cravenette shoes are fitted with both the smoked pearl and the black buttons.

The heels are in Cuban style, but are feeds. higher than those worn last year. From one and one-half to two inches high is the average

Another new walking shoe, or rather boot, is made from buckskin. It has all the appearance of suede, but will wear much better and is also heavier, making it more suitable for autumn wear. It has the favored short vamp and is 12-button length. The heels are high.

so that the feet will not look unduly large. The buttons are of cut jet and either shoe can be had in both light and be a little warmer than the satin.

To remove grease spots from wall paper, sprinkle baking soda over blotting paper, sprinkle baking soda over blotting paper and place over the spot and press with a moderately warm iron for a few minutes. The blotting paper will absorb the grease and the paper on the wall will be free from spots. To clean silk and woolen clothes of grease spots, they may woolen clothes of grease spots, they may be free from spots. To clean silk and woolen clothes of grease spots, they may be free from spots. To clean silk and woolen clothes of grease spots, they may be free from spots. To clean silk and woolen clothes of grease spots, they may be free from spots. To clean silk and woolen clothes of grease spots, they may be free from spots. To clean silk and woolen clothes of grease spots, they may be free from spots. laid away for several days, and then shaken out. It will not hurt to press the magnesia in with a hot iron, first covering the fabric with brown paper.

a number of camp chairs which may be folded and put aside when not needed.

Where there is space, there should be fresh air than any other class of poultry, a coat rack, paper rack and library ta-ble. consequently do not crowd them, if possi-ble to avoid it.

FARM NOTES.

-Never lead a colt at the end of a long strap. Men have been killed in th

-As soon as the cockerels are of good size select the ones you wish to keep and send the rest to market

-Wood ashes or lime should not be applied mixed with, or in direct contact with, stable or hen manure.

-Cut your clover while it is in the bloom. Dead-ripe clover is just about spoiled so far as feed is concerned.

-Don't throw out apples, potatoes or turnips where stock can get them, and choke. Either bury or slice them.

fence to the cows if you can't spare the

time to put them in the barn and feed -Unless you are raising eggs for hatch-

ing purposes, almost any breed will do to start with, provided you give the fowls proper attention. —It is the opinion of extensive peach growers that thorough cultivation is more

ssential to the peach tree than either pruning or spraying. -Save pumpkins and stock beets for succulent stock feed next winter. When

the pasture does not furnish grazing beets and pumpkins will greatly assist animals. -Incubators, like all machinery, do not run themselves altogether. They need

almost constant attention, and the better attention they receive the better the re-—Do not plant big blocks of any one variety of fruit. Mixed plantings of different kinds help the trees to fertilize each other's blossoms. Remember that the blossoms of some varieties are more or less salf sterile.

or less self-sterile. -A careful orchardist will see that any tree which has been injured receives prompt attention. Wounds made by careess cultivators should be covered with

grafting wax or cow manure and bound at once until the scar is healed. -On some soils it does not pay to plow too deep. For instance, take it where the plow-point strikes hard-pan; no use to pull the horses to death and tire ourselves all out to bring that to the surface. It is not worth while after we have done it.

-It requires a daily ration for a dairy cow containing about 29 pounds of dry matter. Of this 2.5 pounds should be protein, 13 pounds of carbonhydrates and one-half pound of fat. The carbonhydrates should be about 5.5 to 1 of pro-

-According to the London Globe J. F. Hocking, of St. Cleer, Cornwall, had a goose, of which he kept a careful record, that lived to be 53 years of age, and was then killed by a horse stepping on her. At the age of 52 she laid regularly and hatched eight monster gosling

-To get the best results from the milk set it as soon as psssible after it is drawn and at a temperature of 40 degrees. Churn at as low a temperature as possible, and stop the churn when the granules are the size of beans. The trade demands color in the butter, so it must be put in.

-Here is the most approved method of crop: Soak the whole seed for two hours in a mixture of one-half pint of formalin gallons of cold water, dry the seed, cut, and plant in ground that has not recently grown potatoes.

-A Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture bulletin says that pumpkins belong to the same class or foods as roots, giving bulk and succulence to the ration, and thus promoting thrift. They are recommended very highly for swine. The squash may be counted as equal to the pumpkin in feeding value. -It is not so much in the breed as it is

in the breeder if good layers are obtained. Buy those fowls which have been bred to lay. Hatch your chickens early, as they will be well matured by fall. Then feed -Whatever you do, do not pile wood

ashes over or close around the body of the plant. That would be almost sure to kill it. The best way is to sow the ashes before the plants are set and harrow them into the soil. However, if the foliage -A stock raiser says that he has found that a chicken-eating hog may be cured by feeding it a well-balanced ration. Di-

gester tankage, containing animal in-gredients, will satisfy the hog's appetite

for animal food, and hence will cure it of

eating chickens. From the fact that a

hog catches and eats chickens shows that the animal is not securing a variety of -Tarring corn: In coating seed corn with coal-tar as a protection against crows and blackbirds, put the grain into a pail and pour on enough warm water to cover it. Add a teaspoonful of tar to a peck. and stir well. Throw the corn out on a sieve or in a basket to drain, and then stir in a few handfuls of land plaster

(gypsum). Do not pour the tar on the -The great demand for dairy products For strictly dress wear afternoons and evenings, boots of velvet or satin are the newest. The satin is of a very dull nature sible to buy first-class dairy cows at even \$80 a head. With such a demand for cows in old dairy districts, there will be heavy soles. The velvet is supposed to few good cows moved into new dairy territory. So, the only way new districts can be supplied must be by breeding up the common stock by the use of good

should be fed twice a day and after the first week in November they should be forced by giving them four meals a day— and they will eat. Cooked vegetables A porch, well shuttered, calls for big roomy chairs of reed or willow and also variety and cause them to get please them to get They should have plenty of water; also grit and charcoal, Turkeys require more