

AS TO ANCIENT SAWS.

I love the good old sayings That the Ancients used to say; They ease the weary stragglers Of this busy modern day. Yet with them all I'm not in chime; With prices on the wing and steep I cannot find "the stitch in time" Will save me anything!

THE RED CROSS TRAIN.

Don Camillo Guzman y Ribera lay stretched out diagonally upon the short bunk of the hospital train that moved like a long caterpillar across the North African plains. By the dim light of the oil-lamp above his head he could distinguish the faint outlines of the compartment, with its three wounded soldiers. The man on the top bunk opposite, who had groaned and muttered all night in his delirium, had suddenly become silent, and his white face stared out at him from among the pillows, his eyes black, motionless, and the nose like a blunt pen. The man beneath that one had fallen asleep at last and was snoring hoarsely. The third was tossing in the bunk under him. But Don Camillo lay as motionless as the dead man opposite.

She sat on the side of the bunk. "Yes, I will listen, Camillo," she said, softly. "Tell me everything. But first—some water." He gulped it down and, tightening his grasp upon her palm, began. He told her of war, not that anticipated by those who marched through Madrid's streets, spick in their uniforms, between flying flags and photographers, but war unwritten and undreamed of—a war of dyes and dyes, and sleep boots beneath the sluices of the skies, when the rebellious frame craved but one instant of closed eyelids that would mean a court martial and a firing squad; one of coarse brawls and petty pilfering of water-bottles, haversacks, and rifle-cleaners, and stolen rations sold by camp cooks; a war of insect plagues and horse diseases, and filth and vermin, and fatigue duty imposed by malignant corporals; of thirst, tobacco hunger, melinite intoxication, of an incessant craving for chocolate that produced Tantalus dreams; a war of endless and unintelligible night patrols, of stolen slumbers on the backs of jaded horses, of a growing conviction that the leaders were incompetent, that none knew the outcome. How it came back to him! The mental images seemed, as he spoke, to stamp themselves upon his retina, and a long procession of shapes and scenes passed in review against the swinging wall of the compartment. The wounded man under him was tossing restlessly. The train crept onward through the black African night, and as it descended toward the coastal plains the heat became intolerable. But Isabella sat still by his side, her eyes calm, listening, yet still attentive to his needs. He had not told her yet; he must hasten.

One night... surely that seemed but yesterday, although it must have been an eternity ago... one night... yesterday, then, he dozed under a moonless sky while his column unwound its snaky length along a mountain road. In the distance there was firing somewhere, and somewhere behind them the Kabyles lay in their entrenchments. His breeches, stiffened with sweat, adhered to the saddle, his bandolier chafed his shoulders raw, and his carbine, jarring in the shallow bucket at his side, had blistered his forefinger. Just as dawn flung her cloudy curtains over the land a rumor spread from the head of the long column backward. Of a sudden the new-born sun burst through the clouds, rolling them up and away, and far to the right and the left, bugles began to call. Like a tiny section of a child's puzzle the minds that directed them had fitted them into their sections. They were emerging through the cleft of a hill that opened upon a valley whose farther end terminated in ridges that marked—there was no need to tell. And stretching away on either side of them, clustered against the olive groves and solitary figs, were dots of horses and men, black against the sun, but soon to be swallowed among the dun of the plains. Half a mile to the right the railway ran, two ribbons of black, and puffs of smoke ascended from a toy engine that flew the Red Cross flag. From some unnoted point a messenger came galloping. An officer spurred out to meet him, came back, halted one instant before the company, and waved his hand. The bugle sounded. He was not telling her! He had said nothing. He had been dreaming. He had said no word had passed his lips. He gripped her hand tightly in his agony of mind. "Listen, then. I want to tell you," he muttered. She looked at him compassionately; she understood nothing.

derly conveyed him into the compartment. They placed him on his bunk. Presently a doctor passed. "It's no use putting these desperate cases aboard," he muttered, raising the blood-stained bandage from Camillo's forehead. "Well, there's just a chance," he added, Camillo opened his eyes and groaned. The wheels began to revolve again, and he only laid him gently back on the pillows and still sat by him, holding his hand. He lay still; her touch was very soothing. Soon enough the discovery was made. He closed his eyes. Let him dream on in peace until the awakening! It came too soon. The wheels ground noisily upon the rails. Distant shouting arose. The murmur swelled into a din. Camillo heard footsteps of men that ran along the compartment. He saw the frightened face of the orderly. "The Kabyles!" he cried. "Massacre!" The Virgin save us; it is all over with us. Even as he sank upon his knees and prayed there came the rattle of musketry. Camillo knew that sound too well. The savages were attacking the train—they who had always respected it. The troops had left the line unguarded. Six men, all that could be mustered—and of these two had wounds—knelt by the embankment. Raising himself upon his elbow, Don Camillo saw, by the light of the full African moon, now newly risen, a yellow line on the eastern horizon, a line of horsemen that charged wildly upon the train. There came a few scattering shots, and the defenders were swept aside and trodden down. In that instant Don Camillo saw Dona Isabella stand like a white statue at his side. One arm was placed protectively upon him; the other she raised instinctively in an attitude of defence. Shame overcame his fear. He lifted himself and felt at the belt that hung beside his blood-stained tunic. Groping in the darkness, he found his pistol. The magazines were filled. He took them in his hands. Dona Isabella turned and saw. Then for the first time a cry of horror broke from her lips, and Camillo hesitated. The Kabyles were riding leisurely along the train, peering into the compartments. Evidently they directed no part of their immediate plans. There were not more than a half-dozen of them. From his compartment it would be possible to pick them off singly before they realized whence the attack came. But, if he did so, he would overthrow the olive groves and solitary figs, and stamp himself as the deserter that he had acknowledged himself to be. He watched her; he saw the scorn deepening in her eyes. Suddenly the wheels began to revolve again, very slowly, and the carriages lurched and ground out their way over the lines. At the same moment a savage shout came from the fore part of the train. The horsemen were riding at full tilt diagonally toward the carriages. The orderly ran through the corridor, panting with fear. "They're sticking the wounded. They're spearing them through the windows," he yelled, frantically. He crouched against the lower bunk and began to babble out his prayers. Camillo hesitated no more. He saw the tall figure of a chief seated upon his horse and brandishing a lance. As the train moved he spied the woman in the compartment. With a yell of triumph he spurred his horse and darted forward, the lance swaying like a reed, yet aimed straight at Dona Isabella. At that moment the pistol rang out. The man fell and rolled from the horse's withers just as the steel reared and plunged upon the summit of the embankment; and the lance clattered against the wheels. Then, leaning from the window, Camillo emptied both his magazines after the astonished horsemen. The wheels revolved faster; the train was moving at its old pace again. Camillo and Dona Isabella surveyed each other silently. They did not hear the orderly upon the floor, still babbling out his prayers. She was regarding him inscrutably. Presently she came forward and replaced the bandages. "You have been dreaming, Camillo dearest," was all she said. And he was still lying there, feeling her palm in his, still tended by her merciful ministrations. But neither spoke for a long while.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Let your soul be filled with the morning air. Turn your head and your hands loose in it: The world is full of the possible. But you've got to fight to win it. —Wm. J. Lampton. In admiring the splendor of the styles this season one is apt not to give full credit to the details which help to create the perfection of the present mode. For instance, few women ever waste thought upon hems. Yet no other details in a woman's costume is so lacking in distinction, is so utterly commonplace except, of course, the old-fashioned placket. The ugliness of that, we are thankful to say, has been more or less done away with by the popularity of the habit back and the one-piece frock, so often opening on the side or down the front. And now the dressmakers come with great folds of velvet and cloth bordered with fur or else bands of exquisite oriental embroidery, with taffeta with plaitings of mousseline. The commonplace hem is obliterated, and one of the most graceful effects of this season's styles is attained. These deep folds lend grace and distinction to the slender woman, and in some odd way are not unbecoming to the short one. Then the sleeve this season has much to do with the charms of the new frocks. The graceful kimona lines are tremendously effective and lend an air of youth to nearly every woman. The fashion is becoming to both stout and slender women, while the really tight sleeve, fitting severely into the arm hole, is after all only becoming to the slender woman. And the enormous sleeves that were once the vogue never becoming to either stout or slender woman. So the sleeve of the present seems to have attained more of grace and variety than any sleeve of the past. And no fashion has ever been developed that is so pretty and sensible as the collarless frock. It is not becoming to all women, and even if it is not entirely attractive one gains so much in comfort, and it is so restful to the nerves, that the unbecomingness may be overlooked. And it can be mitigated. A little care of the neck, the arrangement of a soft and becoming frill of plaited mull help much. These frills, by the way, that have been so much in vogue during the summer, are still very popular and will work wonder on many gowns. And for the women with swan-like necks no other fashion holds so much of beauty and charm. Particularly is this true of the collarless frock for winter wear. Worn with stoles of fur from which the neck rises with statuesque beauty the effect is enchanting. With the ugly, commonplace hem and placket as things of the past, the thick, high-boned collar completely done away with, the graceful kimona sleeve firmly established, the latest styles possess not only more beauty, but infinitely more comfort for the fashionable woman than clothes have presented for many years. Black velvet is having a definite triumph. It ornaments frocks of crepe de chine and liberty satin. Black and white is a dominant of the season. The warmth and sobriety of black velvet lends to all gowns a special charm. It forms large "geisha" bows or falls in long ends straight and supple. It is seen everywhere on hats, in simple but immense bows, accompanied with roses in pale shades of mousseline. A rather amusing idea is seen in the scarf-shawl. It is made of mousseline with designs in imitation of the old Indian cashmere. It is worn somewhat as a scarf, and somewhat like a real shawl. A very new and elegant scarf is of coarse linen lace bordered with maribou. It is very rich, but not very practical. One must not neglect to speak of the attractive one is of silk covered with paillette. They take the place of a very light wrap and are most graceful. They are often made of bordered chiffon of a rather heavy quality. One of the new fashions in hair ornaments is bead rosettes. These are worn instead of ribbon bows or flowers at the ends of filets, and a very quiet effect they give. As such ornaments are costly to buy, all the girls are making them. It is easy and fascinating work, nothing being needed but gold or silver wire, several sizes of needles and beads in various sizes and colors. String the beads as fancy dictates, being careful to keep the graduation even; that is, use the same number of beads of a certain size or color each time the form is repeated. The wire should be cut long enough to form the desired ornament. It is a light to fine one's work wasted by having a thread too short. When fully strung twist the wire in oval or round coils to form ornaments of any desired size. These rosettes may be flat or they can be bent to be higher in the centre, or, again, can form a diamond shape. Do not make them too large or they become bizarre and theatrical looking. Also do not combine too many colors. Loose Shoes.—Quite as bad as tight shoes, against which we are always warned, are too loose ones, they cause corns and bunions and often produce flattening of the arches. The woman with the peculiarly shaped foot who cannot get shoes exactly to fit her except when made to order, should get them a little longer rather than a little too wide; it is the lesser of two evils. To Curry Eggs.—Chop one onion finely and fry it for a few minutes in one heaping tablespoonful of butter in the blazer of the chafing dish, add one teaspoonful of flour, one dessertspoonful of curry powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of allspice, and cook very slowly for ten minutes. Have six hard cooked eggs, add four of them cut in quarters, pour into a hot dish and garnish with the other two eggs. Serve hot with plain boiled rice. The large teal hat has a Paisley crown matching the gown and drawn tight down to the brim, finishing in a wreath composed of small tufts of lavender posies.

O, suns and skies and clouds of June And clouds of June together, Ye cannot rival for one hour October's bright blue weather. When loud the bumble-bee makes haste, Belated, thriftless, vagrant, And goldenrod is dying fast, And lanes with grapes are fragrant. When gentian roll their fringes tight, To save them from the morning, And chestnuts fall from satin burrs Without a word of warning. When on the ground red apples lie In piles, like jewels shining, And redder still, on old stone walls, Are leaves of woodbine twining. When all the lovely wayside things Their white-winged seeds are sowing, And in the fields still green and fair Late aftermaths are growing. When springs run low and on the brooks, In idle golden freighting, Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush Of woods and winter waiting. O, suns and skies and flowers of June, Count all your boast together, Love lovest best of all the year October's bright blue weather. —Helen Hunt Jackson. Planning Wide Streets. A lesson can be taken from German methods as regards width of streets. In the inner sections of towns, some of which are many centuries old, one naturally finds many narrow streets, but whenever a new street is laid out ground of sufficient width is purchased by the community as will suffice for the next 100 years, taking into account increase of traffic. This seems for the first years like an extravagance to purchase more property than is immediately needed; but in practice this is not true, for the street is laid out with a width at first required, as well as the sidewalks, while the remaining ground is rented to the house owners to be utilized for front gardens. This method is required by law, otherwise they, the owners, could not obtain the license for building, and by this method the city administration receives a considerable sum for this apparently waste space. The roads thus look pretty, and the ground is available at any time whenever increase of traffic requires widening of streets. In New England and other conservative countries the property is bought of a width sufficient for present needs, and when, several years later, the thoroughfare has to be widened, additional space must be purchased at an excessive cost, as in the meantime the value of property has greatly increased.—F. Boettge, in Cassier's Magazine. The Flag of Denmark. In the year 1219 King Waldemar, of Denmark, when leading his troops to battle against the Livonians, saw, or thought he saw, a bright light in the form of a cross in the sky. He held this appearance to be a promise of Divine aid, and pressed forward to victory. From this time he had the cross placed on the flag of his country and called it the Dannebrog, that is, the strength of Denmark. Aside from legend there is no doubt that this flag with the cross was adopted by Denmark in the thirteenth century, and that about the same date an order, known as the order of Dannebrog, was instituted, to which only soldiers and sailors who were distinguished for courage were allowed to belong. The flag of Denmark, a plain red banner, bearing on a white cross, gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day, at hard work. The Royal Month and the Royal Disease. Sudden changes of weather are especially trying, and probably to none more so than to the scrofulous and consumptive. The progress of scrofula during a normal October is commonly great. We never think of scrofula—its bunches, cutaneous eruptions, and wasting of the bodily substance—without thinking of the great good many sufferers from it have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, whose radical and permanent cures of this one disease are enough to make it the most famous medicine in the world. There is probably not a city or town where Hood's Sarsaparilla has not proved its merit in more homes than one, in arresting and completely eradicating scrofula, which is almost as serious and as much to be feared as its near relative—consumption. —Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FARM NOTES. —The way one keeps his fowls is generally the way the fowls keep him. —The day of crossing breeds is a thing of the past. We now have utility pure breeds. —Work up a strain of hens that will lay. Save the eggs from the best layers, and set them. —The fowls that are small for their age should go now. Their room is of more value than their company. —Hens dread to get into dirty nest boxes. They won't do it if they can help it. Why don't you see to this, right off? —Never change to a new breed simply because extravagant claims are given. It is better to try to improve the old ones. —No one can consistently be a fancier and a marketman at the same time. The branches are antagonistic to each other. —The experienced poultryman breeds only from his best winter layers. It is then when prices are at their best, and profits are to be counted upon in the poultry business. —Start the trapnests so that it can be known which are the best winter layers. Almost any old hen will lay in spring and summer; it takes a good hen to lay in late fall and winter. —This is a good season for disposing of all the surplus old hens. Better get rid of them while they will fetch a good price as roasters. The prices are good up to about November 20th. —A good coating of whitewash on the inside of each house will help considerably in getting rid of vermin. Take several inches of dirt out of the houses and replace with new, clean earth. —It is a too common practice to inbreed. Don't do it. It is easier to secure good cockerels now than it will be later in the season. Get them now and you will have them when needed. —Laid in your stock of dust yet for winter? Don't forget it. Neglect is one of the worst enemies hens have—almost equal to lice. Try to avoid dampness in your houses; sure to bring disease. —There are plenty of grasshoppers this month, but don't think that the chickens can live on them alone; give them all the feed that you can get them to eat, with the grasshoppers as an extra. —It has been shown by experience that cows fed on ensilage in connection with other feeds will produce more than 50 per cent. more butter than equally good cows fed on other good feeds of the same cost. —In the United States last year there were 21,720,000 milch cows, producing \$1,000,000,000 in dairy products. One billion dollars is a vast sum for dairy products for one nation, yet the demands are increasing. —Now that the weather is so warm, be careful in gathering the eggs; don't let any suspicious ones get mixed in. One bad egg is enough to put a question mark on the whole week's production and may lose a customer. —Ringworm in calves is caused by a vegetable parasite, for which sulphur ointment is recommended. This is made of powdered sulphur, lard, oil, grease. Wash the affected part with soap and water, and then apply the ointment. —One pound of hay a day for 100 pounds weight, is enough for work horses. Too much is injurious, sometimes causing indigestion or heaves. Colts may be fed all they will eat, but work animals will require considerable concentrates. —Rake up the litter and rubbish that have accumulated in the runs, and then spade or plow them up. If there are double runs, do each house separately, and then rake up the litter for winter green feeding. Don't delay the sowing of rye much longer. —Be sure that the ducklings have plenty of shade and water. They will eat more in the morning and at night than through the middle of the day. Don't keep the goslings in the hot sun; they want plenty of shade, fresh water and grass. —The stomach of the young calf is very delicate, hence changes in feed must be made slowly. The calf will begin to eat grain and hay when it is about four weeks of age. Shelled corn is about the best grain feed, as it takes the place of cream in the milk. —Keep the house as cool as possible. The shady nooks are relished by the hens. Keep right on fighting the army of lice and mites; they like to hide away under the end of the roosts. Every time you spray, lift the roosts and give the pests a dose that will drive them out for good and all. —Wood ashes can be used for any crops that need potash, and they may be applied at the rate of 25 to 50 bushels per acre. For cultivated crops they should be applied broadcast after the land has been harrowed and then cultivated in by a light harrowing. They can be used also as a top dressing in connection with phosphate fertilizers. —Do not allow the pullets to roost in the coops where they were raised. The cooler the weather gets the worse they will crowd. They will suffer from the heat, and when let out these cool mornings are apt to take cold, and roost is the next thing on the programme. The pullets expected to lay this month should be roosting in a comfortable house at this time.—From October Farm Journal. —The United States Department of Agriculture has issued an elaborate bulletin on the subject of concrete fence posts. This bulletin goes into detail, giving full and minute instructions which will enable the farmers to build their own fences with the farm labor. By applying to the office of public roads, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., Farmers' Bulletin No. 403, will be sent without charge. —It is said that an average sample of unbleached wood ashes contains about seven per cent. of potash and two per cent. of phosphoric acid. Besides the actual fertilizing value, by reason of the potash and phosphoric acid contained, there is some value to ashes simply by the power which the potash has to make the nitrogen of the soil available for plant use by its chemical action upon the organic matter and humus of the soil. The potash in ashes exists in a readily soluble form and is thus immediately available for plant food. Coal ashes are of little value as far as plant food is concerned, but they can be used with good effect upon some soils in loosening them up.