AS TO ANCIENT SAWS.

I love the good old savings That the Ancients used to say; They ease the weary strayings Of this busy modern day. Yet with them all I'm not in chime; With prices on the wing. I cannot find "the stitch in time"

Will save me anything!

That one about the Birdies-"One in hand"-you know the one,-A saying most absurd is When the whole is said and done. Two canvasbacks in any bush Are worth, in any land, Three times as much as any thrush You ever had in hand.

Then there's the one on Duty-"Don't put off what you can do To-day . . . "—that is a beauty
For sheer nonsense through and through There's lots of things that one can do To-day, that I recall,

Won't have to do at all. "The long lane has no turning-" Well, that proverb makes me laugh; One doesn't need much learning To discern that it is chaff. The truth is really otherwise The lane of that queer sort

By waiting for to-morrow you

To any one with open eyes

is almost always short!

And then that one on Mother And the cradle-Oh dear me ! It's bad as any other In the copy-books we see. Indeed, it goes by contraries Our Mothers have unfurled The hand that rules the cradle is The hand that rocks the world -Howard Dodd Gastit.

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, the eyes black, mo-tionless circles, 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, though he was unwounded.

An orderly, dressed in blue serge, with the red cross fiaring upon the white band on his arm, came through the corridor the red cross flaring upon the white band on his arm, came through the corridor and looked in. He approached the dead soldier and raised the arm, which fell stiffly and heavily upon the breast again. He turned to Don Camillo. "Does His Excellency require anything?" he asked. Camillo shook his head; then he remembered that he must lull suspicion. "Water the proposed in simulated agony and the company, and waved his hand. The bugle sounded. He was not telling her! He had said nothing. He had been dreaming it all again, but 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 the company and waved his hand. The bugle sounded.

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He was not telling her! He had said nothing. He had been dreaming it all again, but no word had passed his lips. He gripped her hand tightly in his agony of mind. "Listen, then. I want to tell you." and looked in. He approached the dead soldier and raised the arm, which fell ter!" he gasped, in simulated agony, and felt the military canteen placed between his fingers and thumb. He carried it to his mouth with affected feebleness. spite of his pretence, however, the fluid

cooled his parched throat gratefully. Then Don Camillo was left alone again with the dead man and the two wounded ones, lying in his bunk motionless, watching the stunted olive-trees crawl past the slowly moving train. Thus every night, respected by the Kabyle warriors, it crept painfully down the line, flying the Red Cross flag, to transport those wounded at the front to the base hospital at Melilla, rowed and sown; furrowed with trenches, thence to be shipped to Spain. The train sown with writhing fragments of men. would reach the terminal by dawn. Then The sun grew dim; a yellow sulphurous Don Camillo must escape, before they cloud enveloped them, and, as through learned that a deserter was shamming nis way to safety from the horrors of the battlefield. The uprolling scroll of time appeared interminable as he lay there, and dead, the only schemer among those simple heroes. Yet eyen the mental suf-fering that he now underwent seemed preferable—anything was preferable to sions of unrestrainable fear. As they ran, those scenes of violent death, the hissing bullets and splinters caught them, and preferable-anything was preferable to bullet, the unexpected ambuscade.

It was not that he feared imprisonment. His rank would prevent that, led them down with iron hoofs and dashed would suffice to send him home free to bear the scorn that would greet him. How ing flanks as they rolled, biting at curb and preferable if he had never volunteered! snaffle, upon the ground. Yet all the young nobles of Spain had past, swinging his sword. heart, kindling with hopes of glory, had betrothed herself to a coward.

She had gone out with the Queen's company of nurses. "We shall meet in Melilla, Camillo," she said. But they had front immediately upon his arrival.

Presently a soft palm closed upon his and he became aware that a nurse was standing beside him. As her fingers smoothed back the hair from his forehead a white illumination, thrown upon the screen of his dark thoughts, impelled him to an agony of self-confession. He groaned his face to the compartment; but she placed her arm under his neck and raised him, so that her face looked in his. As their eyes met, a shudder ran through his body, and a fear deadlier than that which the Kabyle forces had inspired entered his heart. This was Isabella!

"How is your head, Camillo?" she mur-"Does it ache? In three hours we shall be at Melilla, cousin, and then-As she bent over the blood-stained bandages that he had wrapped round his fore-head Don Camillo half leaped from the he go forth among his comrades to batcouch and seized her by the arm.

"Isabella, I must tell you," he panted. "I am unwounded!"

He saw her dark eyes light up at her melancholy smile. "Not badly, Camillo," she whispered. "Beyond doubt the doc-"I am unwounded!"

tors will soon mend your wound—"
"You don't understand," he cried. "I was not wounded. Don't you understand? I am a deserter. I crawled from the field

dered again at the remembrance. "Never mind," she answered, gently. seating up his pillows. "We will reach Melilla soon. If your wound is not serious—praise Christ it is not bad—"
"But I must make it clear," he raved.

She sat on the side of the bunk. "Yes, I will listen, Camillo," she said, softly.
"Tell me everything. But first—some

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 dysentery and sleep-less nights on picket duty in squoggy 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 end-less 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 retinas, and a long procession of shapes and scenes passed in review against the swinging 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

eternity age . . . one night . . . say yes-terday, then, he dozed under a moonless sky while his column unwound its snaky length along a mountain road. In the disin their entrenchments. His breeches, stiffened with sweat, adhered to the saddle, his bandolier chafed his shoulders raw, and his carbine, jarring in the shal-low 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 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 dun of the plains. Half a mile to the right the railway ran, two ribbons of black, Suddenly the wheels began to revolve and puffs of smoke ascended from a toy engine that flew the Red Cross flag. From

But he was teiling her now. They had been sent forward to regain a battery of captured guns. The Kabyles were said to be ignorant of how to use them. They galloped bravely forward, and he was not afraid. He felt his horse gather himself beneath him, saw the steeds plunging be-fore him, felt the hail of mud clods hoot past his ears. Then suddenly, out of the clear air, there came the screech of the captured artillery.
Immediately the smooth plain was fur-

rifts in a curtain, he perceived screaming steeds that cantered wildly across the plain, dark figures of men that tumbled interminable as he lay there, and floundered in quagmires of purple dissimulator among the dying mud, human teetotums that spun through the only schemer among those the thick ochre clouds, their fingers pressed to their ear-drums to shut out that pan demonium, their faces set into expresthey stumbled and tumbled, and horses, looming up suddenly from without, trampsnaffle, upon the ground. An officer ran

Then the world seemed to dissolve in gone to the front, many as simple soldiers, and how could he have held back? His splinters of fire that sprang from a pyramid of mud. He saw the officer tumble not revealed to him its craven fears until at his side, the screams of the injured the first engagement. Besides, his widow- came faintly out of the smoky distance; ed cousin, Dona Isabella, would never insensibility enveloped him as one puts on a blanket and draws it over his skull.

This man's face was like smoking lime pitted with rain-drops. One moment it had been stamped with the proud glance not met since they placed Spanish soil be-hind them, for he had been sent to the his insignia, an indomitable spirit amid

the rout; and now! The battle line was gone, and Don Camillo was lying across the body, staring into the staring eyes. Only the stubble of the reapers' crop remained. Camillo glanced round fearfully. He was the only living thing upon the plain; but half a mile to the right, where the steel ribbons of the railway line converged upon the horizon, he saw the train, the engine puff-ing noisily, and, as he watched, he saw men moving among the compartments,

bearing bodies on stretchers. The shell, which had struck the officer fairly in the body, had splattered him with his blood from head to foot, but left him uninjured. He knew the cowardice of his heart now. Though he tramp the globe as the meanest of all creatures, scorned and cast out, never again could

As he watched the hospital train a thought came to him, desperate enough, thought came to him, desperate enough, but offering safety. If he could reach her before she started for the coast they would not examine him, he might leap off somewhere in the environs of Melilla and steal into the city by night, eluding the posted sentries. He staggered to his feet, drew a discolored handkerchief from the dead of into the hospital train to escape that death ficer's sleeve, and bound it around his I feared. My colonel was killed at my head. Then, faltering equally from weak-side; his blood bespattered me." He shudness and by dissimulation, he made his ness and by dissimulation, he made his way toward the embankment, running

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 and the long night ride began.

He had told her. He saw the incredulity here was the face was

ity deepen in her eyes. Her face was flushed as she bent over him. "Camillo, dearest, you have been dreaming," she murmured. Could nothing convince her!
"It is true! I am a deserter!" he shout ed. But she 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 discov-ery would be made. He closed his eyes. Let him dream on in peace until the awakening!

It came too soon. The wheels ground noisily upon the metals. Distant shouting arose. The murmur swelled into a din. Camillo heard footsteps of men that ran along the compartment. He saw the fright-

ened face of the orderly.
"The Kabyles!" he cried. "Massacre!" The Virgin save us; it is all over with

Even as he sank upon his knees and prayed there came the rattle of musketry.

erable. But Isabella sat still by his side, her eyes calm, listening, yet still attentive to his needs. He had not told her yet; his elbow, Don Camillo saw, by the light he must hasten.

One night . . . surely that seemed but yesterday, although it must have been an a line of horsemen that charged wildly upon the train. There came a few scat tering shots, and the defenders were swept aside and trodden down.

In that instant Don Camillo saw Dona tance there was firing somewhere, and somewhere behind them the Kabyles lay side. One arm was placed protectingly side. One arm was placed protectingly upon him; the other she raised instinct ively 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 pistols. 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 massacre proved 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 ulti-mate shred of her belief; he would stamp on either side of them, clustered against the olive groves and solitary figs, were dots of horses and men, black against the knowledged himself to be. He watched knowledged himself to be. He watched sun, but soon to be swallowed among the her; he saw the scorn deepening in her

again, very slowly, and the carriages lurched and ground out their way over some unnoted point a messenger came the lines. At the same moment a savage galloping. An officer spurred out to meet shout came from the fore part of the him, came back, halted one instant before train. The horsemen were riding at full the company, and waved his hand. The tilt diagonally toward the carriages. The with fear.

"They're sticking the wounded. They're spearing them through the windows," he yelled, frantically. He crouched against

his prayers.

Camillo hesitated no more. He saw the tall figure of a chief seated upon his horse with couchant 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-shot rang out. The man fell forward and rolled from the horse's withers just as the steed 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 Kabyles. 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.

Presently it lightened and lambent fires played upon the eastern sky. Camillo broke silence.
"I must escape," he muttered. Melilla-they will discover me. You will help me to escape from the train? You would not have me dishonored through-

out Spain?' She only stroked his hand. She raised the water-bottle to his lips.
"You have been dreaming, dearest,"

she answered, softly. So this was his punishment. She meant that he must go to his fate manfully, and that, until he was proclaimed the deserter and impostor that he had discovered himself to be, he was her hero whom she had sent out of Spain. He lay still upon the pillow, his mind wracked with an infinity of schemes. Might this last hour last

through eternity! The day grew lighter; fields and cultivated land replaced the interminable plains of sand. It was too late for action now. The train was steaming into the terminal, and outside, in the far distance, Camillo saw the blue curve of the sea. The train slackened to a standstill amid a throng of waiting orderlies with stretchers, nurses, and women with flowers. The town had gathered there to honor its heroes, to soothe their ills, offer its quiet solicitude. It was too little that it could

"A good run?" called an officer to the

engineer.
"A good run and a clear line, sir," the engineer answered.
Camillo felt himself lifted and placed upon a stretcher. Discovery was imminent now. But he no longer cared. A curious and inexplicable weakness had overcome him, and he closed his eyes in tolerable pain, as though the im wound had actually wrought some physical injury upon him. He felt a doctor raise

"A bad case," he said to the orderly.
"Another skull fracture, and the brain exposed. The work of a splinter. We'll

save him if we can."
"We must save him, sir," said the orway toward the embankment, running craftily when he came to a secluded spot among the bush, then stumbling feebly toward the carriages. They spied him and ran forward as he sank upon the ground. Even then remorse surged over him as the rough peasants of Spain ten-

by-the company had been ambush sir—and this man, when he saw his col-onel fall, and the shell hadn't burst yet not knowing the colonel was aiready kill-ed, he laid himself down over him and put his head in front of him to shield him when it exploded. He's been very low all night, and once or twice Her Excellency the nurse thought he was gone; but we can save him and will. Besides, Your

Excellency, he is Don Camillo Guzman y Ribera.' The soldier heard and understood, and from under his closed eyelids the tears crept and coursed down his cheeks. Through what a hell of delirious, lying dreams he had come into the light, to find himself honored still! Dimly he perceived Dona Isabella bend over him. Hell had striven with him and had not pre-vailed; and he knew now that death could not conquer him, save on some future field, where he might face it man-

OCTOBER.

O. suns and skies and clouds of June And clouds of June together, 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,

Late aftermaths are growing.

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

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 loveth best of all the year

Planning Wide Streets.

October's bright blue weather -Helen Hunt Jackson.

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 wheneve a new street is laid out ground of suffi-cient width is purchased by the community as will suffice for the next 100 years, taking into account increase of

This seems for the first years like ar 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 train. The horsemen were riding at full diagonally toward the carriages. The orderly ran through the corridor, panting be utilized for front gardens. This method is required by law, otherwise they, the owners, could not obtain the lieense for ministration receives a considerable sum the lower bunk and began to babble out for this apparently waste space. The ds 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 Cas

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 be-long. The flag of Denmark, a plain red banner, bearing on it a white cross, is the oldest flag now in existence. For 300 years both Norway and Sweden were united with Denmark under one flag.-The Housekeeper.

Ba-cka-che.

It looks like Greek. But it is plain English for backache. People who suffer with backache and want to be cured, write to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. "I wrote you for advice February 4th, 1896," writes Mrs. Loma Halstead, of Claremore, Cherokee Nat., Ind. Ty. was racking with pain from the back of my head down to my heels. Had hemor-rhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up fpr ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz.: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pullets, also 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 sub-stance—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 com-pletely eradicating scrofula, which is almost as serious and as much to be feared as its near relative-consumption.

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.

this season one is apt not to give full credit to the details which help to create the perfection of the present modes. For instance, few women ever waste thought upon hems. Yet no other details in a women's costume is so lacking in distinction, is so utterly commonplace ex-cept, of course, the old-fashioned plack-

In admiring the splendor of the styles

The ugliness of that, we are thankful to say, has been more or less done away fully.—By Victor Rousseau, in Harper's with by the popularity of the habit back weekly. 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 tremen-

dousiy effective and lend an air of youth to nearly every woman.

Here, too, the fashion is becoming to both stout and slender women, while the really tight sleeeve, fitting severely into the arm hole, is after all only becoming to the slender woman. And the enormous sleeves that were once the vogue were 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 col-larless 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 sum-mer, 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 vears.

Black velvet is having a definite tri-umph. It ornaments frocks of crepe de chine and liberty satin. Black and white is a dominant of the season. The warmth and sombreness 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 long three-pointed scarfs. A specially 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 or-naments is bead rosettes. These are worn instead of ribbon bows or flowers at the ends of fillets, and a very quaint

effect they give. As such ornaments are costly to buy,all the girls are making them. It is easy and fascinating work,nothing being need-ed but gold or silver wire, several sizes of needles and beads in various sizes and

String the beads as fancy dictates, be ing 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 trying 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 too 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 too long 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 heap-ing 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 tea-spoonful of lemon juice, one teacupful of water, allow to cook very slowly for ten

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 tegal 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.

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

-Work up a strain of hens that will lay. Save the eggs from the best layers,

-The fowls that are small for their age should go now. Their room is of movalue 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 oultry business.

-Start the trappests 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 in-breed. 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 that 50 per cent. more butter than equally as 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

-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

-One pound of hay a day per 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 to each house, sow one of them into rye 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 snn; they want pleniy 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 roup 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 bulleting 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 —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 trogen of the soil available for plant use by its chemical action upon the organic matter and humus of the soil. The pot-ash 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,