

Bellefonte, Pa., December 9, 1910.

A WORD OF APPROVAL.

Give me a word of approval. I've tried to be good and true. I am weary and sick of heart at the way my

critics do I've given my life for others, have always opnos

Give me a word of approval as my mother used When I was a bit of a boy just learning the way

kindness said

As in early childhood days, to the prayer beside Give me a word of approval, for my eyes are

For the way is much rougher now and I'm so fleet of limb

As in the hopeful boyhood days when I cleared For I am in the final race with my eye upon the

Give me a word of approval: it may be the last to

For the winter days are coming; the frost is stripping the tree And the chilly winds are blowing: the corn is ripe in the ear:

I await the house of quiet and the cro be near.

AT THE FOOT OF THE MONUMENT.

The worm of time has long been gnaw ing at the names chlselled into the noble monument that stands before the ruined battlements of Trinidad da Granada. Time and weather have eaten little by little into the Andean stone, so that the record seems scarcely destined to outlast the memory of those who are com-memorated there. Yet, when I mounted the crumbling steps I could decipher let-ters of the names, from El General Mendo, a downward through the list of his captains, which began with . . basti. no Fer . . i. a and ended with Juan Vidal y Vorres, still legible above the red-flow-ering creeper that clambers round the pedestal.

Trinidad was a proud port when Drake sailed north to harry her, but she is almost dead today. Callao and Valparaiso have wrested her trade away, so that the passing ships are only blurs of smoke seen from the sand-sifted harbor. A score of planters still fight back the jungle that encroaches ceaselessly upon the town; but even this has thrown out advanced guards of weeds and shrubs and undergrowth right into the heart of the old market square. A Governor from Lima dwells in state in the old palace before which the statue of General Mendoza stands; but of the battlements only the tree-grown ruins remain, looking over the sea, where the defenders lay, searching the same sea, day by day, always fruitlessly, for the Spanish frigates trom Mexico that should bring tale of the defeat of Bolivar and his rebellious troops. Now by this time the bellious troops. Now by this time the liss sick-bed; for all the Captain's company, running to the defender, had died beneath the ruins, and the enemy were pouring in. All this the Captain saw as held up in front of the grow-the rebellious troops. Now by this time the dierent of Bolivar and his rebellious troops. Now by this time the dierect, had died beneath the ruins, and the enemy were pouring in. All this the Captain saw as he hastened from pany, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question thus arose whether too many pany, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question thus arose whether too many pany, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question thus arose whether too many pany, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question thus arose whether too many pany, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question thus arose whether too many pany, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question thus arose whether too many pany, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question thus arose whether too many pany, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question the captain's company, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question the captain's company, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question that arose whether too many pany, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question that arose whether too many pany, running to the defender and prices suffered. The question that arose whether too many pany, running to the defender and prices suffered. The plant arose whether too many pany, running to market square. A Governor from Lima the same sea, day by day, always fruit-lessly, for the Spanish frigates that never arrived. Close beside is the deserted nunnery, with its short avenue of tombs, of which the last, not a bird's swoop from the monument, is inscribed Leonora Mendoza. That is all the record of Trinidad's ancient glory. Negroes and half breed Indians bask in the mud under the wild oleander shrubs, and an ancient parrot plumes himself upon the monument and croaks somnolently, like some

forgotten tutelary guardian of the dead. I stood watching the ancient, blinking bird, while he looked back at me uncertainly, with one foot raised and beak half open; then all at once he called, in a very sweet and commanding voice: "To the walls! To the walls!"

"They say, Senor, that this bird is the sole survivor of that day when the men of Bolivar stormed these old weed-grown ramparts and drove out the arms of Spain from Granada forever," exclaimed

a voice beside me.

I turned. Wandering, musing. around the base of the monument, I had not seen the ragged figure of this ancient man, mumbling over his coca leaf, that stood mumbling over his coca leaf, that stood he was I thought. or sibly mestizo; not negro certainly. There were traces of power and pride in

those days that are past, so that the romance of them will warm his heart and make him pay me well—me, old Juan, the guide, who has outlived them." "Have you seen Bolivar and the days of Spanish rule?" I asked. He seemed of so extreme an age, nothing would have surprised me, least of all here, under the warm sun, beside the crooning waves.
"I have seen much, Senor," he answer-

ed "I saw this monument set up by the conquerors in memory of the conquered, whom their own land forgot. See the names of the heroes cut into its stone! There was no traitor among them. Their names are fading, but that of Juan Vidal v Torres will never fade, nor will this creeper cover it. Higher than this it never climbs, but points its red trumpets at it, that all may read.

Whose is the tomb?" I asked. "Here the rebels assaulted," he tinued, leading me to a great mound from which strong blocks of masonry extruded. "Here was the breach made, and so this wall fell down, burying many beneath it. There they lie, officers and men together, many feet below, and the brave Capitan Vidal y Torres sleeps comfortably with his company beneath the soil. There

was no traitor among them all."

He paused, and, with his immobile Indian face, looked hard at the blinking bird, which stirred and muttered un-

"What of the tomb?" I asked again. "Hard by this monument," he con-tinued, "the old General fell. The creepers have run red since then. But they have never blotted out the Captain's name. If ever any hinted that he was a name. If ever any hinted that he was a traitor, they lied from envy. But who, indeed, knows anything about it? There "Surrender Trinidad,' the message ran, 'and you shall all go free. The succept that you await will never come, for thrusting aside all who opposed him,until

remain none who remember, except my. Ithe frigates of Spain lie fathoms deep be- he had gained the empty street that looks

"But old monuments sometimes lie, do they not, Senor?" he continued. "His Excellency will give me two pesetas, and I shall tell him a romance such as he will not believe. Perhaps it is something that my father told me. There is none living who knows how much of it is true, except the old payret there and he has a straightway forgets him.

"Then the attack became relentless, and never ceased, so that the unending vigil was worse by far than either hunger or dread of plague. But still none spoke of surrender, for there were no traitors among that garrison, Senor—not one.

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"Then the attack became relentless, and never ceased, so that the unending vigil was worse by far than either hunger or dread of plague. But still none spoke of surrender, for there were no traitors among the nuns, clad in the novitiate's robe, and passed him by, as he lay faint-ing and prone, her eyes raised heaven-ing and prone, he except the old parrot there, and he has almost forgotten, it happened so long ago.
Ah, the tomb? Let his Excellency have

man began. Have felt the spirit of kindness and the thrill of glowing truth

"You must cast your mind back, Senor." tain's face craftily. He had not fought he said, "to the days when Trinidad da And love the good old honest way as I loved it in Granada was very different from what five years of war without learning to read." she is now. Then she was one of Spain's chief cities in the New World, and a stout fortress. But presently her prosperity departed, for the whole land was at war, from Mexico southward to the cold plains, and Bolivar was wresting, one by one, Spain's fairest provinces away from her. Yet all derided him in Trinidad, for we

> Andes to her assault. "There were rich merchants here in those days, Senor, and the great gentlemen from Spain, and much revelry beant's guise, and you shall be conveyed to toward the old man, screeching maligtween them and the garrison officers.
>
> General Mendoza had recently been appointed to the command. He was a brave soldier, but he had brought with him that withdrew a short interval and sat down, pay another peseta?"—By Victor Rouswhich was to work his ruin, for, as though forty years of service had taught him nothing, he had brought out a young wife from Spain in his old age. It was, indeed, said that he had accepted the mand in order to remove her from those who sought her love at home, for the prove as clay between his palms, that he Senora Mendoza was of great beauty, and could model her to his desires. And she possessed more than that, those qualities of sweetness and irresolution which, when combined, prove fatal to all who came under their spell. Now, among the young officers here was the Capitan Vidal v. Torres the General's aide whose fam. Torres, the General's aide, whose family was one of the noblest in the Penin-

> crisis of her history since the expulsion of the Moorish emperors.
> "If General Mendoza knew anything of what transpired between his wife and the Captain he said nothing, and gave no sign; peahaps he had heard of it and treated it as an honorable attachment, pany, who followed him, no word upon grapes and cure raisins the United States

sula, and had fought for Spain in every

flame, the woman was pine, and, more- issue. over, of such a weak and unresisting nature as men can model to their desires.

And so what began as pastime ended as tragedy, for she forbade and summoned him, denied and called; and in the end had roted. He stripped off his uniform And so what began as pastime ended as tragedy, for she forbade and summoned him, denied and called; and in the end the Rubicon of their affairs was crossed, for their fate had yoked them together, to be each other's bane; and they had not be each other's bane; and the balance almost wholly grape sugar (carbohydrates) it is on a par with the grape and the dried fig as an energy producer in the system, figuring up over 1,200 units of fuel value. But the raisin grower has, because of pelance to wait till the eld carbohydrates it is on a par with the grape and the dried fig as an energy producer in the system, figuring up over 1,200 units of fuel value. But the raisin grower has, because of pelance to the system of the parallel figuring up over 1,200 units of fuel value. sense to wait till the old General died.

"Thus the wet season passed in rout and feasting, while all waited for Spanish frigates from Mexico that should bring

ers and bannerols, remember my weary days beside him, or, he being dead, under a nun's hood in the convent here.'

"Of a sudden the scented night, the moon, and the wild jungle cries entered the Captain's blood. He flung his arms

out, and she crept to them.

"'My triumph shall be my country's curse,' he cried, 'and my banner a rebel's flag, if my love goes pale under a nun's hood. Are there not empires falling in the north, waiting on strong men to cap-ture them? This week the frigates ar-rive; let us take ship together, and never see Spain. Bolivar has princedoms for his followers.'
"The Senora Mendoza looked up at him,

and, though she did not withdraw, for once

heart of her greatness."
"Then suddenly the night became hideous to the Captain, and the moon tortur-There were traces of power and pride in the shrivelled, aquiline features, and the skin, blackened by many suns, might have been either white or red formerly. It was at him that the parrot had called; now, with ruffled neck-feathers and open beak, it hissed threateningly.

"The Senor wants a guide?" asked the old man, moving back from the bird, which slowly subsided into its somnolence. "I can show him the relics of those days that are past, so that the

"Then, across the jungles, rumors flew, and while the garrison still mocked at them, a runner entered the town with news that sent all hurrying to man the walls. The impossible had occurred. Bolivar had flung his soldiery across the Andean passes and was moving upon the town. Before the third night fell the city was hotly besieged, and all knew, that unless the frigates of Spain should arrive swiftly, Trinidad must fall. So there were than these according to the best of the second up to the the best of the second up to the they three, cooped up together in the be-leagured town, the General and his wife and the Captain who had forsworn her. But they said no word to each other again, those two; indeed, there lacked both opportunity and time, seeing that the Captain's company was continually on guard upon the walls, while upon him the chief command had fallen, since the old Gen-

eral was incapacitated by reason of age and sickness "At first few died, for the defenders were well guarded behind their fortifications. But now came plague, and now the investment grew so close that nothing could enter, and food began to fail. Soon there were hardly men enough to garrison the ramparts. Daily the trenches of the besiegers were pushed nearer, being directed toward the great tower which stood where the Senor sees that mound of fallen masonry. Mines and countermines were laid, until the sappers, working beneath the ground, could hear the

mon soldier on this occasion, but none to be denied him, thinking himself exe-other than the rebel leader himself, but crated of all men, remained bereft of what stripped of epaulets. And he spoke se-

faces of men. One glance was all he ery, and in his first battle he turned cowneeded, and he pressed home his assault. ard and slunk out of the field. After-"Many a soldier fights under the Re-ward conscience drove him through many public's flag, 'he continued, 'whom peo-ple mourn in Spain. But had he not Years later, when he crept back, all that sworn allegiance his bones would be whit-ening among the ant-heaps of the jungles. had loved rested at the short avenue of Nor need any men know. Only draw off knew that the sea was ours, and even Bolivar himself covld never cross the feigned assault elsewhere, merely for such a time as will enable us to lay our power creepers cover it. But the parrot rememder-bags beneath the tower. Then strip bers

he cared nothing. But he knew that, for good or evil, the Senora Mendoza would

whether you succeed or fail, or whether I live or die, henceforward I am forgotten, and my name shall never pass your lips unless I come to you for the fulfill-

ment of your promise. "The envoy swore, and went away. On the next afternoon a strong assault made against a distant tower, and thither for he was an old man and amiable, moreover, the Captain, by reason of his nobility, must needs regard his General's honor as sacredly as that of his country.

The was an old man and amiable, in their hearts. And there he lought the darkness, alone exposed above the buttresses, while bullets streamed past and overhead, and left him unscathed. So overhead, and left him unscathed. So "I blame neither of them, Senor, especially not him; for, if the man was then he knew that fate had resolved the

"Before the attack ended he withlurked in the shadows until he heard bu- keep his nose to the grindstone of meagre

monument stands, to say farewell.

"'My heart, she cried, 'we shall not meet again. But when you ride in triumph along the Prado, between flowwomen that waited upon their fate inside the nunnery. Then the Captain issued from his hiding-place, and none molested

and his knees quavered and he shrank fearfully away. An instant later the parof the wall on which it sat, screeching and mauling him with its sharp beak and claws. So, before he had beaten it away and gained his composure, the Senora had passed within, not recognizing him. Then the thought, 'I will wait until the morrow, when her grief will be assauged. Then I will come forward to claim her.'

"On the morrow he rose up betimes and

"On the morrow he rose up betimes and hastened into the public square. Already the Republic had been proclaimed, and her flag run up; and there was none of the populace, save only the freed rem-nants of the garrison, who did not cheer and applaud. This gave the Captain courage. He waited until he saw the Se-

and applaud. This gave the Captain courage. He waited until he saw the Senora approaching—for she went constantly into the convent to receive counsel from the nuns. Then he moved forward to intercept her; and suddenly a man clapped him upon the back, and cried, 'Make way.'

"The Captain turned on him angrily, and gave back blow for blow. A mobsurrounded him, jostled him, and pinned him back against the wall; and while he stood there, fuming, but helpless, he saw the funeral cortege of the dead General the funeral cortege of the dead General pass through crowds with doffed hats and mournful faces. Straight up the street stood there, fuming, but helpless, he saw result. The heat of the baking oven or the digestive action of the yeast seems to obliterate the physical presence of even the skin of the raisins. the coffin came, borne upon the shoulders of the conquerors, and passed midway between the Captain and the Senora, as though the implacable dead man had riven their fates asunder, And the Captain is raised as to raisin bread you can safely give a child all it requests.

saw her no more that day. "But on the third day he knew that the "But on the third day he knew that the crisis in his affairs had come, and unless he could find speech with her she would be lost to him thenceforward. Dawn had not broken when he plunged into the streets; yet already these were filled with a dense multitude that thronged and surged and left no passageway. Pent in, the Captain saw soldiery drawn up in hollow square in the great market-place, and within these, black against blue and scarlet, the cowled heads of priests. A towns, from some strong glutingus wheaten let, the cowled heads of priests. A townsman turned on him.

"'Keep silence, madman,' he muttered. angrily. 'Art thou, out of the whole city, ignorant that to-day we fast and pray, and the priests offer service in commemoration of our dead, and of our General, and

dost crawl about our streets?

remain none who remember, except my self and the General's old parrot there, and even he sleeps his life away now; and if he dreams of the old man he wakes and if he dreams of the old man he wakes are also and drove the emissary away.

In the tides of Panama.'

The Captain read it and laughed. 'A lie,' he answered, and drove the emissary away.

In the tides of Panama.'

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he coveted and honored above all those I've given my life for others, have always opposed the wrong;
I've tried to lift up the fallen, I have cheered the jostling throng.

Give me a word of approval, ere the setting of the sun.

I have a sort of misgiving that my race is nearly and placed it in the claw-like fingers, which closed on it tightly. Then the old many and all his house, and stripped of epaulets. And he spoke serently have a stripped of epaulets. And he spoke serently in the Captain's ear.

Cretly in the Captain's ear.

Whom he had cast into death's jaws. Trinidad must fall, and your resistance only makes your final end more desperant.

Trinidad must fall, and your resistance only makes your final end more desperant.

Ah, the tomb? Let his Excellency have patience, and I will tell him of the dead nun, whose lover went down into hell for ther, and, having gained her, turned aside three times and lost her."

I drew a Mexican dollar from my pocket and placed it in the claw-like fingers, which closed on it tightly. Then the old must fall, and your resistance only makes your final end more desperant.

Ah, the tomb? Let his Excellency have creating than of the dead nun, whose lover went down into hell for ther, and, having gained her, turned aside three times and lost her."

Trinidad must fall, and your resistance only makes your final end more desperant to believe that he it was, indeed, that died under the tower; for the man had died more certainly than all his house, and he spoke se-whom he had cast into death's jaws.

Trinidad must fall, and your resistance only makes your final end more desperant to believe that he it was, indeed, that died under the tower; for the man had died more certainly than all his house, and he spoke se-whom he had cast into death's jaws. "He paused here and scanned the Cap- company, and what remained was but the sepulchre of his remembrances. They say that he went north to fight under Bolivar. But courage endures not treachtombs. But while she lived her pride re-

seau, in Harter's Weekly.

Paisin Bread as a Food

The raisin grape is perhaps the most popular variety with the growers in California, says the San Diego correspondent of the New York Sun. Long bunches of these white luscious grapes are laid in trays upon the ground and day after day the curing process one. The round the curing process goes on. The round, full grape dries and shrivels and the green, fresh stem withers and contracts until finally the grapes have ceased to exist as grapes and in their place is a light brownish bunch of capsules filled with a pulp many times sweeter than the original grape, the goodness and richness of the grape having been concentrated by the sun's rays and its sweetnes increased.

got its raisins from Spain and paid a fairly good price for them. In course of time the native raisins began to creep into the market and make their way into the fav-

or of the public.

Of all the dried fruits none perhaps equals the raisin in food value and ease of digestion, and containing but 13 per cent. of moisture and the balance almost gles blown and then the great noise of a profits. When the new raisins were in falling wall. illing wall.
"Here, Senor, hard by this monument, on hand was held up in front of the grow-

retaing the public. The result was the proclamation of a Raisin Day, April 30th, in California. Housekeepers, confectioners, bakers, hotels, restaurants and gro-

from his hiding-place, and none molested him. So, stepping meekly and cringing before the invaders, as he had never cringed before, he approached the convent, whence the Senora issued to pass into her protected quarters in the palace of the dead General

"Now comes the jest that Fortune played upon him who had discounted herre buffs and had not thought it possible for his emprize to fail. As he drew near he heard the General's voice shout in his ear, and his knees quavered and he shrank in the state of the land were prevailed upon to make raisins a leader upon their menus on April 30th. The bakers were requested to make and sell raisin bread on Raisin Day, and this being more or less of a novelty, the this being more or less of a novelty, the bakers took it up with a will, and found rot had flown at him from the abutment of the wall on which it sat, screeching of raisin bread. This year prizes were offered to bakers and housewives in Cali-fornia for the best loaf of raisin bread and the raisin growers have by means of concerted action circulated raisin literature all over the country.

There seems to be no formal or fixed standard for raisin bread. The proportion of raisins to flour may vary from half a pound of raisins to one pound of flour down to half a dozen raisins laid on top of the loaf.

Experts say that the ideal raisin loaf is that in which, although practically full of raisins, none can be detected on the

give a child all it requests.

The bread, assuming it to be well made is harmless, no child ever having had

from some strong glutinous wheaten

flour, such as durum flour, you get a nourishing food combination of protein and carbohydrates that is allbut ideal. modern the ground, could hear the pick-strokes of their enemies. At last the rebel leader sent an emissary with a flag of truce, and he was brought to the Captain.

In or our dead, and of our General, and the brave Captain Vidal y Torres, who lies buried with all his company beneath the fallen tower, for whose sakes the Setain. You could support life indefinitely and

that the ordinary housefly lays twenty thousand eggs in one season."

"He—"Great Peter! Why don't they graft the housefly on the barnyard hen?"

There are branches of the library sollie of the library sollies of the library sollies

THE MYSTERY.

When the ages of earth shall be ended And we from time's limits are free; How wandrously all will be blended, We shall in eternity see.

Why, often, the pleasure we offer Becomes only bitterest pain; and our efforts at doing our duty Are so often blind and in vair

Why the happy and useful are taken From their fields of usefulness here While the sad and weary still linger In this vale to them so drear.

Why the things which we seek are denied us, And the cares we seek not are ours, And the sunshine we fain would bask in Is so often hidden by showers.

The Infinite Wisdom, controlling The mysteries through which we live, Knowth best the right way to lead us To offer the best we can give.

Life, with its many illusions And the mystery of them all, We shall know when the ages have vanished And time is beyond rec.ll.

How Expert Farmers Are Made Iowa's Small Boys.

Out in the State of Iowa, where the flower of the Nation's great farming land lies, they have found a way to check the tide, which, ever since the days following the Civil war, has been carrying the farmers' boys away from the soil and into the cities and towns, there to grow up among the marts of trade far removed from the fields their forefathers tilled.

The method used in the accomplish ment of that end is gradually coming eastward. Already there are plans on foot in New York State to apply the method here, and those who have looked deeply into the subject say there is small doubt that it will succeed quite as well in the East as in the Middle West.

The method itself is simple enough in the telling. It is nothing more or less than the arousing of enthusiasm in the country boy for those things which pertain directly to farming—modern farming—not the kind of farming their grand fathers and their great-grandfathers did, but the kind of farming which pays, which places the farm upon a ba mercantile establishment and makes of the farmer himself a keen business man. with all the acute perceptions of the city man of business.

In Iowa, especially some parts of it, they have the advantage of many object lessons to drive home the arguments of those upon whom the duty has devolved of arousing enthusiasm for the farm in the minds of the farmers' sons. One does not have to travel far in certain sections to find model farms. Page county, for in-

stance, is full of them.

The vehicle used in arousing enthusiasm in the sons of Jarmers is not alone a vehicle of verbal arguments. Nor is it alone the object lessons presented by those two model farms and model farmers. Both help it is true. But there is another and even more important vehicle in the Iowa method. It is the creation of rivalry among the farmers' sons, a rival-ry in the study of modern farming which outs them upon their nettle, drives all thought of the city from their minds and starts them along the trail of up-to-date agriculture, which leads to success early

Perhaps the keynote of this rivalry among the farmers lads of Iowa is to be found in the boys' agricultural clubs which have been founded there in recent years" Starting with one small club in Page co unty several years ago, these organizations of country boys have spread throughout the State, have overlapped the boundaries of Iowa, and have been crawling eastward until they are now at the threshold of New York State and

ready to step in. There are some very wise heads out in Iowa. There are also some able men liv-ing in the East, who have large farms out there, and who have done much toward aiding the native Iowans in solving the question of keeping the country boys on the farms.

One of these is President William C.

Brown, of the New York Central lines. Mr. Brown has one of those model Iowa farms. Whenever his railroad duties are not too arduous he hops on a train and runs out there to see how things are getting along and to give encouragement and advice to those who are carrying on the work of educating Iowa's boys to the value of the farms and modern farming. Only a few weeks ago he came back to Only a few weeks ago he came back to the East after attending a meeting of the Boys' Agricultural Club of Page county. Mr. Brown was the chief speaker at this meeting of the Page county farmers' boys and their fathers, which was held in the opera house at Clarinda, Iowa. He was introduced from the speakers' stand by one of the boys of the club—a sturdy little chap, whose enthusiasm has been di tle chap, whose enthusiasm has been di rected along agricultural lines and who is as earnest a student of those things

which pertain to successful farming as a city boy is in his High school studies.

President Brown is an enthusiast on the subject of boys' agricultural clubs. All the Iowa farmers are, for that matter. They are just as enthusiastic about it as are the boys themselves, for they know that the future of the farm depend the lads who are now members of those

Robert C. Ogden, president of the Southern Education Board, is another boys' agricultural club enthusiast. He became so recently after taking a committee out to Iowa to learn all about how

they worked the thing.
Page county, Iowa, the heart of the
State's model farms, was the logical county to inaugurate the boys' agricultural clubs. With only a few youngsters, some of whom had never been to college, but were interested in those things pertaining to the growing of crops, the agricultural club was started a few years ago. It has grown to a membership of some 3,000 boys, and is growing larger all the time. Miss Jessie Field, the County Superintendent, is head of the club. At east she exercises a general supervision over it.

It was she who really organized the club. Miss Page is herself a practical farmer. It is not uncommon among the women of Iowa to be a good farmer.

The original purpose of the Page County Boys' Agricultural Club was to encourage the youngsters in their studies of modern farming. While its purpose is modern farmers, it has accomplished far citement of the fracas you may lose your

over Page county, and in each of these the farmers' boys are instructed in the scientific treatment of soils, the selection of seed, the adaptability of certain soils for certain products, and all those other things which enter into farming on a

It is in the selection of seed that the rivalry is fostered among the farmers' boys of Iowa. Each year there is held a county club contest in the judging of seed

corn. There is also a State contest.

The winners of the county clubs are entered in the State contest and farmers and the farmers' sons from throughout the State gather to witness the contest. It is quite an event in Iowa.

The selection of seed corn is believed by the modern farmers in Iowa to be almost as important for the achieving of large yields as is the selection of fertilizers and the proper rotation of crops on a certain field. There is always a State trophy for the winning team of corn judgers from the boys' agricultural clubs. It is usually a large silver cup or a vase, and those prizes are valued far more than their weight in gold by the winners.

With such a State-wide interest among

the farmers it is not strange that a keen rivalry exists among the various county To the boys that corn-judging prize is quite as important as the inter-national cup for which the yachting men contested some years ago, before Sir Thomas Lipton became tired of building racers.

In the last corn-judging event among the farmers' boys of Iowa Mr. Brown played an interesting part. He wished the trophy to go to a Page county team. A little while before the State contest was scheduled to take place Mr. Brown sent the Page county team of three boys to the Ames Agricultural College for a short course. They carried off the trophy. These lads were Edwin Sowhill, Bernard Hagglund, and Martin Johnson. There are several important factors

entering into the judging of seed corn.
One is to determine just what shape kernel is best adapted for seed. It should not be too flinty, nor too short. Nor should it be too round. Also the cob must be just the right size, for large cobs usually produce lightweight grain and cobs which are too small do not hold enough kernels of grain.

But the Page county boys' team knew all of that. And the proof that they did was that they carried off the prize.

The Rat and the Weasel.

Once a sawmill in a Western town was infested with rats, which, being unmolested, became very numerous and bold, and played round the mill among the men while they worked during the day. But one day there appeared upon the scene a weasel, which immediately declared war

on the rodents. One by one the rats fell victims to the weasel's superior strength, until only one very large, pugnacious rat was left of the once numerous colony. The weasel had a go at the big rat several times, but on each occasion the rodent proved more than a match for his slender antagonist, and chased the weasel to a hiding-place. Shortly thereafter the weasel was seen busily digging under a lumber pile near the mill. He was engaged for some time, but later appeared again in the mill, seeking his old enemy. He soon found him, and at once renewed hostilities. As usual, after a lively tussle the rat got the better of the argument, and the weasel ran,

pursued closely by the rat, straight to the hole under the lumber pile. He ran in, still followed by the rat, almost immediately reappeared round the end of the pile, and again dodged into the hole behind the rat. Neither was

seen again for some time, but the weasel finally reappeared, looking no worse for the fight. The curiosity of the men in the mill being aroused, they proceeded to inves-tigate the hole under the lumber pile. They found that the weasel had dug the hole sufficiently large at the opening to admit the rat, but had gradually taper-ed it as he proceeded until at the other end it barely allowed his own slender

body to pass.
When the rat chased him into the large end of this underground funnel, he quick-ly slipped through, and, while the rat was trying to squeeze his large body into the smaller part of the hole, the weasel dodged in behind him, caught him in the rear and in a place where he could not turn round, and finished him at his leisure.

The Age of Niagara.

To the question, "How old are the Niagara Falls?" geologists have returned replies varying by tens of thousands of years. At first it was estimated that the Niagara River came into existence through changes in the level of the land around the Great Lakes, about fifty-five thousand years ago. Later this was reduced to only twelve thousand years. Lyell in-creased the estimate again to thirty-five thousand years, and still later other scientists lowered it to about nine thous-

and years. At one period, many thousands of years ago, the height of the falls was four hundred and twenty feet.

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