Bellefonte, Pa., January, 27, 1911.

## A SONG FROM FAR AWAY.

Of your day I claim no part, Not a look, not a touch, Not a beat of your dear heart: That were joy too much.

Only let me take my place In your dreams through the night I will pass and leave no trace Ere the east grows light.

You shall wake with a smile. Smiling still as you muse How you dreamed of love awhile-But forgetting whose Amelia Iosephine Burr in the January Century,

## THE FOLLY OF CRAVEN.

"That fellow Craven has a nasty tem per!" said Wheeler, stopping by Romaine's easel. "Thought he would bite when I

"That's strange, isn't it?" said Ramain slowly. He was a black-haired, piratical chap, good-natured and full of laughter. Wheeler was a lounger—a man that went from easel to easel carrying a vaudeville joke of antiquity to each. He was crude and not popular.

Romaine painted a stroke or two with an exaggerated deliberation.

"What did you say?"
"Me? Said his sketch was a peach, and he snarled like a mad dog-just yapped. Rottonest thing he's done this year." "Just stale," said Romaine. "It touches the temper generally.'

Wheeler, seated cross-legged on the ground nibbling grass-stems, looked up grinning and bit off a juicy extremity.

"The old man," he said, "takes more than an ordinary interest in that Canadian girl.

Romaine backed away from his canvas regarding it with critical scrutiny; he thrust his brushes through the thumb hole of his palette and placed the palette on the ground. Then he felt in several

pockets for pipe and tobacco.
"Rats!" he said over the burning match "Oh, all right," replied Wheeler in the manner of one sure enough to concede a point. "I suppose you'll say Jimmy Craven isn't more than ordinarily interested in a girl over on the Island, and that she doesn't jolly him to beat the band."

"Students' gossip! It's truth. Every-body knows it. She pets him one minute, and snubs him the next; then says, 'Here, doggie,' and he goes wagging his

Romaine struck another match to his pipe and said nothing, while Wheeler got to his feet, beating the grass from his

"There's the old man going to roast my sketch," he said. "Craven's next. So

Young Mr. Craven, a field and a fence beyond, had been working very hard all winter-morning and afternoon, life class and frequently in the evening as well. The old man, wisest of teachers and best of friends, had warned him against over-

But Craven, contrary to expectations, came through the season without showing the strain, and at once followed the old man to the country. The change from inside to outside work was grateful; his face had taken on a coppery brown from the sun as had his right hand and the thumb of his left; and he considered himself still fresh and going strong. But at night, when everyone put on white clothes and gathered in the studio to sing ragtime and grand opera, Jimmy sat to

one side, smoking and nodding. On this day that foretold the coming of autumn, when Craven was working on a twenty-five-thirty and the old man was only a field away at Wheeler's easel, it suddenly came to him that things were not as right as they should be. Well he knew that when sketches went wrong the values must be out. He felt strangely disinclined to search for and correct the offending tones and was, at the same time. conscious that he did not care. He knew exactly what the old man would say about it and exactly how he would stand while saying it-hands in pockets, head thrust forward and deep set eyes smiling narrowly. And he would be "let down

As he stepped back to view his handiwork a wave of disgust passed through him, of dismay and helpless discourage-ment. With a sudden full arm swing his canvas was hurtled down the cliff into the sea. More deliberately he packed palette and brushes and set off across the fields, unmindful of the sensation his action had created among the students by whom the old man was surrounded.

He had at first no notion of whither he was going nor of what he was to do. Eventually he brought up at the studio for just long enough to leave his traps and to note the Canadian girl working under the skylight. He set forth again walking in a cloud of bitter thoughts, craving some sort of consolation. Following blindly the subconscious yearning of his heart, he made for it, boarding the ferry that ran to the Island.

Broad-verandaed was the house and cool looking in its shade of trees. On the piazza were many people. It was her brother who saw and greeted him first. For her own part she looked him over

Why Jimmy, you tramp!" she exclaim-"Have you paint on your hands?" She held her own flutteringly extend-

ed.
"I forgot my painting duds," said Cra-"Oh, we can make allowances for the

artistic temperament," the brother cut in busily. Craven ignored him; he had her hand and spoke in a lowered voice.

"I want to see you. Can't you come somewhere with me?" "How can I?" she asked with a motion that indicated the others.
"Come anyway," he insisted. "I don't

bother you often, and today I you—" "I can't," she said, turning away. The

want

brother pushed a chair toward him. "Well, how's art?"

she was laughing at. Such spontaneous girlish laughter. And what that special girlish laughter. And what that special young-old man, whose face was barren of intelligent expression, could have said to

"A good many," said Craven slowly. Her eyes wrinkled so quaintly when she laughed; and her voice went so high and

clear when she exclaimed, as she was

ed his brushes. For the same reason he hauled out his picture and looked at it with a grunt of disgust. Only the day before he had received with satisfaction the old man's congratulations: today he before he had received with satisfaction the old man's congratulations; today he could see no good in it. He clattered it back to its corner and turned to face the back to its corner and turned to face the help or sympathy he found it readily extended. At such times they met and the land to separate, it seemed, imher head and let her gaze rest upon him had made a call upon her and not met seemed very tender and womanly and with a response, he would have been bitstrong. That much he was aware of. He did not know that all the dumb pain of disappointment was reflected in his face. Heavy clouds, lead-colored and gray, hung The girl understood and felt the helplessness of his despair. She knew, too, that it came from overwork and would in due ing, biting at the loose ends, wrenching time pass, and that he had forgotten that progress in the craft was like a rising tide; the waves of elation might break and recede to depression, but the flood craet higher and higher. The girl could can be compared back from the great the and recede to depression, but the flood crept higher and higher. The girl could see this clearly. She had been observing during a number of years spent in the schools and studios this spirit of agony and despair that from time to time sair. and despair that from time to time seized one or another of the students. Their struggles with and against it reminded her of nothing so much as of a story she had read of the "dead"—of the impotent frenzy of the wretches who cast them-selves at the walls of sliding sand while their fellows sat about observing them tune to receive so few. with stoic indifference. She saw it all so clearly and was thrilled with so keen a sympathy, as she was filled with a sympathy, as she was filled with a sympathy.

pathy for Craven and a wish to help He had again pulled out his canvas and was rummaging for a palette knife. She knew the meaning of that and also that the canvas he was about to destroy merited the praise of the old man.

"Don't," was all she said.

He astonished her by his docility. He dropped the knife, straightened up and thrust his hands into his pockets, while she turned again to her work. Presently he followed her, judging what she was doing in an inverse ratio to that in which ed over to his own, face to the wall, dis-

However he was met by a question con-cerning which he had theories, well denly noted, where he had flung his canthought out and expressible. It gave him pleasure to expound them and by the time he had finished he felt better.

"Is that clear?"
"Quite," said the girl gravely, though her gray eyes smiled. "It's a great help. It's just like the old man. He stimulates one so. "Why," said Craven almost genially,

"it does me good just to have him swear "He did at me once-in Paris. I had a studio and he used to come in to criti-

"He must have been mad!"
"No-o," said the girl reminiscently, "he was pleased, I think."

"He must have been mad!"
ward at a rapid gait. He felt his free once more, to be going home.

The studio was lighted by a fitful man and swinging in the other and swinging in the content and s

the silence with a sigh. "Do you ever get discouraged?" she asked, tracing patterns in the mixed paint asked, tracing patterns in the mixed paint andian girl. "We'll have some tea in a on her palette. "I do," she continued be-fore Craven could reply, "but I always The

"Indigo," said Craven. The girl resumed the tracing of patterns. Then she wiped her hand on her

apron. "I am tired," she said, "and you're not and see those fine old trees; there'll be a and fog horns tooted weirdly.

full moon in the afterglow."

"It must be thick outside," said Cra-

Craven hesitated. His first inclination was to make some excuse. A counter spirit urged him to go. He yielded and fared forth to the boat yard.

This was the period of talk, a give and the tea. take of questions and answers that outlasted the time afloat. On the Point they found the old man, painting frenziedly to catch the moon rise. He was mellow in terested. I am going to marry the old spirit, like old wine, and beamed upon

"Somebody," he said to the girl, "wast, ed a very good canvas." He laughed was falling about his ears, and in this the noisily, his head thrust forward and eyes first was engulfed and forgotten. He narrowing. These little things were no longer tragedies to him. "But tomorrow he continued, "friend Thomp son and I start to Green Hill for a week fishing and Craven is coming. You understand, Craven; three o'clock at the Main Street wharf." He was strapping his easel as he spoke. "Good night, said, "and not a brush in the boat."

The girl looked after him. "Bless his heart," she said, with an odd note in her voice. Craven felt that he should under stand its meaning. It seemed something stand its meaning. It seemed something py," said Jimmy Craven.—By John Henthat he had dreamed or imagined but he ley Ross. could not place it.

The sun had gone down though the moon was not yet strong to overcome the afterglow. Little chameleon waves danced purple and gold and lavender; the mainland was blurred and indistinct, burning here and there an early light. A bittern boomed somewhere in the night and a smell of marsh and mud rose upon the air. By degrees the moon gained power and cut a path across the water. This was the time of silence. The girl had her own thoughts; Craven brooded over the tiller and it was not until the boat slid into the dock that he spoke.

"We shall be late for dinner." "Yes," was all she said. He met her again next morning. was a day of bright northwest weather

and Craven was at peace with himself and the world. His greeting was acknowledged by the slightest of head tip After momentary astonishment pings. he laughed.
"Why, I wonder if she's Irish?"
said aloud.

"They're all Irish if it comes to that," eyes turned to where she sat, his ears listening for her voice. He wondered what she was laughing at Sunt Sunt Sunday it all Irish it it comes to that," said Romaine behind him. "I'm going swimming. Are you with me?"

amuse her.

"Good," he heard her brother saying.
"How about the class? Many good work"How about the class? Many good work-Canadian girl. Craven understood that

The old man was full of sage counsel, doing now in a series of little shrieks.

Presently he found himself going down hill accompanied by blue devils and black. He would never exhibit. And art was not for him. He brought up again at the studio and from force of habit wash-

women who tried to paint. The few touched only to separate, it seemed, imodd, sexless beings whom he did not care
to know. The Canadian girl as she raised her head and let her gaze rest upon him

close down to the brown earth. A sharp nor'easter clattered about the old build-

canvas, stepped back from the easel, the Canadian girl came into the room. She nodded to him brightly and busied herself in making a place on the crowded

ters from her muff.
"I stopped for the mail," she said handing Craven his share. Already he had recognized one of the square gray envelopes, of which it had been his for-

"Thanks," he said eagerly.
The Canadian girl, deep in her letter, merely nodded. Craven beneath the skyllight hesitated. Miserlike, his instinct was for solitude. He slit the envelope carefully. "Dear Jimmy—I know you will be—My engagement to—" The page became a blur, his throat tightening and choking. The letter crushed in his hand. He saw nothing, was conscious of no con-

nected thought nor feeling.

The Canadian girl did not look up as he passed to the stairs. The road was frozen into ruts and hillocks, and the gaunt trees on either side swayed shiveringly with a rattling of dry branches. He doing in an inverse ratio to that in which he held his own. He watched her silently; his eye followed her unhesitating hand, wandered from the canvas it playdown to his eye followed by the far side of the village. It seemed that he was in a dream, from which he would presently awake. Otherwise he ed over to his own, face to the wall, dis-graced. He moved to it, picked up the wind and the sleet in his face. Bound first palette within reach, mixeu a and poised the brush undecidedly.

"I hate to bother you, Mr. Craven," said the Canadian girl, "but could you help me just a moment?"

His brain seemed that subconfusions to accept the blow that subconfusions the blow that sub vas the summer before. Strangely enough, it was the Canadian girl's recollection of the incident brought to mind. Remembrance awakened, details of that day trooped in, marshaled by a dominant vision of the Canadian girl. In the same charge incident followed incident until there was hardly a week or day of the late summer and fall unrecorded. At once he knew that he was very cold and

Thereafter came a pause. The girl that rose and fell behind the curtains, who had for some time been seated ended sending warmth and cheer out into the which is to come. gray twilight.
"You must be frozen," said the Ca-

The long disused fireplace had been know it comes from overwork. Then I cleared out and logs burned on the rusted stop and frivol. It makes one blue, dogs; above them hummed a kettle that though. Doesn't it you?" done duty as a still life. Craven took off his overcoat and alternately thrust his feet to the blaze. Sleet was pelting the skylight in ringing vol-leys, and the wind devils shrieked and howled between the gables. Somewhere fit to work, Let's sail down to the Point out in the bay a steam siren was going

on the fire, and poured some water on "I wanted to tell you," she said, speaking from out a cloud of steam. "As his friend and mine I know you will be in-

man-my old man now." He hung poised, his tongue refusing speech. For the second time his world could hear the booming of fog horns and siren above the roar of the wind, and nearer, more intimately, the rattle of shutters and the rustle and scrape of snow on glass. He saw the distorted shadows dance on the wall, the flickering flames that cast them, and the girl, still holding the teapot and kettle, miles and miles away, smiling into the embers. He straightened up and held out

'I know you are going to be very hap

There's a story of a despondent Sultan of Turkey whose seers told him he could be cured if he would wear the shirt of a perfectly happy man. His envoys searched the world for the happy man, and found him at last in Ireland. But when found him at last in Ireland. But when they seized on him to get his shirt, he was shirtless. His happiness was caused by perfect health. All happiness has its basis in health. People who "feel blue," who are discouraged and despondent will find their spirits rise and their courage come back with the use of Dr. Pierce's Colden Medical Discovery. It removes Golden Medical Discovery. It removes the clogging impurities from the blood, strengthens the stomach and cures diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition so that the body becomes healthy through an increased supply of pure blood and perfect nourishment.

The fortunate possessors of real lace, heiriooms, especially when they take the form of collars and cuffs. V-shaped vests or comparatively short pieces of inser-tion, may be glad to group some of them upon an otherwise simple blouse, which in this way will be lifted at once out of the region of the commonplace.

It goes without saying that these crepe de chine blouses must be of the same color as the skirts with which they are worn, the only variety of tone being of-fered by the introduction of ivory-white or ecru lace, in the case of the chemisettes and under-sleeves.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

SACRED NOTE GETS INTO PRINT. Letter Alleged to Have Been Written by Christ Contains Threat and Promise to People.

Country papers throughout the United States are printing what is alleged to be a letter written by Christ. In this letter was an injunction that it should be published to the world by whoever found it, together with the statement that misfortune and bad luck would follow the person having possession of it in the event that it was not given public-

There was likewise a promise that whoever may have a copy of this in his or her possession will prosper and be follow-

According to the history of the letter it was written by Christ just after his crucifixion, signed by the Angel Gabriel 99 years after the Savior's birth and presumably deposited by him under a stone at the toot of the cross.

On this stone appeared the legend, "Blessed is he who shall turn me over." No one knew what the inscription meant, or seemed to have sufficient curiosity to investigate, until the stone was turned over by a little child and the letter which follows was discovered: "Whosoever works on the Sabbath day

shall be cursed. I command you to go to church and keep holy the Lord's day, table for the packages she carried. The without any manner of work. You shall packages disposed of, she drew some let-not idle or misspend your time in bedecknot ide or misspend your time in bedecking yourself in superfluities of costly apparel and vain dressing for I have ordered it a day of rest. I will have that day kept holy that your sins may be forgiven you.
"You will not break my commandments,

but observe and keep them, they being written by my hand and spoken from my mouth. You shall not only go to church yourselves, but also your man servant and maid servant. Observe my words and learn my commandments.

"You shall finish your work every Saturday at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour the preparation for the Sabbath begins. I advise you to fast five days in the year, beginning on Good Friday and continuing the five days following, in remembrance of the five bloody wounds

I received for you and mankind.
"You shall love one another and cause them that are not baptised to come to church and receive the Holy Sacrament, that is to say baptism, and then the supper of the Lord, and be made a member thereof and in so doing I will give you long life and many blessings. Your land shall be replenished and bring forth abundance and I will comfort you in the greatest temptation and surely he that oeth to the contrary shall be cursed.

"I will also send hardness of the heart the seventh day I have taken as a resting

"And he that hath a copy of this letter the desolation of sea and land, chill in the coming night, smote him like a dirge. He hurried away from it, his feet racing one hurried away from it has a hurried away from it, his feet racing one hurried away from hurried away from hurried

which is to come.
"Whosoever shall have a copy of this shall hurt them, neither pestilence, thunder nor lightning, and if any woman be in Holy Scriptures, until the day of judg-ment. All goodness and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this letter shall be found. Finished."

Two shades of pongee silk are used in the natural color or light tan for the upper part, and a coldent and a col

The story goes that the little child who found it passed it to one who became a convert to the Christian faith. He failed to have the letter published. He kept it, however, as a sacred memento of Christ and it passed down to different generations of his family for more than 1,000

vears. During this period the family suffered repeated misfortunes, migrated to dif-ferent countries until finally one of them came to America, bringing the letter with them. They settled in Virginia, then moved further south, still followed by misfortune when finally the last member. misfortune when finally the last member, a daughter, approached her death bed and called a neighbor, Mrs. Thompson, giving softer and the work done more quickly. her the letter and relating its history more than 1,000 years.

The Thompson woman began the attempt to have it published and it first appeared in the Rome (Ga.) Tribune on October 31st, 1891. It then appeared in the Dalton (Ga.) Citizen and Mrs. Wortman, now living in Marion, Ind., clipped in the data to the control of the it and kept it in her possession for many years without an effort to have it pub-iished. She was followed by misfortune which she attributed to her neglect in trying to have the letter published.

Recently the letter was published in the

Mrs. Ruby Crutchfield, of Trezavant, Tenn., is also said to have had a copy and failed to make an effort to have it published for three years, and was folowed by a varied lot of misfortunes which she attributed to the fact of her neglect in this respect.

## Cork-raising in America.

Cork oak is to be given a thorough tri-al on the national forests. The Bureau of Plant Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has assigned 2,000 one-year seedlings of cork oak, now at a nursory at Chico, California, to be used by the ferest service for experimen-

Fifteen hundred of these seedlings will be tried on the Santa Barbara National Forest and five hundred on the Monterey National Forest in southern California. Arrangements have already been made with the district Forester for carrying out the work, and the planting will be done as soon as possible. One hundred seed-lings will also be sent to Professor Gowsell, of the Forest School at Point Loma, California, for experimental use by him there.

In addition to these experiments in California, it is expected that one hun-

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Before God's footstool to confess A poor soul knelt, and bowed his head. "I failed," he cried, the Master said: "Thou didst thy best-that is success!"

The warning to "eat less meat in hot weather" has become so familiar that many have come to believe that they should eat more meat in cold weather. So far as fat is concermed (bacon, pork, lard, etc.) this is reasonable, because fat furnishes heat more readily than sugar, all conditions is easily worth three times starch or albumen, but lean meat is not as good a source of heat as cereals, espendicular as much as good a source of heat as cereals, espendicular as much as one of equal ability that may not be trusted. When buying a horse as good a source of heat as cereals, especially corn and oats. Thousands of people live well in the temperate zone, doing brain, a pleasant look out of the eyes, the hardest kind of work without eating and a fine coat of hair. any flesh meat, and if one can live with only a little in summer he need not increase the amount in winter, though it may be well to use more cereals, nuts, olive oil, butter or cottonseed oil.

One of the most attractively dainty articles of the wardrobe is the embroidered parasol, and each year it seems more charming and bewildering in variety of design than it was the season before. It each frock is an expense beyond the

objects will doubtless be welcome.

This is much more easily accomplished than it sounds, now that the shops are showing most attractive parasols with plain colord covers, in either silk or linen, at colord covers, and colord covers colord covers colord covers. colord covers, in either silk or linen, at very reasonable prices, so that all that is left for one to do is the decorating. Another most economical way, and one well worth trying, is to use the frame of an old parasol, the cover of which is worn out. Rip the old cover from the frame and mark each rib and seam that went are it in this way avoiding any trouble over it, in this way avoiding any trouble with the new cover in the way of fitting, as each space is likely to vary a little

from the other. Cut out the new cover as nearly as possible like the old; baste up and fit over the frame. Then sew up all seams by the machine and tack firmly. In one, which has two rows of soutache braid around the edge, a small hem is made after sewing up the seams and before fastening on the frame. In fact, the entire parasol could be finished before any of the decorating is begun, although this can be decided for oneself, as it may be

found easier to do the embroidery The cover of this sunshade is adapton them and especially on hardened and unpenitent unbelievers. He that hath given to the poor shall find it profitable. Remember to keep the Sabbath day, for the two rows around the edge should be of the same thing. Cord, which should be rather fine, is covered by cutting bias strips of the linen or silk, wide enough to better it is for the purpose. written by my own hand and spoken by my own mouth and keepeth it without publishing it to others, shall prosper, but he that publisheth it to others shall be blessed by me and if their sins be as many as stars be night, and if they truly believe they shall be pardoned and they that believe not this writing and my core.

hurried away from it, his feet racing one against the other and swinging him forward at a rapid gait. He felt himself, free once more, to be going home.

The studio was lighted by a fitful glow

The st ribbon to run through; this is tied in a large, soft bow. One of the advantages large, soft bow. One of the advantages in its power to withstand excessive of this idea is, that the ribbon may be drought, and it will also withstand much letter and keep it in their house, nothing changed to match the gown with which the parasol is to be used. A dotted or flowered ribbon would also be a pretty birth and put her trust in me she shall be delivered of her child. You shall hear no more news of me except through the Hely Scriptures until the day of judge. design worked in French embroidery.

> per part, and a golden brown for the border, which is about four inches wide. yellow centres and green leaves; or again deep yellow petals, brown centres and satisfactory coloring for general use would be the one tone for the entire decentres. This embroidery is quite as effective if worked in loose, long stitches, where a solid effect is needed, as the floss

The parasol makes its first debut for summery toilettes worn just now under southern skies. The all white linen cos-tume which is a la mode there necessitates a corresponding parasol. These on decay. Buttermilk stimulates the livers shown ready made in the shops in er, stomach and kidneys, tones the stomheavily embroidered designs, handwork ach ar being par excellence. The English eye-blood. let work is carried out very smartly on one parasol which has a deep scalloped edge and a border effect of solidly em-broidered clovers. Floral designs are beneficial effect. The quantity of feed used in other embroidered parasols as well as scroll effects, the butterfly motif and the bow-knot pattern. The majority scour easily on beets, while others make of these parasols have bird's-eye maple handles in the natural finish. Other very smart parasols come in two-toned satin and commbinations of cerise and gold, blue and tan, and amethyst and green. Another contrasting effect is displayed in the natural pongee coverings which come with light silk linings of violet, green or with light silk linings of violet, green or light when the horses are to see the light silk linings of violet, green or light when the horses are to see the light silk linings of violet, green or light when the horses are to see the light silk linings of violet, green or light when the horses are to see the light silk linings of violet, green or light when the horses are to see the light silk linings of violet, green or light when the horses are to see the light silk linings of violet, green or light silk light silk light silk light silk light silk red. A very fluffy and summery parasol is shown in a white taffeta having two rows of knife-platted children cloth. A pic-serting of tucked boating cloth. A pic-which would blend turesque parasol which would blend charmingly with any light costume is of chiffon of Dresden coloring in festoons of tiny rosebuds. This is mounted over a taffeta lining, and the handle is of Dres-

"I am truly grateful to you for what you did for me last winter," writes Mrs. Edward Smith, of Jeddo, Orleans Co., N. Y. "Your Invalids' Hotel is truly a home for the sick." The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., presided over by Dr. R. V. Pierce assisted by nearly a score of specialists, is always full of men and women seeking a cure of chronic diseases. But no Hotel or Institute would dred pounds of cork-oak acorns will be secured from Catalonia, Spain, to be used for experimental purposes next fall. Cork oaks of considerable size have already been raised in California, and it seems entirely probable that they can be planted quite extensively in that State as well as to some extent in Florida.

under treatment by Dr. Pierce and his staff from day to day. Thou ands of sick women are taking adeantage of Dr. Pierce's offer of a free consultation by letter. That offer is open to you. All correspondence is strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes sick women well and weak women strong.

## FARM NOTES.

-A good disinfectant whitewash for the stable is made by mixing crude carbolic acid in the proportion of one pound to five gallons of fresh water slaked lime

-Draft horses are suitable for raising on level land, while lighter horses and mules are best adapted to hilly farms. Horses designed for the saddle and road nse will develop activity and stamina on rough and hilly pasture land while they are young.

-A horse that is gentle and safe under

-At six months of age a well-bred colt will sell at from \$60 up, and it will cost very little to bring it to that age. It would take an average dairy cow two years to be worth that price, and almost the same length of time to build a fine beef steer to where he will bring this amount. Money spent for feed counts.

It is asking too much of the ewe to make her grow the heaviest or next to the heaviest fleece of her life and raise a has become an essential part of the sum-mer costume, and as the purchase of a hand-embroidered sunshade to match and producing a lamb lacking in consti means of many, suggestions as to the making and ornamentatinos of these pretty objects will doubtless be welcome.

This is much many suggestions as to the very uneven flock, and constitution will very uneven flock, and constitution will be bred out of them.

-Buckwheat will grow on land where most other crops will starve, but for good yields a fertile, well-drained, sandy loam is desirable. It will not do as well on heavy clays or on wet lands. It is a valuable plant to turn under as a green manure on poor, sandy lands where clover fails to catch, for, while it adds no fertility, it makes humus in the soil, thus increasing its water-holding capacity for the better growth of some succeeding

-If trees need manure, it may be put on any time during the winter or toward spring. The quantity should be regulated by the condition of the soil and the apparent needs of the trees, as shown by growth. If the manure is coarse, the ground may usually be covered out a few feet beyond the ends of the branches, and if the trees are large, the entire surface of the ground may be covered with benefit. The more straw in the manure, the

-When heifers have reached an age when they will thrive without milk, they should have the best hay that the farm affords, and some form of succulent food such as ensilage or roots. Oats are the best grain food to use as a part ration in feeding young heifers from the time they are taken from the skim-milk ration. There is no other grain food superior to ground oats for developing the organs of maternity of young breeding animals, or

-The great value of the soy bean lies wet weather. It is not attacked by cinch bugs and in addition to its greater feeding value makes an excellent second crop following wheat or oats to build up rundown or thin soil. Protein is very necessary in a ration for building bone and muscle, as all feeders are coming to know, and the soy bean is exceptionally rich in this. It even stands ahead of al

falfa in this respect. -Sheep manure is usually richer and A daisy design could be carried out in several colorings, either in the light tan, using floss silk to match the upper part, or in the daisy colorings, white petals, or in the daisy colorings are in the daisy colorings. cumulate in the pens, where it is tram pled hard by the animals. When placed green leaves and stems. The most in piles or composts it is benefitted by mixing with cow manure. It is especial ly valuable for use on flowers or vegetasign, light tan, with the golden brown bles, when a quick-acting manure is desired. A sheep produces about four pounds of manure per day.

-An experienced physician says the acid of buttermilk will dissolve every sort of earthly deposit in the blood vessels and keep the veins and arteries so supple that there can be no clogging up, hence no deposits of irritating or calcareous matthe coming season as an accessory to the ter around the joints. Rheumatism and gout are thus prevented by using buttermilk, which, he claims, prevents the stiff-ening of the blood vessels, which brings ach and furnishes material for healthy

> -Sugarbeets fed in moderate quantities depends upon the animal, the character of the hay and grain and the amount and good use of them. Horses at hard work and on loosening food like bran and al falfa hay, and horses doing a good deal of road work, should not be fed with ber to feed. A feed of beets given on Saturday night, when the horses are to be idle on Sunday, will be helpful in every instance.

> -The Wyoming Experiment Station, after repeated trials, concludes that corn and the bearded and Scotch barley, when fed with alfalfa, were about equal in value for mutton production. Barley in this test proved to be a shade the better. Twenty-seven per ceut. less alfalfa and twenty-eight per cent. less grain were required where barley replaced either in a ration. Grade lambs with mutton sires made greater gains, conditions being similar, than did Rambouillet lambs, though a record of food consumption for each class was not kept. The Western stockman has a feed in barley that is of great value for meat production, and it may be used to advantage as a corn subs

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and liver, and they cure thoroughly. Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.