LEAVING THE NEST.

Two thrushes came to my garden, In the bloom of the early spring, And built their nest in the holly, With many a flutter of wing; And four little heads looked over The rim of the well lined nest. And I thought of the songs of the future

From my birds of the spotted breast I went again to the garden, And my little birds had flown; The nest was there in the holly, But all forsaken and lone: For it needs the ampler spaces, The higher and larger things, And the nest is all too narrow For the bird which has found its wings

We made our nest in a garden, Where the flowers of God are grown In a street of the crowded city, But the nest was all our own; And the children's voices filled it With a music passing sweet, And the home was a bit of Eden, Though it looked on the narrow street

But the years passed by, and the children Into fair maidens grew. And with blossoms of the orange Out of the nest they flew; For love had set them soaring. And given them golden rings, And the home-nest was too narrow For the bird that had found its wings.

And as we sit in the gloaming, And think of the long-ago. Thou gh the house is strangely silent, It is best it should be so; For still we can hear the music, As our little birdie sings By its own sweet nest in the garden.

Now it has found its wings.

-By Dr. Henry Burton.

cringed to. People feared to fear her. Witches were no longer feared in court, and put to torture and death, but human superstitions die hard. The heads thereof may be cut off, but their obnoxious bodies of fear and suspicions writhe long. People in that little New England village, which was as stiff and unyielding as its own poplar trees which sentinelled so many of its houses, knew nothing of that ly. making of horns which averts the evil eye. They shuddered upon their orthodox heights at the idea of the sign of the cross, but many would have fain taken refuge therein for the easing of their unquiet imaginations when they dwelt upon old Elma Franklin. Many a woman strict secrecy that she was sure that Elma bore upon her lean, withered body the witch-sign; many a man, when he to true love."

It love ca pearance alone, had it been only a few years ago, would have condemned her.

Lean was she, and withered in a hard, brown fashion like old leather. Her could be a superson of the condemned her.

But, sweetheart, this is not black but white witchery."

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"But, sweetheart, this is not black but white witchery." were of a blue so bright that people said they felt like swooning before their glance; and what right had a woman, so love. old and wrinkled, with a head of golden hair, like a young girl's? Her own hair, too, and she would wear no wig like othlike daughter Daphne.

Young creatures like Daphne are not ful witchcraft." born of women like Elma Franklin, who must have been old sixteen years agone.

Daphne was sixteen. Daphne had a Greek

And old E name and a Greek beauty. She was very small, but very perfect, and finished like an ivory statue whose sculptor had toiled ever after her trailed lines of brighter silver than the dewywhich lay upon the field. for his own immortality. Daphne had golden hair like her mother's, but it wav- until the whole was like a wonderful ed in a fashion past finding out over her little ears, whose tips showed below like light as if the moon had fallen there, the pointed petals of pink roses, and her chin and cheeks curved as clearly as a rose, and her nose made a rapture of her and her face in the strange light was fair profile, and her neck was long and slowly turning, and her eyes were not blue like her mother's, but sweet and dark, and gently regardant, and her hands were as white and come to the gently regardant, and her hands were as white and come to the central light, and thy lover shall be white and smooth as lilies, whereas hands had never been seen so knotted and

her mother. People were afraid. Dark stories, vile stories, were whispered among that pitiless, bigoted people. Old Elma and Daphne lived alone in their And the mother was silent, for she trupoor little cottage, although in the midst ly knew not as to the spell whether it of fertile fields, and they fed on the milk of their two cows, and the eggs of their chickens, and the vegetables of their gar-den, and the honey of their bees. Old Elma hived them when they swarmed with never any protection for that strange face and those hands of hers, and the people said the bees were of an evil breed, and familiars of old Elma's, and durst not sting her. Young men sometimes cast eyes askance at Daphne, but turned away, and old Elma knew the rea-son why, and she hated them; for hatred prospered in her heart, coming as she did of a strong and fierce race. Elma combed her daughter's wonderful golden locks, and dressed her in fine stuff made of a store which she had in a great carved chest in the garret, and would have had the girl go to meeting where she could be seen and admired; but Daphne went once, and was ever after afraid to ven-ture, because of the black looks cast upon her, which seemed to scar her gentle heart, for the girl was so gentle that she seemed to have no voice of insistence for her own rights. When her mother chid her, saying, with the disappointment of a great love, that she had with her own hands fashioned her wonderful gown of red shot with golden threads and em-broidered with silver flowers, and had wrought with fine needlework her lace kerchief and her mitts and her scarf, and that it was a shame that she must needs, with all this goodly apparel, slink beside her own hearth and be seen of no one, the girl only kissed her mother on her leathery brown cheek, and smiled like an angel. Daphne was a maiden of few to thee, by the Christ and the Cross and words, and that would have enticed lovers had it not been for her mother. However, at last came Harry Edgelake, and shall not miss heaven, neither his soul he was bolder than the rest, and the mo-ment he set eyes upon the girl clad in green with a rose in her hair and a rose at her breast, spinning in a cool shadow

and he swore that he would wed her, came she of a whole witch-tribe. But Harry had more than he recked at first to deal with in the way of opposition. He came of a long line of eminent ministers of the Word, and his grandfather and father still survived, and were of the Cotton Mather strain. Although they talked none, they would, if the good old days had endured, have had old Elma up before the judges; for all the cattle in the precinct, and all the poor crops, and every thunder tempest and lightning stroke, and all strange noises they laid at her door, nodding at each other and whisper-

Therefore when it came to their ears ed like a song. that Harry, who had just come home from Harvard, and was to be, had he a call, a minister of the Word, like them-soul dearer than myself, and thy mother call, a minister of the Word, like themselves, had been seen standing and chatting by the hour beside the witch's daughter as she spun in the shade with her golden head shining out in it like a star, he was sternly reasoned with. And when he heeded not the counsel of his elders, but was seen strolling down lovers' lane with the maid, great stress was laid to bear upon him, and he was sent away to Boston town, and Daphne watchaway to Boston town, and Daphne watched and he came not, and old Elma watched the girl watch in vain, and her evil passions grew; for evil surely dwelt in she had been sorely dealt with and badgered, and the girl was her one delight of that a heart can bear and live.

And whether she were a witch or not, much brooding upon the suspicion with which people regarded her had made her uncertain of herself, and she owned a strange book of magic, over which she loved to pore when the cry of the hounds of her kind was in her ears, and she resolved one night, when a month had passed and she knew her daughter to be pin-ing for her lover, that if she were indeed witch as they said, she would use witch-

The moon was at the full, and the wide field behind her cottage, which had been shorn for the cows, sittered like a silver shield, and upon the cilver shield It was well for old Elma Franklin that Cotton Mather had passed to either the heaven or hell in which he believed; it was well that the Salem witcheraft down was well that the Salem witchcraft days were over, although not so long ago, or it would have fared ill with her. As it was, she was shunned, and at the same time her passing like that of a moonbeam; and her passing like that of a moonbeam; and her passing like that of a moonbeam. the mother took her daughter by the arm, and she so loved her that she hurt

> "Mother, you hurt me, you hurt me!" moaned Daphne, and directly the mother's grasp of the little fair arm was as if she ed a new-born babe. "What aileth thee, sweetheart?" she

whispered, but the girl only sobbed gent-"It is for thy lover, and not a maid in the precinct so fair and good," said the mother, in her fierce old voice. And Daphne sobbed again, and the

mother gathered her in her arms. "Sweetheart, thy mother will compel love for thee," she whispered, and the whispered to another under promise of girl shrank away in fear, for there was something strange in her mother's voice.
"I want no witchery, to call true love

"If love cannot be called else, I want not love at all."

"See, sweetheart," said old Elma, "I know a charm." "Sweetheart, watch thy mother cross er decent women of less than her age. the field from east to west and from north And what right had she with that flower- to south, and criss-cross like the spiders' webs, and see if thou thinkest it harm-

> "I will not, mother," said the girl, but And old Elma crossed the field from east to west and from north to south, and web, and in the midst shone a great silver

although still in the sky.

Then came old Elma to her daughter and young. "Daughter,daughter," said her mother, "but follow the lines of light thy

But the daughter stood in her place, wickedly veined as if with unholy clawing as her mothers.

Daphne led however, as lonely a life as her mother. People were afraid. Dark her mother. People were afraid. Dark

concerned the soul's salvation.

But she had still another spell, which she had learned from her strange book.
"Then stay, daughter," said old Elma,and
straightway she crossed the paths of
light which she made, and they vanished, and the meadow became as before, but in the midst old Elma stood, and said strange words under her breath, and waved her arms, while her daughter watched her fearfully. And as she watched, Daphne saw spring up, in the mead-ow in the space over which her mother's long arms waved, a patch of white lilies, which gave out lights like no lilies of earth, and their wonderful scent came in her face. And her mother hurried back, and in her hurrying was like a black

shadow passing over the meadow.
"And go to the patch of lilies, sweetheart," she said, "and in the time which it takes thee to reach them thy lover will have gone over the forests and the waters, and he will meet thee in the lilies.'

But Daphne stood firm in her place. "I go not, mother," she said. It would be to his dear soul's undoing, and better I love his soul and his soul's heaven than I love

him and myself." Then down lay old Elma upon the silver shield of the meadow like a black

shadow at her daughter's feet. "Then is there but one way left, sweetheart," came her voice from among the meadow grasses like the love song of a stricken mother-bird. "There is but one way, sweet daughter of mine. Step thou over thy mother's body, darling, and cross to the patch of lilies, and I swear

"And thine?"
"I am thy mother."
And Daphne stood firm. "Better I love

at her mother's door, his heart melted, thee, mother," she said, "than heaven on earth with my lover; better I love the than his weal or mine in this world, bet-ter than all save his dear soul."

"I tell thee, sweet, cross my body, and his soul and thy soul shall be safe.

"But thy life on earth, and thy soul?" "I am thy mother." "I will not go."

Then came a wail of despair from old Elma at her daughter's feet upon the silver shield of the meadow, and then she was raised up by young Harry Edgelake, and she stood with her leathern old face duction into their forests of valuable like an angel's for pure joy and forget-fulness of self. For her daughter stood in her lover's arms and his voice sound-

"Nothing on earth and nothing in heav-

forgot her power of strange deeds, she forgot herself, and remembering nothing the Atlantic in response to the needs of save her daughter and her love, and such bliss possessed her that she could stand tively poor in tree species, and is now life, and the girl's sorrow was her own fore the sun and the wind which have often ready to deliver young plants here magnified into the most cruel torture given it life, and she lay still at the feet for a lower price than our own nurserystooped over her and they knew that she had been no witch, but a great lover.-By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, in Harper's Weekly.

ANOTHER BIG LAND SHOW.

The Success of Last Year in Pittsburg to Be Duplicated There This Year.

The arrangements that have been carried out, and the contracts thus far signed for 1911's Big Pittsburg Land Show, from October 12 to 28, assure a greater success than was last year's. This is saying a great deal, indeed, for the 1910 display in the gigantic Duquesne Garden—one of the largest exhibition halls in America—was the first successful event of the kind east of the Mississippi.

When the people of the Pittsburg ter-ritory came to realize the scope, variety and magnitude of this Show, which they did within a couple of days after the opening of the doors, the walls of Duquesne Garden were not capacious enough to hold them comfortably on any one of the remaining nights of the two weeks. At this writing enough of the space in Duquesne Garden has been sold to exhibitors to guarantee in 1911 more than a duplicate of the achievement of

No exhibit in this coming Show will attract more attention than the one which will display the marvels achieved by Luther Burbank, the plant-life wizard of California, disclosing the great future that has been opened up, through the dis-coveries of Burbank, of how to grow pitless and seedless fruits, stringless beans,

In view of the large show attendance last year from the territory contiguous to and to a species of animal that does not Pittsburgh, much of which represented now exist. The ivory is cut from the tusks the farming element, the management will offer this year from 50 to 75 silver cups, to be contested for by the farmers of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia.

These cups will be awarded as prizes for the best available of farmers and swamps. The northern portion of the country abounds in extensive bogs which are called *urmans*. the best exhibitions of fruit, grains and othor garden products.

Trial List

FIRST WEEK-SEPT. 25. J. H. Weber vs. Jacob S. Herman. SECOND WEEK-OCT. 2. Mina R. Goheen vs. Alice Gensimore

et al. William Witmer vs. Edward Sellers. Isaiah Davis et al vs. M. D. Kelley through out this region they are by

Mary Kauffman vs. Celia and Henry Mirbach. George Fravel vs. Greek Catholic

church at Clarence. George Stott vs. Henry Kline. Morris John vs. College township.

Samuel S. Osman vs. Spring township. tusks, that all the aboirgines, and even Mrs. Angeline Tate vs. Wm. Dale and A. J. Tate.

Washington National B. & L. Assn. vs. H. M. Davidson and wife. Washington National B. & L. Assn. vs. A. C. Bowes and wife.

Washington National B. & L. Assn. vs.

Mary Jane Egan et al. Washington National B. & L. Assn. vs. Mary Jane Egan et al. Washington National B. & L. Assn. vs.

Susan E. Snyder. Moshannon Mill & Lumber Co. vs. Grace Holling and husband. W. H. Bradford vs. Quaker City Co.

Marriage Licenses.

executor.

Alfred Cherry vs. Catharine Harper's

Grant Ellenberger, of Juniata, and Sue E. Houck, of Dungarvin. Clyde W. Stover and Nona M. Hous-

man, both of Millheim. George Wingard and Flora V. Davis, ooth of Penn township. Robert M. Smith, of Centre Hall, and

May C. Hosterman, of Coburn. Don R. Mader, of Lock Haven, and Emme M. Bitner, of Blanchard.

William W. Westbrook and Alfretta E. Sensor, both of Tyrone. John C. Martin, of State College, and Sarah C. McKivison, of Benore. Orlanda Conaway and Adaline Smover,

both of Snow Shoe. Howard Moore and Margaret L. Merrell, both of Sandy Ridge.

— "Yes, father, when I finish my education I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money,"
"Humph! John, you ought to be remarkably successful. That's all you did the four years you spent in college." the four years you spent in college "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm about even with the world." "I figure that I owe as many people as

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Not satisfied with exchanging professors, Germany and America are exchanging forest trees. It is reported that a demand has developed for Montana larch seeds to be used by German nurserymen, while white-pine seedlings are to be imported from Germany by the town of Guelah, Ontario, for planting a 150 Guelph, Ontario, for planting a 168-acre tract of land belonging to the municipal-

The Germans recognize that the introtrees native to other countries may be decidedly to their advantage. Although as a rule the forest trees best adapted to each region are those which naturally grow in it, there are many exceptions. Norway spruce and Austrian and Scotch pine have been carried from their native

her heart, as in most human hearts, and she had been sorely dealt with and badgered, and the girl was her one delight of flower sinks when its time has come be native nabitat the German nurseryman is of her daughter and the youth, and they men will quote. Now the Germans are stooped over her and they knew that she going to try the Western larch also. The request from the German nurseryman instructs the collectors to gather the choicest seeds when ripe this fall. One nurseryman on Flathead Lake has offered to exchange larch seeds for seeds of desirable German shrubs, which he in-tends to cultivate and sell in America. In the same region, four or five months ago, foresters of our own Department of Agriculture gathered seed for use in the neighboring Lolo Forest, where a new forest-planting nursery was begun last

> The objects of the Guelph planting are, according to local accounts, to protect the town's water source by a forest cover over its springs in the hills, to make beautiful woods for a public park, and to provide for a future timber supply as a municipal asset. In foreign countries, forest tracts are often owned and managed by towns and cities as a paying investment and to insure a permanent supply of wood for local consumption, but in America planting by municipalities other than for parks and for watershed protection has scarcely been thought of. The kinds of trees to be grown in the Guelph park have already been decided upon by the Ontario Agricultural College. proposed reforestation promises to be of so great economic and sanitary value that the estimated cost of \$8 per acre for importing and planting the seedlings and caring for the growing trees is regarded as well worth while.

Mammoth Ivory.

Siberia furnishes a large quantity of ivory to the markets of the world, but the production of it belongs to another age In these are found the tusks of the mastodon, from which it is inferred that these animals lost their lives by venturing upon a surface that would not bear their

Even to wild animals these urmans are forbidden ground. The nimble reindeer can sometimes cross them safely in the summer-time, but most other large animals attempting to do so would be en-

In the Museum at Tobolsk are numerous specimens of the mammoth, and means rare. When an ice-pack breaks down a river bank, or the summer thaw penetrates more deeply than usual into the ground, some of these antediluvian mon-

sters are very likely to be exposed. In many cases their remains are so fresh and well preserved, with their dark, shaggy hair and under-wool of reddish brown, their tufted ears and long, curved some of the Russian settlers, persist in the belief that they are specimees of ani-mals which still live, burrowing under-ground like moles, and die the instant they are admitted to the light.

The farther the traveller goes northward, it is said, the more abundant do these remains become. They are washed up with the tides upon the arctic shores, and some extensive islands off the coast contain great quantities of fossil ivory and bones.

Tusks which have been long or repeatedly exposed to the air are brittle and unserviceable, but those which have remained buried in the ice retain the qu ties of recent ivory and are a valuable article of merchandise. There is a great market for these mammoth tusks at Yakutsk, on the Lena, whence they find their way to the workshops of European Russia and to the ivory-carvers of Canton.

A woman needs to give double care to the preservation of her health—once for her own happiness and once for the health and happiness of the children she may have. How often does she take this extra care of herself? Rarely, indeed, until she has entered upon a course of suffering, and has learned from experience the ne cessity of care. It ought to be a part of the mother's duty to instruct her daughter in the necessity of preserving her womanly health. The budding girl ought to be taught that the high office of moth-erhood has its weighty obligations and resonsibilities, and that if there is peril in motherhood it is chiefly due to the neglect of the necessary laws of health. The best way for young women to protect and preserve their womanly health is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the first symptom of irregularity. Irregularity is the beginning, often, of complicated and painful feminine disorders. "Favorite Prescription" regulates the periods, cures inflammation, ulceration and female weakness, soothes and strengthens the nerves and enriches the entire body with vigor and vitality. It contains neither alcohol, nor narcotic.

-Returned Traveler.-I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her hair. Did she ever get even with him?

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Old Friend-Long ago. She married

Exchanging Forest Trees.

Too Much Papa. This bit of numor and pathos is from the Hawaiian Star: "At amusing inendent is related of a young service matron who had relinquished her husband for two years and who, having before his departure insisted on a good photograph, applied herself assiduously to the upbringing of her two-yearold baby with a view to the child's familiarity with her distant father. Each day she would call the baby girl to her and, kneeling beside her, would hold up the photograph, pointing out

each feature to the child. "One day the officer came home, and the baby girl, then four years od. was summoned. 'Come dear.' said her faother in glee, 'papa has come home at last" The child surveyed the officer in perplexity and finally shook her

"What is the matter, dear? asked her mother. 'Well,' replied the child. he looks something like my papa, but my papa hasn't any legs!"

Humor of the Barometer.

It was a beautiful barometer. It glistened from its splendid wooden case with a spick and spanness that boasted of its newness. Its rich frameweather had happened to be particular- ed on to a pad of black velvet. ly wet. At last its owner grew weary of its external beauty and exasperated he tore the weather indicator from the wall and took it out into the road.

the glass it made up its mind and moved slowly round to "very dry."-London Answers.

An Innocent Victim. General F. D. Grant, at a dinner at West Point, once analyzed the military genius of Washington. "Washington," he said, "gave us our

independence by campaigning faultlessly. He never made mistakes. There have been more brilliant soldiers than Washington, but there has never been so sure a one. In warfare, paign, a whole cause. And that reminds me of poor Tom White.

"Tom White failed in business owing to the mistake of one single letter very wholesome. The white variety is even better than the black. made by his stenographer. Tom's patron in business was a deaf millionaire who was very touchy about his deafness. This millionaire turned from a good friend to a bitter enemyhe foreclosed on Tom-because the unhappy fellow's stenographer accidentally began a letter to him 'Deaf Sir.' "

A Gilded Gown.

During the reign of King George L Lord Hervey, a cultured man, gave this description of the fine dress of a distinguished woman:

'The Duchess of Queensberry's clothes pleased me most. They were white satin embroidered, the bottom of the petticoat brown hills, covered looks. We constantly see wrecks of young with all sorts of weeds, and every women who are victims of numerous ills breadth had an old stump of a tree brought on from one cause or another. than ran up almost to the top of the sometimes physical, again mental. petticoat, broken and ragged and suckles, periwinkles, convolvuluses and all sorts of twining vines, which spread like the gilding of the sun."

Grown Cautious. Chatty Lodger (to landlord) - You

seem to have seen a good deal. What are you? Landlord-Well, sir, I were a lion tamer, and I'd be there now if wife were a knife thrower in the same optimistic. show, and she got to practicing her turn on me. Well, thinks 1, life ain't in the business world are frequent victoo long to run no risks, so I took on tims of neurasthenia. a safe job and become a steeplejack .-London Punch.

A Word to Be Avoided. was I said that offended Mrs. Young- when they feel faint and weak they lunch bride? Hub-Yes, her husband told on candy. see you're installed in your new home," trying to be funny at their expense .-Boston Transcript.

Quite a Help. "Is your boy Josh much of a help to

you?" Of course he don't catch as many as he could if he wouldn't stop to label helps."-Washington Star.

Anecdotes. "What is an anecdote, pa?" "An anecdote. my son, is a short and funny tale which at once reminds the other fellow of a tale which is

neither short nor funny."-Puck.

A Choice of Words. "You sold me that horse as free from faults. Why, it's blind," "Blind? Well, that's not a fault; that's a cruel misfortune."

He Heard Her. "My daughter's piano lessons have been a great expense to me." "That so? Did some neighbor

If you live by nature you will never be poor; if by opinion, never rich .-

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Patience in cowards is tame and hopeless fear; but in brave minds, a scorn of what they bear. -Sir R. Howard.

One wonders how long and how wide ostrich feathers are likely to grow. The fashionable shops of Paris are showing a most wonderful selection. Gigantic feath-er butterflies of tropical colors fringed

with aigrets are a novelty. In ostrich plumes some are of vivid pink fringed with black or smoke gray. Many them show three shades of color.

The firm way in which the bolero has made its way to the front of fashion again this season is worth remark. It began to appear at the very end of last summer in the models of an exclusive dressmaker in the Rue de la Paix, a man, who prides himself on his knowledge of the beaux arts, as well as on his flair as to what is the right thing for a woman to wear.

He first sent it out in the form of a short silk coat with a full basque, the waist line being indicated by a cord

Then others of his kind took up the tale, and now the bolero, in some form or another, is worn by every woman who follows fashion closely. There is one kind which imitates the Russian blouse work clearly advertised the large price in lace and has a black velvet band fasthat had been paid for it. Its owner tened with a quaint buckle round the was justly proud. But it possessed one waist. Such a little garment as this looks drawback-it wouldn't work. Ever very well on any dress, and could be used drawback-it wouldn't work. Ever since it had been purchased it had remained at "set fair" whatever the weather had happened to be. And the caught into the waist by a buckle basten-

The latest idea for the favorite taffeta over its internal stupidity. One day bolero is to have a lawn collar in cream, when the rain was pour ag extra hard embroidered in vivid tones likes those of the Russian embroideries; but for the wear of the moment nothing equals the For a moment the needle hesitated.
Then as the raindrops began to dim must be good, or the effect is common.

> I saw a friend impatiently cleaning a bean pot. I said to her: "Fill that with cold water; put in a teaspoonful of baking soda; cover and set in the oven. When it has boiled half an hour it will be as easy to wash as a coffee cup." Clean fish and meat roasting pans in the same way .- Good Housekeeping.

Looking at the back of your house from a neighbor's window or yard will be beneficial to you. To see yourself as others see you is often a surprise. Window curtains may need straightening, back winyou must know, the smallest mistake dows to be washed, brooms and mops put may lose a whole battle, a whole camin place and the yard generally cleared
up.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Ginger acts as a tonic and is considered

Bay leaves impart a nutty flavor to food in which they are cooked. If left in too long, however, they are apt to make it

Mace is the outer shell of the nutmeg, resembling it greatly in flavor. It may he used whole or in powdered form.

Curry powder is of East Indian origin and is used constantly by the natives. It combines condiments and spices and is medicinal as well as delightful to the taste.

Nerves are fatal to health and good

Various disturbances of the nervous worked with brown chenille, round system follow in the wake of infectious diseases, such as la grippe, which has been which twined nasturtiums, ivy; honey. the Grim Reaper for so many of its victims this winter.

Typhoid fever, disorders of the stomach and covered the petticoat. Many of and intestines, overwork, lack of sufficient the leaves were finished in gold. and exercise and necessary diversion and a part of the stumps of the trees looked naturally high strung temperament are other common causes of disease of the nervous system.

Those who are naturally high strung must take extra precautions to fight of "nerves." They must govern their tempers and cultivate patience. They should seek friends and a home environment soothing and resting in their influences I 'adn't a-married; but, you see, my and those who are naturally cheerful and

Overwork in many cases is the cause

This state of exhaustion, however, is not always attributed to their business tasks, but their indifferent manner of living.
They do not take sufficient nourishment Wife-Well, did you find out what it in a digestible form. During office hours

me. It seems that you remarked. "I In seeking diversion they are not consistent with this means of rejuvenating and as they've furnished on the in themselves mentally. Too many nights stallment plan she thought you were a week at play, with continual reductions of sleeping hours, is an excellent way of cultivating nerves, wrinkles and a sa

On the other hand, women of maturer years do not put sufficient stress upon the necessary physical and mental diver-sions to act as a sort of balance wheel, "Yes." replied Farmer Corntossel. and send them back to their next day's "He is making a collection of insects." work refreshed and eager.

Pineapple Cocktail.—Shred the flesh of 'em, but, then, you know, every little a ripe pineapple, chill thoroughly, having first dusted with confectioner's sugar. Serve in cocktail glasses after pouring over each portion a tablespoonful of maraschino and garnishing with a maraschino cherry.

> Combination Salad.—As tasty a salad as one would find in a day's march was recently served by a young housewife. It combined cress, cucumber, apple, green peppers, radishes, young onions and tomatoes in about equal parts. All the yegetables were cut into small cubes or thin close and the matter. thin slices and the mixture, served on cress, was dressed with oil and vinegar seasoned with salt and paprika.

> Throughout the dark ages of Europe an accused person had to carry a piece of red-hot iron for some distance in his hand or to walk nine feet barefooted over plough-shares at white heat. The hand or foot was bound up and inspected three days afterward. If the defendant had escaped unhurt he was pronounced innocent. If he had been burned he was