Bellefonte, Pa., March 1, 1912.

WHEN AUNT MARY CAME.

The Story of the Husband Who Would Not Go to Church.

"When Aunt Mary comes Preston, you will just have to go to church!" Pretty Mrs. Chandor's tone was that of one

nerved for combat. "Anything you say," remarked her husband absently, with his eye still glued to the magazine he was reading in the waning light, as he sat on the piazza in a chair that was slightly tilted so as to allow for the comfortable placing of his feet on the railing, an expanse of cadet-blue lisle stocking, matching his necktie, showing above his low, speckless patent-leather shoes. Mrs. Chandor's eye rested on him with amomentary esthetic pleasure, in the midst of her harassment; she never had to implore her husband to go and make himself "look nice," as Lucia Bannard was obliged to. Late shadows were lying across the pretty smooth lawn, the wis-taria lifted languidly in the dying breeze, from near-by came the sound of little boys' voices laughing and calling in some merry game. Everything was at peace but Elinor Chandor's mind.

but Elinor Chandor's mind.

"Preston, put down that book! It's too dark for you to read, anyway. I was just saying that when Aunt Mary came you'd the collection, and Mr Owen, meeting the collection, and Mr Owen, meeting the collection and Mr Owen have to begin and go to church again.

Besides, what would she think of me if you didn't? It would simply break her heart—she wouldn't understand at all. working hard on that sermon! Not that I understand it myself-I never have! How a man, brought up as you were by her, can reconcile it to his conwere by her, can reconcile it to his con-science to stay away from church as you have lately—Sunday! Do you realize how

"Well, I was thinking about it just the and he never said anything; but you stay home now just because you've got into the habit of staying home; you won't go and see for yourself how changed every-Mr. Owen preaches, and what lovely music we have—you just couldn't help liking it. I know people blame me for not having more influence over you! Oh, they do! I know it is partly my fault; but it is not have for me transfer and the solution of the liking it now. It was time indeed that Aunt Mary came!

Aunt Mary was a large, fresh-colored, it is so hard for me to make you do anything you don't want to do."

. Chandor paused once more, and looked at him piteously. "I wouldn't it. Her nephew averred that when he have Aunt Mary know for worlds! Why she'd never get over it—and she's done so lap the most comfortable place in the much for you always. I cannot have her

Well, if you think it's necessarybegan Mr. Chandor doubtfully. He reached over, and took his wife's hand, pressing his thumb on each of her soft knuckles in turn, in a way that with him expressed affection, while his gaze took of her upturned blue eyes, her soft, rip-ply hair, and the slight feminine droop of her head to one side, which gave a suggestion of dependence. Mr. Chandor thought his wife exactly right; he had a permanent satisfaction, when he looked at her, in his choice.

rose argu mentatively-"as if I might have one morning to do as I pleased in, after slav-

ing all the week.' "Preston, how you act! Why on earth you should make such a fuss I can't see. You don't have to work as hard as that! And just because you like to lounge around all Sunday morning! Yes, I do think it's necessary. If you want to spoil Aunt Mary's visit entirely—and it

"Oh, all right, all right; I'll do it, of course," said her husband resignedly. "Now the subject's closed." "You promise me faithfully you will go to church with Aunt Mary while she's

"Yes, I'll promise. She shall do any thing with me that she wants," said Mr. Chandor with emphasis. "And I hope you're satisfied now." He drew his wife's chair a little closer to him, and put his arm around her. "Poor girl, she has an awful time with her husband, hasn't she? Pity she didn't get a better one while she

was about it."
"Oh, when you talk that way!" said his wife disdainfully unimpressed, yet yielding sweetly to the caress.

When it came down to it, she didn't think there was a better man in the

But she suddenly sat up straight as she saw a lady and gentleman approaching up the path, and gave her chair a little hitch away.

"Good evening, Mrs. Crandall. Good evening, Mr. Crandall!"

You and your husband always seem to have so much to say to each other," said Mrs. Crandall, a dark young woman with very large eyes and an italicized way of speaking, glancing now at her husband, a short square man with fair hair and an impassive countenance. "No, don't get up. We can't stay; I just stopped to give you that, Mrs. Chandor." She handed over a paper. "It's one of the new Sunday school leaflets; I hear you're to take Miss Green's class while she's away. We all think it so charming of away. We all think it so charming of you. You ought to come to church next Sunday, Mr. Chandor! Dick is going to sing a solo in the new anthem; it's by Elgar; the most exquisite thing!—something above the heads of the congregation. I food! But I suppose there is hard. tion, I fear! But I suppose there is hardly any use asking you.

"Yes, better come, and hear me," said Mr. Crandall, speaking for the first time and puffing out his chest. "Why, I've just promised Elinor that I'd be there," said Mr. Chandor medita-

tively, "but if I have to hear your old bass growl, Crandall—" He reached over and clapped the other on the shoulder, and both men grinned comfortably, while the two women exchanged confidential glances of question and assent, and then congratulation on the part of the visitor.

"I'll tell Dr. Owen to get at that sermon ne's always promised to preach for you old sinners," announced Mr. Crandall. "Come on, Nell, we must be getting home to the children. Hello, here's your boy! How are you, Teddy?"

"For goodness' sake, don't look at him," said Mrs. Chandor dejectedly. Teddy was one of those small boys who, let forth immaculate from a mother's hand at five

frequent visitor at their next-door neigh-bors, the Bannards. And Preston put tions. His wife was proud of that, as of many other things about him.

Everyone seemed to know by the next day that Mr. Chandor would be seen at

Elinor Chandor, with prophetic vision, could see everybody waiting to shake have lately—Sunday: Do you long it is since you were in one?"

"I haven't any idea," said her husband young woman, though married, might even, in an excess of religious fervor, in an excess of religious fervor, with some commemorapresent Preston with some commemoraother day. It's nearly three years!" Mrs. tive emblem or a book of devotion, to Chandor paused, with a little tremulousness in the last words. "Of course I revolt the boyish shyness which dwells it know began that winter when I was ill in the inner recesses of the nature of the so much and we had Dr. Gleamer for real man, and keep him forever from repeating the action. There was a rapt, peating the action. There was a rapt, far-away gleam in Lucia's eye, when she had spoken of it that morning, that might mean anything. But Elinor was sure that if things were left normal Presthing is, and hear what good sermons ton would get in the habit of going to

Aunt Mary was a large, fresh-colored, gray-haired lady, who looked her age—which she always proclaimed on every occasion—only in the way of becoming world, and she still preserved this characteristic for all childhood. Their elders always had the feeling, after her arrival, that, if everything wasn't exactly right, it was going to be; she knew so many infallibly best ways of reaching perfection that all you needed was to make a little pleasing extra exertion to

Her loud, clear voice and cheerful presence seemed to bring an atmosphere of agreeable competency.

"Indeed the journey was nothing," she affirmed, when, dinner finished, she was comfortably bestowed by her nothing." No normal woman can ever take any niece in the biggest armchair on the piazza, with Lucile, a small-faced girl with gigantic butterfly bows on each side of her head, hanging on the arm of everyone's chair in turn, as well as on the converse of her elders.

"There was a very kind young man who carried my bag for me,—of course there was no porter in sight! As I told him, when a woman is sixty-eight years of age she appreciates a courtesy. He said he was a student in the Union Theological Seminary, and I assured him of the pleasure it gave me, in these days when young men are so lax, to find one who was preparing for the sacred calling of the ministry. He had such red eyes that I offered him my recipe for eyelotion—it is so inexpensive and simple that no one should be without it." "How very kind of you, Aunt Mary," murmured Elinor.

"It is especially excellent for children as a preventive," continued the visitor. "I was just noticing Lucile's eyes. Aunt Mary will prepare some of the lotion for you to-morrow, dear;" she patted the child's hand affectionately. "We'll put it in a cunning little bottle. I have one in my trunk; it has a glass stopper with a blue ribbon around it; and I have chocalete drops for a little girl who are chocolate drops for a little girl who remembers to use it!—just the plain kind, Elinor, they won't hurt her."

"How attractive you always make every little thing, Aunt Mary," said Elinor, half enviously! "Doesn't she Preston?"

"Yes, indeed," he agreed affectionately.
"My dear, it's the little things that it
pays to take trouble about," said aunt
Mary benignly. "By the way, speaking
of the ministry, what kind of a rector have you now, Preston?"
"Mr. Owen is a very nice fellow,"

answered her nephew sincerely.
"When I was here before, there was a good deal of dissatisfaction with Dr. Gleamer. Many people had stopped going to church on account of him; and when that kind of habit once begins—" Aunt Mary sighed heavily, "there's no knowing where it will stop. It's the evil of

"Papa's going to church next Sunday," caroled Lucile, throwing herself with pre-cipitate affection at that parent. "Papa's going to church, aren't you, Papa?" mmense butterfly bows quivered wildly.
"He's going to walk to church with you,

Aunt Mary's look of growing surprise at Lucile's first statement relaxed into one of smiling appreciation.

"Why, of course he is, the dear boy," she supplemented. "He doesn't have his old Aunt to escort every day," while Elinor said with enforced sweetness: "Run away, Lucile, at once, darling, and see what little brother is doing.'

"Do you like your Mr. Owen's sermons, eston?" pursued Aunt Mary.
"Best I've heard in years," said her nephew blandly.
"And is the music good?"

"Everyone says it's fine." "Well, you are fortunate," said Aunt Mary. She looked with fond affection at

her niece and nephew.

"It is delightful to find myself here with you again, and also to find you, Preston, the same dear, good boy you o'clock, freshly bathed and brushed, and dressed in white linen, reappears in half an hour, his clothing soaked and limp with perspiration, and streaked with dust from his matted hair to his shoes. From

thence until bedtime his progression was unspeakable; there were nightly talks on the necessity of improvement. Lucile, her seven-year-old girl, really liked to be clean; Mrs. Chandor couldn't help wondering sometimes why it was so hard to make any impression on the masculine make any impression on the mas make any impression on the masculine nature!

If Preston's friends had been of the non-church-going variety, his defection might have been the less obvious, but most of their little circle were interested in St. Stephen's. Dick Crandall had been a choir-boy, and the habit still clung to him; not to sing in a choir would have a choir-boy, and the habit still clung to him; not to sing in a choir would have dropped him out into the open wastes of life, where he had no accredited place. Will Durland, who come over every Monday night to play chess with Preston, was a vestryman, although he wasn't half as well fitted to be an officer of the church his big boys, was a pillar of the parish as well as of trade; even Mr. Minott, who had been "something else" before he married Minnie Chase, attended services—intermittently, it is true, but still he attended; Mr. Owen, the rector, was a frequent visitor at their next-door neighprivately that it was mostly Emma's sprays of lilies of the valley. fault; her influence hasn't been what the his hands in his pockets as frequently as anyone when he was asked for subscripyours, Elinor. You don't know how "We are all going to wear them to church thankful I have always been that my tomorrow. I thought if you and your dear boy has had your high character to uphold him."

"I say," remonstrated Mr. Chandor to his wife when they were at last alone, said Elinor, kissing her friend warmly. after she had sought high and low, unavailingly, for the needed rubber band, and Aunt Mary, hovering around after her, had promised to buy her a box of lings secretly accomplished, she was all them in the morning, "I say Einor, ready and dressed to set out. She had you're making a regular Ananias and to go early today, that was the only draw-Saphira out of me! Do you think it's back, on account of substituting for Miss right? Aren't you afraid retribution will

overtake you?"
"No," said his wife stoutly; "I'm not. You'll deserve all you'll get, anyhow! Oh. Preston, I was ready to shriek once or twice! But"-her tone changed-"did self going there. you ever see anything like the way chil-"Lucia Bannar dren always let out just what you don't want them to, the very first thing? I could have slapped Lucile! And it's worse telling them beforehand not to say what you don't want them to-that's fatal! They will always ask politely, 'Mama,

why mustn't I say this or that! Her mind reverted to the welcome that might be made by members of the congregation to her husband next Sun-day. The Crandalls she could warn, but her wifely dignity wouldn't let her take others into this demeaning confidence.

The culminating day of the week assumed an unusual halo that colored all

the hours leading up to it,-Elinor ·wanted that Sunday to be perfect not only in its highest way, but in all those little material ways that show the festal spirit in them. She already had the promise of her new summer silk from the dressmaker—a simple little thing, the gray and white stripe that was so cool look-ing, and that Preston always liked. Her when she tried it on, both to herself and the milliner, besides being so exactly "the style" that she had been sure that Preston must consider it becoming too. But when she had worn it for the first time, and, her eyes beseeching approval, she had asked, "How do you like my new hat, Preston?" he had dashed all her

No normal woman can satisfaction in wearing a hat that her husband dislikes Elinor had sadly felt obliged to wear hers, but for this coming Sunday she got down a little old toque out of the closet, that Preston had al-ways admired her in, and that fitted down compactly over her rippling brown hair, and trimmed it with a bunch of pink rosebuds, to be pleasing in his sight as they walked from the sanctuary. Nor did her preparations stop here; she would have a special plate of corn muffins for his breakfast that morning, smothered chicken, such as he used to have at his own home, when a boy, for dinner, and the dessert should be boiled apple dump-

lings with hard sauce.

Elinor never could quite understand why the hot boiled apple dumpling should appeal so strongly to both the fancy and appetite of her husband; if he were ask-ed, at any time of the year, what he would like for dessert, he always unhesitatingly answered, "Boiled apple dumplings."

From the morning after benevolent Aunt Mary's arrival, the household had benefited steadily by her suggestions and assistance. The promised rice pudding had been made, indeed, after a long de-lay, during which Aunt Mary, in a white apron, sat cheerfully patient while Elinor strove maddeningly at the telephone, first in ordering the rice and nutmeg,—which of course no kitchen storeroom should be without,—and then in asking why they didn't come, and then in striving excitably to point out the fact that, even if the articles were "on the wagon" an hour ago, they were of no culinary use in that position. But the rice pudding, when it was affinally set before them at night was of finally set before them at night, was of the creamiest, most delicious variety, and there was actually enough of it for every-body, which is so seldom the case with a

really good rice pudding.

Aunt Mary hung up the two brooms by strings, so that they should not be worn out by resting on the floor, reminding the maid smilingly of this usage, during the day; she made dusters and little bags for them, disposing them conveniently everywhere, so that one could always dust on the spot; she screwed up a ways dust on the spot; she screwed up a hook behind the side door where Teddy could reach it to hang his hat, under her indly supervision, in strict observance of

She was continually saying to Elinor as the latter hurried about her avoca-

"Now do sit down for a few minutes, dear, you're tired; you may not know it now, but you'll feel it afterwards. 'Rest when you can!" that has always been my motto. A young mother never realizes how much vitality she may use up un-

necessarily."

Aunt Mary had many long, serious, and uplifting conversations with her niece on the subject of Living, based on the

They are out of our own garden," she husband would each wear a spray it would show that we were all together. 'Why that's awfully sweet of you."

Green with that lady's Sunday-School class. It was too bad that she couldn't walk to church with Preston, but she would walk back with him, and Aunt Mary would love to have him all to her-

"Lucia Bannard wanted you to wear this," she announced. "We all have them in honor of the occasion."

"Why that's nice of her," said Preston, very much surprised, but rather pleased. She stood there in her gray-and-white striped silk and the little hat, with the bunch of pink rosebuds, framing her rippling hair, her soft blue eyes gazing up at him with that new, happy light in the striped silk and the little hat, with the bunch of pink rosebuds, framing her rippling hair, her soft blue eyes gazing up at him with that new, happy light in the striped silk and the little hat, with the striped silk and the striped silk and the collar. Should the harness be too took on top, the collar will move back and forth and thus make a sore neck, and the collar will move back and forth and thus make a sore ne "Why that's nice of her," said Preston, pling hair, her soft blue eyes gazing up at him with that new, happy light in them. He drew her to him, and kissed her, his arms lingered around her as he

"You're an awfully nice woman, do you know that? Best wife I ever had.

The day was beautiful, though warm; the walk to church was long, but Elinor was not tired. Lucile and Teddy went prattling along beside her.

By some miraculous sixth sense, after reaching Sunday-school, though she hardly heard what the children in the class were reciting, or asking her, she seemed to be equal to the requirements of the hat had been a great disappointment; it was a very large hat. She knew, of course, when she bought it that Preston invariably inveighed against large hats, but it had seemed so peculiarly becoming when she tried it on better that presence coming down the aigle with the presence coming down the aigle with ly presence, coming down the aisle with Preston; Preston; nay, handsome! He

but he was to her. gradually, by twos and threes; the organ was playing the voluntary, then more people; the church was filling up, yet none from her household appeared. The happened? She saw, with swift-beating heart, the house on fire-Aunt Mary in a fit of apoplexy-Preston stabbed by a

passing tramp! The service began, still no one! But as she knelt, someone slipped into the pew beside her, and Aunt Mary, flushed and breathing hard, yet composed, slid with

competent facility into prayer.

Elinor had to wait until they arose, to ask agonizingly, "Has anything happened?" and receive Aunt Mary's decisive shaking of the head and the words, framed laboriously, almost inaudibly, with her

"I had a telegram just as I was starting; I will have to leave immediately after dinner, to see my brother tomorrow pefore he sails."

"And Preston?" breathed the wife. "I'll tell you about him later," nodded Aunt Mary quietly, and relapsed pro-hibitively into worship.

"You see, my dear, it was this way," she announced, when the service was over and they were free of the congregation and the amused I-told-you-so looks that Elinor could feel passing over her. Aunt Mary's kind face shone tenderly on her young companions as they walked her young companion as they walked along under the green branches of the spreading elms. "My dear, you may not have noticed it,—he kept up until after you left,—but I couldn't help seeing then, when I was alone with Preston, that there was something weighing on the dear here was something weighing on the dear boy. I never saw anyone get so restless. He couldn't keep still a moment, though I was reading him a moment to everyone: as I always say, 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.' He had such a line between his everyone there were a line between his everyone. a line between his eyes, and there was a strange lassitude about him that convinced me that he was in pain.

"Of course, when I asked him if there was anything the matter, he denied it at first,—men always do,—but I just said: Preston dearie, if you think you can hoodwink your Aunt Mary, who brought you up, and who knows you better than anyone else, dear you're much mistaken. anyone eise, dear you're much mistaken. I know you've got one of your bad headaches, and there's no use your saying you haven't. I'm the last person to advocate anyone staying home from church as a usual thing, but there's common sense in all things; you don't go a step out in that sun today, if I know it.' Well, Elinor, it really touched me to find how much the dear boy hated to miss even one service, and when it came down to it, I could see, besides, that he thought his little wife wouldn't approve of his absence; but this time I was firm. I knew you would understand." She paused.

"Yes," said Elinor, striving for self-

control. Aunt Mary had many long, serious, and uplifting conversations with her niece on the subject of Living, based on the thoughtful experience of a courageous woman of sixty-eight who had been through a good deal in her day. She was so indefatigably kind and resourceful and helpful; her advice was so indisputably good, that Elinor was horrified to find herself at times wishing that she might weakly relapse unnoticed into doing things hit or miss, in her own natural way, even though it mightn't be the best one at all, instead of having everything arranged for her. Even Preston of the didn't want to go up-stairs and lie down, but I left him in the shaded corner of the piazza," went on Aunt Mary happily, "stretched out comfortably, with a pillow behind his head, in the steamer-chair, with the collect, epistle, and gospel to read,—I found them for him myself in the prayer-book,—and a glass of water beside him. I knew you really wouldn't mind when I told you the facts of the case. I have no doubt that we shall find him much better on our return now. And, my dear, take the word of a woman of sixty-eight: nothing is gained by forcthing arranged for her. Even Preston showed an occasional fretting of the bit under prolonged instruction.

It was in vain to deny that kind Aunt guidance."

And, my dear, take the word of a woman of sixty-eight: nothing is gained by forcing a man to keep up to a certain mark!

Preston can be safely left to his own guidance."

heart with me anyway, when I go to church. I didn't need to have Aunt Mary come for that."—By Mary Stewart Cut-products of their fields and orchards.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

Ah, Life, grant me but this: No proffered joy to miss, To feel no keen regret;

To keep my courage strong:

To help sad hearts forget What pain they may. To let no trust go wrong;

To fear no evil spell:

To do some one thing well From day to day.

-Charlotte Becker. With a Picture.-I give you my picture;

when you gaze upon it Think of the quaint belief the red man That who ever takes the picture of a

man takes his soul also-Shaemas O'Sheel.

The lines of princess slips are more varied than ever, says the Dry Goods Economist. The thinner qualities of wash silks, the heavier messalines, satins, taffetas, voiles, cotton crepes, lingerie and lawn are all shown in the spring garments. In many of the models the waist section shows some form of trimming, as

the princess slip is now considered a

corset cover and skirt combination.

simple coiffure. But, like all simple shrinks in flesh, adjust the harness to fit things, these neatly dressed heads are the the collar. Should the harness be too

strands, and with a rippling wave covering each ear, is not as easy as it looks.

Those of us who bravely attempt it, without first seeing it done, are likely to go wrong when it comes to arranging the simple, but slightly outstanding, coils which have taken the place of the eternal curl. The coiffeuse was never so important as she is at the present day; she is no longer the mere manipulator of our locks; she is the artist who studies us and our clothes and helps us to look our best..

Any one could pin on curls, pile bunch on bunch. But it is the master hand which creates the neat, close dressing, and saves it from that untidiness and appearance of dowdiness which are often the result of our own efforts. A trial of the new models and their variations is mightn't be handsome to anyone else, the next move after we have chosen our frocks for the season, and then an ar-She was in the pew at last, Lucile and rangement for those frequent dressings and attentions which give the pretty head

does not really seem to get its proper meed of attention, and, as a rule, at a dinner or in a ballroom this shade is conspicuous by its complete absence or rarity. Emerald green is by far the more dar-

ing shade, and when carefully worn this makes a singularly successful frock, especially if the wearer has a touch of russet or auburn in her locks.

For the woman who is the happy possessor of hair of a Titian shade there are few colors in which she will look as well as in emerald, and the warmth and depth of this combination will make her sisters appear pale and colorless beside her.

There seems, however, a superstition against green as being an unlucky color, one woman declaring that directly she gets a frock in this shade—which is her favorite—some relation dies and she is condemned to wear black for a long period. This has happened so frequentperiod. This has happened so frequently that she has now given up all attempts seven-tenths pound of digestible protein, to wear green, and would only do so in seven pounds of digestible carbohydrates fear and trembling.

The white corduroy suit is quite a charming invention, I think. Of course it will soil, but all white does, and yet we do not wish to go on wearing colors in a joyous springtime. It is like wearing black at a wedding. If the world has been able to afford white serge and white linen for the last quarter of a century it is quite able to afford corduroy, which does not soil more quickly and can be cleaned as eachly.

be cleaned as easily.

To my mind nothing is more of a nuisance than a white linen suit, for it not only refuses to last out the day with any degree of cleanliness, but one needs to go around with an electric iron in the pocket in order to press down the creases every few minutes if one would keep it immac-

Some smart designers are advocating the placing of black collars and cuffs on the white corduroy suits, but they are prettier without it. It is better to remain true to the one material throughout the suit unless one is led away by the popularity of white ratine that one wish the neck.

The sailor collar, with its long revers to the waist, is as fashionable on such a suit as the slim rever that is part of a rolling collar. Cuffs are omitted. The best sleeve is long and small, fastened with four link buttons at the wrist about a quarter of an inch from the edge.

There is nothing new about this pat-

tern, but, strange to say, it has not been universal, although it was introduced in the most fashionable suits two seasons

Graham Rolls.—One pint of graham flour, one pint of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of butter or lard and three-fourths of a pint of milk will be needed for this recipe. Sift together the graham flour, wheat flour, salt and baking powder, rub in the shortening, add milk and mix into a smooth dough that can be handled—not too fast. Flour the board, turn it out and form into rolls the shape and size of large fingers. Lay them on a baking sheet so they will not touch. Wash the surfaces with a soft brush dipped in milk. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FARM NOTES.

-If onions were wanted from seeds buy Northern-grown seed. Sow about three to five seeds to the inch, and cover about one-quarter of an inch deep with

-Several hundred farmers in the vicinity of Harrisburg, Pa., have organized

-The ideal berry ground should be first, a rich sandy loam with clay subsoil; second, a dark loam or gravelly loam mixed lightly with clay and a clay subsoil, all having a southerly or eastern

-A man who raised a 300 pound squash says he did it by the following method: Two wheelbarrow loads of old hen manure was mixed with the soil in the hill, being put in quite deep and over a wide area. Then only one plant was allowed to remain in the hill, and only one specimen of fruit was allowed to remain on

-Prices paid to the farmers in the United States on October 1, as compared with October 1 of last year, averaged for potatoes, 30.2 per cent. higher; hay, 22.7 per cent. higher; oats, 17.4 per cent. igher; corn 7.5 per cent. higher; wheat, 5.7 per cent. lower; chickens 6 per cent. lower; butter, 9.2 per cent. lower; eggs, 10.7 per cent. lower.

—The National Argicultural Department of the United States reports that on January 1, 1912, there were 20,508,000 horses in the country, against 20,277,000 on January 1, 1911, and 19,833,113 on April 15, 1910, when the census was taken. The value of the horses this year was estimated at \$2,172,573,000, against \$2,259,981,000, a year ago.

With the "little frock" has come the justed in every particular. As the horse

-In 30 years' fertilizer experiments at the Pennsylvania Station it has been found that phosphorous and potash in a rotation containing clover continue to maintain soil fertility. Without the addition of organic matter during 30 years, except the roots and stubble of the crops raised, the soil has been kept in a state of high fertility, the land receiving an application of six tons of manure every other year during the 30 years.

-The United States Department of Agriculture recommends the following mixture as a good hog tonic: Wood charcoal, 1 pound; common salt, 2 pounds; sodium bicarbonate, 2 pounds; sodium hyposulphate, 2 pounds; sodium sulphate, 1 pound; antimony sulphide, 1 pound. These substances are thoroughly powdered and mixed. A dose is a large table spoonful for each 200 pounds of hog flesh. It is most conveniently given in a

-If the horses have been practically idle for some time and thus on a decreased ration of feed, now that an increase of the ration must be made you will find horses have been eating straw through the winter, don't put them onto hay suddenly and increase their grain ration at the same time: such a procedure will invari-

ably throw the animal off his feed. -Garden Hint -All lovers of flowers know they are prettiest when arranged with their own foliage. But the home gardener has learned that when dealing with sweet peas it is not always possible to obtain enough of their leaves to contrast, so he grows some plant that gives the right sort of foliage for floral combinations. The annual gypsophlia, a mass of tiny white flowers, is one of the most attractive of these. Others are the dainty ornamental grasses such as "Job's tears," the "cloud grass," "squirrel's tail" and "hare's tail grass," subjects far too seldom cultivated in garde

and one-tenth of one pound of digestible fat for maintenance. When producing 25 pounds of 3 per cent. fat milk she needs in addition to her maintenance require-ments one pound of digestible protein, 4.75 pounds of digestible carbohydrates, and four-tenths pound digestible fat for sustaining the milk flow. This result may be accomplished by compounding a ration of four pounds of ground corn, three pounds of rolled barley, seven pounds of alfalfa hay and 21 pounds of

—An analysis of sheep manure indi-cates that it contains about 6.2 per cent. of nitrogen, 7.3 per cent, of phosphoric acid and 6.6 per cent. of potash. It is higher in phosphoric acid than manure from cattle. In other respects this analysis shows it to be not dissimilar in compacition to ordinary bernyard manure. position to ordinary barnyard manure. At prices prevailing for commercial fertilizers, say, 18 cents a pound for nitrogen, 4 to 5 cents for potash, it would be worth about \$3.55 a ton. Of course, its value would depend on the care and skill with which it had been handled. It should be protected from leaching by covering and from fermentation by keeping moist.

-With spring work at hand, it behooves every farmer to see that the farm horses are in the very best condition pos-sible to begin the work. Then they should be given the very best of care during its continuance. If the horses have been moderately worked the past few months, all the better. If not, they should be hitched regularly now for a few days at least before they are taken to the field. Nearly every farmer has some work to be done with team and wagon before the spring work in the fields begins and it is well that this is the case. Perhaps there is some manure around the feed lots or stables that could not well be hauled to the fields during the

winter days, but which you can attend to now. A few days of work of this sort will be of great benefit to the horses just at this time; their shoulders will become toughened and they will do their work much more easily later on if given this exercise. Hard heavy work is not what the team needs now, but simply work that will afford the animals considerable exercise. If there is no work of any kind to be done on the farm, then drive them hitched to an empty wagon. See that exercise is provided them by compelling them to pull something.