Bellefonte, Pa., April 26, 1912.

THE MIST THAT'S OVER IRELAND.

blackbird calls,

And when you come it's risin' and when it falls.

It's made of green and silver and the rain and

And the finest sun is over it you ever knew. Och, sure it isn't mist at all, except a mist o

tears. A haze of love and longin' for the happy years,

that's gone.

The mist is like a curtain that the wind'll blow And lift a little wisp of it till you see below The shiningest country ever was of hills and

streams With the faces do be haunting you in loneso

There's people do be in the mist: their like's hard Their faces full of welcome, and their smile so

soft and kind. It was little I was thinkin' in the days that ran me sick: people don't judge me by my How I'd sit and break my heart for them on

weary day. It isn't fields and mountains and it isn't streams and trees,

Though all o' them is in the mist, nor hu the bees. Nor yet the thrush and blackbird, could vex me

And look the way of Ireland with my head in my

'Tis little that we value them, when we are young and gay, We think we'll have them with us for ever and a

We never know the good we have till lovin friends depart

And leave us just with half a life and half a heart.

There's a gold mist over Ireland that will never And some is walkin' in its way the light of my eyes.

They're never old and troubled now, and never The days we had together were the best I ever

Please God, some day that's comin' when the dread of death is past.

And I take the lonesome valley we all must take at last. I'll sight the hills of Heaven and the people all in

white. And you, and you, among them was my heart's delight.

And the mist that's over Ireland will be blowin' in my face.

I'll reach the other side of it to the happy place. And I'll not be lookin' backward like a lonesome

I lost.-Katharine Tynan.

A FRIEND OF THE MARRIED.

Lucia Bannard, in a becoming lavender

harmonious furnishings, its stacks of richly soft, superlatively cut top-coat that books and air of comfort and prosperity, would even surpass that of Rex Courtney. couldn't compare in a sort of exquisite, couldn't compare in a sort of exquisite, inspiring beauty with the Bannards'. In man in the little intimate social circle of

woman, with a slender figure, very large and expressive dark eyes, a short upper love toward the less demanding comforts lip with a proud yet infantile curve, and and pleasures of friendship. pale golden hair. Her taste in her own

"right," the one discordant note, in the smoke when he desired to, and ask for matter of suitable appearance, was Mrs.
Bannard's husband; he was a delightful He was a favorite with young man, but he would not buy clothes. He was indeed an extremely nice fellow,

Ronald, you will have to order your

ecause this one is worn out!"

"I don't see anything much the matter with it," said Mr. Bannard unimport- ald was really the nicest after all. He took up the garment and examined

"Ronald Bannard, if you begin talking was always notably well dressed. like that again after all I've said to you before, you'll drive me raving crazy!
You've worn that dreadful cheap thing—
I've always detested it!—for five years.
You've had the collar renewed three times and the buttonbelor merchants. You've had the conar renewed three times, and the buttonholes worked over so often that the last time even the tailor He had been at one time most intimate.

He had been at one time most intimate. Courtney wears And now-"

"And you needn't try and act as if you didn't care when I speak to you this way: you ought to care! I have to work, and work, and work, to make you buy the ordinary clothes that other men get as a matter of course. If you hadn't the money now, Ronald, I wouldn't say a word, but when I've taken such pains to save up enough so that you could get a really good coat—going without a new suit myself, though goodness knows I need one; .but, then, a woman can fix up things to cover deficiencies, and everymade over my blue satin myself, just because I had set my heart on your look-

When myself that's old and fretted now and colder than the stone

Was young in golden Ireland with the friends smiling at his wife. He had a smile that she did so now; she met his eyes stolidly as he continued with growing restive-

> "What difference does it make what I have on, anyway? It's my own affair if I choose to wear what I please. Great Scott, Lucia, I'll be so busy these next haven't time to go hanging around the very minute, but I don't want you to get before he stopped her with a gesture:
>
> tailors. All this talk about dress makes pneumonia, of course."

"You're very much mistaken, that's just what lots of people do judge you by," returned his wife triumphantly. "One returned his wife triumphantly. thing is certain, you cannot go up to the head office with Rex Courtney if you

raised key. "Stop right there! I'll get

"And you will go to Grandon's and bring home samples of cloth to-morrow?" Yes, I suppose so. Look here, Lucia," Mr. Bannard's tone changed from one of reluctant submission to that of masculine | tionate, while she, on the other hand, beauthority, "have you been taking my came warmest when he was cool. Somesmall screw-driver out of this drawer

perhaps I did take it for just a moment. put it right back again; I'm perfectly interest in life.

'Well, you didn't," said her husband witheringly. He faced her with his shoulflashing lightning. "How many times have I told you, Lucia, not to touch that screwdriver pass if I can't keep one thing of my own where I can lay my hand on it!'

hurrying off with placating alacrity. She had gained her point!

The next evening he really brought against the proceeding. They spent the clothes, of course." evening, in the intervals of reading and "Oh, it never take gown, sat in her pretty yellow bedroom, them from different angles. There were borhood. Everything with which but something darker, richer, indescrib-

the nine years of her married life it had been one of Lucia's chief objects to gather

There were other young men in the result that the very night of the festivity the things together which, as she expressed it, were "right," even if the house sort, who were only interested in their had to wait, scantily furnished, from own kind, or in girls, whereas Rex was Christmas to Christmas, for a chair, or superlatively the friend of the married. He was credited with having had an affair Lucia herself bore out the character of of the heart-perhaps, indeed, two or the house. She was a beautiful young three-in which he had been, colloquially, so "hard hit" as to turn his mind from

pale golden hair. Her taste in her own dress was as perfect as in other things.

Steel," but he traveled much of the time She was a clever manager, and never in its interests, often returning only over told anyone but Elinor Chandor, her next the week end, and so warmly pleased to door neighbor, how little her clothes cost; be welcomed in the houses of his more she seldom talked of any of her econo- fortunate fellow men that each household mies. Even the maid who answered the vied with the other in the possessiveness door, showed an extra nicety of cap and of its welcoming: each wife wished to apron, as well as in smiling good looks. believe that hers was the abode in Where everything was so esthetically which he really felt most at liberty to

He was a favorite with all the men. As he came in now, tall, happily light-footed, with a noticeably distinguished considerate of womankind, performing bearing and a teasing twinkle in his nice all the little courteous attentions for blue eyes, she interrupted his cheerful if them which their husbands meant to pertuneless whistle to say abruptly, as her form, but didn't: he brought boxes of eyes wandered over the big figure: children, who were devoted to him. His new overcoat at once, if you're going up to the head office with Rex Courtney on the first: it's only two weeks from Wedall the male sex: the men concerned had "Why do I need a new one when I've the effect of generously allowing services got this?" asked her husband with prompt that belonged to them by right. If at conclusiveness.

"Why? For the same reason I've told where both husband and wife from their where both husband and wife from their you twenty times before, Ronald Bannard, inner circle knew that no help was needed, they only smiled at each other compre

Rex gave the impression of thinking sympathetically: "If I could get as it with a cherfully appraising eye.
"All it needs, is to have a few little as this, you bet it wouldn't be long before as this, you bet it wouldn't be long before sympathetically: things done to it: a new collar, perhaps, l'd have them; but I know very well it velvet gets worn of course; and the butcan't be duplicated. It's awfully good of oles worked over where they're split, you to let me have a little corner here." and the lining patched up. I don't see but what that will make it all right for ties, not very tall, but broad-shouldered, this winter; lots of wear in that coat fair, clean-shaven, and with very white teeth; as Lucia Bannard had hinted, he

The women, though giving him his title

objected to doing it. If you have it done again, it will take buttons the size of tea dors; but lately his visits had grown plates to hold them. And it's all frayed out around the wrists and shiny in the seams: it's horrid; it's disgusting! It took away all my pleasure every time I went out with you last winter. You owned, was concerned, and his appreciation of out with you last winter. You owned, yourself, in the spring, that you could never put it on again. Whenever I've spoken to you about it since, you've promised me you'd go to Grandon's this force that made his sympathetic insight followed and a really bandonne could be force that made his sympathetic insight of her sime and metives very delightful. fall and order a really handsome coat, good material and all, the kind Rex to receive. When he occasionally joked The tears welled thickly in Mrs. Ban- with Ronald on some solecism in the latter's attire, she felt deeply—though she

It was this man with whom Ronald was to travel in company to report at the head office on the first of the month. "Did you take the samples back to Grandon's to-day?" Lucia asked her husband anxiously the next night after he

had come home from town.
"Yes," said Ronald lightly. "I hope to goodness you showed him the right sample!" "I certainly did. Grandon says it will

make a fine coat." "And when will it be finished, dear?" "Oh, some time within the next two thing does show so on a man! And I've weeks; before the first, you may depend on that; Grandon never disappoints. And look here, Lucia," he spoke gently but firmly, and kissing her upturned face half absently, as if it were some necessary refreshment, "I don't want to be questoined invariably charmed; it was always with about that overcoat every night when I great effort that Lucia withstood it, but come home! When ic's done I'll get it, and that is all there is to it. And, by the way, you might as well telephone to Bergwitz to-morrow, and have him send over for the old coat and put it in some kind of shape. It may turn cold sudden-

"Well," said Lucia grudgingly, "I'd like his old coat. two weeks I'm nearly crazy as it is; I to pitch the thing out of the window this

It did turn cold by the end of the fol lowing week, that bitter cold that comes sometimes in late November. Only the you thought of the beautiful garment her husband was to have, supported Lucia in the ordeal of seeing him in the old one. haven't a new overcoat; I'd die of morti- The tailor's art had somehow failed him advance your interests, Ronald Ban- awful buttonholes sprawling over one side, the threadbare edge, its indescrib-"Oh, well, then, don't say another able air of rustiness and collapse, were word," said Mr. Bannard in a slightly accentuated by the new velvet of the collar. It took enormous self-control on Lucia's part not to burst out at him violently when he put it on. A pregnant, withheld silence, in which she was apparently oblivious of her husband, always made him demonstratively affectimes things went his way, and sometimes they went her way; and no human "No, no, I haven't taken it! Oh-yes, power could ever predict whose day it perhaps I did take it for just a moment. was going to be. They were a young Ellen wanted one for the wringer, but I couple who, on the whole, found great

It was on the Monday evening before the trip, and while Lucia was hourly expecting the arrival of the new garment, ders thrown back and his nice blue eyes that Ronald came home earlier than

usual, praticularly brisk and affectionate Things have come to a pretty a little treat to night?" he asked. "Somebody gave Court three tickets for the "I know I put it back, but I'll go and look for it this minute," said his wife make it?"

"Can I make it!" cried Lucia rapturously. She flew at her husband and embraced him, while he fished in his pockthe samples home with him, and studied ets for a time-card. "I can get dressed From the mist that's over Ireland and the friends over their possibilities with her, in as in five minutes. You'll have to change, deep interest as if he hadn't fought yourself; you'll wear your evening

"Oh, it never takes me long to get into conversation, in hanging small dabs of cloth on his coat-sleeve and considering Ronald justice, he never minded wearing "Oh, he's all right." on a Sunday morning, gazing at a large all the ones that wouldn't do at all, and bother of getting them at which he balked. and dingy overcoat spread out before her on the bed.

The Bannard's small home was concluded to be one of the most charming in choice. But both at last fixed on one coded to be one of the most charming in code and the Lucia had to do, was perfect so far as taste was concerned; even the Brent-Lucia proclaimed, to a degree. She saw small for him! The last time he had woods' big roomy mansion, with its old, Ronald in prospect in a quiet-toned, worn the latter was at a wedding. She had begged and prayed him for three were out, on their return from the summer he had had to have the waistcoat split up the back, because it wouldn't button in front, and her sister Bess had inserted a wedge-shaped piece: Lucia was so angry that she wouldn't touch a needle to it! When he put on the coat, it skewered him to that degree that he looked ridiculously like a trussed chicken. He couldn't move all the evening for fear of its splitting. That had settled it: he had ordered a suit the next day, but his sur-

render taught him no lesson. The one drawback to the evening now was that that fiendish overcoat had to be put on above his splendor, She fancied that Rex Courtney's eyes took note of it curiously. She felt his undenying sym-pathy with her when he complimented later on the becomingness of her pale blue satin-under her lovely white cloak-with its tunic and tight skirt, after the fashion of the day, and the blue sil-

vered bandeau in her golden hair. "You have the art of making whatever you wear look as if it were the one per-fect thing," he announced; and she did not think it necessary to inform him that the gown was one of her exquisite economies, made over laboriously by her own fingers, so that her money for a new one might swell the fund for her darling Ronald's overcoat. He was careless as to his expenditures; his money was apt to melt as soon as he touched it; she had

to be the wise provider! Yet there was something in Rex Courtey's praise now that she found vaguely unting her. It wasn't in what he said, but in something he hadn't said, some-thing, she was sure, that he had wanted to speak of; she felt it all through the

"Thank you for a most delightful evening: it's been a joy!" she breathed fervently when they were parting at last on the home door-step, and he had answered

"I'm so glad you liked it: it's been a great pleasure to me," and added, turning to Ronald:
"We'll have to do this oftener together, the three of us. I don't know of anyone

who has a greater appreciation of beauty and a good time than your wife, Ban-nard!" Both men looked at her affection-"You're about right there, Court!" said

Bannard with his hand on Lucia's arm.

To have Rex Courtney speak in that way about her! Nell Crandall and her husband used to get all Rex Courtney's extra tickets, but now-! She wondered again the next morning

however, what it was that he didn't say. But she said to her husband suddenly before he left: "Ronald, do you realize that that over-

coat hasn't come home yet. and you start tomorrow night?" "Yes, Lucia, I realize it," he answered

"Be sure and see about it today. Don't chance their sending it. Wear it home, and let them send the one you have on. I'd have a fit if anything went wrong about it,"

VISIT THE DARMARG AS INTERTITY,
Lucia owning to Elinor Chandor that they found him rather stupid at times. Perhaps a friend of the married is most suctive WATCHMAN Office.

"Goodness knows that, it I had been getting it, you'd have had one long before this," replied Lucia with a desperate gesture and a theatrical moan.

It did not arrive during the day, nor did he wear it home. Lucia, on tenterhooks, after the first moment's questioning, subsided; she saw that look on her husband's face which warned off speech. She could get nothing out of him, except that it would be all right the next day; otherwise, as she confessed to herself, he was as dear as only he could be. He had brought her a box of matrons as a solace after he left, and was so delightful a lover that she couldn't bear to mar the

hour in any way. All Wednesday she looked forward to the moment when he would arrive, resplendent, for those last couple of hours before going in town again to start off for the night.

At his footfall she rushed down-stairs and turned up the hall light, that his effulgence might burst upon her. stead, he stood there as usual, taking the newspapers out of the worn pockets of

"Ronald Bannard!" she began wildly, "There's no use your saying anything. I never ordered that coat; that's all!" "You never ordered it! You told me

yourself that you went to Grandon's; "I did go to Grandon's, and showed him the sample we picked out, but I was in such a tearing rush that I couldn't even wait to be measured then; I said I'd fication if you did! And if you think in the renovation; perhaps he had tried be over the next morning. I've honestly going up there looking like a tramp will it so often that he had lost heart: those expected every single day to go in, but I've been so all-fired busy that I just haven't had a minute. Great Scott, Lucia, when a man has as much to see to as I've had lately, you can't expect him to bother about such a little thing as clothes! I've been nearly wild. You will just have to let me go on as I am till things straight-

en out a bit and I have more time.' "Oh, that's the way you always talk," said his wife bitterly. Her large eyes dwelt on him with a tragic despair. She had nothing to say: it was too dreadful. She had done her best; if he made a bad impression at the office, she couldn't help What was the use of struggling any more? Perhaps he had been too busy. She had a strange, forlorn, feminine pride in his being beyond even her control, even in her despair. She did not see how she could ever say any more to him about that overcoat than she had said.

She had thought this the height of the situation, but there was a peak beyond, unseen as yet. In the three days before return she found herself growing opera, and he wants us to meet him in tired, incapable in thought of managing things. She wasn't used to being with-out Ronald, and she seemed to be illimitably homesick for him. She wanted to feel his dear hand: she could forgive him temporarily for his tacit deception of her if he would only come back.

But the step on the piazza, when it did come, was not Ronald's but Rex Court-

Where's Ronald?" she asked anxious-"Oh, he's all right. He had business clothes when he had them: it was the bother of getting them at which he balked. ing," said Rex. "He asked me to leave

"Did you have a nice trip?" she asked perfunctorily.

"Yes, it was all right," said Mr. Courtney with a reminiscent smile. "Ronald's a fine traveling companion. The com-Ronald will get his soon; but-" Rex

with the gloves he held in his right hand. and a half cupful of sherry. "There's something that's been on my mind for some time, Mrs. Bannard. I wonder if you'll let me speak to you about it now?" He faced her earnestly. "It concerns Ronald."

"Why, certainly," said Lucia, confusedly agitated. What did he mean? What could be mean?

"Well, it's just this, Mrs. Bannard: Ronald ought to be more particular about his dress. A woman is apt to think that only her own clothes matter; she spends on them all the money her husband can spare, as a usual thing. It's her right, of course, to make herself look charming,a man's clothes don't matter just as much; it is indeed! A woman doesn't see the business side of it; it makes a great difference in many ways if a man looks well dressed, prosperous; respectable, in short! Other people place much more confidence in him. Now that overcoat voice tenderly as his eyes dwelt on the downcast face of his pretty hostess— "Really, Mrs. Bannard, you should never have let him off in a thing like that; it gives everyone a wrong impression, and he's such an all round fine fellow, I hate to see it. You feel all right, don't you, Mrs. Bannard? You haven't been ill? Of course I know that no matter what he has on he looks all right to you; that's the woman of it!" He smiled encouragingly

"I'm sure it is only a little thought on your part that is needed. You will for-give me, Mrs. Bannard, won't you, for taking so much upon me?" He looked at her anxiously. "Really, you don't seem

well, Mrs. Bannard." "Oh, I'm perfectly well," said Lucia, controlling her voice by a superhuman effort. It was as much as she could do not to let herself burst forth in towering hysterical wrath at this unspeakable

Instead, she achieved, for the moment a languid, chill carelessness of voice and manner as she went on:

"I think, however, with all your kind ntentions, you are just a little mistaken; outsiders often are, don't you think? A man like my husband has no fear of being judged by his clothes: he dresses entire-ly to please himself, and I should never hink of interfering. But I'm sure you

That night a tall young man in an old overcoat plunged from the last train into the snow that was beginning to fall, and There is a marked walked with cheerful, anticipative steps toward his home, happily unconscious of the tempest that he was to be called upon to soothe when he got there. But it has been noticed since that there has been no better dressed man in the place than Ronald Bannard, beginning with that very handsome overcoat which even threw in the shade that of Rex Courtney's, who, by the way, doesn't seem to visit the Bannards as much as formerly,

liviously searched for something in a chiffonier drawer, whistling under his breath.

"Look here, Lucia, who's getting this cessful in that capacity when he is convercoat, you or I?" he asked impertant troubles in that line. tent simply to admire and does not dash in where wiser men might fear to say a word.—By Mary Stewart Cutting, in the Woman's Home Companion.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

God bless thee with blessings beyond hope or thought, with blessings which no word can find.

Buttons were used effectively black and white trotting suit of chiffon serge, the jacket of which was cut somewhat on the lines of the Norfolk and confined at the waistline by a broad patent leather belt.

The notched revers were faced with white and edged with black satin, the latter material being used also for a cov-ering for the row of buttons which fastened the coat a little to the right of the center and were continued almost to the bottom of the plain narrow gored skirt. The sleeves were long.

A belt made of colored string is a novel accessory to milady's toilet. It is that the colt does not reach maturity in made by crocheting the string, using a less than five years; but a beef steer plain stitch, into the shape of a belt, having the two fronts narrower than the will be giving milk and raising a calf in back, says the New York Press. For three years. A horse raised on highwash dresses natural-color string is used, but if it be a dark gown or you maturity.

A norse raised on high-priced land ought to be worth \$500 at wish to match the color of your tie in the belt, make it of a fine wrapping cord that can be bought in almost any desired shade. Fasten it in front with a plain metal or pearl buckle.

There is great variety to the collars of the moment. When they are worn low they are turned well away from the throat, with a deep tichu-like collar of softest muslin and lace, or a sailor collar of oriental embroidered linen.

The medium collar band has no vogue, although the very high collar, perfectly shaped and boned, of soft and filmy material, is considered exceedingly smart, and figures on most of the smart after-

There is a place in the summer toilet we have a fabric that has never been so great a favorite among women that it became commonplace in their estimation. Modest and demure it is, but withal very charming

There are dainty white muslins with colored rosebuds and green leaves scattered over the surface, and there are others spotted with white that are given colored borders in the delicate su shades that are always delightful, the for horseradish. pale blue, the clear pink, the soft mauve and green shades.

Fruit Punch.—Make a syrup by boiling a pound of sugar with a cupful of water for ten minutes. Have ready in the punch bowl the juice of oranges and four lemons, one orange sliced thin, a can of shredded pineapple and a cupful of fresh brewed tea. Pour the syrup attributed to the poison. It, however, over the mixture and let it stand until cool. Then add a cupful maraschino cherries, two siced bananas, a cupful of California grapes cut in halves and seeded, a quart of mineral water and cold water enough to make six quarts of in a punch bowl.

Lobster Newburg.-Pick out the meat of a lobster, cutting in any size desirpany gave us a bang-up supper the other ed, and measure two cupfuls lightly. weeks beforehand, ever since the cards night, too. I got my promotion. I hope Put into the chafing dish or a saucepan with a rounded tablespoonful of butter paused, and slapped his knee meditatively and, when melted, add the lobster meat minutes. Beat the yolks of three eggs thoroughly and add to them a tablespoonful of cream, so they will not curdle. Add a scant half cupful of cream to the lobster, some wine, and cook until it bub-beaten yolks and serve as soon as it

> the spring openings, the Cuban or military heel is as popular as ever and will than in warm, and during their season of discarded in favor of the Louis Quinze. no one knows how better than you, Mrs. The latter is little used for street wear, Bannard,—but it's a mistake to think that model for every variety of evening slip-

> > The short vamp and the medium round toe are out of fashion. The modish foot must be dressed in a manner to make it appear long, narrow and highly arched.
> >
> > The season is now sufficiently advanc-

your husband wears-" Rex lowered his ed to make it safe to predict that the Colonial model will take the lead for street wear. It is distinguished from the pump which has been in vogue for both vinter and summer wear for the last two years by a wider tongue and a trifle higher cut, but the variation is enough to produce a marked difference in effect, especially in the models which are secured by ribbon run through one pair of eye-

> Patent leather is the favorite material at present for dress occasions, but will probaly yield precedence later to the softer kids and to buckskins, which will be fashionable both in black and colors. Suede has a tendency to make the foot appear smaller, but this advantage is offset in the eyes of the practical woman by its propensity to rub and look shabby after one or two wearings. Much the same thing can be said of the bronzed leathers, but they will be worn to a cer-tain extent with afternoon frocks and are always more or less in vogue for evening

> All the shades of tan will be used for eneral street wear, but the lighter yellowish tones bid fair at present to be the most popular. White colonials and pumps will be worn almost exclusively with lingerie and tub frocks, the lighter shades of linen suits, and with all white cos-tumes of whatever material. White satin and white kid slippers are used for general evening wear with frocks of all colors, but it is smarter to have the slip-

> There is a marked tendency toward conservatism in the footwear shown by the most exclusive houses, says the New York Sun. Whatever originality is permitted must take the form of individual designs in buckles which are shown in a large variety of shapes and material. Gold, silver, rhinestones, gun metal, pearl, both smoked and white, and all the fashionable leathers are seen in the various modifications of the square, round, oblong, oval and diamond shaped buckles.

-For high class Job Work come to

FARM NOTES.

-It is a very good plan to mulch the rhubarb plants with a lot of corn stalks or coarse grass. This will protect the plants during the winter and also keep weeds from chocking the plants if kept on after cultivation in spring.

-Turnips are valuable food in a ration for dairy cows where no other succulent food is obtainable. One must be careful and not feed too many turnips at first, or they will taint the milk; but if fed in moderation at first and gradually increased, never feeding abnormal amounts, there will be no trouble.

-In Nebraska, under dry-land agriculture, investigations prove that cultivation increases the absorbtive power of the soil; that evaporation from such cultivated soil extends but little below one foot; that from five and one-half to seven inches more of rainfall are stored on tilled, uncropped land than on similar land growing a crop.

-New York State is getting excited over the horse question. There were 590,000 horses on farms in that State in 1910, which is a loss of 38,000 head in 10 years. The trouble with horse raising is

-The loss in the weight as well as the value of manure as it is handled on the average farm when piled in the barnyard and left until spring or later is shown in an experiment which was made by the Maryland Experiment Station. Eighty tons of barnyard manure were put in one pile and left for a year. At the end of this time it was found the pile had lost in weight 53 tons, or over 60 per cent., while from the standpoint of fertilizer value it probably lost even more than

this. -Horseradish is commonly grown from sets and not from seed. Some claim they have best success in growing it as a second crop after early cabbage, beets, etc. The crop is dug in the fall, the small roots removed and cut into sets four to six inches long. The top end is cut square and the bottom end slanting, year after year for spotted muslin. Here so as to make no mistake in planting. These are tied in bundles and kept over winter in sand. In spring, after the cabbage are set out, a row of horseradish is planted between the cabbage rows. Small holes are made with a light crowbar or long stick, and the sets dropped in and covered two or three inches deep, so that they do not come up until July first. The roots are dug very late in the fall. Any deep, rich, well-drained soil will answer

-It is an accepted fact that salt is poison to pigs, and pretty deadly, too, if taken in any material quantity. But often deaths are assigned to other than the true cause in cases where salt is the agent. It will be said, perhaps, that no brine or salt in any form has been disposed of from the house for a considera-ble period before deaths may have occurred, and that any mortality may not be often happens in this way: Salt is occasionally carelessly put in the hog tub or maybe brine with salty sediments. slowly-soluble sait settles at the bottom of the tub, so that it is only when the dregs are taken out that the poisoning liquid in all. Serve with a block of ice takes place. Some tubs and cisterns are not really emptied for months, and then is the time that that salt poisoning may

occur. Cane hay, or cane fodder from which all the seed has been cut, is about the same as kaffir fodder for horses, but the juice of the stalk is more soured in warm, damp weather, and the seed is not good for the horses as a gain. It would be better to put the cane fodder into the cattle and save the kaffir corn for a horse

roughness, instead. Corn fodder is hardly as good for horses as kaffir corn. They will not eat much of the stalk, and the leaf growth is less year is the time to use up any fodder in the horse barn that may be necessary to be used there in order to piece out a shortage of hay, or to keep from buying Judging from the shoes displayed at the high-priced article. Horses relish any fodder much more in cold weather be worn on all occasions when it isn't comparative idleness they can get away with a coarser, more bulky roughness than when working hard in the fields.

—The extension department of the Minnesota College of Agriculture has recently prepared a bulletin which goes somewhat into detail on the yearly cost of keeping a farm horse. The first item mentioned is interest, which at 6 per cent. on the value of a \$150 horse amounts to \$9 a year. The average life of a horse is conceded to not exceed 10 or 12 years, so that there is an annual depreciation of \$12.50. The cost of buildings for shelter is computed at \$4.50 per year, this figure being ascertained by computing the average duration of a frame barn at 40 years. Figuring the depreciation of harness and miscellaneous expense at \$2.87 annuall brings the total expenditure up to \$28.87 ut any reference to the cost of feed

and labor expended caring for the horse.

The feed and care of a horse are estimated at \$54.84 and \$14.25 respectively. These items bring the aggregate average cost of keeping a \$150 horse a year up to \$98.96. It is estimated that the work horse on the average farm actually per-forms 1000 hours of labor in a year, which makes the time of a \$150 horse worth practically \$1 per day.

-When there is a shortage of the hay crop, many farmers resort to feeding fodder to their work teams. While it makes a mess in the stalls, as the refuse is coarse and hinders getting the manure out and the stalls properly bedded, it still is worth the while when the saving amounts to many pounds of high-priced hav each day.

Kaffir corn fodder is utilized for making good roughness for thousands of work horses now. They eat it without an inch of waste, even at the butt of the stalk. This means no coarse refuse to handle in the stalls, while the course stalks that are eaten by the horses seem to do them no harm. It is a good idea to mix in some hay occasionally, however, say one feed out of four. This keeps the appetite for fodder good, whereas, with all fodder it is liable to become dulled after a time. A good many feed a bundle of Kaffir corn, seed and all, to each horse for each feed. This makes both roughness and grain together, but with kaffir as well seeded as the average of it was last year, the grain feed is rather rich in proportion to the amount of rough-ness contained in the same bundle. A better plan is to cut the heads off and feed separately, thus proportioning grain and roughness more as it sh