Bellefonte, Pa., May 17, 1912.

"FOR EAST IS EAST, AND WEST IS WEST."

"What in the world has gone with that

We were each in an easy chair on the ranch porch. "We" included two cats; one, who had adopted us, named Tho-masita, a black cat with white hind legs in pajamas; the other, Little Pink, was a scrub yellow kitten who screamed for everything she wanted and got it; and now had the easiest chair of all. It had which gave him the air of stalking about a cushion. The third four-footed member of our group was Rollie, our faithful guardian, a dog of no degree, who spent

Five miles up a lovely but lonely canyon we had no mails, except when some chance wayfarers brought them, since cloudbursts had gashed the roads and the barometer of any stage of civilizamade them impassable. Consequently, as tion.' we lay back at our ease idly wondering nessing unwittingly the occultation of Mars, which some days later the newspapers informed us was a performance of wide-spread interest. However, our wonder at the disappearance of the star the day," she sighed.

was merely in passing, our conversation "Culture?" I protested. "That's another

being of another sort. For twenty-five years these women ranchers, coming from a large city, had lived thus remotely. Now that the open range had passed away they had sold off their excess herds and were their own cowboys. Except on great occasions such as branding, when the neighboring ranches sent help, they lived entirely alone. In this almost inconceivable isolation they kept touch with the great world without by means of those magazines and ac-commodating periodicals which present the progress of the sphere in tabloid form for the benefit of the busy and the remote, and with stories reflecting the manners and morals of the day.

Even with these aids there were wide gaps in their knowledge of the outer civilization, missing links, new coinage of words, inverted meanings, inexplicable changes in customs familiar in their girlhood, still greater changes in the spiritual and ethical outlook of the day. They went to town to vote at the appointed season, but this was all in the day's work; as to that creature, the new woman, of whom they had read so much, they were sorely perplexed. Thus there was an infinitude of talk as we endeavored to bring our two diverse civilizations within one another's comprehension.

For their environment was as inexplicable to me, just out of the whirlpool in which I had so nearly been engulfed, as mine to them. I had come from the seething centre of things, days and nights of bridge and other lady-like dissipations, of breathless runs in motor-cars to keep pace with my kind; this on my part. On the part of my family, the see-saw of the stock-market on which I was tossed now high, now low by forces beyond my control. One day we were rolling in the wealth of the sanguine, the next buried Illustrate. by the woes of the male Cassandras of the household, who saw the country on the verge of perdition. Now, I was lady who does the washing and cooked ing the caprice of the m and now, despairing before the heaping friend, Mrs. McPhail, who is kind enough up of the monthly bills. When the warm to look after us, and we made a place days came a friendly young doctor took for her. I must say she was very shy

"Your nerves are fiddle-strings. Beat it. You for the simple life. Three months at least, better six."

I took it as all medical advice because it fell in with my inclinations. I came to San Christos canyon, where except in emergencies we did nothing but eat, sleep, and talk; and talk like a rivulet overflowed the islets of eating, and even the longer stretches of sleep. This evenwed continuously. Salina had begun lightly enough.
"Do nice women smoke cigarettes?"

Well, yes.

Thanks for the implication. I can't. The tobacco always gets in my mouth."
"It seems incredible that women who wear lingerie gowns should smoke like

She's thinking of her latest heroine. Elena suggested.
"What have lingerie gowns to do with
it, Salina?" I inquired.
"They seem to me to lack the dramatic

instinct," she continued musingly without answering me. "Page in her cowboy "I'll take you dress riding the range with a cigarette in her mouth would look all right." "Page!" exclaimed Maria. "Don't say

that to her. Page would be mightily shocked at the bare suggestion."
"Page? Is that the little girl who breaks broncos? She's awfully fetching in her costume. By the way, Salina, where is your dramatic instinct when you go cowboying in a mother hubbard and a sunbonnet?" I ventured.

"Well"—she gave the matter some thought. "Why, for one thing, fan. Don't women fan any more? The stories scarcely every mention fans," she turned on me. I gave her question some consideration.
"I don't recall fans except as wedding

presents, and those are too fine for action. You see, this is an athletic age," I continued, feeling my way. "Women don't mind getting red; they fairly mop their faces with their handkerchiefs."

"In my days we were brought up to use fans. A fan shows off one's rings, and keeps the blood out of the hands, not to mention its conversational possibilities in critical moments. Humph. So women have laid down their fans and taken up cigarettes, rackets, and bats."

cigarettes, rackets, and bats."

"With Salina one swallow always did make a summer," Elena interposed. "On those cigarettes she will construct the entire fabric of your curious society."

"Certain!y." She accepted the challenge. "Cuvier only needed a bone. I have faith in what the French call 'indications.' I am like an old-fashioned doctor. I believe in symptoms. Such things are symptoms. Do cocktails go with cigarettes, and of course gambling at bridge?"

"They've been known to. But, Salina, don't profess to be shocked at cocktails," I protested. "I'll wager that you have sipped the sugar at the bottom of toddy es many a day when you were in

"I am not shocked. I am trying to understand. Certainly I was brought up in a land of toddies; but please don't compare those exchanges of courtesy and reminiscence for which toddy merely gave the opportunity with the modern cocktail."

"I thought she would take the medical tack," whispered Elena.

"Not at all," Maria whispered back. "She is making for the upper ether."

"Cocktails, from the stories I read, are an artificial stimulus to the appetite, and

ner," I admitted.
"Tossed down not drank-not a moguardian, a dog of no degree, who spent his days in chasing coyotes, also his nights, when he was not dreaming of chasing them. We others were merely four women, three ranchers and their visitor. cigarettes and sophistications all indi-cate a sophisticated social state. Women were never given to pipes and toddies when I was in the world, and woman is

"Both cigarettes and cocktails are where that star had gone, we were witnessing unwittingly the occultation of "Yes, they belong to a hurried, breathless age, the age of get-rich-quick schemes, the success of the short story, and I expect one sees it in the culture of

pair of shoes. Nowadays one only thinks of culture in connection with bacilli." "There it is again. Liberties with the

very language. This constant perversion."
"What do you mean?" Elena, who was
the student and read book reviews, broke in. "I always thought culture was such a decent word, Out here we lower our voices when we utter it."

"Then don't do it again. Scream it. to it.
Toss it to the high heavens."
"Yo
"What then shall we say?" she and Then Maria chimed together.
"Forget it," I cried shamelessly,

what was to them an unknown tongue and with insane gesture.

By these tokens I knew that the crystalline air and ranch life came so much nearer things elemental than I had ever

encountered had laid hold on me—aided, I confess, by something of the hysteria of high altitudes Salina had left her chair to suggest to

a wandering young rooster that it was time for chickens, at least, to be in bed. When she had settled herself I continued: "Life with you is a return to simple elements. Here there are no programmes. You meet things when you come to them. Each event is the result of a new combination of circumstances and must be dealt with accordingly. If you have any standards to which things may be re-ferred, I haven't encountered them. It means a lot of responsibility for the individual. The individual is not important with us. Here everything must be de-cided on the spot, and as if it had never happened before. There are no prece-Half the time since I have been

That's all right. Never mind the grammar; it's congressional."
"I haven't an idea of what you mean.

here I haven't known where I am at.

about it.

"Yes, I see. She was born a Scotch peasant. What else?" ignoring explana-tion. "Your guests last week were a well known cattle rustler-

"Yes, who scoured the country one entire night to get a nurse for me when I had the pneumonia. Go on."

"A judge, one of Quantrill's men, who sought seclusion in the valley below many

years ago."
"Yes. He is now on the school board."

"And Uncle Henry Jacobs, important member of a family of bandits, and has rustled your cattle many a time."

"And notwithstanding is a very good neighbor on other occasions, although I wouldn't leave an axe helve unguarded

when he is here. What more?" "Well, I am no more at ease with your polite society. Your suave composure when Mrs. Augusta Angevine told me that poetry came natural to her because her father was a bosom friend of Hiawatha filled me with admiration while I hid be-

We laughed the laugh of the scornful, but Salina did not mean to be side-tracked by such frivolities.

you go cowboying in a mother hubbard and a sunbonnet?" I ventured.

"When she wears a peaked Mexican hat she is the image of the old woman riding a broomstick. I'll show you a snap shot I caught one day up the canyon," laughed Elena.

"Tve no time to costume myself when thieves."

"No, her appearance scares them off," Elena persisted.

"But, Salina, what may a woman do in a lingerie gown?" I returned to our theme.

"Well"—she gave the matter some thought. "Why, for one thing, fan. Don't women fan any more? The stories scarcely every mention fear." about the class of the can with the chick mean responsibility for the inflat vega and above it the lawn-like mesa dividual—more than you realize. If the law can don't fix to gard and above it the lawn-like mesa dividual—more than you realize. If the law can alwove it to lawn-like mesa dividual—more than you realize. If the law-like mesa dividual—more than you realize. If the law can alwove it the lawn-like mesa dividual—more than you realize. If the law can alwove it to lawn-like mesa dividual—more than you realize. If the law can alwove it the lawn-like mesa dividual—more than you realize. If the law can alwove it to lawn-like mesa dividual—more than you realize. If the law law can alwove it the lawn-like mesa dividual—more than you realize. If the law-like mesa dividual—more than you realize. If the law law can alwove it the lawn-like mesa dividual—more than you realize. If the view of the canyon the law vega and above it the lawn-like mesa dividual—more france from a whoth of the ridge of the Point and the lower part of the canyon was in a short climb to the ridge of the Point and the lower law to part and the lower part of the canyon was in a short climb to the ridge of the Point and the

"Of course, I can see that it is these opportunities for instant decision that make you so resourceful. That also is the reason you are never bored. It fascilook and listen. nates me. You are always on the eve of some situation that counts, and what it is

Here Rollie growing ominously made for one of his private passageways under the fence. This meant danger. Elena reached in-doors for the six-shooter that always lay on the table by the door. The moon, that had been sauntering in and out the dark, rolling clouds, was now

stood up on her cushion and stretched herself. Elena swept her off and Pedro sank down, unable to speak.

Salina picked up the rifle and examin

"Pedro has killed somebody," she said

wittingly, paying a tribute to his skill. "Si," he whispered. "Juanita's man. They're after me He straightened himself in his chair, his

eyes trying to pierce the darkness, our eyes following his. 'Keep quiet everybody," Salina commanded. "When you can, let me know all about it. You've been drinking,

"Si, ma'am," he breathed. "John Bucks too. "The Dutchman, your sister's man?"

Courage seemed to come back to him, surrounded by friends. We were only four women, but we represented to Pedro the dominating Americanas. Elena had left us; we heard her moving stealthily

"Don't make a light, Elena." "I'm not such an idiot. Where did you put that cold tea?" "On the pantry window," Maria inter-

Pedro, half-breed Apache and Mexican, had been on the ranch at intervals since he was a small boy. For three years he had been the cowboy, and had only left when the fencing of the ranges and the reduction of the herds made him no worked in a mining camp. But his devo-tion to the Americanas was like the fealty of a dog

"Pedro, they told me you had become a loaf of bread, and some potatoes. 'bad hombre.' "Si, ma'am," he said humbly.
"Elena, stop making that noise.

"Drat that footstool," we heard Elena muttering in the dark. Pedro swallowed the lumps in his throat, and sank back in his chair. His exhaustion was the more piteous now that he had found friends and could yield

"John Bucks lick Juana, one, two times. Then I lick John Bucks, and we have he pleaded. "No more mucho, and we make names between us." Elena interrupted him with her strong, cold tea, and Pedro gulped it down. The tea tightened up his quivering nerves,

and he sat up again.
"Then we fight, and John Bucks knock me down and put foot on me. I bite his leg, and he make for knife on table. Then I get gun, but I can't get John Bucks until I make so far." Pedro took up his rifle and brought it to his eye, to indicate that he had to have sufficient distance. "Then I catch John Bucks." "Perhaps you did not kill him, Pedro,

Maria suggested. "With gun I miss no man. He no move. I saw people run and I hide in hill. When everybody run to John Bucks, I go other way and get street car to Ter-tio. Then I 'phone to Jose to bring horses to old coll-mine, and I hear that boy cry loud, very loud. He say officers watching horses—officers there already. Then I run to hills and hide until I find horses

Who gave you the horses?" Elena "I took horses," he repeated.
"One already saddled?" dou

doubt in her "I took horses." Evidently he did not mean to tell,
"What difference does it make where

he got horses, Elena?" To Salina that he had horses was the salient fact, not "My horses better." Pedro added. "You let me have short gun. My gun too long, if men get me."
"No, Pedro. One dead man is enough,

said Salina. Elena stepped inside and I heard her take the six-shooter from its place on the table and move away. Pedro heard too. "You afraid ot me, Mrs. Allen?" he

"No, indeed, Pedro. But, do you know, I think you would get off. If you would like to give yourself up to the officers, I will go to town with you," Elena sug-

Pedro sank back frightened in his chair and threw up his hands.
"Never. No, I die first. Never they

get me alive. Jail too long. Court too long. Never."
"Sit down, Elena, and lower your voice. You wouldn't do it yourself, and what chance has a half-breed," Salina interposed. "There is no time to lose. As I argue, they'll think he'll make for the Americans to get horses. What direction did the horses go this evening,

The Point was a quarter ot a mile down the canyon where, piercing the arroya, it cut off the view of the house. Between the Point and the house lay the flat vega and above it the lawn-like mesa

immediate constructive efforts on the part of my friends fascinated me. But

"I'll go with you, Elena."

"You. What are you thinking of?"

"I'm not thinking. It's a bad habit."

"All right. I'm glad of your company

"All right. I'm glad of your company. We have no time to lose. Stay back, Rollie, you are not wanted." Disappearing, she came back with a little pistol she slipped in her pocket, and we climbed to the vega to seek the shelter of its trees. "Look where you step, if you can. Twigs are more fatal than rattlers tonight." I had taken no thought of the snakes, now engaged in sloughing their skins and liable to be about, but even snakes now seemed to be a trifling matshrouded. Grouped together, peering through the darkness, we saw a man with a rifle running from the hills across the mesa. Salina was the first to speak.

"It's Pedro. Something is up."

Rollie had stopped growling and ran by the side of the man, who opened the gate and came toward us. It was a piteous figure, breathless, water streaming from his face, which beneath was gray and wan, his eyes bloodshot and his coat torn by the underbrush. He sank on the lower step, and the strong arms of Maria helped him on to the porch. Little Pink

Twigs are more fatal than rattlers tonight." I had taken no thought of the snakes, now engaged in sloughing their skins and liable to be about, but even snakes now seemed to be a trifling matter. The clouds parting now and then sending down rifts of light from the moon now high in the heavens, we pushed nearer the deeper darkness of the trees. Above us on the hills we heard the irritable cry of a pack of coyotes crashing through the underbrush, and welcomed the sounds. Stealthily we made our way over the vega, which the Herefords kept

smooth as a lawn, to the Point, which rose precipitately until it sharpened and was lost in the arroya. We dared not speak, but touched one another now and then to assure companionship. A gleeful fear, the most enchanting emotion I had ever experienced, possessed me and gave lightness to my feet. The slopes of the ridge we were about to climb in order to overlook the canyon were covered with young growth. Here we gathered our skirts closely about us and crept beneath. We could hear the soft cropping of a bunch of greedy cattle and the stirring of the horses. These helped to efface the sound of our movements which seemed painfully loud.

"Lie down," whispered Elena. "Flat." Prone on the earth we drew ourselves up and peered over the ridge, where we could see the dusky forms of the broncos, but nothing more. We lay some time gazing into the darkness, when Elena breathed into my ear.

Watch that deep black blotch on the other side of the rincon. I am sure it is a horse and buggy." We lay some moments watching it resolve into definite-

"I am satisfied they are there. Come." We crept down the slope again and sped quickly along the smooth vega. "They are watching for some one come for the horses. They suspect Pedro is here. He must leave as quickly as possible and get over the Divide before

We ran light-footed to the house. There longer necessary. Since then he had Salina and Maria with practised hands in the darkness had secured a flour sack and were filling it. Around them were a can of salmon, the half of a boiled tongue, 'Pedro, have you any matches?" Pedro,

with a tray on his lap now being fortified by food, shook his head, and a box of matches was added. "Salina, there is a buggy around the Point. They are watching the horses. You had better get Pedro away as soon as possible." Elena took the little pistol from her pocket as she came up the step.

Pedro reached out his hand. "You will let me have the leetle gun?"

"No more gun-play, Pedro."
"Let me see, Pedro." Salina got up and fingered his catridge belt "Thirty-five steel bull-noses. Those ought to see you through. Pedro, get over into New Mexico as soon as you can. A clear twenty-four hours and you are safe."

"Where did you leave the horses, Pedro?" Maria asked. "Under the toby tree," he answered, meaning a tree under which Toby, a steer, had been struck by lightning, and was one of the ranch landmarks. "I'll bring them round to the back of the house while you finish eating. Have you any money?" Elena began to look for

her purse in the darkness. He shook his head. "I can scratch together a dollar for you. You know we keep no money here. "Your coat is in rags. Anybody would know you had been in a scrap. Elena, look behind the door and get my old gray sweater. Yes, it is there. I knew it was. There, put that on, Pedro. That's better. Elena, take the flour sack; Lucy, pick up Pink. Somebody will step on her, and she has the voice of a steam whistle. Come, Pedro. Have you your rifle?"

Rollie and Thomasita seemed to realize the gravity of the situation and followed us quietly through the house. Pedro, like an automaton, appeared to have no voli-tion. Under Salina's command he obeyed ike a soldier. Behind the garden fence Maria stood with the horses, where we

"Make for Old Mexico, Pedro," Salina counselled as they gained the horses, "change your name, stop drinking, and behave yourself. When it is safe to write let us hear from you, but don't write

There were no waste words, no formal good-byes. We gathered silently about Pedro while he mounted, and watched nim as he disappeared up the canyon among the trees "Well, that's all we can do," and Salina

turned back to the house. "Elena, run ahead and light the lamp. Is there any of that cold pork left, Maria. I'm as hungry as a hunter."

The little adobe kitchen shone brilliantly, and unmindful of deputies around the Point we resumed our usual loud and cheerful tones. My desire to thresh out

the affair from every point of view seemed to meet with little response. Except for briefly expressed hopes concerning Pedro's success in eluding his pursuers if he took this road, or mistool that, the events seemed all in the day' work, and at present of no further

hind my napkin."

"I'll take you over the hill to her ranch," Elena hastened to offer, "and she will show you a photograph of Mr. Roosevill—Teddy, she affectionately calls him—hung by the side of the "Three Maggies," and she will tell you how she just loves those old men following the star."

"Down toward the Point."

"Wherever the horses are the officers will go. I don't think they'll come here, for they know that Pedro's Martini is good for that distance. They will wait for some one to come for the horses. Do you suppose that you could find out if they are there, Elena?" Salina turned to hard.

"I could not let it drop so easily. Helping my day's work. I felt as if I had taken a bottle of quinine and iron, and an equal amount of champagne, and the effect on my constitution had been immediate. As we sat around the table, cheeks in hand, amid the wreck of bread." butter, pickles, and pork, I felt that some strength and effervescence must be ex-pended before I could close my eyes. The situation seemed made up of a net-

need to be reminded that prevention is better than cure because it saves ustime, money and suffering. We also need the money and suffering. We also need the reminder that prevention is a great deal easier than cure. Many times disease which might have been prevented cannot be cured at any cost. About one-sixth of the deaths of this country are due to consumption. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has saved thousands and thousands of men and women who suffered trom obstinate cough branchitis. let go. She lost her left hand, but was able to swim ashore and save her life.

suffered from obstinate cough, bronchitis, "weak lungs," bleeding of the lungs, and similar ailments, which, if neglected, or unskillfully treated, lead to consumption. Ninty-eight per cent. of those who give "Golden Medical Discovery" a fair and faithful trial, are perfectly and perma-nently cured. There is nothing "just as good" as Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery.

-Go to the Bellefonte Academy minstrels on the evenings of May 17th and 18th and enjoy a good laugh.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

BROKE HER PROMISE.

She Hated to Do It, but Then She Felt

That She Was Justified. widely known motor racer was asked by a f. jend if he would be so kind as to allow three young women to accompany him white he was trying out a new racing car.

"Why, I can't be bothered with passengers at a time like that, and especially with women. They always talk to me, and I can't have my mind distracted. It might prove dangerous. you know."

"But these girls won't bother you. I'll tell them not to. One of them is to say they have ridden with you. You know how girls are."

"Well, if you will tell them they mustn't speak to me while I am driving they may go. They mustn't move around or do anything to distract my attention. You impress this upon them. If they are willing to do this they can go.'

The promise was made, and they started. At one place the driver ran over a water guard and there was a tremendous bump. He did not try to look around, as he was going at a rapid rate of speed, but presently he felt a timid touch on his shoulder.

"What is it?" he growled. A weak little voice answered him: "Really, I hate awfully to bother you. I know I shouldn't and promised not to. But I feel I must tell you Helen isn't with us now." - Harper's Magazine.

A TOMB IN TOKYO.

Luck In Chips From the Headstone Over a Famous Thief.

Behind the temple sacred to the nameless dead and close to the wrestling amphitheater in Tokyo there is to be found the grave of the celebrated robber Nezumi Kozo, who stole from the daimios long ago in the old Yeddo days that he might relieve the sufferings of the poor.

There is a superstition connected with this grave which has made it a much frequented spot. If a portion of the headstone is carried away it acts as a lucky talisman, particularly to those who speculate or are otherwise engaged in games of chance. It is usual for a person breaking a piece from the stone to make a vow that in case he is successful he will buy a new headstone to replace the one he has mutilated. Many prayers must have been answered, for the stones are piled high on either side of the grave. and an enterprising individual near by has the stones already for sale and only waiting the name of the donor to be engraved and then set up.

A shelter has been placed over the spot, and from the roof hang gray lanterns and pilgrims' banners. A large money box catches all the stray sen which go for the upkeeping of the grave. Gamblers and geisha are often visitors. Students before their examinations feel more assured of success if they have a chip of Nezumi Kozo's headstone in the sleeve of their kimono.-Argonaut.

On Safe Ground.

Whenever on one of his rare holidays Captain Goldby went to the city he took some young relative with him as a special treat. On one such occasion he told his seventeen-year-old grandson, whom he had with him, that they would "dine at a real rest'rant and get a taste of fancy cooking."

When they were at last seated in the great dining room the grandson waited impatiently while the captain read the bill of fare completely through without omitting a single article, whether domestic or foreign in title. At last he sighed and handed the card across the table to the boy.

"You choose what you like, sonny." he said, with a sigh. "As for me, I reckon as I've already eat more herrin' than any other man livin' I might as well stow away a little more. It's al'ays agreed with me so far."-Youth's Companion.

Talleyrand's Brevity. A single word was often sufficient for Talleyrand to make his keenest retort, says the Kansas City Star. When a hypochondriac, who had notoriously led a profligate life, complained to the diplomatist that he was enduring the tortures of hell Talleyrand simply answered. "Already?"

To a woman who had lost her husband Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence in two words:

"Oh, madame!" In less than a year the woman had married again, and then his letter of congratulation was:

"Ah. madame!"

Conquered a Crocodile An old traveler tells a tale of a young African gir! with great bravery and presence of mind. While fetching water from a river she was seized by the jaws of a crocodile and pulled in. As quick as a flash she remembered the weak point of a crocodile and forced her fingers into the brute's eyes until it

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."

"In what amount?" "Oh, in varying quantities." "Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."-Pittsburgh Post.

His Wife (who was unable to attend) -Did the congregation agree to your utterances on the criminal rich? New Clergyman (proudly)-I am sure they did. They were all nodding .- Judge.

FARM NOTES.

-Work horses should be allowed to run out in the pastures at nights in all weather except during very severe cold and storms.

-Stuffing the colt with hay or straw,or any very coarse feed, will spoil its looks. Keep this ration down by the use of some grains and less coarse feed.

-The horses standing in the barn in stalls on stormy days need currying more than in warm weather. A vigorous appli-cation of the currycomb and brush on the frosty mornings adds greatly to the comfort of the horses. -The color of honey is lighter on high

lands than low; in the north than toward my sister. They are crazy to go; want the equator; on calcareous than on ferruginous soils; in a wet than in a hot, dry season. A peculiar fact is that a mixture of two honeys is darker than either kind separate. -Texas raises more turkeys than any

other State in the Union, and, where it is possible, turkey raising is the most profitable form of the poultry business. Federal census of 1900 placed the total number of turkeys grown in the United States at 6,500,000, with Texas supplying

-There is no section of the country mmune from plant diseases and trouble some insects. The orchardist and the gardener should provide spraying materials and be ready for any emergency. Some seasons may not require severe fighting, but others will require vigorous assaults.

-Phosphoric acid is the constituent of plant food that promotes the maturity of the kernel in grains. If the soil seems to be lacking in this constituent, acid phosphate should be applied as a fertilizer. From 200 to 500 pounds to the acre, according to the needs of the soil, is recom-

-Arkansas and Louisiana produce corn and cowpeas, and the hog growers in these States have found good profits in fattening hogs on peanuts and sweet potatoes, letting the hogs harvest the crop. Central Texas grows for hog feed corn, Kaffir corn, milo, peanuts, alfalfa and -Commercial fertilizers, when intel-

ligently used, revive thin and worn soils and enable the manager to start a pro-gressive system of rotation, which brings larger crops. Money can be made by using commercial fertilizers, but intelligence is necessary, as in all methods of farm management -The dairy cow has a wonderful

capacity for consuming coarse foods and converting them into butter fat. Every farmer should keep dairy cows to consume the hay, grain and forage crops on the farm. The manure returned to the farm will build up the soil and increase the profits from it -The ration of the driving horse should

be different from that of the average work horse. This is due in a large measure to the peculiar demands of such an animal. It should be fed with much less roughage in proportion to its size than a horse at ordinary work The roughage should be of a different nature.

-The horses' feet should have attention from birth. Trim them into shape with pincers provided for the purpose, using a rasp to finish up with. When the colts are oid enough to be shod don't let the shoes stay on too long. No shoe should stay on a horse over eight weeks ld stay on a and it should be reset once during that

-A successful grower of swine says that he finds corn for growing pigs, in connection with milk and shorts, better than corn at any other age. After his hogs have passed the "pig" age he reduces the corn allowance until finishing time. He considers skim milk the best of all feeds for all hogs of all ages and conditions. Milk gives swine appetite for more feed, as well as furnishing valuable

—There are heavy clay soils, sandy soils and muck soils. Heavy clay soils have a tendency to pack thereby necessitating special cultivation. It is a mistake to plow clay soils when not in proper noisture condition; even a single pl ing of a too-wet clay soil will show a bad ffect for a number of years. It is important that there be an abundance of vegeable matter near the surface.

Drainage, too, is of prime importance. It is natural for clay soils to retain moisture, which permits them to puddle easily if worked when wet. The drainage is very effective.

Crops and rotations must be chosen with special view to the character of the land. Clover and timothy grow abundantly on clay, and small grains

cluding oats, barley and wheat, are well adapted to such land. The rotation on clay fields should include clovers, small grains and tilled crops, such as corn and To maintain fertility it is necessary to add considerable vegetable matter by turning under an occasional second crop of clover or other legume, as well as by using all available manure. Clay soils rarely contain much humus. The supply of phosphorous is also limited and should be increased by the addition of phosphorous factilizer and protection for the contained and should be increased by the addition of phosphorous factilizer and protection for the contained and should be increased by the addition of phosphorous factilizer and protection for the contained and the containe

phate fertilizer suplementing The addition of vegetable matter in sandy soils is valuable as it is required to increase the water-holding capacity, as well as to add fertility. In the production of sandy soils, water frequently is the limiting factor, due to the texture of the sandy soil as well as a lack of vege-table matter. The fertility needs of sandy soils are nitrogen, phosphorus and potash. The average sandy soil contains only one-third to one-half as much fertil-

ity as clay loams. Legumes are beneficial because they supply the needed nitrogen as well as humus. The use of lime on sandy soils, which are very commonly acid, will aid in securing a stand of alfalfa and clovers. Rotations must be chosen so as to increase the amount of vegetable matter crease the amount of vegetable matter and provide a legume crop to cover the soil at least one year in every three years. Thorough drainage of marsh soils is the initial step toward improvement. Special cultivation is needed by such lands. Heavy rolling, by packing the loose peat soil, produces a firmer seed bed.

Marsh soils are rich in nitrogen, but are deficient in phosphorus and potash.

are deficient in phosphorus and potash Barnyard manure will supply these ele ments, but it is more economical to apply it to the uplands and use commercial fer-tilizers on the marshes. The soil is fre-quently in need of lime to correct acidity. There are crops that are best adapted to marsh lands. Corn, potatoes, garden truck and timothy and alsike for hay are