Bellefonte, Pa., September 20, 1912.

"ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES."

"What of the garden I gave?" God said to me,
"Hast thou been diligent to foster and save The life of flower and tree? How have the roses thriven.

The lilies I have given, The pretty, scented miracles that spring And summer came to bring?"

"My garden is fair and dear,"

I said to God. 'From thorns and nettles I have kept it clea Close-trimmed its sod. The rose is red and bright, The lily a live delight; I have not lost a flower of all the flowers That blessed my hours.

"What of the child I gave?" God said to me. "The little, little thing I died to save, And gave in trust to thee? How have the flowers grown That in its soul were sown, The lovely, living miracles of youth And hope and joy and truth?

"The child's face is all white," I said to God. "It cries for cold and hunger in the night: Its feet have trod The pavements muddy and cold; It has no flowers to hold,

And in its soul the flowers you set are dead. "Thou fool!" God said. -By E. Nesbit, in New Age, London.

THE PRICE.

As Lester brought himself to speak of something which for days he had avoided, there stirred in his mind, half acknowledged, the realization that the sub-tlest and most unequivocal commentary we are wont to make upon those of our close acquaintance lies in the subjects which we hesitate to approach with them. He lingered over the breakfast-table, sorting from among the letters that had come by the early postoffice. Margaret looked up from the enjoyment of contemplating an especially large and brilliant cherry, still held suspended between thumb and finger.

"Do you mean to make the reservations today, dearest?" she asked It removed all further possibility of delay, beyond the slight time gained by putting into his pocket the selected let-

Should you be very much disappointed if we were not to go?

He could almost have wished that he had refrained from saying it. There had come upon her face an expression he shrank from seeing. It had hardened into lines of reproach, with a prompt and instant supposition that she was being thwarted, imposed upon. "Should you really mind so much?" he

repeated, nevertheless. 'I don't see how you can ask." As he himself recognized the superfluity of doing so, he abstained from reply. "What is it this time?" she inquired, in the cold restraint. "Business a tone of cold restraint.

He shook his head. "No-not that. At least—not my business." She waited. "It is yours," he added. Her look changed to one of non-comprehension, shadow-ed by slight uneasiness. "Mine?" she

He put the portfolio back into the in-

"Well," he led up to it, "in a way, yes. "Well," he led up to it, "in a way, yes. In the way one generally loses money if one happens to own improved real estate.

There is always deterioration, you know.

Should be soon at notice. By way of compensation he had promised this few months in Europe. It was natural that she turned, startled. "Was I to wait?" the driver asked. Buildings grow old-fashioned, they don't meet the proper requirements—as to safe-ty and that sort of thing." She was evi-dently a trifle relieved. "I wonder," he propounded "if you have ever seen that tenement of yours?" He referred, she knew, to a building her father had made over to her at the time of her marriage, the rent from which, together with the dividends upon a few shares of stock, represented her dowry and gave her a small income she might call her own.

"No," she answered, "I have never

"I wish that you had." He was looking at her reflectively. "I wish you would go down there with me in a day or two. You'd understand better. Ever since I've been looking after it for you there have been complaints from the tenants, perpetual demands for repairs of one sort or another. Sometimes I've refused, sometimes I've granted them. But the other day I thought I'd better run down and see what all the trouble was about. Do you know where it is, even?" She gave the names of the streets. "Yes," he assented. "But that doesn't imply much to you, I dare say. It's not exactly a delightful neighborhood. However, there are bound to be such in every large city until the world grows a little wiser, probably, There ought not, how-ever, to be tenements in such a state of disrepair. Even the law's requirements aren't fulfilled—and those are slack

He had not paused to reflect that he was passing criticism upon her father. And she herself did not take it so, or else she accepted as a matter of course that scrupulous right-dealing was not to have been expected in that quarter.

"Are they likely to make us trouble?" He would rather not have had her put it in quite that way. "Who?" he said, a little shortly.

"The people who attend to those things —the authorities."

He caught himself frowning, and it was an effort to clear his brow. "I don't think they are." He tried to be gentle, to consider the allowances that were due, "It has to be pretty atrocious before the

"It has to be pretty atrocious before the authorities get around taking notice."

"Well, then?" Her mind was clearly more at rest. "I don't see what we have to bother about." It was impatient, more than a little irritable.

"Just this, Margaret. There isn't the faintest question that we are morally under obligation to put that building in good shape. And to do it would take by far the larger part of what we had meant to spend for Europe this summer."

The blankness of her face could not but touch him. "I know, darling," he said; "I realize how much it would disappoint you. And it disappoints me, too. For several days I haven't been able to bring myself to tell you." "Just this, Margaret. There isn't the

bring myself to tell you."

"I gave it all up for you once before," she reminded; and her lip was trembling. "I know you did. And yet—this time it isn't for me. You see that?" She made a vexed gesture as if to refuse having thrust upon her a responsibility she did not feel.

"It may be very dreadful, but I'm afraid I'm not deeply concerned about sacrificing myself for the tenants." He was obliged to recognize that his meaning had been lost to her. "If they've managed this long, I suppose they can stand it for a while longer," she went on. "These people are accustomed to living."

It was the stangard bar accustomed to living taken the whole affair so seriously as she. In masculine wise he might have brushing to read what it portended. Upon his ing to read what it portended. Upon his sequence. Upon the impulse of the moment's desire to make sure, she went to the telephone and called for his office spair surged blackly over her.

"I'm afraid you've been frightened," he

"Or else we could put off the trip until ty of yours, I believe. He went down at next year," he suggested, wishing that he might abandon the matter, yet urged against it by a vivid recollection of what he had so lately seen.

"Next year there may be some other reason why we couldn't go." In the slight flushing of color and droop of the lashes he read her meaning; and he could down there. And he had said it was unsupport but feel that the potential cause of the lashes he read her meaning and he could down there. And he had said it was unsupport but feel that the potential cause of the lashes he read her meaning and he could down there. And he had said it was unsupport but feel that the potential cause of the lashes he read her meaning and he could down there. And here were the repeated, incredulous. "To the fire! But why in the world did you do that?"

Her only answer was an uncontrollable but the potential cause of the lashes here. And here were the repeated, incredulous. "To the fire! But why in the world did you do that?"

Her only answer was an uncontrollable but the lashes here were the repeated.

laid the facts before you."

young womanhood that she made, across from him there, her elbows resting on

was not to be used upon her.

"Not in the very least," she asserted.

"I was nice about it before—but this time I can't be disappointed at the last and before it came she was on the steps, and the steps it came she was on the steps it came she wa

waiting for his car he was seeking to justify her. If he had made allowances all lt was a smooth and silent process. along, could he not continue to do so down the street. They passed And he had further maintained the con-viction by appeal to the evidences of the flesh. She was not merely a very pretty woman. All the possibilities of what he hoped for in a wife were suggested—in the breadth of the forehead, under the tions. Directly they were on an avenue suggested itself. heavy, parted hair, in the large, widespaced eyes, in the generous modeling of her features, in the habitual sweet gravi-ty of her look and tone. Those, he had assured himself, were not signs which could fail. They indicated permanent, primary things—things which in the long run must become active and manifest. It primary things—things which in the long run must become active and manifest. It was only the accident of her up-bringing that was to blame for certain superficial characteristics which were not quite lovable, admirable. She had been too much petted, too much sheltered and humored by a far from discerning father and mothage.

She fell back and sat watching the regarder was the fare changing slowly before the place when you see it. No," he set right the misconception. "It turned out to be a couple of tenements close by. For a good while, though, there was danger the flames would spread."

"It was not my property, then?" She spoke as if yet only half comprehending. "And the people who were by a far from discerning father and mother. But when she should be put to the test she would show the finer things of her nature. Had she not done so, in- end at last. married far better more than once. In taking him she had foregone a great deal which she had been trained to consider desirable. And it had necessitated withstanding no little opposition in her home. Exactly because of this he had been all

should be soon at home. By way of com- some one. something definitely desirable. On the other hand, the condition of her property, had better wait. the discomforts and worse of the tenants, meant no reality. Her imagination did not compass it. Of all that side of life she had the vaguest ideas. "If they thought it so bad—they would move," she had said. He could have smiled in sad "You're likely to get lost in the crowd and can't find me again," he suggested, with civil decision. "Maybe you'd better pay me now."

She took the money from her purse. "Don't go away," she begged.

But because he preferred to think about it no longer he accepted the paper which was thrust upon him by a keen-faced, ill-

point did not bring the satisfaction that it might have brought to a nature for which self-gratification was the one desirable thing. A vague, nervous discom-fort was followed by rising resentment. It was not fair that she should thus be

The misery and the conflict were not to be endured throughout the whole day alone within-doors. She dressed and went out, first to buy several things for the trip, and afterward to lunch with the girl who had been her maid of honor in the previous June. The latter was to be married soon, and was to start directly thereafter for a trip around the world. She asked if there was still the plan for Margaret's deferred wedding journey. And the answer was a "Yes, indeed," for whose emphasis she was at some loss to account.

But the decision,irrevocable as it might be, failed to bring peace of mind. Once she had gone on her own way again, depression returned to weigh all the more heavily upon Margaret's soul. Nor was there anything to dienel to account the sharp and the trip and the trip and the trip and the midst of this twas, down here in the midst of this other so strange and inimical.

When she rang the bell of her own door it was after dark. The maid, coming hastily, anticipated her question, telling hastily, anticipated her question, the was after dark. The maid, coming the was after dark. The maid, coming hastily, anticipated her question, the was after dark. The maid, coming hastily, anticipated her question,

Then, abruptly, it occurred to her that safe. she might be torturing herself quite need-lessly. Herhaps her husband had not the door; yet she stood off, uncertainly, the WATCHMAN Office.

"Those people are accustomed to living like that. They don't know anything else. If they thought it so bad, they would move. We can fix up the place next year."

It was the stenographer who answered. "Is this Mrs. Lester?" She recognized the voice. "Mr. Lester had to go out unexpectedly. Some one rang him up to say that a building was on fire—some properator. "Yes," she assented, lifelessly. There

Beyond that her quick and anxious what she had half meant to withhold. questions elicited little. He had gone went down there." e had so lately seen.

"Next year there may be some other when to expect him back.

not but feel that the potential cause of other checks upon her pleasure would be the scene of the conflagration were as the room adjoining, and when she was other checks upon her pleasure would be no more welcome than this present one. "You promised me faithfully that we should go this summer."

"And I have every intention of keeping my word," he answered, with a just perceptible hardness. "I merely thought that you yourself might change when I laid the facts before you."

the scene of the conflagration were as vague as the greater part of those that had to do with the workaday, practical world about her. Several times, of course, she had seen fires, ones that had done no great damage. But she had only paid attention to the splendor of flames and smoke and to the handsome engine to catch."

It did not, however, seem to be all that processed her wind the processed her wind the processed her wind. hat you yourself might change when I and smoke and to the handsome engine horses. So her imagination was free to conjure up visions of her husband rushing in to aid the firemen, risking his life that in the control was again forced from her. tween her lips. He realized how charmin to aid the firemen, risking his life that ing she looked, the picture of delightful others might be saved. If he were to be

hurt—killed—
It took possession of a mind already
It was a bad business."

Her hands clinched upon his in a nerthe polished dark wood, her arms coming overwrought, and instantly she was albare from out the laces. She was smil-most beyond control of reason. All that ing, evidently reassured, since compulsion presented itself clearly was a wish to be

minute. By and by we'll be able to put the old building in order."

As he walked down the street and stood in so far as to look around at her curi-

It was a smooth and silent progress now? From the first he had seen much of what had shown itself a little more clearly today. But he had excused it as could be only a few yards at a time, with the result of circumstances, of conditions intervals of waiting for the moment of -believing it to be only a surface trait. the serried mass ahead, or for a policeman's signaled permission. When her impatience became too great she asked completely unfamiliar. Its length seemed limitless. Again she spoke to the man.
"Is it much farther?" she said, her

changed to what she supposed must be slums. Perhaps they were reaching the

driver turned and spoke.

"It's as near as I can go," he said. the more anxious to gratify her desires. So that, since she had been his wife, this was the first time he had put any obstacle in the way of a pleasure.

To be sure, he had cut short their wedding journey, as she had reminded him.

Were upon the edge of a crowd that lined dear, he said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned thick with smoke, darkening the sky of late afternoon. It poured from the control of the street from side to side. The air was chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that thied dear, he said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said, as he settled back in his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said to smoke and rest. And he motioned that the said that s she had reminded him. here and there, rolling up, falling back But that had been understood before- as a stream of water drove upon it. ner pocket of his coat. "Have I lost any time had made it imperative that he them a fireman was carrying something hand. The condition of his affairs at the There were ladders in use. Down one of

A hand was laid upon her arm, and "Oh!" she said. "I forgot. Yes-you

"You're likely to get lost in the crowd

"Don't go away," she begged.

Now that she was here she began to realize the futility, the foolishness of what she had done. There was no slightwas thrust upon him by a keen-faced, illest chance that she would encounter her clothed little newsboy, and went out to husband. And the crowd itself frightentake the approaching car.

To Margaret, however, left alone and unoccupied to think over what had passed, the reflection that she had gained her ing uncouth tongues. Those near by seemed to lose their interest in the fire as they watched her. In the moving and shifting she was being closed in, and she pushed back, stifled, afraid.

At the crowd's edge again, she found herself beside two women who were speaking in English. She brought her-It was not fair that she should thus be made to feel that her own pleasure was wronging others—making them suffer. There might have been some consideration of how uncomplainingly she had foregone it all that other time. And she would do it again—for her husband. But why should she make herself unhappy for a lot of people in the slums whom she had never seen, and who, after all, prob-

a lot of people in the slums whom she had never seen, and who, after all, probably didn't think themselves badly off? Of course she had no intention of neglecting them altogether; but they could surely wait a little longer. She had a right to the summer of idling in France and Italy—to her deferred wedding journey. If one were never to have any pleasures because somebody else had to be without, it would be a dull world enough.

Yet—how was she to be happy while she was conscious that her husband was displeased, dissatisfied with her? The trip was spoiled now—whether they went or was spoiled now—whether they went or stayed. Tears came hotly to her eyes as she fought to ignore the sense of a compulsion acting from within her own soul—something new, unfamiliar, and most unwelcome. nwelcome.

The misery and the conflict were not it was, down here in the midst of this

she had gone on her own way again, depression returned to weigh all the more heavily upon Margaret's soul. Nor was there anything to dispel it as she returned to rest and read while she waited for the maid to bring tea. The outlook into the future was dull and hopeless. It was impossible that things should remain as they were.

Then she heard the bell of the telephone, and before it had ceased to ring the receiver was at her ear. The voice was not Lester's, and she turned instantly faint with apprehension until she realized that it was some one speaking for him. He was on his way home, the man told her. Yes, he was safe, perfectly

"I'm afraid you've been frightened," he

was a short pause filled with constraint. "I went to find you," she came out with

"You went down there!" he repeated,

vous contraction. He spoke no further reproach than the bare fact. But she near him, to go down to the fire her- could have felt it kinder if he had accursed her unsparingly. Anything would have been less terrible than this distance he so quietly assumed to be between them. Yet that very order of fear which compels one to go toward some dreaded thing that may be lurking in the dark made her put one question more.
"And the woman with the child—the

one who jumped?" "They caught them in the nets. The poor thing was beside herself. If she had waited they could have taken her out. She didn't seem much the worse for the experience," he added. "I saw her standing on the steps of your building just be-

fore I left."

Did you think it was your building that burned, Margaret?"

"Is it much farther?" she said, her voice high and nervous.

"We're a little over half-way," he told her, imperturbably.

She fell back and sat watching the register of the fare changing slowly before the place when you see it No." he see the place when you see it No."

"And the people-the people who were hurt—they were not my tenants?"
"No," he repeated. He was something

deed, by consenting to be his wife? From the worldly standpoint she might have the reached her ears the chug-chug of taking it. But he was something at a loss to comprehend her manner of taking it. But he was too tired to make engines and the sharp clang of a gong. much effort at understanding. It had not in a minute they had stopped. The occurred to him that she was interpreting the inertia of fatigue as indifference

toward herself. She stepped out to the sidewalk. They were upon the edge of a crowd that filled the street from side to side. The air was chair to smoke and rest. And he motionover it, giving himself up to his weari-

It was not wholly weariness of the flesh. The dissatisfaction of the morning, driven away for a time by crowding events, returned now, as something which was henceforth to be the accompaniment of his leisure, of all the moments whose occupation would not crowd it out. He felt unreality beneath this seeming close companionship. Was their life to become as that of all those others, the vast majority of husbands and wives for whom he had always entertained a half-contemptuous pity because they remained together in partial, makeshift relation? Yet now he understood better how they could adjust themselves to the compromise he could once have been so sure of scorning. Love was to be reckoned with—and marriage -apart from all the arguments of pure reason. And he loved her, and, she was his wife. He looked down at the dark head so near him, faith reasserting itself

insistently.

He wondered if she were thinking of the fire and its results. What impression had it made upon her beyond the nervous excitement which had spent itself in tears? And then, as if in reply to the unexpressed question, she spoke.
"Dear—did you make the reservations

to-day?" A contraction seemed to go through all his frame, the manifestation of mental recoil. He compelled himself not to speak until he could let her feel only kindness. Then he answered measuredly: *No, I didn't, Margaret. I was just starting when I heard about the fire. But the first thing in the morning I will attend to

She moved now at length, looking up at him. In her eyes he saw so well the light of the awaited dawning, that he was scarcely aware of, scarcely needed the slight movement refusing consent. They fell again into silence as they

continued to sit there together, his arm about her, drawing her a little nearer. He had forgotten his fatigue, forgotten almost everything save his conten and hers.

and hers.

Neither was conscious of how long it had been, when at length her voice came upon the stillness, less as sound than as the sensed passing of a thought.

"Even as it was—I have a responsibili-

ty—in a way." It was the tentative, appealing speech of a new, uncertain knowledge. knowledge.

The effect was to bring before him, suddenly and terribly clear, the recollection of what had been paid that this knowledge should come, that this happiness of theirs might be. And there was vouchsafed to him also, after his need, new understanding. He was smiling a confidence which he felt within himself and could impart to here as he lifted here.

and could impart to her as he lifted her fingers to his lips.—By Gwendolen Overton, in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. -If the cows need a laxative, oilmeal is better than any kind of salts. Like ensilage and roots, it has a natural laxative and helps to keep the cow in healthy condition. When an animal is run down from wrong feeding a medicine has little value. It is only by right feeding and clean, well-ventilated quarters and good care that health and vigor may be research. -If the cows need a laxative, oilmeal

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good that he does in this world to his fellows.-Mahomet.

A collapsible hat bag, which is just the thing to take when off for a vacation, where closet room is often limited, can be made at home with good results, says the Pittsburgh Post.

A 20 inch circle of cardboard covered with some fancy material is the foundation. Either silk, lawn or cotton print can be used and the bag may be a combination of plain and flowered goods of

the same kind. Three rows of material are sewed to the foundation, the first two being four inches wide, the last strip eighteen inches, which allows for the beading and casing. A draw string in the casing is the means of closing the bag.

Between the other strip a piece of bone in a narrow casing holds the bag out in circular form when it is drawn up. Cardboard standards fastened to the foundation are folded so that they, too, will be collapsible.

This box or bag can be packed flat, and when needed the standards are set up and the bag is drawn into shape and tied with the draw string.

The three-quarter sleeve is ousting the elbow sleeve for day wear and it remains to be seen, says a writer, whether we shall be wearing them to the wrist universally and for how long. The long sleeves are more becoming to the arm and hand, and it has often been a terrible real trible real trible. ble revelation during the vogue of the elbow sleeve to see the thin arm and the red hands which wiser women would the Oxford were about equal in value of have covered.

One of the new notions is a long shoulder that drops for two inches over the arm, and a slightly full sleeve that is gathered into the arm with a piping cord. and with such a sleeve there is a four-inch cuff that falls over the hands. Big Boston and May King are the French women looked upon these with most popular of the heading varieties, kindly consideration, for they never care while the Grand Rapids is the leading to show their arms or their necks except loose-leaf variety for frame culture. The

deep collars and wrist ruffles.

But long sleeves may have armholes set in the usual place, only a little longer than usual; and this is a step in the right direction, for when they are tight to the arm they interfere with freedom of move-

The long sleeves are buttoned or hooked closely to the wrist. Many of the washing dresses have muslin or net sleeves, which are delightfully cool, and you see these also in satin gowns.

Many of the smartest little satin and silk coats are very vague in line, left un-lined, or lined with chiffon. Straight, shapeless, self-trimmed little garments though they are, they are invaluable for

slipping on over frocks. A little coat of this kind may have the neck and sleeve corners carefully turned back to show a lining of vivid chiffon or gaily colored soft silk. A coat of a bright color with a scarf girdle or sash to match is often worn with a skirt or one-piece frock of white or neutral tone, and always looks pretty with the lingerie frock.

The superstitions relating to marriage are perhaps the queerest of all superstitions. Even the custom of the bride tossing her bouquet to the bridesmaids is pure

with some of the others.

Our forefathers believed in magical inlune was then, as now, the month of eason of marriage was June.

woe to the couple married in May, and this month was always avoided if possible because it was believed that then the people united in marriage would be under the influence of spirits adverse to happy

In those days the marriage was never considered fortunate if the bridal party, on going to church, met a monk, a priest, a hare, a dog, a cat, a lizard, or serpent; while all would go well if it were a wolf, a spider or a toad.

In an article on "The American Girl" in the May Woman's Home Companion, J. Nilsen Laurvik says:

"What has marriage to offer in com-pensation for the many things of which it deprives her, is a question that the young Miss of today asks herself with a growing skepticism. What opportunities of enjoyment does it hold that are not open to joyment does it hold that are not open to her before marrying? And with an in creasing sophistication she confidently answers: 'None,' weighing with the greatest nicety the actual and known joys of girlhood against the problematical and restricted joys of wifehood. And not infrequently all the fuss and feathers attending her engagement is merely the paraphernalia of the most delightful makebelieve ever invented in which the girl paraphernana of the most delightful make-believe ever invented, in which the girl pretends to the man that she regards him as the noblest and handsomest of human beings, while secretly in her heart she feels herself superior to him or any other mere man.

EASILY PREPARED MENUS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

(1) Brown Bread Sandwiches filled with Seasoned Egg Yolks. Small cup of Cottage Cheese Lettuce Sandwich. Ripe Peach Cake.

Meat or Fish Sandwich Cheese Sandwich Baked Apple

Cup Custard Bread and Butter Apples Slice of Beef Loaf Plain Cake or Home Made Candy Wrap all sandwiches, cake, cookies

etc., separately in paraffin paper. This paper may be purchased for a small sum —24 sheets for five cents. Use plain clean, well-ventilated quarters and good care that health and vigor may be restored.

——For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

——Woman's World.

——Woman's World. FARM NOTES.

-Cows fed grain in addition to plentiful pasture gave decidedly more after the pasture season than those not so fed-so reports Cornell Station as the result of four years' experiment.

-The Michigan Station found that sugar beets and mangels would produce when fed in combination with grain, as high as 700 or 800 pounds of pork per acre when the hogs were allowed to gather the roots themselves. These crops include mangels, sugar beets and carrots.

-Sheep should not be allowed to remain in damp places, especially in winter; and by no means in a damp place at night. Rot and hoof diseases result. However, if a sheep has the rot it is well to it cure if possible. A recommended treatment is a mixture of one part of liquid camphor, two parts turpentine. three parts water, giving the sheep a tablespoonful two or three times a day.

-Lettuce seldom thrives at mid-summer except in sections where soil and climatic conditions are suitable. Endive is quite a desirous substitute for lettuce for mid-summer culture. This crop is grown much more largely in foreign countries than in the United States but it is hoped that American growers will give the crop more attention and pro-duce it on a larger scale for mid-summer

—In sheep breeding and feeding experiments at the South Dakota Experiment Station the Cotswold lambs made the largest gains per head daily, required the least quantity of grain and produced a fleece that brought 26 cents more per head than any other breed. Of the Down fleece per head, but the Hampshires and Shropshires required more grain for a pound of gain than did the Oxfords.

-Lettuce for fall frame culture should at home. They are too wise to allow sunburn to disfigure their pretty skins, and care should be exercised that the bed does not become too dry before the plants are up. In about three weeks the seed should be sown in fine, moist ground plants are up. In about three weeks the seedlings will be ready for transplanting and they may be set in solid beds or in flats. Three or more weeks later they will be ready for the cold frame, the soil of which should be made very rich by the application of plenty of rotten ma-nure. It may be an advantage to use some lime, and commercial fertilizer may also be used if desired.

> -The pure-bred animal, or the beef animal of good type, eats more food than the scrub. This is the reason why he makes more economical gains than the scrub, rather than the popular belief that he makes a better use of his feed. The scrub requires a larger proportion of his feed for maintenance because he eats less. That is if it requires the same amount of feed to maintain his body a day as is required by the pure-bred animal and he eats less, then a larger proportion is used for maintenance. It is also a fact that in steers of equal weight both the dressed carcass and the proportion of high-priced meat to the lower priced cuts are larger in the pure-bred steer than in the scrub. These are the reasons why the pure bred steer is supeprice and not because he can make materially larger gains on a given amount of feed, as is popularity thought.

The peach crop of Southern New Jersey superstition, though we scarcely consider is practically at an end for this season. it such since it is so universally in vogue. In the vicinity of Hammonton returns Even this superstition does not compare have been unusually good—one man who refused \$10,000 for his crop on the trees . Our forefathers believed in magical invocations, love philters and fastings. product himself. From the Elm station a train of fifteen carloads of peaches went months. The Romans considered it the out in one shipment. Besides the heavy most fortunate month of the year, for the shipments from three railway stations, four automobile trucks are kept busy If there happened to be a full moon on the wedding day this was especially fortunate. They also believed that it meant a money-maker, and each year hundreds

of acres of young trees are set out.

While the peach tree is hardy, growers have a drawback in the early swelling and blossoming habit of the flower buds. If during the winter or early spring there is a week or so of mild weather the buds may begin growth and afterwards be kill-ed by frosts.

WHERE TO LOCATE ORCHARD.

In making a selection of a location for a peach orchard care must be taken that the section is one where the buds are least likely to start into growth and bloom before the settled weather of spring arrives. When possible, elevated lands should be selected and the planting done on the northern and western slopes. Low lands should be avoided, as on such sites late frosts are severest. It is also bad to plant on sunny southern slopes, as trees planted on such locations come also into earlier bloom and are likely to be injured by late frosts. Therefore the ideal location for an orchard is a high situation, where the cold air will flow off down to lower levels, and a northern or western

aspect.

A soil that is a rich, sandy loam, and well drained, is considered the best for the peach, but a crop can be grown on nearly all soils. They do well on gravelly loams. The poorest soil, though, is a

heavy, compact clay.

Good orchards have been located on stony and rocky lands, and often on soils so poor that they might be declared worthless for any other crop. When the soil is very rich there is apt to be an excessive wood growth. The ground must be plowed deeply, and placed into a good condition of tilth before setting out the

Propagation is from seed, and the seed-lings budded with the improved varieties. There are some varieties that do not require budding, as they come true from seed, but there are only a few. The seeds are gathered and arranged in layers with sand, in the fall of the year, and exposed to the action of frosts over winter. sand, in the fall of the year, and exposed to the action of frosts over winter. The following spring they are planted in the nursery six to eight inches apart, in rows wide enough to allow of horse cultivation and covered about two inches deep.

About August or September the trees will be fit for budding. Well-matured buds must be used, and the budding made close to the ground. Fall-set buds remain dormant over winter and begin growth

dormant over winter and begin growth

Poet-I called to see if you had an opening for me.
Editor—Yes, there's one right behind

you; shut it as you go out, please. -Finest Job Work at this office