My cup is a cup of sorrow, And, turn it as I will, The breath of the myrrh and aloes

Clings to its sharp edge still; But if ever I fain would leave it With the bitter dregs unquaffed, Jesus, I try to remember Thine was a harderdraught!

My path is set with briars: They tear my lagging feet: Dark are the ways I wander, But if ever I fain would linger. Then comes that face divine

Jesus I try to remember My cross is of fire and iron; It wounds to the very bone: But if to the top of Calvary

I needs must climb alone When the soul I would have died for Turns, ice and stone, from me. Saviour of all, I remember A world rejected Thee!

THE CONOUEROR MAN.

PART II

[Concluded from last week.] The friend shrugged his shoulders and crossed one knee above the other.
"Usual summer crop," he suggested.
"Flora and Tom," said Delicia, "Elinor

and Blake, May Kearney and the Andrews When she paused invitingly, the friend "Clay Montgomery and the pretty widow," he finished. "At least that's hearsay." He looked at Delicia a trifle

curiously "Is Mrs. Fallet very pretty?" asked

"She'll be at the Country Club tomorrow night. Yes, she's pretty as a picture,' said the mutual friend, and departed, wel pleased with himself.
Clay, on the other hand, sought no

news of Delicia. Having learned from the society columns that she was at home again, he became aware of an unexpect ed fact; namely, for some reason he de sired not to see her. Further, he desired not to think of her, and that gave hin pause, uncomfortably. In his new ardor for Mrs. Fallet he had not made allowance for the time when Delicia should re-The old story had seemed old in deed, yet it threatened at odd moments a renaissance, and this Clay purposed to

avert if at all possible.
"What's dead's dead," he said to himself, forgetting that the twin of death is sleep. "Am I a cad?" Then he tied his tie for the tenth time in a half an hour 'Am I a cad?" Then he tied his and went out to take Mrs. Fallett to the weekly dance at the Country Club.

Mrs. Fallet was very beautiful that She wore a gown of shimmery silver stuff, exquisitely simple, with rosy orchids that Clay had sent her. Her eyes were still and cool, but her hands were cool as well, and not so still.

She, too, had seen the society columns and the mutual friend sometimes adorned

her sitting-room. When she looked in the mirror just before her maid brought her coat and scarf. she smiled at herself unkindly.

"You can't have two bites at a cherrymeaning happiness," she said to herself. "Dear old girl, I'm afraid there's rather a bad quarter of an hour on the way for Why couldn't you have let well

Clay.

"The Dresden lady's back, isn't she?"

"Naturally," said Clay, a trifle stiff, "I
haven't seen her." "If you had rather not see her," said Mrs. Fallet, "isn't it just as well you

But Clay pretended not to hear; he feared the justice of that remark.

It was inevitable that before the evening was over Delicia and Mrs. Fallet should meet. There are always Fates in

petticoats who attend to these details, and there is almost always an appreciative audience, petticoated and trousered, to remark the subtleties of the situation. In this instance, however, audience was lacking. Mrs. Fallet, coming out upon the vernada a little in advance of Clay's broad shoulders, put out her hand with her little mocking laugh to a young man, pleasantly ugly, advancing from

"You!" she said. "I'd no idea you were in town." Then to Clay, "I fancy you've met Mr. Burke?"

"How'do, Montgomery," said Burke cheerfully. "Tried to get you on the wire this evening, Mrs. Fallet. I'm mighty glad to see you. It's the merest chance that I'm—" he broke off, peering into the dark beside him. "Miss Lang, I say! Are you deserting me? You know

these people, don't you?"

At which, of course, Delicia came out of the shadows and smiled. She looked rather little and young, and the smile

"How do you do?"

"And Mrs. Fallet;" said Burke.

"How do you do, Mrs. Fallet?" said

of this.

"Jolly little dance," said Burke, who was an out-of-town man and knew not what he did.

"The club dances this summer have been uncommonly nice," said Mrs. Fallet lightly. She appealed to Clay with a flicker of a smile. "Haven't they?"

"Rather," said Clay, and would have liked to say more, but found himself unpleasently together. pleasantly tongue-tied.

Delicia spoke past him, delicately ab-

"I'm only just home from Virginia; this is my first this fall."

"Virginia's a very charming place," said Mrs. Fallet.

"I adore it," said Delicia, a trifle too convincingly. "I've had the happiest summer of my life there."

With which she met Clay's eyes and flushed painfully.

flushed painfully. "When may I have a dance," said Burke to Mrs. Fallet.

She gave him her card and a waltz. "Can I—get a dance with you?" said Clay to Delicia. He managed to make

his voice quite colorless.
"I'm sorry," said Delicia, "my card is full." Then a resistless impulse swept her on the rocks. "Unless," she added breathlessly, "I take this next one away

from Mr. Burke-he's had two alreadyand give it to you.

So when the music began, Mrs. Fallet So when the music began, Mrs. Fallet sat upon the veranda and listened to Mr. Burke's amiabilities, with Dead Sea apples bitter at her lips, and Delicia went in to dance with Clay Montgomery.

It was a waltz called "Amoureuse."

The fiddles whimpered and the flutes cajoled through fifteen minutes of ironic sweetness then with a sigh of satiety the

sweetness, then with a sigh of satiety the music stopped, and Delicia and Clay went out again upon the veranda. They found themselves a window away from Mrs. Fallet's white gown, which glimmered in the dark; also, they found themselves stranded for lack of words. The thing "You had a pleasant summer," said

Clay at length. 'I love Virginia," said Delicia. He tormented a tendril of vine that came within his reach, and she twisted

"I'm told you are a subject for congratulation," said Delicia suddenly. She did not look at him. "Mrs. Fallet is very

"Thank you," said Clay. His voice aggested anything but a successful lover.
"I am so glad," said Delicia, "that you are happy." If the laugh with which she intended to accompany the words had been what a laugh should be, the effect might have passed. As it was, Delicia stopped with a catch in her throat, at the pity of her own mirth. "Suppose you take me back," she said bravely, "I have the next dance."

So all that was unsaid continued unsaid, and the old story woke up and clamored to get free, and it was not a happy evening for Clay. Neither, for the matter of that, did Mrs. Fallet enjoy her-

On the way home she spoke of Delicia. "It's quite too bad," she said, "you two should have quarreled! She's a dear lit-"Suppose we let the subject drop," said Clay. "I must say, Lilia, I don't consider it's in very good taste, dragging her into it like this." tle thing.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Fallet coolly, Are you reproving me, dear boy, for my "Not in the least," said Clay; "you

know what I mean.' Mrs. Fallet shrugged and smiled. it's a subject you can't bear to touch or even speak of, we'd better have it out, once and for all, and look at it straight." "There's nothing to look at," said Clay, with more than a shade of irritation. He was fighting within himself to overcome the insidious attacks of memory, and that the woman for whose sake endeavoring to preserve a gentlemanly concentration of emotion should question his state of mind, justly annoyed him.

"It's an old story," he said, as he had said before, "and it's over and done with, if you please." "It is not over and done with," said Mrs. Fallet, "when you look as you looked tonight at a mere chance meeting

with her.' Now Clay had supposed that a front of marble inscrutability hid his gnawing uncertainties. He had also considered that a prying world could never lift his mask.

Hence, again, he was justly annoyed.

"My dear Lilia," he said rather brutally, "jealousy makes a great deal of unlhappiness for itself. Don't you think althis is unnecessary?"

They had come to Mrs. Fallet's door, and, having entered the dim cool hallway, Mrs. Fallet laughed. She laughed very softly, but it added fuel to Clay's flame.
"I think I'd better say good night," he said stiffly. "If you find this humorous—"
Perhaps in the back of his head an infinitesimal hope flickered for a moment a subconscious desire for a quarrel which should set him free. The word tingled with possibilities; but he thrust the thought away from him. He even offer-Something of the same sort she said to ed to kiss her, with a sense of nobility

Mrs. Fallet evaded the kiss.
"Not tonight," she said, and gave him her hand.

When Clay had gone she went up to her room and went to bed. She lay awake for three tortured hours before she arose and sought in the Japanese cabinet on the wall for a white powder which disposed of the rest of the night quite

As for Clay, he went home and sat by the window, and considered—like the immortal bovine of the poem. The result of his considering was a letter, acceptable only upon the third revision. You must give Clay this, that he found himself in an unhappy situation, and that he was trying manfully to make the best of it. He had loved Delicia, and Delicia had thrown him over. Then, with the fine resiliancy of the incomplete amorist, he had loved Mrs. Fallet; whereupon Delicia had come back and aroused the old feeling. Also, Delicia still cared for him. He knew every shading of her voice too well not to be aware of that. But Mrs. Fallet cared for him too. At this he groaned aloud. It was as Mrs. Fallet herself had once told him, a weary world,

and full of women.

Ultimately, as has been said, he wrote a letter after this wise: "Heaven knows why we quarreled Forgive me if it was my fault. I have had a distinct suggestion of nervousness. not known an easy minute since. I want "I know Mr. Montgomery," she said. happy. There is no obstacle now, I give you my word, that need stand in the way

Having come so far, he set his teeth and went on in small black letters to the bit-ter end, which said merely, but necessari-

"I love you! This letter he addressed to Mrs. Lilia Fallet, arrayed it in six two-cent stamps, wrote "Special Delivery," across the top of it, and mailed it.

When he awoke at noon of the next day, which was mercifully Sunday, the telephone upon the desk was ringing shrilly and persistently. Clay stumbled across the room to it and picked up the receiver. His tired brain woke gradually to a consciousness of a universe at odds. to a consciousness of a universe at odds. The fog through which we come back of a morning to unhappy facts lifted reluc-

Hello!" he said, a little stupid. The voice that answered struck him gasping, wide awake, although it only said his name. "Is that-" he stammered, "it isn't De-

"Yes," said the voice with a wonderful singing note of happiness, "it is Delicia." There was a vibrant pause, "I have your letter," said the voice, but for triumph and gladness it might better have

thereof."

'Oh!" said Clay. Then he took this pleasing madness by the throat and held it quiet. "You have my letter, Delicia?"

"I want to see you," said the voice Even over the insensate wire the an-

cient spell asserted itself.
"When, Delicia?" said Clay hoarsely. "Come at five," said the voice. "No, come at four; there won't be anyone else; I'll be waiting. Oh, if you like, come at three! It's indecently early, but I don't

"I'll come at three," said Clay. He began a word, broke off, and was silent.
"I know," said the voice, "I know. You can't say it over the telephone, but l

Clay rang off, and wiped his forehead upon the sleeve of his pajamas.
"I must have misdirected it," he said aloud, and added a groan for good meas-

As the full enormity of the situation grew upon him, his soul, which was when all was said and done, a nice, tidy soul, and naturally averse to enormisituations, shivered in its shoes.

However, about two o'clock, when Clay had sat long enough alone, facing the tan gle of his fate, a messenger brought him a note.

It gave up its contents to unsteady fingers. It said:

DEAR BOY: I readdressed your letter and sent it to someone who has more right to it than I. She will never know. I imitated your dotless i's and curly a's most accurately. That squares us, doesn't it? I have been rather happy this last month, as I hope you may be for all the months to come. Good-by, and go in peace. It was my fault; I should have known better.

From which, after the first dazed comprehension, Clay made two thoroughly asculine deductions:

"She never really cared, he said bitterly, finding a definite hurt to his pride in the thought. And again:
"Women are all alike—inconstant as

the very deuce!" He put on his hat, picked up his stick, straightened his tie before the mirror, and went forth to Delicia.—By Fannie Heaslip Lea, in Woman's Home Compan-

Fancy a man dying of thirst, by the side of a spring of sparkling water. Thousands of thirsty people pass him, quench their thirst at the spring and go on their way rejoicing. But he doesn't know whether the water will quench his thirst or not. He never will know until he tries. But the fact that the other thousands have slaked their thirst at the thousands have slaked their thirst at the spring is evidence enough. There are people bearing the burdens of disease, who are offered healing in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has healed hundreds of thousands whose lungs were diseased, whose blood being impure bred disease in other organs nourished by the blood. And yet these people have never yet made the trial of this great remedy. They are not sure it will cure They are not sure it will cure them. It has cured ninety-eight per cent. of all who have used it. It always helps. It almost always cures.

When there is constipated habit use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Change for the Better. The care of the African population the better. An order has gone into feeding fish.—Outing. effect to prevent hereafter the importation, manufacture and transportation of saccharine sweets in the Belgian African territory. Saccharine products and products sweetened with substances other than cane sugar. beet sugar, milk sugar and glucose sugar-particularly those sweetened with glycerine-shall not be imported. It is specified in the order that it is meant to include in general all synthetic chemical sweetening which does not possess food value. We wish we could believe that this tariff anxiety to protect the Kongo population against deleterious sweets was some thing more than an exhibition of the usual protective philanthropy which bars a competitive product to make sure the sale of something else.

The Future Woman.

"Woman is today a parasite. But the woman of the future will work." The speaker, Lady Warwick, was narrating her views of the suffrage question to a New York reporter. She continued:

"The parasitical woman will be extinct in a generation or two. Then a certain witticism of Lord Saye and Sele's will be unintelligible.

"Lord Saye and Sele attended recently a book dinner. At this dinner everybody had to represent some book title. Well, Lord Saye and Sele just carried on his arm a petticoat. "He was representing, you see, Kip-

Pampered Too Much. "You are always worrying," remarked the baseball magnate.

ling's 'Life's Handicap'."

"I have to be careful not to produce anything too heavy," explained the theatrical manager. "You know, I have to cater to the tired business man."

"I don't let the tired business man worry me. He roots with the others when he gets to the ball park."-Washington Herald.

A Converse Proposition. Lady Warwick, at a dinner at Sherry's in New York, said, apropos of art: "Art is the pursuit of beauty."

She smiled and added: 'And from what they tell me of the goings-on in your Great White Way here, the pursuit of beauty is also an art with some people."

A New Deal. "If you remember, Wombat was married just a year ago." "I remember."

"We ought to remember the anniersary in some way. Yes, just a year ago the wedding cards were out." "Forget it. The wedding cards are being shuffled for a new deal."

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THRIFT OF OZARK COUPLE

Took Matter of Presents Into Their Own Hands on Silver Wedding Anniversary.

Everyone who has got several gifts exactly alike will appreciate the shrewdness of this Ozark couple who, in the matter of presents, took things into their own hands.

"Speakin' of being thirsty," said Hi Buck, "reckon Cy Wasson and his wife, that came here from Iowa, about take the prize."

"How's that?" asked the stranger who was waiting in front of the blacksmith shop while his horse was being

"Well, you see Cy and Mirandy wanted to celebrate their silver wedding. They had never celebrated any anniversary before because, as Mirandy told my wife, the silver wedding was the first one where the presents would be worth more than the

victuals. "Even then they worried a good deal for fear everybody would bring pickle forks or butter knives. But after a while they hit on an idea that worked first rate.

"They wrote at the bottom of the invitations, asking the folks not to buy presents until they got there, for the ieweler from Buckeye Bridge would be in the yard with a full line of sil-

verware, and no two pieces alike." "That was clever," said the stranger. "Picked out their own presents,

you might say." "Yes," said Hi, "but that wasn't the best part of it. We learned afterward they dickered with the jeweler and got him to give them 20 per cent, on all

he sold."-Youth's Companion.

AMERICAN DRY FLY FISHING The Angler Fishes the Water and Not

the Rise as They Do in

England. American dry fly fishing may be defined briefly as the art of displaying to the trout a single artificial fly floating upon the surface of the stream in the exact manner of the natural

Upon occasions, somewhat rare indeed, but nevertheless of sufficient frequency to render the fact noteworthy, the American dry fly man casts consciously to a rising and feeding troutthe invariable custom of the English dry fly "purist."

On the trout streams of this country, however, the orthodox manner of fishing and floating fly is to fish all the water as when wet fly casting

In America, owing to the fact that the dry fly angler fishes the water and not the rise, wet and dry fly fishing are far more closely related than in the Belgian Kongo in the past has is the case in England, where the orbeen so murderously indifferent that thodox sportsman stalks the trout, it is a pleasure to note a change for casting exclusively to a rising and

> Bishop Blames His Hair. Father William J. Dalton of the Annunciation church tells this story of a Catholic bishop well known in this locality, but at Father Dalton's re-

quest, nameless here: "The bishop is a large man with bushy back hair," the priest relates. "He often on his tours through Kansas wears a silk hat. His crosier he carried in a large leather case.

Keep silent when he calls out lines: He makes an exception of one, however, the one it would be the greatest fun to play the joke on, and him he names, perhaps, a sheep or a duck.

After thus whispering in the ear of each as if naming them, he stands off a

"Recently in a jerkwater Kansas town where silk hats are scarce exappeared at the car door waving his crosier case.

"'Hey, boss!' the porter called. 'I reckon you all had better take yo fidreckon you all had better take yo fid-dle wif you. De company is not sion is most laughable and "brings down 'sponsible fo' packages left in de the house."—Washington Herald. seats."-Kansas City Journal.

The Gloom of English Clubs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, at a dinner in New York, was talking about

English clubs. "There is something very triste. very depressing," he said, "about the really fashionable clubs of Pall Mall. St. James' street and Piccadilly. The

"An American visitor to White's once said that the air of the place seemed to him to suggest that the king lay dead upstairs."

The Probable Bread Winner. Representative Henry of Texas was talking, at a dinner in Washington, about an impecunious nobleman. "He is engaged to a Chicago girl." said Mr. Henry. "The girl's mother was boasting about the match at a

"'May,' she said, 'will occupy a very remarkable social position now. I am sauce. endeavoring to educate her up to it.' "'Oh, I see,' said a friend. 'You are teaching her, I suppose, to wash and

iron, to do plain sewing, address envelopes, or something of that sort?" Their True Sphere. Wife (reading from a headline in a Toronto paper)—Here's an article on Women's Work for Feeble-Minded."

the feeble-minded. Wife (sweetly)-They usually marry them, dear.-Canadian Courier. The Way of Portraits. He-Why is Caroline having her

portrait painted? She-Well, she has reached that age when she doesn't look well in a photograph.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

All wise work is mainly threefold in character. nest, useful and cheerful.-Ruskin.

Wrinkles, the most terrible enemies of beauty, come almost imperceptibly. At first they are a mere network of tiny ines round the eyes or at the corners of the mouth, but later they develop into the mouth, but later they develop into crow's feet, and these deeper furrows are not easy to erase. The causes of wrinkles are many, and they are not necessarily the heralds of old age, for no one would seek to avoid these lines, which are character making. But no young woman is inclined to welcome anything that mark the coft smoothness of here that mars the soft smoothness of her skin, and when she finds that every motion of the muscles of the face moves the skin and lays the foundation of lines she is careful to avoid the little tricks of wrinkling the brows and of frowning and equally careful in preserving the skin when it has been exposed to climatic con-ditions of sun and wind.

Just now, when holiday makers are rearning, there is the wrinkle to guard gainst which has been caused by weather-beaten complexion, dried and tanned by sea air and sun. But the wrinkle which threatens women of this age with comes from too much thought, too much worry and too much brain work. The law wrinkles and the shopping wrinkles are wrinkles to avoid, for they invariably

attack the eyes. Women who concentrate on any subject, whether reform of laws or on the strenuous quest of buying clothes, have to watch warily for the wrinkle. Per-haps when we have passed through the nervous age, which our own undoubtedly is, we shall have arrived at the immobile age when our faces shall express no mo-tion whatever, and, like the Arabs and the Turks, we shall have perfect smooth-ness of skin. Such immobility would not perhaps be attractive, but the lines which come from laughter give an attractive wrinkie, and the old lined face of the strong is a book of splendid life in which youth may read many noble lines of dif-ficulties overcome and of sorrows van-

Emotion is good for the face and brain —a good cry or a heavy laugh is a tonic.
The actress remains young because of the continued change of her facial expression, and wrinkles are kept away a good deal by her use of grease paint, the application of which is as good as massage.

The habit of compressing the lips is a bad one, and women go about with a serious tensity of expression which is bound to encourage a line not conducive to beauty. A charming smile may produce a line, but it is the line of beauty, not the hard

furrow of worry or ill-temper, and few women realize that express more than anything else in beauty.

The first remedy for wrinkles is repose and rest. It is quite a good habit to close the eyes, when opportunity offers, three or four times during the day, and for a few minutes cultivate a placidity of thought and compose the features into immobility. This habit retards very considerably wrinkles which proceed from a strenuous life. There are, of course, more efficacious remedies, and the art of the beauty specialist is incalcuable in this age. Massage is the enemy of wrinkles-in

whatever way they originate. It is a good idea always to wash the face from the bottom upward, and from the temples toward the eyes, the fingers

Barnyard.—An amusing game called "Barnyard." In this one person is chos-

en for namer and all the rest stand in row. The namer goes to each player in turn and whispers in his or her ear to eep silent when he calls out "Three!"

each, as if naming them, he stands off a little way in front of them and says: "Now, when I say 'Three!' every one imcept on the heads of traveling musi- itate the natural cry of the creature I've cians, the bishop was just alighting named you, very loud and all at once. from his train when the negro porter One, two, three!" And, instead of a wild outburst of conflicting barnyard cries, there is a dead silence except for the shrill "baa" or "quack, quack" of the one who knows how to take his discomfiture

Throwing the Broom.—A good game can be played with an old broom. We stand with the broom in the hand and the end of the handle resting on one foot. Then, bringing the foot forward quickly and with force, we drive the broom forward with the foot, hurling it as far as it will go. A number of boys can do this one after another, and the one who throws the broom farthest is the winner. stiff dignity, the somber quietude of these clubs, gets on an American's nerves.

"An American winter to White!

But even for one boy, throwing the broom is good fun. With a little practice we shall be able to throw it forward for a considerable distance.—Children's Maga-

> Cocoanut Gems.-Beat the yolks of two eggs and add one pint of milk; then stir in half a cupfull of shredded or grated cocoanut, half a cupful of cornmeal flour and half a pint of entire wheat flour, in which sift two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat thoroughly; then add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Fill gem pans two-thirds full of this mixture, having the pans ungreased and hissing hot before turning it in. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. This makes an excellent cheon dessert, served with a sweet

Mingled Furs.—A noticeable feature of the year is the vogue for mingling furs. Here are just a few. Mole and musquash—much in request for stoles and muffs—also broadtail and chinchilla or black fox or Russian ermine. Skunk is used with both broadtail and saal-musquash, skunk and wolf are excellent for oronto paper)—Here's an article on stole and muff sets, while red fox has re-Women's Work for Feeble-Minded." stole and muff sets, while red fox has re-cently taken a big hold on the affections of the really elegant. know what women have ever done for

Japanese Tag.—When a player is tagged, he must place his left hand on the spot tagged and keep it there until he has caught some other boy or girl. The game works out in this way: The one who is "it" endeavors to tag a runner on the knee or foot, so that his efforts to tag any one else with his hand on that part of the body will be awkward and amusing.—Woman's Home Companion.

FARM NOTES.

-The American farmer has \$40,000,000 invested in his business, and produces an average of \$25,000,000 of new wealth every day.

—The improvement of a herd in a productive capacity must be based fundamentally on a knowledge of the amount of milk and butter fat produced and the amount of feed consumed per cow. -Running two calves on a single cow

-Running two caives on a single cow for six months, then placing the third on her for the remainder of the lactation pe-riod, using the other cows for milk or butter, is a cheap way of making beef that is bound to become popular.

—The pig is the most economical pro-ducer of all meat-producing animals of the farm, yielding larger returns daily for live weight and feed consumed than eith-er the sheep or the steer, and furnishing a market at home for grain and dairy by-products.

-Holland supports a population of 200 people to the square mile, while we have hard work to sustain 34. The Hollanders pay a tax of \$5.80 per acre and still make it pay. The secret lies in intensive farming, especially dairying, and utilizing every square inch of ground and every ounce of natural fertilizer.

-Government reports show that there has been a steady decrease in number of sheep on our eastern farms during the last 20 years, although there is an increasing demand for both wool and mutton.
We should like to have our farmer readers who have a practical knowledge of the sheep industry give us their reasons for this decrease in number of sheep and remedy.

The following powder given each day is said to be good for skin disorder in horses: Finely-powdered iodine of potash, 4 ounces; granulated sugar and common salt, of each 1 pound. Mix well together and divide into 32 powders. Feed no corn, but let the grain feed be oats and wheat bran. Use tincture of iodine on the lumps every second day until the skin becomes a little tender.

-Dr. Smeed says that many a crookedimbed colt can be helped by using a mixture of alcohol, two parts, and olive oil, one part, on the knees and tendons twice per day and with thorough hand rubbing. Each time straighten the leg and bring it into place several times. This will stretch the tendons and loosen up the joints and ligaments. Don't be afraid to rub, and manipulate the legs into to rub and manipulate the legs into proper form.

-This year is one of bumper crops, but the oats promises to exceed them all. In round numbers, the crop for 1912 reaches 1,207,000,000 bushels, which is 285,000,000 bushels larger than last year and 21,000,000 bushels bigger than the best previous record. This makes three great crops of oats in the last three years. It is not due directly to the increase, but more to the farmers faith in the sureness of a return and the appropriateness of

—The owners of the largest peach orchard in the world, located at Americus, Ga., have solved the problem of inadequate transportation facilities and high cost of marketing by burning their orchard.
There were 225,000 bearing trees in this orchard, which were cut down, piled in huge heaps, sprinkled with oil and set on fire. Unable to get their crops hauled to market by the railroads in time to save wanted all the profits and held down the demand by extravagantly high prices, the owners decided to sacrifice the vast orch-

ard and plant the land to cotton. —It is claimed that goats will eat the following: Hazel, crab, blackberry, cedar, hemlock, holly, willows, haws, buck, squawberries, hickory, sagebrush, elder, greasewood, sumac, ash, grape, jack oak, mahogany, vine, maple, fir, rosebush, cherry, alder, salal, apple, poplar, all kinds of oak, plum, elm and many others. As their taste, even to the poison ivy, which some breeders say they eat safely, pro-vided they have a sufficient variety of other weeds to vary their diet. Browsing gives the venison or game flavor to the flesh, and for that reason is to be prefer-red: fed as sheep or cows the flesh has the mutton flavor

-The question has been asked: "What is the best method of feeding a dairy cow in winter?" It is one of those ques-tions that, to a large extent, is hard to answer. To give an intelligent reply it is important to know what kind of cows are to be fed. It might be said that there are as many kinds of cows as there are dairy herds, and, even aside from that, there are at times in the same herd different cows that cannot all be fed alike.

Therefore, it is necessary to study the cows and ascertain just how each cow disposes of her feed. It will be found that certain cows will profitably consume more grain than will others. Again, other cows will utilize a greater percentage of roughages and relatively little grain; and some relatively more grain and less roughage. So it can readily be seen that all depends upon the nature of the cow. Where a man has a good dairy cow he cannot more profitably dispose of his grain than by feeding it during the winter. It goes without saying that this is the only practical manner crops.

—Professor C. Larson, of the South Dakota State College, says that as long as a cow will return two pounds of milk for each pound increase in the grain, the additional grain is economically fed, because the two pounds of milk are worth more than the one pound of grain. With the average cow, a cow should have about one pound of grain for each four pounds of milk that she gives. Another good rule is to feed as many pounds of grain a day as a cow gives butter-fat per week. To make use of this latter rule it would be necessary to have a tester and test the necessary to have a tester and test the milk, while to make use of the former rule a person could easily weigh the milk.
A dairy cow should have all the roughage she will eat. Good, sweet, well-cured and well-kept hay and a little corn fodder are good roughages.

It is a bad mistake to permit a dairy cow to run through high snowdrifts in the corn-stalk field when the thermometer registers below zero. It is much better to haul the corn fodder home and feed it on the leeward and sunny side of a barn in a clean place, or else feed the fodder in the barn. Shred it and feed it during the winter.

In addition, the dairyman should not forget that the dairy cow should at all times have free access to salt. Many cows are lost every fall which might have been saved if they had had plenty of salt before them.