THE COUNTY FAIR.

The county fair is coming back-The poster sheets are everywhere, And almost everybody now Is whooping up the county fair. We've had our fill of aeroplanes-

We want to see the big fat hog. The patent churn, the trotting dog, The new device that beats a cog. And work around through the catalogue At the county fair.

We've always missed the county fair-Its inner and its outer track, The dancing saddler, and the bull About four feet across the back. We're weary of Chautauqua talk-We want to hear the whistle blow. The horses neigh, the roosters crow, The blooded cattle when they low, And the shrill-voiced starter shouting "Go! At the county fair.

It seems as if the world grows cold, And people nowadays don't care For other people in the warm Old manner of the county fair. We're tired of bowing here and there-We want to shout, "How are you, Dan? "Hello there, Bill!" and "Howdy, Ann!" And get a warm clasp of the hand

From every woman, child and man. At the county fair. The county fair is coming back-And that is probably as well, A little more, and everyone Had disappeared within his shell. The good old plan was better far-

In some well-decorated place, And be right human for a space Because of coming face to face At the county fair. -Clark McAdams in St. Louis Post-Dispate

We want to meet the human race

THE WAITING MAN.

"When she comes back," said Elam Crabill with a vague wave of his hand, "I'll have to git to it and fix up these

fences and tidy up a bit." So it was always. Everything was to be done "when she comes back." Nothing could be accomplished now nor until the happening of the contingency, cer-tain in Elam's mind, but never to occur so far as the judgment of his neighbors 'When she comes back I'll begin cultivatin' the back forty or buy a new hat or go to meeting or take an interest in politics or do anything else that might be suggested; but until then, well, until she comes back, nothing."

It was now fifteen years since she went away. For fifteen years things had been put off until she should return, an event expected every day. Consequently the accumulation of things to do was great. A farm on which things that ought to have been done for fifteen years remain things to do and a man of whom the same facts may be stated run largely to weeds and shabbiness. Elam and the farm divided the weeds and shabbiness about equally, the farm taking most of the former, and Elam the greater part of the latter. A farm that isn't worked and a man that doesn't work grow to be more or less alike in general appearance and effectiveness. You got the impression that things would grow on Elam, if he were carefully cultivated, and that the farm suffered from a dimming of the mind, a sort of softening of the brain. The longer matters continued the more farm grew to resemble a shiftless man and the man to put you in mind of

a neglected farm. Neighbors argued with Elam that she would never come back; but Elam was not to be convinced. "Some day she'll remember," he insisted. "I was good to her, and she knowed me well enough to be sure I always would be. She thinks about me; yes, she does. Maybe she's thinkin' about me this very minnit." Here the old man stopped to consider this possibility, and his eyes looked far away at something that made them seem very kind and patient. "Folks always come home sometime," he went on, "and this is home. She's been a long time comin'; but any day may fetch her now.

sourly.
"No," Elam replied confidently. without comin' home. She'd come home You don't know much about women, Neighbor, not much to speak of. But I've been studyin' them fifteen year mighty careful, and I've found out some strange things, things that you wouldn't b'lieve was so if I was to tell you. And the strangest of all of them is that there ain't no bad women. There is bad men all right, bad all the way through, but not women. Some does bad things, fearful bad; but most of the bad things done by women ain't because they're bad but because they're good. Don't sound reasonable, does it? Knew you wouldn't put no credit into it; but it's so. The bad on a woman don't set in. It's like the shell on the aig that there hen's braggin' about layin', all the outside; but the hard and coverin' part of the aig that's worth while is inside, and so 'tis with a woman. And, Neighbor, that inside don't never spile. That there, Neighbor, is one of the reasons why I know she'll come back." "But your wife run off with some-body," Neighbor insisted.

maybe more'n one for all I know. It ain't likely to have been no other way, Neighbor. But she ain't forgot me nor that I'll be keepin's home for here. that I'll be keepin' a home for her Never fear about that! And when she's had enough of doin' without me, she'll be

"And you'd take her in?" Elam looked at Neighbor with the first surprise he had shown for a matter of six or seven years. "Take her in? Course I'd take her in. That's what I'm waitin' for. Seems like I can't do nothin' but wait. It's what I'm for. When I'm done waitin' for her and she's come, then I'll be able to do something else and work and farm and worry like other men. But until she comes I ain't got no occupation but jest waitin' for her. Every feller has his perfession or callin'. Some's preachers and some's lawyers and some's drunkards and some's crim'nals; but mine ain't nothin' like any of them. It's

jest waitin' for her." ighbor turned away with impatience that it was not worth his while to make less apparent. "You'll be on the town one of these days," he predicted with almost a smack of the lips. Evidently he was looking forward to the day when he could exclaim, "And I told you so."

"Not before she gits back," Elam re-

Elam was not impatient. There was for?' no eagerness in his waiting, but a great nce that it would be rewarded. He knew she would come, and then his life would go on from the place she stop-ped it. He was like a clock that had been broken by a sudden jar. Its hands remain at the hour of its calamity, ready to go on when a new mainspring is pro-Just so Elam could not run with-

out his mainspring.

He walked slowly to the fence which protected his garden from the street and inspected without interest a break where last night's storm had thrown down post He rubbed his stub and boards. cheek as was his custom and looked at the small havoc with a sigh that had nothing whatever to do with the matter Then he stooped, picked up the post and instead of replacing it in its hole, which was the logical thing to do, carefully laid it inside on the grass and propped his elbows on his knees and

chewed a spear of timothy.

Far down the road a cloud of dust, denser than that driven by occasional eddies of wind, appeared and approach-ed. Elam turned his head and watched it vaguely. The cloud was not so dense that Elam could not see through it to the woman whose tired shuffle was its much waitin'—the kind of waitin' that proximate cause. Women always inter- matters?"

At the break in the fence the woman stopped and looked uncertainly at Elam. He returned her gaze and nodded slightly. She leaned a hand on the top board of the fence and rested, while with a dingy handkerchief she wiped moist dust stains from her face.

"Dusty walkin," ventured Elam; but the woman regarded that as too obvious to deserve a reply. She dusted her skirt until little spurts of cloud sprang from it, and kicked her shoes against the trunk of a tree. Finally she cleared her throat and spoke. The dust was in her very

"I'd be much obleeged for a drink," "Cert'nly, cert'nly. Step right in and set. I'll fetch a pitcher and glass. Step

right in and set.' The woman sank wearily on the lower step and relaxed her body against the step above. To miss no breath of the scarce noticed breeze that played there in the shade, she removed her sailor and unconsciously fanned herself with it. Presently Elam returned with the water

and pouring a glass held it out to her. Its coolness was so refreshing to her fingers that she clasped it in both hands before carrying it to her mouth. Then she drank deep and thirstily.
"Walkin' far?" asked Elam. His question was not from curiosity but from a sense that he ought to say something to

his temporary guest.
"I don't know," said the woman after a long pause. She did not look at Elam; but now and again her eyes turned up the road she had traveled, and when they saw nothing the worried lines slipped for an instant from her forehead.

"Lookin' for work?" Elam was inspired by a desire to be of assistance if possible. The woman shook her head. shut her eyes and rested, and Elam asked no further question. After a while she opened her eyes again and looked in-

tently up the road. "When can I get a train out of town?"

"Which way?" "I don't care." She spoke hurriedly, tremblingly. "Any way, just so I get away from here." She sat upright. "I gol to get away, and I hadn't ought to be settin' She arose wearily and here.' drew a deep breath.

Elam watched her with aroused interest. "Better set again. You're pretty nigh done up, and there ain't no train till six. Just set there and rest; there ain't no call to hurry."

She sank down again with a gesture almost of despair. "Not till six. Not till six. That's hours, and he'll have time—" She checked herself suddenly. Elam began to rub his cheek and to "More like she's dead," Neighbor said chew more aggressively on his spear of grass. When he spoke it was to utter something which seemed to have no connection with present events or previous

conversation. "I expect there's lots of husbands settin' at home waitin' for wives to come back," he said.

The woman started erect and looked at him wide eyed. He seemed not to notice her, however, and went on as though carrying on a conversation already well under way. "It ain't no onusual thing for a wife to go away from her husband. Lots does it. I don't s'pose there's a town in the State where there ain't a man that's waitin. Did vou ever think about that-about the man waitin' and waitin'?"

The woman trembled violently and rested for support against the porch. There was fear in her eyes. "How-how did you know?" she whispered.

Elam smiled. "I ain't had nothin' to do these fifteen years but study about women," he said gently. "So you've made up your mind to leave him?" She nodded and bit her lips. "I got to.

"Maybe so, maybe so. I ain't never been sure whether she did or not. But if she didn't run off with nobody, then she's been with complete with some she's been with complete with some she's been with complete with some she's been with some s

never wicked; only sometimes they're mistaken. You got your mind all made up that it ain't right for you to live with your husband any more, ain't you?" Again she nodded.
"Then," he said, "it ain't right. If you're sure you think it's wrong to stay

with him then it's right to leave him. Only you want to be sure you think so. Whether it actually is right or wrong don't cut no figger whatever; it's wheth er you think honest it is wrong.

The woman did not answer, but sat there thinking. Again Elam spoke.
"Ain't he treated you right?" he ques

tioned. "He-he's always been good to me. Elam nodded understandingly. "Of course. More women leave men that's good to them than them that abuses them. I s'pose the abused ones has got so much trouble to think about that they ain't got much time left to go figgerin

on leavin'. Once more she turned and gazed up the road.
"Fraid he'll be follerin' you?"

The woman looked puzzled, shook her head uncertainly and gazed steadily in the direction from whence she had

"Is he follerin' to hurt you? Would he

lay vi'lent hands onto you?"
"No," she said a trifle sharply. Elam remarked the note in her voice and saw that unconsciously she had defended her husband from an unfounded charge. Would he force you to go back with

"No," she said dully, "but he'd ask me

"Yes," agreed Elam, "likely he would. He'd ask you to go back, but he wouldn't make you go. But he shan't have a chance to ask you if you're certain sure you don't want him to. I'll see to that. You can get clean away and him never see you, and he'll have to go back home alone. I s'pose there's lots of men goes went back to his rickety porch to rumi-nate. He rested his chin on his knuckles, I git to thinkin, about all them men into the carriage. Neither spoke to the that's settin' to home or puttering around the farms or businesses just a-waitin' and a-waitin'. Some of them understand and some of them don't. Some is sore and angry, and the waitin' is hard.
Others understands and is just sorry and

ested him; so he moved his head so he could watch more comfortably and did not take his eyes off her until she was abreast of him. He always did so with every woman who approached, for who knew but it might be she?

She shook her head again.

"I know how 'tis with them waitin' husbands In the mornin' they git up and say to themselves, 'Maybe she'll come back today.' And every time a woman comes up the road they she'll their ever and hopes its her, and when She shook her head again. their eyes and hopes its her, and when they goes to bed at night they thinks that tomorrow is the day she'll be comin' along. They git so they can't do nothin but just wait. Maybe some is stronger willed than others and can hide it; but inside of them there ain't nothin' but waitin', always waitin'. Seems kinda

hard don't it? Elam looked at the woman covertly; but her face was turned from him, her eyes fixed on the road, and he could not ee that her features worked spasmodic-

"I wouldn't never criticize no woman for leavin' her husband," he went on after a brief pause. "Nobody kin judge them but themselves, 'cause nobody Our clothes, bed, hair, books, in fact, our although fifteen years old, so you see she knows what they know. But if I was a very brains, (of which I doubt if I have is quite in advance. But I wanted to tell woman and thought of leavin' a waitin' man behind me, I guess I'd try to be perty sure that I done right in goin', them: but a notion ought to be turned into a sure certainty before it's acted on. " 'Till she comes back.'" echoed the

"Yes," Elam said trustfully, "until she comes back, for she'll come back when she's got enough of things out there." He gestured widely with his arms, signidown the road and paused to scrutinize

it. "Does he drive a rorrel hoss?

do. If you want to go away I won't lay a straw in your road and I'll see to it he don't catch you. Jest step into the house turn him into a waiter-a waiter like

wander once more alor of the road which seemed to quiver, almost to bubble and seethe with the heat, from the well. water caused his hands automatically to tighten on the reins, and he brought his

horse to a standstill. "Have a glass?" called Elam. "Tie and clogged drivin' on a day like this." Mutely the man alighted and secured his horse to the tree, and slowly he came

up the rickety walk to the porch. Elam was waiting for him, a full glass in hand. The man drank eagerly and had the glass filled a second time before he spoke. "Seen a woman pass this way-walk-

"What kind of a woman?" Elam inquired with his eves on the stranger's face, taking stock of him and determining what manner of man he was.
"A married woman," said the stranger

shortly. "H-m," said Elam. "Your wife?"
"Yes." The man looked at Elam with "My wife." He hesitated a moment. "I expect I might as well tell you; enough'll know it perty soon. She's leavin' me, and I'm tryin' to catch up with her. She

"Leavin' with another man?" asked Elam with apparent callousness. The man half rose to his feet, and his chin jutted out belligerently. "No, not with no other man. I want you to understand that my wife ain't that kind of you are overjoyed to find nice large she's a good woman, Mister. There never was a better. I don't know, for in plain open sight. My books that have this thing; but there ain't no wrong-doin' connected with it."

"Course not," Elam said slowly. "Women is never bad—only sometimes mistaken. So you're tryin' to catch up with boxes must, nevertheless, be treated to a her? What for?"
The man considered. Evidently he had

formed no plan and had no idea what he would do if he overtook his wife. Fol-lowing instinct he had started in pursuit

in this here buggy. It's for you if you want it. Elam nodded slowly and understand-

"If she don't want it," the man went on, "I'll ask her what I done to make her go away and leave me, and whatever the reason is, whether it's somethin' I really done, or just somethin' she imagines or has had told to her, I'll do my best to explain it and make her feel that it won't happen ag'in."

"And if she won't come, no what you say?" "Then," the man said with a break in

know best what you're a-doin'. If you time; of course the rain water here is "What d'you s'pose he's follerin' you think it's right I ain't got no complaint.

Then I'd say, 'Good-by, Susy, Susy, I'm

me to wait. I'll keep the the best I can for you to come back to when you git ready. As long as I live it'll be there for you, and I'll be waitin' waitin'—'"
"Yes," said Elam, "that's what you'll

be doin'-jest waitin', and she'll come. Some day she'll come." The woman appeared in the door, her hand pressed to her mouth, her cheeks pale, her limbs trembling; but in her eyes was a light—not a glitter now but a glisten—the shining of a softened hard-

The man saw her and leaned forward said pointing to Elam. "I ain't bad, only

Her husband supported her down the other; there was no need. Nether did they speak to Elam. He smiled, and his smile grew in contentment as they disappeared up the burning road-homeward bound, and he returned to the porch.-By Clarence B. Kelland, in Pictorial Review.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. The Wet Season. Rain Every Day. and Mildew, Mould and Dampness Everywhere. This to Continue Three Months. A Little Care Given the Suffering.

Dear Home Folk:

race, I am going to try to write a little soft squash under your foot. fat, juicy one comes along.

"He's a-comin' then. Now you got to inside himself but later I saw him scram- preter.

was an appeal that the driver could not and going along the road one often sees dying in a few hours, or if the eyes, both resist. The sight of that ccol, sparkling a man followed by one of them just like so far gone you can only hope to stop face with water when badly needed. a cat or dog.

in such numbers that I did not get a perhaps to die is easier, when to live come into the shade. Feller's throat gits chance to write longer and only took an means poverty, blindness and suffering, laid by a clay subsoil, is an ideal soil for occasional minute to put a fly back on a but you know we have to make them a lawn. piece of sticky fly paper (from Ohio) on live if we can. our table in the dispensary, until ten o'clock came and I was free to come home for breakfast and then, being dairy. Water from a considerable depth sleepy, left you wait until this evening, is best, as it is generally pure and cold. for last night one of the very worst thun- To keep the water pure it is necessary to der storms I ever saw roused me up about three o'clock and I am afraid I did not get much sleep after that. Strange so that surface water will drain away as it may seem the heavens get inky black and the wind roars; rain and dust standing around the well. This can be storms are quite natural but thunder and tired eyes and sank on the porch from which his wife had but now arisen. lightning with a storm here is most unusual and if that of last night was a usual and if that of last night was a gate. No filth or manure should be sample I don't want the real thing. sample I don't want the real thing.

We can also furnish nice white ants that have wings for a short time, and building, should never be used for wash while having them they nearly beat your ing milk utensils. that have wings for a short time, and face sore for they have no sense of direction so just bump around; the next woman. She may be leavin' me, but holes in your garments that are hanging will not mildew. Our most prized possession these days is an emery bag; our hat pins, needles, etc., all kept in tin

them. Thus far (August 9th) from July 8th, "If I come up with her," he said, "I'd exceed that figure. These rains are supposrain fall that Jhansi has had for five not be a mud cake before October.

If you want palms to grow stand them the time in water. The ones on our the number of his descendants. ing constantly. I think that all of them have sent out three or four leaves during this last month. During the hot weather stand your palm out under the his voice. "I'll say to her, 'Susy, you trees and let them be soaked all the

The Philadelphia paper comes regularly. I rather enjoyed the convention's fighting, but of course I knew long ago, from the Indian paper, who had been nominated; there are generally little sauibs telling the biggest news of the States each day, I then wait for the detailed account in the home papers.

At present Miss Morrison and I are alone in the bungalow, but being a large place we don't really see much of each reckon. other except at meals; the others, Dr. McMillan with a felon, Miss McCums having fallen at the mountains and broken a wrist, her collar bone and badly in- store up moisture from its depths during juring her back, are not likely to come a drouth. back for several months. Miss McLean is still in the hills but will return about the 17th.

I just wish you could hear the amount than a walnut, is making just now. I believe his jaws are of stone and he is trying to grit his ivory teeth; truly I coarse, sandy soil makes a very poor never heard such a curious noise and he lawn. A fine, sandy soil, when accomplete the sandy soil sandy soil, when accomplete the sandy soil san sits there blinking in the most uncon-cerned way at me. He hopped into my room two days ago and yesterday, seating himself on the doorsill between Dr. loam soils make excellent lawns if prop-McM's room and mine began this out- erly drained and amply supplied with orlandish noise. I stood it for a time then sandy clay subsoil, frequently produce Young Bride's Outfit. Much Sickness and rebelled and opening the door upset him lawns that rival those made in a clay backward into her room, but guess he loam or a silt loam. loves me best for he has returned by way JHANSI, AUGUST 9th. to return him to the out-doors where he er things being equal to their lung pow- day last week and now one is afraid to er, these Hindus would surely be a strong step anywhere for fear of feeling a little

musty-smelling letter, for these are wet, upon a very elegant little lady this mornwet days. Some days the rain falls all the ing; her father is assistant collector of time, on others a few hours of sunshine this district and a big man. This young with heavy showers both day and night. lady reads and writes and is not married, any remaining) are always in a state of you of her clothing; next the skin was a dampness and mildew. The grass is up thin, yellow, net-tight fitting waist, all specially if the man had been good to me. to one's knees and the animals that feed seams and a few cross places supported Women git notions, and none can blame upon it are now so fat I think they will by yellow satin, orange silk skirt with a soon burst and, whereas the feathered broad band of purple about the bottom, It ought to be thought over real careful folk, or "logue" as they say here, have a pale blue silk scarf about the body on on account of the responsibility of leavin' had so many bugs and worms to devour top of the net waist and a pale pink a man benind to wait till she comes they refuse common, ordinary fare and "chuda" or head scarf completed the outonly get in a hurry when a particularly fit. Her arms were covered to the elbows with bracelets, and she had on a This morning I heard a great fussing few curious finger rings but neither nose along the door-frame and going to inves- nor ear-rings except one thin hoop with rier to the movement of moisture, either tigate the trouble (always on the look- a magnificent emerald swung in it, in upward or downward. Such conditions. fying the world at large. As he did so, out for snakes) I found a little fat, green each ear. Oh, that I could speak the which, however, are not by any means common, can be used for lawns. as large as himself. I wondered how he medicine goes but I miss so much that I would breathe after he got his "tidbit" want to know, talking through an inter-

rubber. Truly nature is cruel and I never hope it will help the poor woman to see phorus, nitrogen and other the process before it attacks some more Later-The people began flocking in vital part, and really I sometimes think

(Continued next week)

protect it from contamination. The of the well should be covered and the ground leading up to it sloped, or graded done by putting a barbed-wire fence around it, with swinging or self-closing in allowing a number of weeds in the gate. No filth or manure should be stored or piled within 100 feet of the well. Water from a shallow well-less than 40 feet deep-within 100 feet of any

There are some forms of animal life which are nothing but a stomach. All other parts and organs are dwarfed or rudimentary; the stomach is the center of being. As a matter of fact the stomach plays a vastly more important part in the life of the highest type of animal never was a better. I don't know, for in plain open sight. My books that have life, man, than is generally recognized, the life of me, why she's up and done leather backs are all mouldy; I hope they The stomach to him is the center of existence, for man is primarily a stomach body. Feed him with innutritious food, and blood, and muscle, nerve and bone must suffer. For this reason the stomdose of emery when you are about to use ach ought to be the first care. When disease shows its symptoms in head or heart, blood or liver, the stomach should be first examined for the cause of the —that was all. When he spoke it was with care. His words were the result of the cause of the disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical we are due to have thirty inches, but if the care was made to match the disease. first say to her, 'Susy, there ain't no harm done yet, and there's a spare seat in this here buggy. It's for you if you the organs of digestion and nutrition. It years, so all are rejoicing. I hope I'll strengthens the stomach, heals weak lungs, purifies the blood.

--- Thomas Allison, of Newton county in a bright spot and simply soak them all Ark., comes pretty close to the record in 93 years old, was married three and has 262 descendants in all. He is the father of fifty children, grandfather of 125 children, great-grandfather of 60 children, and great-great-grandfather of 27 children. His oldest child is 65 and his youngest is 11 years of age.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FARM NOTES.

-A well-kept lawn about the farmhouse is a testimonial to the farmer's intelligence and refinement. It makes home life more cheerful. It adds a neatness to the scene, it prompts ambition to keep all other surroundings in a good, at-tractive condition. Rural life becomes more tempting when there is order and neatness about the premises. A well-kept lawn, graveled walks and beds of flowers become investments in beauty that are worth in happiness and content ment more than dollars and cents can

For a good lawn the soil should at all times have a good moisture supply, with full power to handle an excess during a rainy season by drainage, as well as to

A dense sod is obtained in clay soils when productive; an excellent greensward is secured in clay loam soils, when carefully handled and well drained; a silt loam soil, if properly drained and amply of noise a frog, which is not much larger supplied with organic matter; the same conditions in a loam soil will also maintain a good lawn.

-In sandy soils there is a study. A gives a good permanent lawn, when a mixture of suitable grasses is used. Sandy

It is important, for a good lawn, that of the hall and other door. I will have the subsoil be not too near the surface. The soil itself should be from six inches to a foot or more in depth, for the rea-While listening to the shrieks of the will find myriads of others, not so far son that a subsoil, however good it may children, and let me inform you that, oth- grown, True, but it rained frogs (?) one be, is a poor substitute for a surface soil. It is not advisable to use a subsoil in lawn making unless covered fully with from six inches to a foot with good surface soil. The subsoil in its general charto you. It will be a nice damp, even Wednesday morning -I made a call acter should be very much like the surface soil, but heavier in texture when under-lying sandy soils. While the subsoil should allow good drainage, yet at all times it should be moist. During the wet season it should contain plenty of water which, later, during dry spells, it should be able to furnish to the surface soil and

the roots therein. In the case of the subsoil being of a bad texture, as, for instance, an impervious clay, the drainage will be bad and the soil cold and wet, unmanageable and un-productive. If the subsoil consists of a loose, sandy material, it will, being too leachy, become too dry and therefore unable to store up water in it, or draw up through it from greater depths. This

will be especially so during dry spells. Hardpan formations are other bad soi conditions, and are usually layers of soil cemented together by lime or iron compounds, thus acting as an effectual bar-

-The growing grass secures, through the medium of the soil fluid, the products of solution of the soil materials, inorganic and organic, good and bad. make up your mind what you're goin' to ble for a fly and I decided he was made of I did a little operation today and do Potassium, calcium, magnesium, phosseemed to see it so plainly as here where a bit better than before. This is the quired for its nutrition are obtained from the soil fluid. It takes these away from outa sight. Remember, Ma'am, that all forms of animal life are found in such weather for all sorts of colds, rheumathe soil fluid. It takes these away from the soil fluid by the process of absorptism and cholers so that the most of our life by the process of absorptism and cholera so that the most of our tion by the growing root, and when the Squirrels sit up and wave a morning sixty-five patients this morning had some soil is in a healthy condition this ab-The woman hesitated, let her eyes salute as I go to the hospital and were symptoms of dysentery, or else the real sorption proceeds in a normal manner. If, however, it should be imperfect the absorption of the plant is seriously in ily pick them up by their tails so tame intestinal, tomorrow eye, next probably terfered with. The water of the soil they are; the hares come to see us each abscesses, etc. I never in my life saw fluid itself is the most important, for this and with her knuckles pressed to her they are; the hares come to see us each mouth passed swiftly into the house. Elam refilled the pitcher with water legs and extremely sensitive hearing, but additional addit from the well. As the horse came abreast of the gate Elam poured a briming glass and raised it to his lips. It tives are especially fond of a tame quail ing into the dispensary moaning, maybe during glass and raised it to his lips. It tives are especially fond of a tame quail ing into the dispensary moaning, maybe and these poor souls come stagger-lips ing into the dispensary moaning, maybe and these poor souls come stagger-lips in the dispensary moaning, maybe and these poor souls come stagger-lips in the dispensary moaning, maybe and the poor souls come stagger-lips in the dispensary moaning, maybe and the poor souls come stagger-lips in the dispensary moaning, maybe and the poor souls come stagger-lips in the poor souls come stagger-lips in the dispensary moaning, maybe and the poor souls come in the poor souls come stagger-lips in the poor so reservoir to supply the soil on the sur-A soil that is moderately moist and contains a considerable percentage of clay is the best suited for a good lawn. A strong clay loam, or a sandy loam under

> Fall planting in many sections of the country is preferred to spring. Seeding done the latter part of August or the month of September, for latitudes between Washington and Boston, has produced excellent lawns, where all other matters were equal. The work must be thoroughly done, the seed bed made very fine, and every precaution taken to give ideal condition s for the germination of the seed. It is best to do the sowing at a time when the fall rains are most plentiful. Grass seed should never be sown during a dry spell, unless means for watering are at hand.

There is an advantage in fall planting There is little danger of loss of grass by severe weather if it attains a height of about three inches before winter sets in.

-The operation of clipping a newly-established lawn should not be delayed until the grass is too high. As soon as a mower, with the blade two inches high will cut the leaves it should be passed over the surface. By doing this at close intervals during the growing season a more uniform and better stand of grass

will be secured. During dry weather it is not advisable to clip the lawn too often, but, nevertheless, the grass should not be allowed to produce seed stalks. It is a good plan to keep the lawn clipped to a height of two inches, and it is best to do this sufficiently frequent to prevent the necessity of raking off. Before growth has proceeded to any considerable extent each spring the lawn, as soon as it is comparatively dry, should be gone over with a heavy lawn roller. The benefit derived by this rolling in spring is that the action of freezing and thawing causes the ground to heave, and if the sod is not firmly pressed back with a heavy roller before hot weather sets in the grass is apt to be injured or killed, and the result will be a lawn full of bare spots.

Bilious people have a sorry time. Their lives are practically divided into three periods: The time when they are coming down with biliousness, the time when they are down, and the time when they are getting over the attack. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness, and sick and bilious headaches. They cure to stay, and do not make victims of the pill habit.

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