

HERE AND NOW.

Here in the heart of this world. Here in the noise and the din. Here where our spirits were hurled To battle with sorrow and sin. This is the place and the spot. For knowledge of infinite things; This is the kingdom where Thought Can conquer the prowess of kings.

Wait for no heavenly life. Seek for no temple alone; Here in the midst of the strife Know what the sages have known. See what the Perfect One saw; God in the depths of each soul; God as the Light and the Law, God as beginning and goal.

Earth is one chamber of heaven, Death is no grander than birth, Joy in the life that is given. Strive for perfection on earth. Here in the turmoil and roar, Show what it is to be calm; Show how the spirit can soar, And bring back its healing and balm.

Stand not aloof or apart. Plunge in the thick of the fight; There in the street and the mart, There is the place to go right. Not in some cloister or cave, Not in some kingdom above; Here on this side of the grave, Here should we labor and love.

—Ella Wheller Wilcox.

THE FOREMAN'S COMPLIMENT.

Parway's name was called in such stentorian tones that Sellers, on the next bench, started like a man roused from sleep. "My!" he murmured, with a breath of relief, "I thought that was the conductor calling my street."

Parway, however, was not open just now to humorous suggestion. He saw that the foreman of the carpenter shop wanted to call him to account for a bad job. A laborer accompanying the boss was piling up a heap of square wooden pipes made for dyehouse ventilators.

"They are like some of the workmen around here," the foreman scathingly rebuked, "they don't fit their places."

Parway quickly perceived that they had been made ten inches square on the outside of the inside, and were there for too small. Meekly he flipped his rule shut and stuck it into his back-pocket, while he took his medicine.

But the foreman had come back hastily to leave some instructions with Parway. The carpenter shop was only an adjunct of a woolen factory an eighth of a mile long.

The august manager of the great textile works wanted a mechanic in his pattern room at five o'clock precisely, after the speed stopped.

The foreman had selected Parway, who nodded his understanding of the fact that the manager was a stickler for punctuality.

Meantime there was another job on hand and Parway proceeded with the business of whetting a chisel. The irrepresible Sellers past him.

"Don't know what the boss was warning you about," the red-haired teaser drawled, with a friendly poke in the ribs, "but I hope you told him you would take good care not to let it happen."

Delving into the bench drawer for a screwdriver Parway mentioned the fact that he had a conference scheduled for five o'clock with the manager.

Intent on his work he was a trifle forgetful of the ladder. When it gave a little, under the strain of his foot, the battened door in his hand slipped. Events followed in quick succession. Fearful of dropping his burden to the roof and thence to the alleyway where, stories below, it might kill or maim somebody, Parway made a spasmodic effort to hold it back.

The door was jerked from under his hand, and, as it obstinately slid to the roof, Parway himself tumbled head first into the water tank.

There was not enough water in the big barrel to break his fall. His head struck and, for some seconds at least, he lay dazed, huddled up in eight or nine inches of water with only his lips out.

Slowly he regained his wits. He had no notion then of how long he had been unconscious, and he did not think to look at his watch. Sitting up, weak and trembling, he slipped a soothing hand up to the bump on his head.

"Ugh!" he muttered, ruefully, "If I were a hippopotamus I might appreciate a high light!"

He thought of his knife and the possibility of using that in some way to cut steps or dig his way out. But when he felt in his pocket he remembered that he had left the tool sticking in the roof outside the tank.

To throw things out with the hope of attracting attention was useless. Everything he threw would drop on the roof, because the opening was only on that side. And to shout for aid was equally futile.

"How in the world," the foreman demanded, as Parway, reaching the roof, darted for his clothes, "did you explode?"

Parway did not answer. He suddenly discovered that the manager was with the foreman. The young carpenter, pulling a trouser leg over a dripping limb, hastened to apologize for his failure to keep the five o'clock appointment.

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of immense volume. Over the din of tons of machinery, to every operative in the mills and to thousands in addition, it told the story of five o'clock come round once more. Save for a few persons who could work without power, the factory would be emptied of human beings in a few minutes.

Parway could have set himself down and cried, without knowing whether he cried for the fate that menaced him or because he failed to keep his appointment. But there was no place to sit down.

The water reached to where his vest pockets would have been if the vest had been on him instead of outside the tank. He leaned against the side of the tank, framing his face in his arms. But he was gritting his teeth, not crying.

Turning around after awhile he eyed the climbing flood with sullenness. In two hours at most he would have to swim for another hour before he could hope to be high enough so that perhaps a fling would cast him up to the opening.

That two hours might be endured; but the hour of swimming would be well nigh impossible. If it were not for his strength at the end would be so far gone that he could not fling himself.

Already it was sundown. Every minute now would make it darker and increase his difficulty of putting plans into operation. Just at present he had no plan. But as he leaned against the soggy wooden tank he heard a distant call.

It was perhaps ten minutes after five. He listened, hallooed and listened again. The call was repeated; it was his own name and the cry was kept up insistently until one of his answering hallos was heard, and there came back the welcome, "All right, coming!"

Then Parway felt the tears almost coming—with joy. But he brushed his eyes roughly as he heard the ladder run up outside. The foreman peered down a moment later and, sitting astride the tank edge, passed the ladder from the out to the inside.

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FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Hockey Match. Wild Automobile Ride. Troublesome Servants and a Native's Letter of Thanks.

JHANSI, JUNE 9th, 1913.

Dear Home Folk: Here it is late in the week and even now I can work up no interesting thing to write about. Some weeks there seems to be so many things I can just touch on them, then again a bad bare space comes when I attempt to write an interesting letter.

This morning Dr. H's schools across the road are having a hockey match. I wish you could hear the shouts and howls, reminds me of the College. It's their last days of school and they started at 6.30 this morning with fire crackers and now, at nine o'clock, the hockey match is in full swing.

The following is a copy of a letter written by the man who was recently married to one of our nurses, a description of the wedding having been published a few weeks ago. He wishes to express his regret of Miss MCL's recent illness, as well as his appreciation of the arrangements made by us, through which he obtained his wife.

NAINPUR, C. P. 13—V—13

Kind Mem Sahbji: I am much thankful that you have informed the news of Miss MCL that she was ill with fever and now she is getting better. May God give her fully recovery by our prayers.

Now my kind respect to your dear Mother to manifest the matter before our Saviour, and hope God will surely hear the prayer of her.

Thank you of your advising to Ram Sai her heart some what seems to be constant now. But she will consider the advice in her mind to rest assure for future. I like her very much that she is quite and humble wife I have in this life to obey and to do every thing of home and loving of God, such I wanted and found her. I am unbounded thankful of Almighty God to fresh my life again in the world once more.

Yours most obdly. J. B. M. (Continued next week.)

Modern Surgeon Operates, and the Results Have Been Satisfactory Almost Beyond Belief.

There seems to be no limit to the wonderful things modern surgery can accomplish. Recently Dr. Francis Stewart of Philadelphia reported five cases in which he had been obliged to sew up the heart after stab wounds. All the patients recovered. One of them lived for five years and then succumbed to pulmonary tuberculosis.

The difficulties of this operation call for wonderful technique and skill. Clots are liable to form and when swept into the circulation the patient dies as if shot through the brain. Constant motion of the organ calls for a quick eye and rapid, steady work. It is interesting to note that at the present time one-half of all such cases coming into the hospitals are saved.

A Parisian surgeon restored heart action in a case of actual death. The patient was killed by an automobile. Believing that something could be done the surgeon ordered the patient to be put upon the operating table half an hour after death had been pronounced. The chest cavity was opened in 50 seconds. A pint of blood was found in the heart sac from a wound in the heart muscle two and a half inches long. This blood was removed, the heart was sewn up, and massage was begun. In a few minutes the pulse was felt at the wrist. The heart continued to beat more than half an hour and then stopped. It was found at autopsy that injuries to other organs had been too great for recovery, which would have been certain had the heart alone been involved.

ENDED SUPREME COURT LEAK

Legal Body Forced to Take Precautions for the Safeguarding of Its Decisions.

"Yes, it is true that supreme court decisions leaked in the old days," remarked on old-time Wall street broker. "I remember a certain important suit about 20 years ago. It was the great case of those days, as big in its way as the Standard Oil and Tobacco suits of recent date. A week before the decision came down the son of one of the judges came into my office, and I told him that of the nine judges, one would decide 'so and so,' one would refrain from any opinion, and the remaining seven would make a decision 'so and so.'"

He smiled and went away. Shortly after the decision was rendered, and the matter had turned out as I had foretold, this young man came back to the office. He said his father was greatly worried over the leak in the court, and asked me if I could help them trace the source of my information. I told him what I knew. That one of the official supreme court stenographers had been selling advance copies of the decisions to a very prominent broker of that time. What this broker paid for his information I, of course, do not know; but it was established that I was correct as to where the weak spot was in the court.

"Since then every decision of the supreme court has been written in long hand (one copy), thus making it absolutely impossible for an outsider to get the news in advance. This explains, in part, why it now takes so long for the court to announce its decisions."

"Why won't you buy something at my table?" demanded the girl at the charity fair. "Because I only buy from the homely girls," said the man. They have a harder time making sales."

The girl was not offended, and he worked this right down the line.

FARM NOTES.

The gooseberry does best in partial shade—the east side of a clump of trees or a building is fine for it. The poultryman should aim to have something to sell every time he goes to town. There will always be a good demand for fresh killed poultry and good eggs. Quite likely an excellent private trade can be established, as people like to know exactly what they are buying.

Bites and stings are common misfortunes. The bite of a dog, even when the animal is perfectly healthy, is attended with some danger. Physicians say that a healthy dog that snaps only in a moment of irritation will not often cause serious trouble. But there is always the doubt to make one uncomfortable.

The tender nature of the young alfalfa plant makes a well-prepared seed bed necessary. The root of the young plant strikes down immediately, and it will be seriously injured if it strikes a layer of dry, loose soil at the bottom of an old furrow, or if the ground has many hard, unbroken clods in it. A very good plan is to let the ground settle for a few weeks before seeding. It is also important that the preparation of the ground be uniformly good, as the poorly prepared spots are likely to fail, and these bare places will form centers from which weeds will spread and perhaps injure the entire field.

The peach crop of South Jersey promises to be the largest in its history. The trees are remarkably thrifty looking, and are heavily loaded with fruit. The Alberta variety is grown most extensively for market, with the Carmen a close second. On the farm of W. H. Parkhurst, at Hamonton, nearly 90 acres are devoted to peaches, while on the farm of Henry Measley, at Elm, there are 7500 trees. There are hundreds of peach growers in South Jersey who can boast of bumper crops.

The principal difficulty in peach growing is the early swelling and blossoming habit of the flower buds. A mild spell of weather for about a week or so in winter or early spring is apt to start the buds into earlier growth, only to be killed by subsequent frosts.

Where it is possible, the orchard should be located where the buds are least apt to start into growth and bloom before settled weather in spring. It is best to avoid low lands for an orchard, as late frosts are the severest in such localities. Orchards on sunny slopes should also be avoided for the same reason. The peach orchards in and around Hamonton are situated on high ground, where the cold air can flow off down to lower levels.

While peaches can be grown on nearly all soils, the ideal one is a well-drained, rich, sandy loam. Before the trees are set out the soil should be deeply plowed and put into a good condition of tilth. The trees are set from 12 to 18 feet apart each way, and planted a little deeper than they stood in the nursery row. For the first few years hoed crops, like melons, beans, etc., are generally grown between the rows of trees, but after that the entire space is given up to the trees.

The orchard is plowed each spring, and cultivation kept up until August, when a cover crop, like crimson clover, is sown. The idea of giving shallow cultivation about every two weeks throughout the summer, besides supplying plant food, is to keep the orchard covered with a dust mulch and preserve the soil moisture for the use of the trees.

Cover crops have two objects—one to check growth, ripen up the wood of the tree, and thus lessen the danger from winter injury; second, when turned under in spring, the cover crop adds considerable humus to the soil. Such cover crops as crimson clover, hairy vetch or cowpeas add nitrogen to the soil.

All of the orchard trees, the peach stands in greatest need of regular and severe pruning. If left unpruned, the trees make a good growth while young and produce a few crops of fruit. Each year, however, the fruit is farther removed from the trunk of the tree, the wood becomes weaker, the twigs near the body of the tree die, leaving long, straggling, weak limbs which bear fruit only at their very extremities, are liable to break when heavily loaded, and do not shade and protect the trunk of the tree. The gathering of the fruit from these high limbs is expensive, and the fruit itself is of inferior quality.

The object in pruning is to keep the tree low, compact in form, with new fruiting wood as near the trunk of the tree as possible.

Under normal conditions, when peach trees have passed the winter safely and promise to produce a crop of fruit, they should be pruned each winter by cutting back the main limbs, so as to leave one-half to two-thirds of the new growth which contains the fruit buds.

When the fruit buds have been winter killed, the opportunity may be seized to cut back the main limbs more severely, thus securing more compact trees, and avoiding the formation of long, straggling limbs which the trees have a tendency to form if they are not cut back. The amount of cutting back depends upon the extent to which the trees have been injured.

If only the fruit buds have been killed, and the wood of the tree is uninjured, trees of compact form, if they have been annually pruned, should have their main limbs shortened, so as to leave only a few inches of the new wood. If, however, the limbs are getting long and straggling, they may be cut back into two or even three-year-old wood. Before severe cutting is done, the grower should be certain that there are not enough live buds left to produce fruit. The peach sets such an abundant quantity of fruit buds that if a small percentage of them has escaped injury there may still be enough to produce a paying crop of fruit.

PRINCIPLES FOR PEACH GROWERS.

- 1. Select high, dry, sandy or sandy loam soil. The peach will endure more drought than any other fruit tree.
2. Careful selection of the varieties most hardy in fruit budding.
3. Vigorous, healthy stock.
4. Budded from healthy, bearing trees.
5. Thorough cultivation from early in the spring until the first of August.
6. Liberal manuring broadcast, manure rich in potash, wood ashes, such as often can be obtained at mills.
7. Low heads, pruned every year. Cut off one-third of each year's growth.
8. Wash every year with a wash made of lime, soft soap with a little crude carbolic acid added to protect from borers.
9. Look carefully over the trees once or twice a month; if any disease makes its appearance and the tree cannot be restored to health, pull it up and burn.

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