Democratic Watchman.

Belletonte, Pa., October 9, 1914.

THE THREE BEST THINGS.

WORK-

Let me but do my work from day to day: In field or forest, at the desk or loom; In roaring market-place or tranquil room, Let me but find it in my heart to say; When vagrant wishes beckon me astray:

late, displayed.

that it was God's will.

This is my work; my blessing, not my doom: Of all who live, I am the one by whom This work can best be done, in the right way."

Then shall I see it, not too great, nor small, To suit my spirit and to prove my powers:

Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours. And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall At eventide to play and love and rest. Because I know for me my work is best, LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year, With forward face and unreluctant soul Not hastening to, nor turning from the goal; Not mourning for the things that disappear In the dim past, nor holding back in fear

From what the future veils, but with a whole And happy heart, that pays its toll To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer:

So let the way wind up or down,

Through rough or smooth, the journey will iov: Still seeking what I sought when but a boy, New friendship, high adventure, and a crown I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest. Because the road's last turn will be the best.

LOVE. Let me but love my love without disguise

Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new, Nor wait to speak till I can hear a clue, Nor play a part to shine in other's eyes, Nor bow my knees to what my heart denies: But what I am, to that let me be true,

And let me worship where my love is due, And so through love and worship let me rise

For love is but the heart's immortal thirst To be completely known and all forgiven. Even as sinful souls that come to heaven; So take me, love and understand my worst, And pardon it, or lave, because confessed. And let me find in thee, my love my best. -Henry Van Dyke, in Outlook.

"ALL'S FAIR-"

'Cension Larios, long revered as an oracle among the Gonzales servants, limped up to the big house, after her midday siesta. It was a very unusual thing for the lazy old wonan to do. She resolutely deserted the cool river bank, the chattering group of her fellow servants, the guitars, the cigarettes, the gossip; hobbled past the inviting kitchen door, past the shade of the pepper trees, and through the shriveled, dusty garden.

It was a burning mid-afternoon in July, and the old woman muttered mild Span ish curses as she went along, on the weather, on the lizards that slipped indolently from the pathway, on the gnats that spun in maddening spirals in the places. sunniest places. The perspiration streamed down her lined, brown face, and she wiped it away with a skinny, brown old hand. Californina, eighty summers ago, was a giant hothouse from inland mountain ridges to white beaches, and Jose Gonzales's rancho lay in one of the warmest and sleepiest of all the western vaileys.

There was a north terrace in the garden, a foot or two lower than the senorita's wide, mud-floored piazza, where in a tangle of roses and nasturtiums, stood

This new responsibility of duennaship proachable gravity, watching the expenses, chiding the servants, humoring the unreasonable master. Her attitude toward Refugio was invariably sweet, finally, her tone everything that was patient, considerate, almost motherly— amused, indulgent, "tear it up! You but the girl had lately turned against don't want me to go give it to your fath-her, and made no secret of her cordial detestation. Even before the servants the senorita's childish anger and her her, wate him? No? Then tear it up!" duenna's cool scorn were sometimes, of from Ysobel's, but she began slowly to

tear the written letter Perhaps, said the council below stairs, this was because the senora had been so ately. "You will see, you will all see!" dinner, with appropriate prayers and active in the arrangements for Refugio's When the particles were infinitesimal rages. betrothal to Senor Luis Pas, and had she scattered them slowly into the cactus and geranium bushes on the terrace. Her greetings, and Tony had a long draft of down in torrents until you felt glad that dosed the "offspring." made great eyes so often at the young man. True, Luis was the senorita's cousin, and she hated him-but even breast rose stormily.

cousin, and she hated him—but even that might not keep her from being jealous. It was in Paturia's terms of the senor was again his

jealous, but not of Luis Pas. She disliked him too thoroughly. Luis had come all the way from San 'Dino to be "Nonsense!" said the senora coolly, perhaps to find that the boat would not again in a few months, when the shearing was done and the grapes were in, and there would be a big wedding. Refugio supposed, with a philosophical shrug, go for three days, and be brought home by your father, like a child!" As for marriage with the man she loved, that, very obviously, was not God's ocean, and north are your Lucas cousins, you saw her on Friday?" will. And with all the servants on the who are not apt to cross your father by place, her father, and her duenna, watching every breath she drew, the girl found t almost impossible even to write to her lover. She could only fret and rebel and pray, and all of these she did heartily. Refugio had met Lieutenant Alden forgotten this nonsense, and we will have the wedding."

Bowers only a few months before, when Refugio did not answer, and after eying her in great good humor for a few moments Ysobel turned to the waiting she and her father, on their way to visit kinspeople at Rancho Santa Barbara, had stopped for the night at Mission San 'Cension. Francisco. There was a little group of "You need not mention to the others

American officers at the Presidio nearby, any of this," she said quietly. "You can and one of them, young Bowers, had go now. Be sure to tell someone to put chanced to come to the Mission on some some melons in the stream before dinerrand. He had lingered for a long time ner-that's what I wanted to say!

"Yes, senora," answered the old womat the willow-shaded gate with Refugio, for his own Spanish mother, back in Boston, had taught him enough of her lovely tongue to serve him in a case like this, and to her dying hour the girl never she will make of that!" said she.

forgot his boyish, eager voice praising her beauty, and the exquisite spring

'Cension, indeed, made the most of it. True, there was nothing very new in it; there was a chorus of ejaculations, odors of the twilit garden, and the sudthe senorita and her duenna had quar- screams, and titters from the assembled den throbbing notes of the Angelus bells. The next morning there was reled often enough before, but it was servants. another talk in the garden, and when something to talk about, at all events. the girl'and her father came back from

The gossip of the household, however, from?" said the senor. was diverted to a new channel when, an hour before sundown, as the two ladies She was very pale. of the household were finishing their meal, Tony Lucas rode into the yard. The cousins from the neighboring rancho I've been there since I let her out on Frirarely found time for a visit in this busy day morning, and she took my hat and season, and almost every servant on the shawl and rode away on 'Bino! place managed to be within hearing when

hé gave his reasons for coming. He had come for Ysobel. Dolores's little son was but a day old. Maria was the senora coolly, too young, and the mother was too old back. Unless all the devils are against to take command of the crowded house- us, she was in Sausalito Friday morning, hold; the shearers and pickers arrived and the boat must have gone since in a day or two; in short, a woman was wanted. Ysobel, serving him hospitably "she wanted nothing but the man she to the hot meats and the chilled wine, loved. Jose—didn't I want that? Didn't the sour damp bread, the pears and you?-at eighteen?" melons, was all charming sympathy and | Still silence. The senora shot a glance to think the matter over. At this treat-ment the girl's rebellious weeping had filled the house, and maid-servants, com-would follow him in the early morning, aged that every servant on the place only waiting to see the senor and pre- should know how we hated each other. pare for her visit.

his supper, and with a face as black— "Ah, as black as Lursa's petticoat there," said Teresita, who waited on the table

An uncomfortable, not to say dynamic was half gone when the senor again went she carried with easy dignity. She filled silence ensued. 'Cension heartily wish-her position in the household with irre- ed herself back in her own little abode. up her lover now, and marry her cousin? Refugio stood silent, biting her red lips, "No, no, no!" sobbed the defiant v breathing hard. Ysobel fanned herseif. within. And such maids as saw "No, no, no!" sobbed the defiant voice "Come, 'Gio mia!" said the duenna senor's face when he came down-stairs were afraid of him. This was at noon. It was after five o'clock the same day

when Tony Lucas rode again into the dooryard. The senor was still sitting on the low piazza, as he had sat for five hours, scowling, muttering, and Margarita, out in the kitchen, was still heating

"I hate you," she said heavily. deliber. and cooling and reheating the unwanted

We have been looking for Senora

Tony's honest face was perplexed. He come all the way from San 'Dino to be when she stopped for breath. "Where formally affianced to her; he would come could you run to? To Sausalito? Yes, am just from home. She had not come." They stared at each other. "But-grandson of Saint Anne! Ysobel

She shut left the day after you came!" stammerher fan and pointed lazily over her shoulder with it. "East of us is the bay," come to her! Here, Teresita!" he shoutshe reminded the furious girl, "west, the ed. "The senora is lost! Which of Teresita was all intelligent recollec-

lending you any assistance. No, no, Re. tion. "She came down to talk to Margafugita mia! Here you will stay, and in rita. and to Carlota, and she told Manue-two months—three,"—she shrugged her shoulders comfortably,—"you will have rapidly, "and Carlos saddled Bino for her!

"Bring Carlos here!" ordered the master, and Carlos duly came running, well attended. Carlos knew nothing; he had been wakened up before dawn, he had saddled, and he had seen the senora ride' away in her black shawl and wide hat. dirty, murderous beast, the poor senora had been shot by a highwayman for her rings, the poor senora had fallen in the rest her!

In the midst of the hubbub the senora herself walked quietly down the stairway, and onto the porch. Jose Gonzales sprang up with an oath; Tony laughed;

"Where-in God's name-did you come

Ysobel smiled, watching him tensely. "From Refugio's room," she said

There was dead silence. Ysobel shrug-

ged her shoulders, laughed. "Glare at me if you like, Jose," said "you can't get her

Then we had only to wait the chance. And then the senor got home late for Ah, it's foolish work, Jose, keeping a girl

school were not approved by the Gon-zales servants. Why shouldn't she mar-turn down to the servants' quarters later "I love her as if she were my

FROM INDIA.

Country. A Good Shower Dispels the Heat. The Native's Faith in Patent Medicine Works Sad Havoc Among Children.

Dear Home Folk:

The cousins exchanged ceremonious how puny we were, for rain; it came be good for the baby, had accordingly

and where it wasn't mud it was pure so that they are bought without any repools of water and I simply had to splash strictions or instructions as to their use, my good clothes, and I am sure they are ries have to undo the trouble which they not any better for the experience and I have caused. know I was a most drippy object when I Ever since studying medicine I have finally reached my own door. We need wondered where humans ever learned to it so badly that I won't even look for have such confidence in drugs, and mud or splashed spots tonight, and it thought it belonged peculiarly to a cercertainly has cooled the air down nicely tain class of non-thinkers at home, but and we will sleep well tonight.

Panic rose and spread. The poor senora spends the best part of the time you are papers, and they are too poor to afford had been flung from 'Bino and killed, the in bed trying to find a cool spot to put them anyway. I think it must just be your head and you are apt to get out in born in us; don't you? the morning rather snappy and cross, so It is nearly twelve o'clock and I have an as she started away. Ysobel, watch. cruel Little Big River and drowned-God you are most thankful to have a nice, been riding about in the two-wheeled, cool, sleepy night.

that I will try to see one before I leave. the work anyway.

the cobra don't make me desire to see matter, as I am too sleepy to mind. him dance, and each day I am thankful I haven't had to take up arms against one of their lordships.

The interesting thing to me just now heavy as I am myself, and you can real- commodity to be reduced in price,

what happened to the baby about four hours later. I forgot the day and the By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern dirt, and truly tried to make that child live, and was sorry that I had to go away and leave it. But driving back through the swarming city streets, with its myr-JHANSI, AUGUST 27th, 1913. iads of children everywhere, I decided perhaps nature did well to remove a few Thank goodness, our roof is once more or the earth would surely soon be overwhole, for after days and days of most run with these brown people. I later disappointing black clouds, tonight it learned that this English preparation had stopped fooling and having gotten us all been given to this father for himself and safely in church, proceeded to show us thinking what was good for him would

the church was stone and therefore could | Patent medicines hold high carnival not be washed away. It kept it up for | out here; I have seen as many American The senor was again his bored, polite an hour and when it was time to go kinds as one would find in an ordinary It was in Refugio's temperament to be marry him in spite of all of you! I will self. "She left us on Friday. You have home (I had gone on my wheel) riding drug store at home, and that in any not been home, I take it?" was just like plowing through mud holes small shop where they carry groceries, along. It was great fun, but I had on and swallowed; and later the dispensa-

out here, away from the daily newspaper, You perhaps notice that I speak of the I find just as much, if not greater faith, sleeping. Now don't think we are any in a little bitter tasting mixture, than in more lazy out here than I was at home, all the good food, air and sunshine God but so many nights are warm and ever gave to us. Now it isn't advertisesteamy and with the mosquito netting, ments for, as I say, most poor natives which is always used, one sometimes can't read and there are but few daily.

backward-going native cart so long to-

Coming up the road as I write is evi. day, I almost feel that you should start dently a snake charmer; his reed whistle to read this letter from this end and go is sounding clear in this evening air- the other way. Out-calls seem to come not a tune that I know, but he can truly in fits and starts and I must say I hate play, for it is a very pleasant sound. He them all; especially when they bring a no doubt will have a basket slung from poor, wiggly old cart, with a decrepit, a pole; they all do, and if it were day. half-fed horse, and it takes me two hours time he would most likely come in and to go the little distance that one generaloffer to show us his snakes. Curiously ly has to travel-for we live at the gates enough I have not seen this particular of the city. But like most things, one form of entertainment and don't know puts their likes in their pocket and does

When I first thought of coming here that But I am off to bed; know I'll get in was one of the things I was sure going backward and perhaps put my feet on to see, but a closer acquaintance with the pillow, but also know neither will (Continued next week.)

Wants to Break Down Egg Prices.

Philadelphia, Sept. 30.-Eggs at from is that our operating room must have a twenty to twenty five per cent. lower is that our operating room must have a new dress, and the scaffolding that those coolies are using makes me grin. It is than they can be purchased at the pres-ent time was the promise made yester-day by W. J. Henry, of 1800 Ridge avenue, big enough to hold ten men and yet they who said he would sell eggs at twentyhave spliced it to add safety. The men, eight cents a dozen in twenty retail three in number, who use it, are not as ing. Although eggs will be the first ize how much time it takes off of your Henry said butter and eggs would be day when they all three work three en- lowered at once and he would be able to day when they all three work three en-tire days, first to get it ready, then spend sell meat at a large reduction at least twice a week. The prices will be in efarshly, "for all these months: "I love her as if she were my own," much time in moving it and many, don't fect at the twenty stores in the only aid the senora simply. "And some day appear to go to work before nine o'clock. known as the Rinck Markets through the senora simply. ready for me? I surely can't, so am re- "The cold storage nouses of the coun-try are swamped with eggs," Mr. Henry The boxes from America arrived this would create a demand for those held in this country. There are now more than Senor Gonzales looked at her quickly. thing to you. It is this: Please don't United States and this quantity will be go to a church sale and buy a lot of im- increased by 300,000 cases the next thirty possible things and then put them in a box to go to China or Greenland. They "When I say 3,000,000 cases in storage box to go to China or Greenland. They I do not include those held by the packwill be just as impossible to the recipi-ers, who have an equal if not greater ents there. Most of the contents of quantity. These eggs were placed in these boxes were very useful and very storage at 197.8 cents, I quote the Chinice, but I make reference to a few little cago price. You have to add one cent for storage charges and add 11-8 cents a "In this city the chain stores absolute-Oh yes, another interesting story about ly control the retail price and make it impossible for any merchant to cut the price to the consumer. At 28 cents I called to see a sick baby and before believe many people who can not now going, when I asked how old the child afford to eat eggs will buy them again. was, I was told three days, and it was At the present time there are 250,000 cases stored in this city. plored me to come and aid it." So giv-pared to sell anyone a dozen, a case or a "Beginning tomorrow I will be preing the nurse instructions as to what to carload of eggs, strictly fresh, and will get ready, off we started. The day was lower the price later, if possible. This simply what we would call an ideal June sold will use one month and every call sold will weigh more than those now sale will last one month and every egg day in America, and I didn't want to being sold at the prevailing retail price. "Those who have eggs in storage and ed city with the smelly alley-ways and realize that the European war is not going to create any demand here, have agreed to hold their stock until early fall or winter, when they say they will terested as a circus does a small child at be able to dispose of them after the first home, this day disgusted me, and I longed storms, when hens usually stop laying. Even now the supply of fresh eggs coming to market daily is greater than it has been in many years." Mr. Henry said if eggs were sold at a reasonable price today it would mean a healthy, active market in the future, but that to continue to store them would looked down onto a junk-heap and gar- mean only a greater reduction when the bage pile as well and I thought of the present prices were cut. Pounding the "swat-the-fly teaching in America"; then, prices down now, he said, was the only way to "get out from cover." Concerning the present prices of meat, seated on the mud floor was a woman poultry and butter, he said the situation

water and was seated, before he said:

three or four old iron chairs. Their intricate patterns, wrought in Spain decades before, were eaten and disfigured with rust, their supports had long ago probed into the soft earth, and vines had twisted themselves tight about them.

Perhaps only once or twice a year were these chairs used. Diego, cramped from weeding, might rest his old bones there now and then, or the senorita drop into one when she was breathless with chasing her monkey, 'Tito, about the garden; but otherwise they were baked and drenched unnoticed, all the long seasons through.

'Cension now sank into one gratefully, suppressing a groan of relief. She made no more noise than a cat would make, and the senora, fanning herself on the piazza five feet away, did not even turn ner eves toward the terrace. A lattice of heavy grape leaves, the dusty black fruit hanging in heavy clusters here and there, made an effective shield for the eavesdropper, while allowing her a fair view of whatever went on on the porch. The senora's fan never ceased.

"Dios!" said 'Cension, settling herself contentedly for a vigil, "now one should see a good fight! Wait until the senorita comes out, and finds that Senora Ysobel lied to her when she said that she would ride this afternoon-and is sitting here on the porch instead, like a common spy! The poor senorita!" she went on with a chuckle of relish, "they watch her and deceive her and follow her as if she were a child!"

She wiped her face and throat with a worn old crimson handkerchief.

'Todos santos!" pursued the old woman piously, "if they would but go for each other once, like cats! How I should love to tell Carlotta and Maria and Ynezita about it.'

After all, why shouldn't they have an out-and-out, open battle at last, the senora and Senorita Refugio? Every servant on the rancho knew that they hated each other as a salmon hates Holy Week. The senora, for all her air of owning the place, was a newcomer, had been at Casa Gonzales less than two years and, whatever you chose to call her,-duenna, companion, housekeeper,-was no more than a guard placed by Senor Gonzales over his only child. As for the senorita, though she still looked and acted like the sweet, bewildered child who had come home from the convent school two years before, hadn't she the hot blood of the Valencias in her veins, and couldn't she fight for her lover like any other girl?

A hot hour dreamed by. The senora, unconscious of the sharp old eyes so near her, half-dozed in her chair. She was a beautiful woman, Ysobel Lopez, famous for it from Mendocino Valley to San Diego's bay, with an incredibly dramatic history packed into her thirty years. Since her wid whood she had loitered at her pleasure up and down the sunny length of the state, as welcome at every rancho as were the sharp red peppers that added zest to the everyday onions and beef. Now she lent her joyous interest and her clever hands to a big country wedding; now presided over some crowded resort in bull-fight week: now drifted in to console and amuse the

ry her cousin-like a sensible girl? If she didn't love him now-well, she would love him well enough when a son come. It would be a thousand, thousand pities to give up the wedding now, when everyone's mouth was watering for the

Santa Barbara two months later, the

young people had three or four more

glimpses of each other. It was enough.

After that, despite the senora's watch-

ing, letters went to and fro now and then; were carried by the little vessel

that came and went irregularly between

Sausalito and Mission San Francisco.

Sausalito was a score of miles from

Rancho Gonzales, but somehow, occa-

sionally, Refugio managed to send or

Meantime, the young officer wrote to his sweet-heart's father like a man, and

the senor, smiling grimly, lighted his

cigarro with the letter, conferred with

Senora Ysobel, whose judgment in such

matters he trusted absolutely, and lock-

ed Refugio up in her room for three days

ing and going in the halls, crossed them-

selves when they heard it. On the whole, however, the house

hold's sympathy was with the senor. A

good many of the notions that the senor-ita had brought back with her from

receive the precious lines.

barbecue, and everyone's feet tingling for the dancing. Refugio's American lover, in a week or two, hearing nothing of his note, follow-ed it in person. He crossed from the Presidio to Sausalito, and after spending a night at the little inn there rode to the rancho. Sausalito is a favorite place for summer homes now, but this was eighty

years ago, and the riding lieutenant saw nothing living on his journey but the senor's grazing sheep and the ducks that rose in the marshes.

He reached the ranch at sundown, dusty, dry, his boots powdered with gold from the mustard-tops he had been riding through, a spray of late wild lilac stuck in his cap. The senor gave him but a dozen civil words, offered him pershe went on. force, a dinner and a bed (Bowers was conscious that both were guarded), and sent him back to Sausalito the next day, doubly escorted. Of Refugio he saw not so much as a flying ribbon, heard not so This time it may be four or fivemuch as the rustle of her starched white frock; and the girl paid for his daring by another three days of confinement Hungry, lonely, despairing, she finally sobbed out her repentance, and was freed by the severe yet regretful senora on the fourth morning.

This was but three or four days before the afternoon when 'Cension's long kill her! wait was finally rewarded by the seno-

"He took her by the waist-so" said rita's appearance on the porch where Ysobel was sitting. The girl, who was the gratified Teresita, "and they all went upstairs. I filled her water-jar, and he the most perfect type of all her race's had Manuelita bring another; they will many beautiful types, had evidently been both be empty before she gives in, I crying over the writing of her letter. Her long black braids were tumbled, herpromise you that!"

great soft eyes as pitiful as a suffering The night was hot and bright and broken by all kinds of restless noises; child's, and the satiny red of her soft little cheeks was stained and marked stamping and whinnying in the coral, with tears. She stood in the dark door-way for a moment, blinking then changed cat in the tomato patch. Now and then, whatever she had come out to say to a to all the other noises, were added the sharp low, rebellious sobbing of the imprisoned

"Did you know that 'Cension was right senorita. Just before dawn, at the coolthere on the terrace, Ysobel?" est hour, the senor started on her three-'Cension, unwilling to credit her ears started up with a look of the most horrid

The duenna was cool. surprise 'Is she?" She shot a lazy glance over come out to say was of a private nature, on the restless black mare that Carlos senorita?

Her railing tone made it an insult. Refugio reddened.

"I was surprised to find that you had changed your mind about riding, senora," she said coldly.

"Changed my mind about giving you a chance to write your lover a long letter, you mean," said the senora composedly, "No. Don't go, 'Cension. I want you presently to take a message to Teresita. Sit on the steps here, will you?" she added, as the oid woman stood, rather at a loss. "I am sure," went on Ysobel. pitiful. "that the senorita will not mind your waiting while she tears that letter into She has made no secret of her pieces. love, and why should I? She would find household that death had robbed, to fault with me for watching her, but what dance the next week, light-heartedly, at else can one do when a girl flies in the ment pervaded the household. face of duty-eh, 'Cension?'

turn down to the servants' quarters later

said the senora simply. on. "He rode to Sausalito and back, today, she will come back and bring some yellow the senor," said Teresita, her fat face heads among all these black ones-yesaglow with the true joy of the tale-teller, and then you'll love her again, too!" "and whether the poor senorita's saint turned, superb, flushed with feeling, the fusing all operations, since there is no said. "They have been accumulating was asleep or not I don't know, but the tears in her magnificent eyes, to Tony. clean place in which to carry them on. eggs in a hope that the European war "and whether the poor senorita's saint turned, superb, flushed with feeling, the fusing all operations, since there is no said. steamer was in, and a letter from her lover on it." "You will be riding back today," she said unsteadily. "I will go with you. Poor The listeners gasped-enchanted, hor-Dolores! I must make my peace."

rified. "Razon de 'Sus !" ejaculated Carlotta, a And his sudden deep breath and dispretty slip of a mischief-maker, with a missing shrug turned the tragedy into lover of her own. "Did he lock her up comedy all at once. He shook his head again?" with a disapproving, admiring, reluctant Teresita nodded. "Ah-and the cry-

Teresita nodded. "Ah—and the cry-ing!" she said, chuckling systematically. "Go up to the corn patch under the se-fine white hand. "No son of my mothing!" she said, chuckling systematically. norita's window and you'll hear her. She showed ight, I promise you! She was as wild as a hill cat! She stamped and screamed, and she swore that she drink to the bride and groom!"—By would starve in her room before she Kathleen Norris. promised to obey her father this time."

Teresita shrugged enormous shoulders. Poorly Packed Wool a Loss to Growers 'The senora spoke up and warned her,' "Refugio,' says the senora

American wool growers could add as be careful! If your father says he will much as three cents a pound to the value lock you up until you promise to obey him he is not the man to give in! It was three days before,' said the senora. market graded and put up as attractively as are Australian wools, according to And estimates of experts of the Department the senor looked up from the floor, and said: 'Yes, or eight or nine!' " of Agriculture. It is admitted by the growers themselves and by dealers and "Ah-h-h!" breathed the listeners, manufacturers, says a department stateaghast, and 'Cension, cool and comfort-

ment that the American system of gradable in a starched calico and crackling ing and putting up wool is very bad. apron, added a prophetic, "They are well-Three cents a pound on wool selling at matched, those two! She will let him from fifteen to thirty cents a pound, it is

pointed out, is a very high percentage of loss which should be prevented by growers. The Bureau of animal industry has

prepared a collection of American and Australian wools for use in educational work in this direction and the department holds out hope that within the next decade sheep raisers will be able to add ten per cent. or more to their returns through improved business practices.

-If you always want to have the best take the WATCHMAN and you'll have it.

hours' ride to the Lucas rancho. She It has been remarked that when rain came down to the cabins for parting infalls in the desert it at once begins to destructions to this maid or that, called a velop verdure and beauty. These arid farewell through the sleeping senor's her shoulder. "Evidently what you had door, and another at Refugio's, climbed the elements of beauty, only needing the sleepily saddled for her, and was gone hidden beneath the bleak and barren proper conditions to reveal all that lies before the hot day was fairly begun. surface. Something like this is the con-

When the senor came down stairs, dition of the human body. Health is three hours later, in his ugliest mood, his lonely breakfast was a time of terror for the household. He warned the maids that if the senorita played him any spring up in this barren life of theirs tricks in her duenna's absence his anger under right conditions. What rain is to would fall equally on them all, and so the desert Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical effective were his knitted brows and gut- Discovery is to the body. It vitalizes and tural growl that a rigorous watch was vivifies. It takes the germs of health actually kept outside the senorita's door, and makes them fruitful. It pushes out and to none of her incoherent requests the blood taints and foul diseases which did anyone dare venture more than a mar and maim the body and in place "For God's sake keep the fourth gives an increased flow of pure blood, commandment, senorita!" Meantime, one or other of the men servants was constantly detailed to watch the senorita's window from the the gar. den. An atmosphere of the men in all its parts and organs. The blood is the life. The "Discovery" makes new life by making new blood.

den. An atmosphere of tense excite-

Two days went by, three. The fourth the WATCHMAN Office.

week and I am going to whisper a little this country. I nere personal things that were sent to the dozen freight to Philadelphia. three of us by some good-hearted woman.

patent medicine. Last Sunday I was of their product, if they were sent to having incessant motions and they "im-

> work, nor drive through a narrow streetits bumpy roads; and the Indian bazaar, which can nearly always keep me as infor a flying machine. But we had arrived and after a parley of perhaps ten minutes, I was shown up a narrow, winding stairway onto the regulation narrow upper veranda, which, in this instance,

into an almost entirely dark room where

with a tiny baby-naked-its face as was the same as with eggs, and declared black as your shoes and its body as yel. he would lower the prices of these foodlow as gold; such a queer looking infant stuffs.-Philadelphia Press. I had never seen. It was nice and quiet Good looks are coveted by every wom

woman held it out to me saying, "It is a true woman will not make to protect sick." Upon examination I found that her complexion from the rude assaults of time. But good looks are absolutely its bowels were about normal; then why incompatible with a diseased condition such a queer color? I next examined its of the delicate womanly organs. Hollow heart, which was quite right; but I also eyes, a sallow complexion and a wrin-noticed how very slowly it was breath, kled skin, quickly mark the woman noticed how very slowly it was breathing. After vainly trying to make it cry, a sufferer from "female weakness." Dr. or in some way breathe more rapidly, I Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been asked, "what have you given this child?" taken by many a woman simply in hope I was told "nothing;" but I said "non- of a cure of prostrating diseases, who, to sense, now tell me, have you given it no blooming anew on her cheeks as the remedicine?" They said, "only Chlora- sult of the relief of her diseased condidyne-we gave it three drops every hour tion. "Favorite for two or three times;" in all, about woman healthy, and health is Nature's own cosmetic. nine drops in four or five hours. As this

is very powerful and the dose is only ten -For high class Job Work come to drops for an adult, and generally used in Eagle was not a very successful one this dysentery or cholera, need I tell you year.

and apparently sound asleep, but the an. There is hardly any sacrifice which whose functions are irregular, or who is Prescription" makes

-----The bass fishing season down Bald