Bellefonte, Pa., February 19, 1915.

THE BATTLE CRY OF THE MOTHERS.

Bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh,

Fruit of our age-long mother pain, They have caught your life in the nation's mesh, They have bargained you out for their paltry

And they build their hope on the shattered breast Of the child we sang to rest— On the shattered breast and the wounded cheek O, God! if the mothers could only speak! Blossom of centuries trampled down For the moment's red renown.

Pulse of our pulse, breath of our breath. Hope of the pang that brought to birth, They have flung you forth to the fiends of death, They have cast your flesh to the cruel earth, Field upon field, tier upon tier, Till the darkness writhes in fear. And they plan to marshal you more and more-Oh, our minds are numb and our hearts are sore! They are killing the thing we cherish most, They are driving you forth in a blinding host, They are storming the world with your eage

But the judgment comes at length.

Emperors! Kings! On your heedless throne, Do you hear the cry the mothers make? The blood you shed is our own; You shall answer, for our sake. When you pierce his side, you have pierced or

O, mothers! The ages we have cried!-And the shell that sunders his flesh apart Enters our bleeding heart.

'Tis over our bodies you shout your way, Our bodies that nourished him, day by day In the long, dim hours of our sacred bliss, Fated to end in this!

Governors! Ministers! You who prate That war and ravage and wreck must be To save the nation, avenge the state, To right men's wrongs and set them free-You who have said

Blood must be shed. Nor reckoned the cost of our agony-Answer us now! Down the ages long Who has righted the mother's wrong? You have bargained our milk, you have bargain ed our blood,

Nor counted us more that the forest brutes; By the shameful traffic of motherhood Have you settled the world's disputes. Did you think to barter the perfect bloom, Bodies shaped in our patient womb, And never to face the judgment day When you and your king should pay?

Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone. Hope of the pang we bare alone, Sinew and strength of the midnight hour When our dreams had come to flower, O, women! You who are spared our woe. You who have felt the mother throe, Yet cannot know the stark despair Of coffins you shall never bear-Are you asleep that you do not care, Afraid that you do not dare?

Will you dumbly stand In your own safe land While our sons are slaughtered and torn? Bravely through centuries we have borne And suffered and wept in our secret place, But now our silence and shame are past, The reckoning day has come at last-We must rise! We must plead for the race! You who behold the mothers' plight, Will you join our battle cry with might. Will you fight the mothers' fight? We who have given the soldiers birth, Let us fling our cry to the ends of the earth. To the ends of Time let our voice be hurled Till it waken the sleeping world. Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone Toil of the centuries come to speech, As far as the human voice can reach

Warriors! Counselors! Men at arms! When the great rebellion comes You shall hear the heat Of our marching feet And the sound of our million drums.

We will shout, we will plead for our own!

You shall know that the world is at last awake-You shall hear the cry that the mothers make-You shall vield-for mother's sake! -By Miss Angela Morgan in The Christian Ad-

ANNE RUTLEDGE.

Abraham Lincoln.

By Francis Newton Thorpe.

[Concluded from last week.]

Weeks, months passed, painfully long through which she was passing only a woman could endure. She loved John McNeil with a love as intense, as degaye his wife no answer. voted, as immeasurable as this grand passion which Lincoln poured out at her feet. Again and again he made his plea: grand passion of a man's life can take. At last she could endure the importunity accept him, if, after ample time had given McNeil to reply to her from New York, no reply should come.

Rejoicing, yet fearing, Lincoln con-sented, and knew that she had written not once, but many times. Patiently did he wait, his first glance through the daily mail being ever to catch sight of a letter from John McNeil. None come. Annie grew melancholy; the delicate color fad-ed from her cheeks; the diamond lights paled in her eyes. Then, tenderly, how tenderly, Lincoln renewed his suit. June had come again and all nature seemed kind. He and Annie were standing beneath a great oak tree whose leaf was

again glorious.
"Will you, Annie, will you?" It was his last appeal. She turned her face toward his and did not say him nay; but the pallor of her cheeks made a shadow on his day, a shadow on that rich, vital June afternoon. She said no word, but he knew that he had won, and for the moment his sense of victory overpowered him. Then he was again caught up in the great current of his love for her; tears dimmed his eyes; his voice choked. Her love was too good to be true; he bent down and reverently kiss-

ed her cheek. "Thank you, Annie."

It was all he could say. en they turned down the hill and walked in silence back to the village. Annie hastened to her room, and Lincoln found her mother and told what had

happened.
"How glad we are, Abie!" for Rutledge had heard the news too. Mrs. Rutledge's words seemed to leap many seemed to Rutledge's words seemed to leap with

That evening, in the little parlor of the tavern, seated by Annie's side on the sofa near which he had found the inventory of McNeil's wealth, Lincoln told Annie what she already knew—that never littled Holl his disc.

"Abe," said Dr. Jason Duncan, one of his dearer friends, to him one day, "I have something for you to read that you will like," and he gave him the lines beginning:

I oving wife. I did honestly and truly love the girl and think often of her now."

Then, pausing, a look of inexpressible grief overspreading his face the five-and-twenty years which had passed since her death seemed to roll back and the agony care over his soul.

voice in condemnation of McNeil, and now with equal conviction praised Lincoln. Everybody congratulated him; he was living in a lover's paradise. At odd hours snatched from sleep he took up his law-books; the goal of life was now fairly in sight. He carefully computed when he should have saved enough by clearly a support him while completing of the West the famous Daniel Drake.

on his side. But Annie was not living in paradise. pronounced her case one of obscure fever, but he felt baffled; his remedies were not the sufferer, and Lincoln seldom revealed ministering to her; a spirit possessed her which he could not exercise. Lincoln, Two years after A by the ghost that would not down, could fellow member:

only confront it with his own supreme "I seem to others to enjoy life rapturonly confront it with his own supreme only confront it with his own supreme passion. Nothing within his power did he neglect. As he sat by her side he told her innumerable stories, rhapsodies of mirth, inimitable. She smiled, but she did not laugh. He caressed her with all the ardor of his love, but the warmth of his devotion could not dissolve the mysterious chill on her spirits. He glowingly portrayed the life they should live together in their Springfield home, and his fancy won great triumphs which she should enjoy; but the portrait, though should enjoy; but the portrait, though pleasing, did not bring back the color to her cheeks. At one of his calls he asked her to sing to him, and in a sad, sweet voice she sang the hymn beginning:

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear."

It was her favorite hymn. So deeply was Lincoln moved he could not remain, and for the first time the great fear which drives out every other fear in man's heart entered his own. On that summer day she took to her bed. The doctor commanded absolute quiet, but in her weak delirium she pleaded so piteously to see Lincoln that they feared longer to deny her, and he was sent for.

He, too, had changed, for her sickness had fallen upon him like a blight. He hastened to her side; the door closed behind him and they were alone. There was the sound of muffled sobs; there was the cry of prayer. Within the sick-room two souls were passing through an indescribable agony. There in mysterious communion was uttered that which could never be spoken to other ears; which could never fall from other lips. There was confessed the love of man for wom-an the grand passion of life. Was the remorseless, the hopeless, impotency of life there revealed? Or did the soul's own crystalline beauty, its native isolation and aloofness, there rise into clearer

vision? At twilight some one saw a tall, bent form hastening from the village forth into the wilderness; they said it was Lincoln, and the word passed from lip to lip that Annie Rutledge was dead.

For weary weeks Lincoln trod a doubtful, narrow path-that invisible way which divides reason from the unreason which is worse than death. Alarmed, his closer friends formed a protective band that should ever be near him in his wanderings up and down the riverside; through the forest; out into the open prairie-everywhere, anywhere-only ever swiftly to move toward the strange

and indefinite shore.
"Nancy," said Bowling Greene to his wife the day after the funeral, "I'm goin' to bring Abe here to our cabin and take care of him; he'll do himself harm if we don't look out. He's as near crazy as

dare be.' "Poor fellow! I don't wonder; and Annie was such a nice girl. It does seem powerful strange to me that the good to Lincoln and full of torturing doubt for Lord always wants her kind first and Annie. The consuming heat of the fire early. But I reckon they're kind o' scarce in heaven, and that's the reason." But Bowling was no theologian and

He found Lincoln and brought him to the little cabin that stood under the bluff about half a mile back of New Salem, made it and remade it, cast it and recast and there cared for him like a child. It it in the countless forms which only the was a terrible battle, this fighting back madness—a wondrously delicate task to sustain reason on its throne. All the of his love no longer and consented to gentle and homely arts of affection, the atmosphere of that humble refuge, were exercised in Lincoln's behalf. No one had conceived the depth of his passion for the dead girl. His narrow, hard, bleak life, familiar only with toil and self-denial, had suddenly blossomed forth under the light of her soul into the flower of unutterable devotion. The people of New Salem, warm-hearted, living the robust life of pioneers, were accustomed to manly friendships and womanly strength and patience, but this love of Lincoln for Annie Rutledge surpassed the strength of their understandings and they beheld it as a sacred, a mysterious dispensation vouchsafed only in Biblical times to the sons of men.

times to the sons of men.
"I tell you, Bowlin'," said Nancy Greene one evening to her husband, after Lincoln had slipped out of the cabin and had turned his face toward the little graveyard at Concord, some miles away "I tell you that this kind o' grievin' in man or woman must jes' work itself off in its own way, and the more you hinder the wuss he will be off. So you let him

All New Salem and the people for miles around came to Annie's funeral. Elder Cameron touched with delicate friendship on the grief of the living, but human eloquence and sympathy could not heal the wounds of the man who

would willingly have given his own life that she might live.

"The very thought that the rains and the snows shall fall upon her grave fills me with indescribable arony" mounted. me with indescribable agony," moaned Lincoln to his friend, William Greene. There was no consolation for so broken

a heart. Mrs. Rutledge wiped her eyes with her ed Lincoln, and gradually he came to these, after asking about all the early Apply with a brush.

apron and resumed her work. Annie's himself. But the iron had entered his families of New Salem and recalling old

but give me time, Annie; give me time to earn a little money to live on till I can be admitted to practise law, then nothing on God's footstool can keep us apart."

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" of that day again came over his soul. With an effort he regained his composure and said, half whispering the words, "And I have loved the name of Ruf-

Public opinion had long since uttered its verses to his friends, even to great statesvoice in condemnation of McNeil, and men whom, while President, he gathered men whom, while President, he gathered

clerking to support him while completing of the West, the famous Daniel Drake, his studies; the problem seemed easy, of Cincinnati. The reply was symand time, the determining element, was pathetic—"I cannot prescribe in your case without a personal interview"—this much of Drake's letter Lincoln read to a Lincoln knew she was failing, followed every change with alarm, and persuaded could confide to no man; it was too Want is to Tax Them. her at last to have Dr. Allen call. He sacred for revelation. The great physi-

Two years after Annie's death, while a wiser than her physician, and terrified member of the Legislature, he said to a

conflicting, her grief stirred anew, Mrs. Rutledge told him she had been dead nearly a week. Distressed beyond power of speech, the desolate man stumbled back to the wagon and told his mother the terrible news. His dream, too, had led him to a gloomy and indefinite shore, whose darkness no mortal vision could penetrate. With an aching heart he turned back toward his farm, his tears dimming the landscape which for so long he had yearned to behold again. He thought of the sickness unto death which had delayed him in Ohio on his way to his Eastern home. There, grimly facing death, he had concealed his name, his business, even his destination from the people about him. A month passed before he was able to resume his journey. Fear had entered his heart that Annie Rutledge might have forgotten him, and in his fear he forbore writing to her. None of her letters had reached him, and

could prove the truth of all he had told her. Alas, had he written but a line! Thinking on these things, he drove now in the gathering twilight to the farm which, as he had told Annie, should become a home for his mother and her children.

patiently had he waited till in person he

One gray November day, toward evenng, a stra as seen waikin Concord. The wind was raw and cutting, and flakes of snow now and then fell on not good things" then let us tax land that the elections are just now absorbtraveled through the quiet graveyard and came to a newly made grave. Approaching the sacred spot, his breast bursting with agony, he knelt above the beloved His glance caught the figure of a form. tall, dark-faced man emerging from the thicket and coming forward with long strides. The tall man stopped a moment as if hesitating.

"John."
"Abe." two strong men knelt in silence together and mingled their tears in a common

sorrow. Many years later, in the Governor's room at the Capitol at Springfield, a man was walking slowly to and fro, his hands clasped behind him, his face dreary with reflection. He was alone. For many months he had been the central figure in a great national contest, a campaign and an election which should determine whether this country should be half slave and half free, or all the one thing or all the other. The people had passed judgment on that question, and Abraham Lin-coln was President-elect. For months he had not known privacy; the great and powerful had come and gone, the wise and the foolish had spoken; but they all had left him to bear the burden of the nation alone; to solve the problem of its destiny. He had not yet announced his readiness to depart for Washington. He felt that he could not go until once more his eyes had seen the familiar places of his youth and once more he had greeted

his aged mother. Weary with the labors of the day, he was seeking rest in a few moments' privacy and, if possible, in a few moments' sleep. He stretched himself upon the sofa. Again he was swiftly traveling on some strange unusual vessel, toward a gloomy and indefinite shore. The shadows ht overhung him, and the stillness of death compassed him about. The vividness of the dream awakened him. Again had the mysterious messenger come to him from the unknown. A flood of memories came over him, sweeping him back to the days of his youth, the days of aspiration, toil, and infinite loss. Arising, though little refreshed, he quietly now slipped away from Springfield down to Farmington, to pay perhaps his last greetings of affection to his mother. With tears streaming down her cheeks the good woman at last released him, giving him her blessing, and mingling with it her prophecy that his life would be taken by his enemies. Profoundly moved and with gloomy forebodings, at

ast he broke away from her. But his heart yearned for a glimpse of the scenes of his youth, and he kept on his journey, meeting many old-time friends who had known and had helped him in his days of struggle. Some of these friends he had first known in New Salem.

That humble hamlet was no more Hardly a vestige of it remained. The pioneers were scattered or dead, and the place was a place of memories

A few days later some of these New Salem friends of old were among the throng that surged into the Capitol to

apron and resumed her work. Anne's father simply pressed Lincoln's hand soul, and the tender melancholy, the insurance in the little parlor of the could not venture upon speech.

That evening, in the little parlor of "Abe," said Dr. Jason Duncan, one of the could be could have made a good and truly the could be could

"As soon as his law studies are over," she said to her brother, "we shall be married."

The news of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's death, the piety of friendship removed the remains of Annie Rutledge from the neglected graveyard in which she was buried to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's death, the piety of friendship removed the remains of Annie Rutledge from the neglected graveyard in which she was buried to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's death, the piety of friendship removed the remains of Annie Rutledge from the neglected graveyard in which she was buried to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in the new of Lincoln's engagement to the new of Lincoln's eng Annie Rutledge created less comment in New Salem, because it was expected. The was he to quote these woman with whom Lincoln said his heart was buried remained unmarked. But it had never been forgotten by those who loved her, and her sad story was its im-

The traveller to-day visiting beautiful "Oakland," the "God's-acre" of Petersburg, will find a grave lonely and apart. A young tree grows beside it, and at its head there rests a stone of unpolished granite bearing the simple inscription, "Anne Rutledge."—Harper's Weekly.

Some Little Talks on Taxes.

A good way to get rid of things we do not want to have around is to tax them. When a town is overrun with dogs, a Is there anything else laying around that the community would like to get rid of? Why, yes, there are plenty of vacant lots.

We sterday one of the purses had be cock bird abounding in vitaliance. Tax Collector would be a popular fellow. Eye sores, retards of progress, filled with fine it would be if they were covered with buildings, factories, houses, offices and many other kinds of improvements. We by soaking the taxes on them. This answers the query; "Where will you get your revenue?" Whenever we propose to stop taxing good things like buildings, machinery, cattle, etc, a vacant or illy-improved lot can be taxed to the limit and no one has any kick coming. The blackeye, they say. The Schenleys live over in London. Why should they worry. It is getting more valuable every year. If we should double the taxes on these agents to sell off a few lots and be tick-

tax. When the people come to see what their importance. toward cry for it. But in all seriousness, if it is values and stop taxing improvements.— By William N. McNair.

> Brumbaugh Wants Swift Action on Suffrage Bill.

Governor Brumbaugh has not only heartily endorsed the plans of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association to get the suffrage resolution Clasping hands across the grave, the through both Houses early in the session, but has made the significant assertion that "no loval Republican

could vote against it" In a recent interview with Mrs. Frank M. Roessing, president of the

State association, he said: "It is not only a part of the party's platform, but a part of my own personal platform, and I am in favor of having quick action upon it. Moreover, I will do all in my power to aid its speedy passage. I want to see the question of a suffrage amendment to the State constitution go before the people this Fall. Inasmuch as Pennsylvania today has a Republican administration and that party is in power, there can be no doubt as to the favorable action on the suffrage bill." Coming from the Governor, this statement is significant.

THE TALE OF A COW

According to Mme. Schwimmer, the famous Hungarian journalist who is now on a lecture tour of Pennsylvania. a Swiss man teacher gets, in addition to his salary, fodder for his cow. The woman teacher in Switzerland not only gets a lower salary but only half rations of fodder for her cow.

"The assumption being," says Mme. Schwimmer, "that the woman not only has less need to eat than a man has, but that her cow eats less than a man's cow."

This sad state of affairs in Switzerland touched even the heart of an antisuffragist who was in one of Mme. Schwimmer's audiences recently. "Think of the poor cow who is unortunate enough to be owned by a oman teacher!" she said.

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-Gnawing animals which damage fruit trees may be discouraged, and sometimes killed, by a wash made of Portland cement watered to the consistency of paint, mixed with Paris green.

FROM INDIA

One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. June Weather for Celebrating Christmas. Scenes and Incidents in that Foreign

JHANSI, DECEMBER 11th, 1913

Dear Home Folk: A night to rave about-the moon is we have been talking of coasting and to go coasting.

We have had our little prayer-meeting and I was leader so I tried to find some. ing the carcasses of dead hogs; and thing about Christmas, and you have no where they have died of cholera the trick thing about Christmas, and you have no idea how hard it is to realize the season in this warm, beautiful temperature and, before coming to sit down and chat with thing about Christmas, and you have no before coming to sit down and chat with you I walked out into the garden (poor you I walked out into the garden (poor the carcass. Open the carcass combarren place) and there I saw a big pletely, spread it open, and lay it belly Brahmin bull feeding, so calling to the down on the support over the fuel. watchman we went to see that the intruder was put out; and you know the cause for my opening sentence.

How can you remember the season and the metal supports are for draft, and when never a turkey or a goose appears, the dimensions of these things depend and there is not a shop to jeer at your empty purse, no little half-starved, cold tion. children looking with longing eyes at When a town is overrun with dogs, a heavy dog-tax soon reduces the number. Impossible toys. No, its June here and housing of the breeding stock is impossible toys. No, its June here and housing of the breeding stock is impossible toys. The housing of the breeding stock is impossible toys. The housing of the breeding stock is impossible toys. We put a high license tax on saloons to reduce their number. If we could tax nothing but things we do not want, the died suddenly at the hospital, after four courage exercise, and good sanitation

Yesterday one of the nurses had her engagement party. It is such a strange tin cans and rubbish, how we would like to get rid of them. Mostly owned by non-residents, held for speculation, increasing the rentals of other lots, how but has never spoken to him. He is now but has never spoken to him. He is now on duty in the far north and cannot come until next month, but his sister and her can get rid of vacant lots mighty quick husband gave the party and he sent the ring, and the girl is now rightly engaged. "No soft music or low lights" for the Hindustani girl; all is done in open day and before witnesses, so there is no drawing out the next week. The girls cold weather. Ninety-five per cent of Schenley Estate, Pittsburgh, has a bunch all wore such pretty "sauris" and the of vacant stuff scattered all around, every- grouping was so picturesque. A camera body is fussing about it, gives the town a does not show the coloring and so it is

no use. I am wondering just how long these impressions will remain with me. Just unsightly weed-grown stretches, the boys now they seem so unforgetable, yet I wouldn't kick, they would cable their feel sure that all too soon some one will led to death when they would get the draft. They only got \$210,494, from their and I will surely have to draw from my ground rents this month, after the taxes imagination. Even now when I read my were paid and would be glad to get a little more, but they didn't think about selling off a little of their vacant stuff. can't remember half the detail I gave to he handed them their bill, for it would the background all the thing becomes be a gentle hint to get busy and improve blurred. You become so accustomed to

a nice thing it is, even the children will For two weeks I have had no letter from you people, but of course know ing all your time. How little impression sults until the following August, when your Mexico affair and elections make out here you may know, when I must search the Pioneer hard and then only have a telegram of perhaps six lines in you begin to wondering until the latter length to give me all the doings of the part of November. Then market withlength to give me all the doings of the day. But it is well for there is enough in every land to keep you busy there,

and you are at the "tother side." The drums have ceased and the nightly pandemonium has passed for another year. You cannot imagine what a relief it is, not only to the ears, but spirits as well. It is during one of these seasons that one realizes how few the English people really are as compared with their dark-skinned neighbors in this land. It is well to erect statues and have a beautiful garden to commemorate a hero's deed, or a poor marty's passing, but it gives you a most gruesome feeling when years later, each city you visit, these places of blood are pointed out to you and you realize that in truth little is changed except externals and only an opportunity is wanted to make it all happen again; but this time there would be no surprises, and no trusting in untrustworthy friends.

One grows tired easily in this balmy air and I think I am going off to bed to dream of you all. When I start on, and I sent my money for my passage last week, perhaps there will be more to talk to you about, at least I hope so.

(Continued next week.)

Japanese Woman Pearl Divers. For centuries past one of the curious customs of Japan has been the employment of woman as divers in the pearl industry. Formerly whole families became divers, but later the prerogative became more and more that of the women until now fully ninety per cent of Japanese pearls are gathered by Japanese women divers. A movement begun several years ago to replace them with men has been opposed bitterly by the wom-

Originally a Chinese Bird. Pheasants, notwithstanding their aristocratic magnificence of appearance, readily interbreed with humbler kinds of birds, including the common barnyard fowl, the guinea hen and the black grouse. English pheasants are the descendants of Chinese birds, which, long ago, were brought to England and crossed either with grouse or with some unidentified native species of pheasant, which possessed no great beauty. The descendant of a male pheasant and a domestic hen is known as a "pero."

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FARM NOTES.

-Even if the sod-mulch system is followed in the orchard, it is well to make a little clear space close about the foot of the tree. Mulch, and even cover crop, furnishes a fine covert for mice and shrews.

-A dog is property in Nebraska, and his owner is personally responsible for any damage he may do. What good reanearly full and the temperature just like son is there why this should not be the a June night, but would you believe it, rule everywhere? In Nebraska a dog which runs out upon the road may be truly this silver radiance is like that which we get on a clear, frosty night shot by people annoyed by his barking. The useful, well-behaved dog will not be affected by such laws, and wise dog ownwith snow on the ground-when we used ers will agitate for such laws every-

-There is a trick to the job of burniron wheel or strips of metal to hold up Sprinkle kerosene liberally inside the hog before putting it in place. Light the fuel. The carcass will burn fiercely, especially if the hog was fat. The trenches on the size of the carcass. This system is recommended by the Nebraska Sta-

Planning the High Hatch.—First, the house and yards, plenty of light and ventilation, absence of drafts and vermin, abundance of clean litter to en-

Second, use one good active yearling cock bird abounding in vitality to every

8 to 12 vigorous yearling hens. Third, furnish clean, wholesome feed and water so balanced as to produce muscle and vigor rather than to force too heavy egg production. The dry-mash feed should be kept in hoppers and some grain frequently fed in litter to encourage exercise. Supply fresh water frequently in metal or earthen vessels where it will be free from filth and lit-

ter. Use clean straw in the nests. Fourth, gather the eggs twice a day, in the middle of the forenoon and in the middle of the afternoon, and oftener in these eggs will hatch if the care indicated is taken in handling the breeding stock.

-Don't Keep Ducks too Long.-After five years of careful experimenting I have found that Indian Runner ducks will give the best results if the following rules are observed:

Do not shut them in a closed house. The front should be wire mesh, with the exception of about eighteen inches at the bottom, which should be of board. Many writers claim that the Indian

Runner duck improves with age up to the fifth year. However, the man who is making money with market eggs from this bird will tell you not to keep them The local people who hold vacant front you, for you see the scenes fit into this over eighteen months of age. For inage would thank the Tax Collector after landscape and when you get away from stance, a beginner has decided to raise Runner duck eggs for market. He should not hatch a duckling till the latter part of June. This will bring them at a heir property.

A vacant lot tax is the finest kind of a the surroundings that you fail to notice ing age in December. Bear in mind that their importance. bound to lay when matured.

Ducks that are hatched with the winter egg production in view will start laying in December and give splendid rethey pass through a slight molt which reduces the egg output to a minimum. This continues till the middle of September, when the yield increases until out fail. Disappointment will follow if

they are kept longer. Remember that during the entire year they should not be fed a kernel of whole grain, as they will produce the most eggs on a diet of cooked vegetables mixed with bran and a little corn meal, also a liberal amount of meat scraps.

They should not have free access to a pond or brook; but, if such is available a very small portion of it should be fenced in and included in their yard.

-Where conditions are right, water cress may easily be grown and is a fairly profitable crop. It is more of a commercial product in Europe than in this country, and much water cress sold here comes from plants that grow wild. The common variety is really a native of Europe, and yet it is now found all over this continent.
Water cress likes shallow, slow-moving

water and a sandy bottom, and yet will often thrive when these conditions are only approximated. Commercial growers usually prepare wide ditches or beds over which water may be flooded, but with the water under control by means

The seeds may be started in the beds when they are not flooded, or sown on the banking at the edge of the beds and allowed to grow over them. New plants are often started from cuttings which will take root wherever they are dropped, the roots starting out from the joints. If there is danger of their being washed away the cuttings may be held in place by stones.

It is important that water cress be grown only where the water is pure, for the cress may easily be contaminated by sewage. If grown where the bottom of the stream is muddy the flavor of the leaves is greatly impaired. Also avoid locations where there is danger of a

heavy rush of water. There are two pests which damage water cress, and both are described in a bulletin issued by the U. S. D. A. One is called the sow bug, and the other is known as the water-cress leaf beetle. The sow bug is combated by drawing off the water. The pests follow it and are collected in a pool where a preparation is applied which kills them by wholesale. The beetle is disposed of by just the opposite method. The beds are flooded

and the beetles washed away. It is a simple matter to propagate water cress in brooks or shallow water on a small scale, and a few plants will provide enough for home use. Seed may be sown at any time in spring or summer, but if sown in the fall it will often remain without germinating until spring, when it will start into life. The pleasant, pungent, slightly bitter flavor of the water cress makes it highly desirable for a salad, and the attractive leaves recom-mend it for a garnish. In Europe this cress is often boiled and served as a veg-

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