THE LOST VOICE.

- Seated one day in the office Distracted, and ill at ease, I wildly jiggled the phone-hook And Central said "Number, please?"
- I know not what number I gave her, 'Tis vanished, beyond recall, I know I was flabbergasted That she answered the phone at all!
- It filled me with sheer amazement, It thrilled me with fierce delight, For when she repeated the number She actually got it right.
- I glued the phone to my ear drum, And my heart beat high and fast, As I said to myself, "Eureka!" I shall get that call at last."
- I waited, and waited, and waited, Once more I seized the hook, Between my thumb and finger, And shook, and shook, and shook
- But I listened and listened vainly The sun had waned and set, And the stars were out but Central Had made no answer yet.
- It may be she'll answer sometime, But I wonder now and then, If only when I'm in heaven Shall I hear that voice again. -Madison, Ill., Republic.

MEDDLESOME MATTIE'S RO-MANCE.

Mattie Mayfield was the village dresses, for in those days the letting down of the dress signified an age of dignity and discretion, and Mattie that it would now be prisms religiously before her mirror till her mouth lost its habit of dimpling and turning itself up at the corners on the slightest provocationand received the school. Some one guessed her age ridiculously old, and, jubilant, she let it remain; then, of course, the mischief was done. She could not be young if she wished, and at times she did wish, oh, so much! But as time went on she almost gave up wishing, took up a staid middleaged life in somber clothes at twenty-eight—and that is old in a village —and so she became the village "spin." She knew also that some people who had felt the weight of her scorn on occasion had called her Meddlesome Mattie.

One evening as she sat in her room, beside her tiny stove, she said the name to herself, but in a new tone, a determined, respectful tone.

—the poor little lamb!" The endearment had no reference to herself, but follows: Home Missions, \$2,383,200; look at things. Being a good sport is she could not withstand the venom of it all. She was ill, confined through the hot summer to her home, while the young husband who had married her clandestinely was at the front, eating his heart out because the rash Bonnie had called it, had wrought so much unhappiness to the one whose happiness was dearer to her than anything else on earth.
"I'll not have it! What if she did

run away and get married? What if she is a war bride? I wish—" but she did not finish. She laughed and, jumping to her feet, did a Highland fling.

She was going to write a fiction of her life. She would tell Bonnie and her mother how she had planned to run away with the sweetheart of her youth, but that her courage had failed her and he had gone away never to return. She wanted the story to hang together, so she wrote facts first, then made them fit. But she stuck at his name. "Strange," she muttered, "that I cannot recall the name of this man with whom I am running away." She could think only of Lochinvar. "I have it—Lochiel Ross. I'll call him Lochie!"

When Mrs. Clay saw her coming she said to Bonnie: "It's that Medsee her!" But Bonnie answered, "Yes, ment. let her in. She was always nice to me, nicer than I deserved." So it happened that Mattie was soon holding the little wasted hand, and telling, with many stops and exclamations, all about her planned elopement, wishing that her courage had not failed her so that she would now be happily mar-

She blushed at the revelation (she was in the habit of telling the truth) and added many details. It was a changed Bonnie who smiled her a goodbye. And Bonnie and her mother talked long over Mattie's sad romance, and when Bonnie wrote to her husband she told him the story, adding that she was so glad that she was not an unhappy old maid, and that he had married her over all objections.

When he read the letter it was so different in tone from her others that he whistled a merry tune and his bunkie heard him. "Good news, Ben?" he asked wistfully, hoping to hear of the happiness of some home. "You've guessed it, Scotty, and it's all through the little school-ma'am they used to call Meddlesome Mattie." Then he recited Mattie's romance to Corporal

Scott. They talked long and sympathetically about the poor little old maid who had lost her nerve and her sweetheart. "I'll bet you, man," observed the corporal, "that she's mighty nearly all right, that little old girl. Let's both write to her. It'll do no harm." So

they did. Mattie, cheered by the vast improvement in Bonnie, kept up the farce day after day, dropping in with a bit of news, a flower or a poem that reminded her of Lochie, till it was the seventh wonder of the village that

Bonnie Bennington had discharged her doctor and was taking long walks about the country with her old teach-

Then one day two overseas letters came to Miss Mattie Mayfield. The one from Bonnie's soldier husband, which she opened first, left her flushed and happy by its ardent thanks. She had made a better soldier of him, he said; had relieved his mind and from now on she was to consider him as her soldier, too. The other she read through twice. Scotty was telling her how she was the most wonderful woman, that his mother would have done just such a beautiful thing in her place, and so on.

"Why, he thinks I'm as old as Methuselah!" she exclaimed, indignantly. Then she laughed a little ruefully—it might have been a real romance—if. "Well, I'll tell him the truth," she said, and she did, but told him as he valued Bonnie's health not to tell Ben. But time is long in the trench-The confession was too funny to

keep, and Scotty had to tell Ben.

"Ben, Ben," he said, "that makes her better than ever. She risked a lot of gossip, making out that she had been giddy, when evidently she's never had time to do anything but make er had time to do anything but make her living. Wouldn't it get you?"

But Ben, with tears in his eyes, was realizing the need that Mattie had felt that something heroic must be done to save his wife, and Mattie's stock soared to the skies.

When Mattie wrote she had told her age. Corporal Scott was just turning thirty-one. When she confessed the correspondence to Bonnie they laughed and giggled like two romantic school girls.

Of course, love can come "sight unseen," as the boys say when they swap jacknives, for letters often disspinster, and, strange as it may swap jacknives, for letters often disseem, she had in a manner elected or close real hearts. So Ben was chapappointed herself to that post, though she did it unwittingly. Her widowed mother died when Mattie was in her come home on sick leave. And Scotearly teens, and Mattie had to help ty needed no second invitation to out her meager inheritance by some spend his leave with Ben. There sort of work. She was ambitious to become a teacher, so she let down her that made a foursome in the walks spend his leave with Ben. There

Corporal Scott tried to convince Mattie that it would now be in order must make an impression on the school board. She put her hair up very high, practiced her prunes and var style. "Whose romance is this, I'd var style. "Whose romance is this, I'd like to know?" growled Ben. "Bonnie and I did enough eloping for all

of us, and we've earned the right to 'stand up' with you right regular."

And so it was that Meddlesome Mattie ceased being meddlesome at the same instant that she ceased being the village "spin" and became the wife of Corporal Scott.—By Barbara

Church in the United States.

ment Commission, will this spring ask its members for \$10,874,425, for the

favorite pupil of hers, Bonnie Foreign Missions, \$2,514,225; Educa- about as good a thing as anyone can Clay Bennington. Poor little Bonnie tonal Institution, \$3,850,000; Publi-had done a terrible thing and the gossips were so busy with her name that Relief, \$1,200,000. The cost of the campaign, estimated at three per cent., will be \$350,000, which makes the grand total as shown above. Of the amount for Ministerial Relief, would appear from the announcement \$1,000,000 will go for sustentation, that the Bordeaux chamber of comaged ministers.

Educational institutions of the church to the number of twelve will receive part of the fund, the largest being Franklin and Marshall College, with \$600,000; Heidelberg University, \$600,000; Ursinus College, \$600,000; the Mission House, \$350,000; Allentown College for Women, Hood College, and Mercersburg Academy, \$300,000 each; Lancaster Theological Seminary and Central Theological Seminary, \$250,000 each; Catawba College, \$125,000; Franklin and Mar-\$250,000 each; Catawba shall Academy, \$100,000; and Massanutten Academy, \$75,000.

The figures of the budget were ar-

rived at through a comprehensive and exhaustive study of the situation by a Survey committee, of which Dr. Charles E. Schaeffer is the chairman. The financial director of the drive will be a prominent layman, Edwin M. Hartman, principal of Franklin and Marshall Academy, at Lancaster, Pa., who has been for some time on leave of absence to direct the Field Work dlesome Mattie. You don't want to department of the Forward Move-

> The financial campaign of the Re formed church is in line with the policy of the Interchurch World Movement, which is planning a drive from April 31st to May 2nd, in which all evangelical churches, affiliated with that movement will take part. Over twenty of the demonstrations are affiliated, and many of them will have financial crusades at that time.

Thought He Was a Methodist.

Smart "city fellers" are prone to sneer at what they are pleased to call "small town stuff," but out of the small town of Philipsburg, in Centre county, by way of the weekly Ledger of that place, comes a bit of humor that seems to us good enough to have been born in the city. Here it is: During the tolling of the Methodist church bell on January 16, in Ty-

rone, in celebration of the inauguration of constitutional prohibition, a man stopped and asked the reason. "That's the funeral dirge for poor John Barleycorn," he was informed. "Blamed if I knew he was a Metho-

went on his way. Play actor folk, on the big time circuits, may be expected to use this now and palm it off as their own.—Philadelphia Record.

dist before," the man mumbled, and

Not Surprising.

"I think the picture lacks atmosphere," said the kindly critic.
"Fact is," explained the artist, "I had a hard time raising the wind while I was painting it."

-Subscribe for the "Watchman."

ONE OF WAR'S MASTER MINDS

Britain Owes Deep Debt of Gratitude to Patrick Quinan, of Whom Little Is Known.

One of the most vital and at the same time mysterious figures in the war on the British side was Patrick Quinan, an American of Irish descent. Vital because he planned all the great munition works which enabled Great Britain to supply not only her own but her allies' needs in munitions; mysterious because his name was never allowed to be mentioned during the war and because he would never be interviewed.

Mr. Quinan reached England by way of South Africa. Trained at du Pont's, he went to the South African Explosives company at Cape Town, then the largest in the British empire, owing to the demand for explosives for mining purposes. The vast factories laid out in England during the war-now somewhat of a white elephant, as their conversion to peace purposes is still unsettled-were all designed by Mr. Quinan.

Quinan is just over 40 years of age, and since the close of the war has disappeared. His name was never in any "honor list"—which is rather a distinction these times. He was never given any public recognition by any member of the government or the army. Still no one man did as much to help win the war as this retiring Mr. Quinan.

WAR TAUGHT HIM SOMETHING

Returned Doughboy Convinced, Among Other Things, That There Is Little Gained in Kicking.

"There are thousands of returned soldiers to whom the war was a spiritual university," says Maude Radford Warren, in Everybody's. "They have won an understanding and a tolerance beyond their years. The best example I know is my friend Sidney, aged twenty-two, and endowed through the hard means of shot and shell with a maturity beyond his years.

"'At home,' Sid said, 'I used to kick if things didn't go right. Well, sitting around in the mud over here I have begun to think a lot about some of the older people I know. They take things just as they come, I notice; don't kick much. Life seems to teach Forward Movement of the Reformed them that. Well, the war strikes me as just a lot of concentrated life. It's been that to me, anyhow. If ever I The Reformed church of the United kick, it's sort of from force of habit. States, through its Forward Move- I honestly don't want to very much. I let the bad luck go with a grin, and if not, with set teeth, and I try not work of the church for a five-year period of growth and effort never before equalled by the church. This is in addition to the amount needed for be a logical way of looking at life, but regular expenses which will aggre- it's a practical way. Sitting here in "Yes," she mused, "that's just what I shall do. I'll be Meddlesome Mattie period.

The condens of the five-year period.

The condens of the five-year period.

The condens of the five-year period. contribute to the world."

Mauritius.

Mauritius, the home of the dodo, is in the political limelight, or so it merce has requested the French government to enter into parleyings with Britain with a view to restoring former French supremacy. Since the dodo is extinct, it will be more accurate to speak of Mauritius as once. the home of that now almost fabulous creature. Mauritius was once known as Cerne, a name which it is said to have derived from cienas—the dodo, or, more unromantically, the groundpigeon. Portuguese, French, Dutch, and British have all been connected with the history of Mauritius. It was discovered by the Portuguese. It was French for 100 years and then British. It became British in 1814 but during the French Revolution it had served as a refuge for many emigres to whom the Emerald isle of the Indian ocean was known as the scene of Bernadin de St. Pierre's "Paul et Virginie." In size it equals about the eighteenth part of the area of England and Wales.

Was Variety the Spice of Her Life? It is commonly thought that a very

long series of names is reserved for kings and the sons and daughters of kings. We have frequently exclaimed over the seven names with which King George's eldest son is afflicted, or the former crown prince, for that matter. But probably the longest name in the world is attached to a mere laundryman's daughter. She was born in 1883, and her parents, surely from a sense of the ludicrous, gave her a name for every letter in the alphabet, to-wit:

Anna Bertha Cecelia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Katherine Louisa Maud Nora Ophelia Patience Quince Rebecca Sarah Teresa Ulysses Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeus Pepper. What will Miss Pepper do when it comes to finding new names for her own future family?-Boston Post.

Machine Does Work Quickly. A piece of drudgery that has been assigned to machine labor is applying stucco. A new electric machine, with blades making 1,500 revolutions per minute puts on the material, and the operator and an assistant feeding the hopper cover the space rapidly and efficiently. The plastic substance is projected with such force that a thin film of moisture is squeezed out behind it, causing a waterproof protective coat of

enamel to form upon the surface. Where to Dodge Tips.

In India a native barber can shave person while asleep without awaking in, so gentle is his touch.

NEWSPAPERS DON'T TELL ALL MORE THAN USUALLY WARM

Be Judged by What One May See in Print.

Through all civilized countries folks spend a lot of their time just reading the papers. And it is all right, too. Everybody reads the papers. But one must be careful to keep one's equilibrium at the same time. We must not make the mistake of sup-

posing that there is nothing else going on in the world except that which the papers print. The papers publish only the news that is startling or sensational. Naturally, that's all they publish. Whatever is unusual, out of the ordinary,

something that astonishes one—these

things are what the papers print. If you were to go into a newspaper office with an item, say, about a man who had reared his family carefully, sent them to school and had paid the mortgage off his home, the editor wouldn't put that piece in the paper because there is nothing unusual

about it. But if the item were about a man who refused to work to support his family, and who beat his wife over the head with a club, and who chased them all out in the middle of the night in the rain, then the editor would say it was "news."

So, you see, it is mostly the troubles of the world, its seamy side, its crime and suffering and squalor that get into the papers.

Yet, there is the world's other side, thank God-its bright side, its love and gladness and charity and the help that one man gives another.

Read the papers, of course. But, when you read them do not get the idea into your head that the world is plunging headlong to perdition, because such is not the case.-Utica

WINGS FOR MRS. VANDERBILT

Soldier Admired Spirit of His Entertainer, but Couldn't Quite Credit the Rest.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt tells this story on herself:

She was doing canteen work in France during the recent misunderstanding in that vicinity, and devoted considerable time to entertaining American soldiers in one of the hostess houses. Being an excellent dancer and attractive, she was in much demand among the boys. One evening she danced several times with a tall tow-haired doughboy who showed symptoms of great loneliness and talked volubly about things in Michi-

When the evening was ended, the tow-haired one came over to Mrs.

Vanderbilt. "I've had a bully time," he said, "and I want to keep track of you. We're moving out of here tomorrow, for the front. But if we get back, I'd like to look you up over in the States. My name is Albert Bridgeman, from

Grand Rapids. What's yours?" "I'm Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt," she replied.

The doughboy scanned her from head to foot. "That's right, chicken," he said, "fly high!"

Treasure-Trove. Tobermory Bay is becoming seriously interesting. The salving operations in connection with the Spanish galleon, supposedly the Florencia, which for three and a half centuries has lain a wreck off the coast of the Isle of Mull, are being brought to the surface—among them a beautifully chased silver plate and the ornamented handle of a silver flagon. Interest in the operations has brought crowds to this part of the Scottish coast and neither bed nor board is to be obtained by late comers. The divers have not performed their work without some sign of protest from sea dwellers. One of them disturbed recently a huge conger measuring some 15 feet. The annoyance of the animal was unmistakable. Treasure-trove is undoubtedly now within grasp, but difficulty is experienced in bringing the finds whole and uninjured to the outtate.

The Flying Era.

Mail-carrying airplanes are already an old story, writes A. Russell Bond, in "Inventions of the Great War." In Europe the big bombing machines are being used for passenger service between cities. There is an air line between Paris and London. The airplanes carry from a dozen to as many some cities here, as well as abroad, the police are being trained to fly, so that they can police the heavens when the public takes to wings. Evidently, the flying era is here.

Thing of the Past. "An old gentleman from the country visited Washington the other day and set the capital in an uproar. In fact, he was hailed as one of the nation's leading humorists."

"What did he do or say to make such an impression?" "He said he'd 'come to Washington, by heck, to see a specimen of that there senatorial dignity."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

Merely Thinking. "Yes," said Mr. Brown, "my wife and I are thinking of chartering a yacht for the year."

"But won't that be pretty expensive?" asked Mr. Hughes. "Not so long as we confine ourselves to thinking about it," replied Mr. Brown.

As a Matter of Fact, World Must Not Sailors Declare the Gulf Stream Is Outdoing Itself at This Season, for Some Reason.

Marine men blame the Gulf stream for the summer weather prevailing along the Atlantic coast. They say the water of the Gulf stream is almost

boiling. In Norfolk, Va., the temperature was 86 degrees. A hundred miles out to sea just before the Gulf stream is reached the temperature was 101, according to information brought there by marine men. Within one day's run from Norfolk by water there was a difference of nearly 40 degrees in the temperature. It was so hot in the Gulf stream, marine men said, it was almost unbearable to remain on deck during the day.

Vessels passing through the peculiar water during the day say the weather is hotter than they have ever experienced before. A difference in the temperasure of the water dipped from the Gulf stream with buckets from ships with that of the ocean itself is the difference, marine men report, between moderately cool water and that warm enough almost to poach an egg. The Gulf stream water is lighter than the remainder of the ocean and when first dipped foams and bubbles like

water just on the point of boiling. It was reported that an American destroyer would go out to the Gulf stream with a party of experts for the purpose of making observations for use by the government and to ascertain if reports brought in by merchant ships are authentic.

COULD FEEL FOR AFFLICTION

Man Had Not Forgotten How It Felt to Be Deprived of the Blessing of Sight.

He looked as if he owned a bank. And he was talking to a man who looked as if he owned two.

And while they confabbed in front of a hotel a wrinkled woman came up to them leading a wrinkled man. She was selling matches-5 cents a box, three for-

The one-bank man waved aside the matches, but put some money in the woman's hands, and asked her unlucky companion how he came to lose his sight. The blind man said that he had

never had any sight to lose. He was born that way. The man of the two banks chipped in with a donation, then the couple moved on, the blind man, philosoph-

ically serene and the woman shrilling her slogan-"Matches! Five cents a box, three for-" And the one-bank man said to the

one who owned two: "I had my eyes bandaged for a week once. Blindness is a tragic thing." Which showed that, in his case anyhow, a little knowledge was not a dan

gerous thing .- Washington Star. Dolls in Literature.

A Lordon writer has recently introduce the subject of dolls in literature. Almost anyone, who will trouble to search his memory, can discover a doll somewhere between the covers of many a book which he has read. Beginning with a "slighting reference to them under the name of babies," in Sydney's "Arcadia," and noting the mention of a doll by Charlotte Bronte, this writer concludes that, until the nineteenth century. dolls were neglected by English authors and that they appear more frequently in French than in English fiction. Dickens seems to have had more to say about dolls than any other English author; but the dell Nobby is an important personage in Mr. Wells' "Peter and Joan," and the dolls' house in "Tono-Bungay" contained 85 dells, although with none of them does the reader become personally acquainted. Jerry and Rosa, in "The Golden Age,"

German Farming Methods.

are also remembered.

Germany may have led the world in some branches of technical skill but her farming methods left much to be desired if the bitter contempt poured upon them by a Bunyip soldier can serve as a standard. Bunyip, Victoria, Australia, is proud of its knowledge of soil culture, and 17 months spent as a prisoner of war at threepence a day on a farm in Silesia, Germany, made one of its finest citizens more convinced than ever that Bunyip is always best. When he returned to Australia and applied for a farm he was asked, as a joke, if he could give a reference from his previous emas 50 passengers on a single trip, In ployer. His reply would have been gall and wormwood to the Silesian.

> United States Sex Statistics. The census of 1910 showed 2,691,978 more males than females in the United States. In all but Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, North Carolina. South Carolina and the District of Columbia, the males are in excess. In all the world females are a little in excess. The reverse in America is evidently due to the excess in male immigration.

Breaking It Gently. "You were discharged?"

"No. indeed!"

"But you lost your job." "It happened this way: The boss

informed me in the kindest possible manner that there would be no limit set for my vacation this year."

Airplane Service in Australia. A company has been formed in Australia to conduct an airplane passenger and freight service among the principal cities of the commonwealth.

FARM NOTES.

-Vegetable Varieties Listed for the Back-Yard Garden.—The gardener who desires prompt attention from the seedsman should not delay his seed orders until planting time is upon him. The choicest and best selected seeds are sold first, and those who lag behind with their orders may find that choice varieties will be exhausted in the latter part of the season.

Varieties of vegetables differ considerably in quality. In the production of a supply for the home table (the best market in the world) it pays to have a regard for quality. Such matter as palatability, tenderness and keeping qualities should have consideration. For the inexperienced gardener, unfamiliar with the different varieties The Pennsylvania State College department of horticulture appends a list especially for the home garden:

Asparagus-Palmetto (use large one-year-old crowns or roots, rust-resistant strains).

Beans, bush—Green podded, String-less Green Pod. Fordhook Favorite; wax or yellow-Brittle Wax Pencil Pod Black, Kidney Wax.

White Marrowfat (soup), Improved Goddard. Beans, pole—Green pod, Kentucky Wonder, Burgers, McCasland; wax pod—Golden Cluster.

Beans, shell-Dwarf Horticultural,

Beans, lima-bush, Fordhook Bush,

Henderson's Bush. Beans, lima-Pole, Early Leviathan,

King of the Garden, Carolina Sieva, (small seeded). Beets, early-Early Model, Crosby Egyptian; 2nd early or main crop— Improved Blood Turnip, Dark Red

Detroit. Brussels Sprouts-Long Island Im-

proved. Cabbage, early—Jersey Wakefield, Charleston Wakefield (one week later than Jersey); midsummer-Enkhuizen Glory, Succession; late-Danish

Baldhead (for winter storing). Carrots-French Forcing (early). Chantenay or Model, Danvers Half

Long. Cauliflower-Snowball, Erfurt. Celery, summer and fall-Golden

Self-Blanching, Easy Blanching; winter storing—Winter Queen. Sweet corn, extra early-Early Fordhook; second early—Golden Bantam, White Cob and Cory, Howling Mob; late—Country Gentleman, Stow-

ell's Evergreen. To insure a continuous supply of highest quality corn plant Bantam in succession every ten days, May 1 to July 1.

Cucumbers—White Spine. Kohl-Rabi-White Vienna.

Lettuce, head-Early May King, Sensation, Big Boston, Hanson; loose leaf—Grand Rapids, Prize Head, Fordhook, Osage. Watermelon - Fordhook Early,

Kleckley's Sweets. Onions, yellow-Southport Yellow is a large mild onion of the Spanish type. Start plants in hotbed or green-

house February 1 or use sets. Onions, red-Red Weathersfield. Southport Red. white-White Portugal, Onions. Southport White.

Parsnips-Hollow Crown, Offenham Market. Peas, extra early-Best Extra Early, Surprise; early and wrinkled-

Gradus, Thomas Laxton, Little Marvel, Laxtonia. Peas, main crop-Alderman (tall) Stratagem and British Wonder

(dwarf.) Pepper-Ruby King, Neapolitan Early.

Radish, globe varieties—extra early—Scarlet Globe, Scarlet Turnip White Tip; second early—Crimson Giant; long varieties-early-White Icicle, Long Cardinal; summer-Strassburg, Chartier, Lady Finger. Squash, summer—White Bush, Gi-

ant Crookneck; winter-True Hubbard, Boston Marrow, Delicious. Turnips-Extra Early Purple Top, White Milan, Petrowski.

Tomatoes, early—Bonny Best or Chalk's Jewel; late—Matchless, Stone. Egg Plant-Black Beauty.

Although all of these varieties are good, no one is advised to substitute any of them for a variety which has given full satisfaction, unless he is convinced the change is an improvement. In buying seeds the best plan is to secure a catalogue from a reliable seedhouse and purchase by mail. The list of varieties in the average

seed catalogue is very long and confusing. Descriptions and colored pictures are sometimes misleading. Just how much seed of the various kinds to order is also a problem. Some seeds are not good when more than a year old, and it is advisable to buy each year's supply as needed. Be sure to purchase sufficient quantities. The following quantities of seed will be sufficient for each 100 feet of row:

Bush beans, one pint; Pole beans, one pint; Beets, one ounce; Cabbage, one packet: Carrots, one-fourth ounce. Cauliflower, one packet; Celery, one packet; Sweet corn, one-half pint; Cucumbers, one-half ounce; Endive, onefourth ounce; Kale, one-half ounce; Muskmelon, one-half ounce; Kohl Rabi, one-half ounce; Leek, one ounce; Onion sets, two and one-half quarts; Onion seed, one ounce; Parsley, onehalf ounce; Parsnips, one-half ounce; Peas, one quart; Radishes, one ounce; Rutabaga, one-half ounce; Salsify, one ounce; Spinach, one ounce; Squash, one-half ounce; Swiss Chard, one ounce; Tomato, one packet; Turnip, one-half ounce.

-Good digestion is the result of feeding enough to sustain the animal and repair waste, but not enough to keep the stomach in an overloaded condition all the time. It will do the horses good to have sufficient appetite to relish a meal when it is given them.

—The triple profits derived from the flock—wool, lambs and mutton come in at different seasons; and for this reason sheep are better suited to the farmer of small means than any other stock.