OH, PASSING YEARS!

Oh, passing years, how fast you speed! With what a precious freight. Dear friends of youth, glad childhood'

We plead, you will not wait.

Bright hopes, grave fears and happy hours You carry in that train. We wait and gaze with out-stretched arms. They come not back again.

Yet now we know the coming years Rich blessings still will bear; True love, and trust and steadfast faith, But rarest gift-The Father's Care. -Fances L. Frueauff, in "The Moravian, Bethlehem, Pa.

THE GUEST OF THE TRIBE.

He appeared to be tired and sleepy. His horse, gaunt and jaded, ambled in a fox-trot walk along the dusty road of the Indian reservation, parching under the relentless smile of the mid-afternoon sun of early August. Attached to his belt was a six-shooter in a holster; slung from the pommel of the saddle was a rifle. A cylindrical roll made up of raincoat wrapped round a blanket was fastened behind the cantle. Tied to the saddle horn was a flour sack that apparently contained some kind of sup-

The man halted his horse and dismounted near a bridge that spanned a creek. The animal hungrily grabbed mouthfuls of the grass that was growing by the roadside. The rider inhaled a deep breath of air and exhaled it with a sudden puff. He stretched his arms, his legs, his whole body. He stroked and patted the neck of his horse. "Old plug, you done fine," he said. "This was some ride. Come on, we'll git a drink of

Both man and beast drank of the refreshing fluid. Then as he permitted the horse to resume its grazing the traveler detached the flour sack and emptied its contents on the ground. There were two loaves of bread and four cans of corned beef, a flannel shirt rolled up and tied with a string and a pair of overalls similarly rolled and tied. He examined the two packages critically, rolled them more compactly and drew the strings tighter. Then he put them back into the flour sack together with the food, except some that he proceeded to eat.

He hurried through his meal, gulped down more water and picked up the flour sack. He took hold of the dragging bridle reins and jerked and pulled the horse away from the grass. "Let loose, old feller. We'll stop and rest a few days at some camp that's off the road. Indian reservation's a good place to rest. Most of 'em here

flour sack to the saddle horn. "Whr-r-r!" It was the warning of

a rattlesnake. The horse plunged, and the man The unseated rider fell upon a pile of rocks seven or eight feet below. rocks seven or eight feet below.

More than an hour elapsed before with you."

dollars if you'll take me right along with you."

seemed suddenly to remember what keepin' it fer you. I'll fix that part had occurred. He tried to get upon of it and thenhis feet, but his right leg crumpled under him.

From the edge of the bridge above From the edge of the bridge above the sufferer a pair of scintillating got to go and see the agent first about black eyes in a coppery brown face gazed downward. "Say feller! What they been doin' to you?"

"Horse jumped off the bridge with me. Rattlesnake scared him."
"Know what become of yer horse?" 'No; I've been knocked out." "Knocked out? How long?"
The stunned and disabled man slow-

ly ran his fingers through his tousled hair. "Dunno," he finally replied. "Seems like it's jist a few minutes, but mebbe it's longer. The sun's moved consider'ble."

The friendly inquirer followed a traveler. "Say, feller," he said seriously, "you look like you're done up purty bad. I'll take you to the agen- horse and saddle and his rifle, and it turned into the main roadway. At cy. There's a doctor there, and he'll fix you up."

For fully half a minute the victim of the accident hesitated; then he asked suspiciously; "Who are you?" My name's Trope-Ben

Trope." You look like you had white-man blood in you," the prostrate man mumbled stupidly.

"Well, I'm half Cheyenne and half

your name."

"My name's Smith."

that's it-now we go." Trope staggered to his own horse about havin' a flour sack, but he had and carefully set his burden astride one all right."

"I want my sack," the stranger re-

"Where is it?"

"Right around this bridge some-

er protested. He moved as if to get business on the reservation," said the off the horse, but sank limply again agent, "but I'd like to hear from you. into the saddle. "Say, pardner look What do you think?" ag'in. I've got to have that sack. It's "Mr. Benson, my guess is that he a flour sack, and it's got—it's got— had somethin' in that sack that he

all of my clothes in it and— and—some beef—and everything."

The half-breed once more searched carefully about the vicinity of the "It sure ain't here, stranger,' he announced. "There's been an old blind squaw along here while you was knocked out, and likely she's got it. She's liable to eat yer beef, but she won't eat yer clothes and other things, and I'll git everything fer you. But just now you're goin' to the doctor." "No, I want that sack right now,"

the helpless man persisted anxiously. "Let's go to the camps around here

But Trope gathered up the reins of the bridle and started off. Mile after mile he tramped ahead of his charge, calmly ignoring the flood of oral abuse for his having refused to spend more time hunting for the lost flour sack. Over the hill and on to the agency he hurried his afflicted and weaken-

ing campanion.
"Here, doc, hide this gun away," he said to the physician at the infirmary. "He's a bad man, I'm thinkin'. He tried to crack me over the head once, and I took it away from him."

"Who is he?" the doctor inquired. "I didn't git much information," replied Trope. "Says his name's Smith, but he'd mumble along and git things all balled up tryin' to tell me where he come from and what he was doin'

on the reservation. "Oh, well, we'll take care of him." the doctor said cheerfully. "We don't need to know just now who he is."

Six days afterward Ben Trope rode his saddle horse to the wooden awning that shelters the front porch of the infirmary and, dismounting, went inside. "Hello, Smith. You're lookin' lots better'n you did. The doctor says you're pullin' through fine. Mebbe you'll be ready to travel in a week

or two." "I'm ready most any time," the disabled man responded eagerly as he sat up in bed, "Where's my flour

sack? "Well feller," the half-breed explained apologetically, "I didn't go after—that is, I thought there wasn't any rush about it. I ain't got it yet."
"Ain't got it!" yelled the man on
the cot. "You said you'd git it and
bring it to me! Where is it?"

"Looky here Smith, don't worry like that," Trope said soothingly. "Yer things can't git away. These Indians ain't bad on the steal, and if they was they'd git found out. Charley Red Bonnet's got yer horse and saddle and rifle at his place. He's been usin' 'em, but he'll turn 'em over to me anytime I ask him fer 'em. It was old blind Jennie Two Moons that come along when you was knocked out and picked up yer flour sack

"Has she still got it?" Smith stared wildly at the Indian cowboy. "I reckon she has. If she ain't, it'll be easy enough to-"

"Where does she live?" "She lives about a mile and a half up the valley road toward the bridge where you got hurt. I was jist think-"What kind of a lookin' place is

"Say, cowboy, git me a horse and let me go with you," Smith implored. "I want to be sure to git it. Them dropped the bag. The terrified ani-mal jumped off the edge of the bridge. some pictures and—and—some letters some pictures and-and-some letters -and-say, I'll give you a hundred

up and fumbled about his head. As he drowsily examined the clots of cost you contained with the drowsily examined the clots of cost you contained to see me now.

"Oh, that part of it'll be all right," I'm goin' away from here right quick." drowsily examined the clots of cost you anything only mebbe two blood that stuck to his fingers he bits for old Jennie as a present fer

> "But let me go with you, and let's go right now."

> some business." Trope walked toward the door. "Don't go-wait a minute," came

the anxious appeal. I'll give you—'
But the half-breed was gone. In the agent's office the conversation concerned the unusual patient at

and when I went into see him jist now he jumped me about it the first thing. When I told him old Jennie had it and path that led down to the injured that I'd go and git it he wasn't sattraveler. "Say, feller," he said serisfied unless I'd take him along. He there ain't any better saddle on the that instant there was the crack of a reservation, and it's a good horse. pistol shot. The speeding horse plung-Charley Red Bonnet said it was plumb ed, staggered, fell dead. fagged out when he caught it. I saw it the next day, and it still looked tired, and it was lame from havin' jumped off the bridge, but it's all

right now." "It all seems rather strange," ob-

served the agent. white man," Trope explained. "I the way he got balled up on what he b'long to this tribe, but I'm workin' was doin' here didn't sound right to fer the gover'ment, runnin' the cow me. First he said he was comin' on crew here. It'd be handy if I know the reservation to visit some Indians, but I couldn't git him to name any of "My name's Smith."

'em. Then he talked about buyin' of the character of his captive.

"All right, Smith. They ain't any horses from 'em, but he never showed "Smith, you picked out the

lookin' fer yer horse. I seen his tracks, but he's lame now. Here, had horses to sell. I've asked a lot put yer arm over my neck, and I'll of the Indians, but none of 'em seems take hold of the good leg, and-yes, to know who he is. He talked so nutty that I thought he was dreamin

"How do you know Jennie got it?"
"Well, I saw her moccasin tracks by the bridge. She's part blind, you know, and walks with a stick and limps a little. Her tracks was made wheres. Here's where I let it fall after the feller's horse tracks was when my horse shied." made, and I saw she was carryin "Mebbe you're dreamin', Smith," he suggested. "Ain't any kind of a sack went on it."

"Ben, the doctor and I have been "No. I ain't dreamin'," the suffer- talking together about this man's lose 'em.

thinks an awful lot more of than he does of the beef."

"Yes, of course; but what is it? Had you thought of its being peyote

"No, sir I hadn't thought of that." "Have you heard of any peyote-eating parties around Jennie's neighborhood or among any of the rest of them lately. Anybody been drug-

"No, nor I ain't seen any Indian that acted like they'd been eatin'

peyote," Trope replied. The agent leaned back in his chair. For a few moments he looked dreamily out of the open doorway. "Ill tell you what you do, Ben," he proposed; "you go right up to Jennie's place and find out about that flour sack. If she has it, you get it and bring it to me. Tell her if she keeps out anything that was in it when she got it I'll send a policeman after her and put her in

"Mr. Benson, I'd like to look into that sack myself, and I'm thinkin' this feller's a bad man and not entitled to much favorin', but I couldn't if you sent one of the policemen to

"No, I'd rather you'd go, Ben if you of any man that comes on this reserva-

tion, and you can-" There he goes now on your horse!"

broken right leg, encased in a plaster roll. cast splint, was dangling free of the stirrup. With his left hand he alternately guided the horse and grasped the saddle horn. With his right he cot. "You ain't got any warrant." applied the riding quirt.

"Go after him, Ben!" the agent on an Indian reservation," the local shouted. "Take a policeman's horse monarch responded as he unrolled the police to help you. Bring back the you're not an Indian." man first. Don't bother about the sack until you get the man."

a quarter of a mile up the road ahead of Trope on his inferior animal.

fled and dived into the brush like wild rabbits. The desperate horseman dis- they want over at Sheridan," Ben mounted carefully and tossed the Trope explained. near the head of a pallet of quilts on your fine pet you had to kill." He the dirt floor. He pounced upon it turned to the cowering prisoner. "You new life and courage into him. He see that you get what's coming to He mounted his horse and as it went forward to cross the bridge he let go the reins and started to tie the let go the reins and the reins an

"What do you want here, you dirty breed?" the white man thundered. "The agent wants to see you," Trope replied quietly, though his beady black eyes glittered a more imperative message.

"Well, he don't need to see me now.

The crippled fugitive tied the sack firmly to the saddle horn, grasped the pommel and moved as if to clamber upon the horse. He paused when Trope laid a strong detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"Say, looky here, cowboy," Smith coaxed, "I'll pay you whatever you want fer yer horse, and I'll give you a hundred dollars besides if you'll let

"No, we're goin' back to the agency together," Trope interrupted him as he took hold of the horse's bridle bit. Smith held in his right hand the "He's doin' a lot of worryin' about that flour sack," said Trope. "He was ravin' about it all the time when I brought him into the agency that day, a boxer he wielded the weapon. The

and went to the ground. The liberated man climbed upon the horse. With the quirt he lashed its ed, staggered, fell dead.

Within five minutes thereafter the recent guest and fugitive was a prisoner and on his way back to the agency. He was seated upon the policeman's horse that Ben Trope had been riding, and his half-breed captor walked twenty feet ahead. In one "It sure does, Mr. Benson. And hand Trope carried the flour sack, the way he got balled up on what he and with the other he held a lariat rope that led the horse. A large black and blue lump above his left eye and blood smeared down the left side of his face furnished conclusive evidence

> "Smith, you picked out the wrong place for this kind of rough work," the agent warned him at the infirm-"You might as well make up ary. your mind to stay here peaceably until we're ready to let you go."

> The official had received the flour sack from Ben Trope. He emptied its contents upon a table. There was only a flannel shirt rolled and tied by a string and a pair of overalls that were also rolled and tied. The agent rummaged with his hand down into the sack and then looked into it. "Is this the valuable stuff you've been so anxious about, Smith?" he

asked sarcastically. "Well, there's some letters-andand—some pictures, and—I'd hate to I was afraid the Indians might burn 'em up er throw 'em away

"Didn't you have some peyote but toms in it?" "Peyote buttoms? What's that?"

er something."

"Now look here, Smith," persisted the agent, "you tell me the truth about this and help me locate this

stuff among the Indians, and I'll make it a little easier for you. My principal object is to protect my people, not to punish you. I know more about you than you think I do. The Crow Indian agent wrote me about a peyote smuggler that had slipped away from his reservation after having got a lot of his Indians drug-crazy, and he

said_ "But, Mr. Benson," Ben Trope interrupted him, "this man didn't come from the Crow reservatioin."

"How do you know, Ben?" "Well, the next day after I brought him here I back-trailed him from the bridge. I follered the tracks about twelve miles on up Porcupine Creek and over the mountain, showin' he come from Wyoming. I looked at the brand on the horse he was ridin,' and I saw it belonged to a rancher I know over by Sheridan."

looked again into the sack, seeming to mediate upon what it might have hardly git out of promisin' him I'd contained. I'll send a policeman out bring it to him. Mebbe it'd be better to bring in Jennie Two Moons," he contained. I'll send a policeman out announced.

"No!" shouted the owner of the undles. "Give 'em to me," he debundles.

Rushing past the agency office building was Smith on Ben Trope's horse traveling up the valley. He was hatless, coatless and shoeless. His cut the string that bound the shirt

> "Stop there! That's my stuff!"
> The prostrate man whirled his body so that he sat up on the edge of the "Your rights don't amount to much

from the hitch rack. I'll send some package. "You're a trespasser here; Two Indian policemen had interposed themselves between the cot and

Ben Trope mounted a horse and the table upon which the inspection headed it up the road. His own steed, was being made. The agent spread which the fleeing man was riding, was out the flannel shirt. At the disclosthe strongest and speediest saddle ure his whole body expressed amazehorse on the reservation, and it was ment. "Ben! Doctor! Look at it!" He hurriedly cut the strings that bound the overalls and unrolled them But the pursued man turned aside also. "And here's more of it!" he ex-

"I've been figgerin' he's that feller

For several minutes the agent, the galloped his panting animal up to the at work invoicing and computing. hut and dismounted. "Well, I'm pleased to learn that old preciate it," the doctor observed dryly. The agent was writing with pencil

clearly," he said. Then he read aloud: press robber here. Money recovered forty-two thousand dollars."-The straw, which merits attention because Youth's Companion.

Shipment of Elk Proves Expensive.

An elk herd now being loaded at Moiese, Mont., on the Flathead Indian reservation, for shipment to Middleboro, Mass., is going to prove expensive for the National Elk Grazing and Breeding Association which contracted to take the animals from Montana to the New England hills.

Expenses incident to the rounding up and loading of the first shipment of 200 head, which is to start eastward soon, have mounted until it is estimated it will cost \$80,000 to deliver the elk in Massachusetts.

The association plans to ship 600 in all from the bison range near half-breed crumpled under the blow Moiese, and those in charge of the work expressed the hope that the expense of handling the remaining 400 animals would not run so high. The animals will travel East in an

electrically lighted train of ten express cars. Work has been delayed by the almost impassable condition of the roads near Moiese and by the difficulties encountered in "riding herd" on the band of elk, and in dehorning bulls before they are placed in stalls aboard the express cars.-Exchange.

Live Snails Kept in Cold Storage Vaults.

At the beginning of the autumn season 20,000,000 snails are usually reposing in cold storage in France ready to be taken out and served up to the epicures of the nation. The snails are eaten only in the colder months of the year. It goes into seclusion under the shelter of stones and wood piles and spreads a shield across the opening of its shell and spends the winter in comfortable seclusion and safety.

But they are forestalled by the snail hunters who gather them in the spring and summer months and put them in cold storage until the restaurant demand starts in. They sleep away the summer months under the impression that they are hibernating. If it were not for this the Frenchman would be compelled to forego his diet

of snails. are in demand for consumption, a the Roman or Burgundy, which is far the favorite on account of its delicious flavor and its size.—Chicago Journal.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

Stronger by weakness wiser men become As they draw near to their eternal home.

-Edmund Waller. Apparently everything is grist to our millinery! All sorts, shapes and conditions of hats have come out for the Southern season and never was it more true than today that the success of our costume is determined by the success of our individual chapeau.

Yet, in spite of the greater variety

of millinery selection which we are of

fered, most of us seem none the less

enslaved by the little felt model, and

the usual swarm of these has migrat-

ed southward. Yes, the correct card table and the correct woman of fashion are alike covered with felt, and it is only when sports or street costume are exchanged for the more elaborate togs of the afternoon that other types of millinery succeed in displacing this The agent appeared perplexed. He familiar apparition. Even then we are likely to retain some variety of it. We are so habituated to the theory that a felt hat should leave us unsheltered that it may be hard to reconcile ourselves to the advent of a about to replace it in the receptacle. little brim of the past, but a good old-son," Trope intervened "to be all right, Mr Ben-fashioned shelter. It is the Charling him. But you understand how I have a right to know all about the business of any man that comes on this remarked, this letters and pictures? I'd like to remarked, this hat was the string wouldn't it be all right, Mr Benfashioned shelter. It is the Chapelier model. As I believe I have already remarked, this hat was the string wouldn't it be all right, Mr Benfashioned shelter. It is the Chapelier model. As I believe I have already remarked, this hat was the High of crown, with a four-inch brim, The agent sprang to his feet. "O Ben! Look! Why, the crazy fool! There he goes have be goes and the sprang to his feet. "O bene be goes have be goes and the sprang to his feet. "O bene be goes have be goes and the sprang to his feet. "O bene be goes have be goes and the sprang to his feet. "O bene bene to hie, he de- High of crown, with a four-inch brim, manded. "They're mine, and I ain't that may be turned back here or there, no dope peddler." this is the newest thing for sports and "Just keep quiet, Smith," the agent general resort wear. I may add, too,

> be loyal to the old forms of felt, nobody is going to thwart you. For example, there is the gigolo model, which has been pre-eminently smart for some months and which is still re-

tained by some luminaries of fashion. Remember, if you please, that the crease of a man's trousers is no more vital an affair than the crease of the gigolo. If you go into one of these stately shrines of millinery the saleswoman is awfully particular to get that crease adjusted in exactly the the Snowballs. Notice these as they manner that will be most becoming to one's own particular face. Indeed, this same meticulous care applies to nearly all the small felts, whether gigolo or otherwise. When it comes to this domain of dress one must be literally up on the latest wrinkle. Each dent and ridge is, in fact, pregin his flight and dashed up to the doorway of Jennie Two Moons' log hut. The old woman and two girls hut. The old woman and two girls defeated man sank back upon his cot. felt and the more formal variety is felt and the more formal variety is proclaimed merely through a different system in creasing.

Of course, these millinery sculptors

For several minutes the agent, the doctor and the half-breed were busily the Florida wind blows. As I have already said, the crocheted straws are especially smart and are often substi-Jennie was wealthy for a few days, tuted for the felt sports hats. For even though she didn't seem to apafternoon wear the straw is almost invariably large and its generous dimensions continue to follow the however, to be spreading rather rapidand paper. "I believe this states it familiar prescription-short in the ly. broad in front. Characterback and "Sheriff, Sheridan, Wyoming: Ex- istic of the more elaborate mode is the model of white basket-weave

> peasant petticoat and each one set found. off with a touch of black patent leather. We have been raiding these poor Breton peasant women's wardrobes for lowing to say about it: "Perennial some years now and many a resort Sow Thistle, from its exceptionally wear coatee of the last seasons has owed its origin to this source. One large amount of seed it matures, is assumes, in fact, that all Breton women must by this time be wearing emies. It causes enormous loss, both breeches, for certainly they can't have

> any petticoats left for themselves. It is impossible to make a social hat, or at least your hat trimming. Here is one of the little sartorial tricks of the other thistles. In Manitoba Pewhich we won't overcome and in this rennial Sow Thistle is considered the case the smart little bag which the arm shows the Breton peasant mater-

> ial on a frame of tortoise shell. millinery which are now being practiced by smart people, but these four lic, Canada Thistle, Quack Grass, Dodexamples are of outstanding interest der and Horse Nettle are foreigners and are sufficient to indicate to the entire trend of the season.

Now a few words concerning other accessories. When it comes to stockings, the silk worm has finally turned. Once more we are wearing lisle. No, this doesn't mean we have discarded our silk hose. We retain them usually for afternoon and evening wear. But in the realm of sports, street, and travel there is overwhelming evidence that the lisle stocking of exquisite workmanship has come back. course, the French woman has forecast this change of sentiment for some months, and a few American leaders of style were prompt to follow her example. It is only now, however, that the return to the lisle stocking is absolutely assured. So, if you want to complete the beige woolen costume, which you select for travel or street wear, you match it by your lisle stockings worn with brown kid shoes.

as odd without white coats as it would without palms. You may have all sorts of wraps to supplement this one but you are now almost obliged to get Pennsylvania are not fertile and will the sports affair of tweed, homespun or some other fashionable fabric. There are two kinds of snails which Quite a few of these white sports coats are developed with the shoulder form of the common garden snail and flare which Lanvin inaugurated months ago. How ever, the young in towns and cities to the surroundand slim can't go wrong by selecting a perfectly orthodox straight-line affair, which betrays its up-to-date cation write the Bureau of Plant In--Subscribe for the "Watchman." spirit only in the minor touches.

FARM NOTES.

-Regularity in feeding and milking: is essential to profitable dairying. -The sow like the dairy cow,

should not be thin at farrowing time. -The hog will open its mouth and breathe through that channel, and also through the nostrils, when very warm.

-Many an epidemic of diphtheria, scarlet fever, and typhoid fever has been traced to a case of illness on the dairy farm.

-An acre of corn fodder making 20 bushels of grain will put on twice as much grain in the form of silage as it will fed from the shock.

—The curl in a pig's tail is an indi-cation of good health. When the curl begins to straighten out, look for disease and give a change of feed. -The various dairy utensils used by the dairyman are probably one of

the most important sources of the bacterial contamination of milk. -Adequate ventilation removes foul air, removes excessive moisture and furnishes a supply of pure, fresh air. All three are vital to the welfare of

-In order to do its work properly, the cream separator must be level and must be securely fastened to its foundation, the bearings must be well luit's been taken up by the other Ritzes. bricated with the right kind of oil, and no accumulation of dirt can be permitted to collect in the working

parts. -Chicks are like little boys. If not kept busy they get into mischief. Lack of work often means a boy's bloody nose, while to a chick it means bloody toes. Toe-picking and cannibalism result from close confinement and idleness. "Keep the Chicks Busy" should be the creed of all poultrymen.

-Dwarf trees and shrubs that. shortly will come into bloom include Azaleas, Barberry, Red Bud, Sweet Shrub, Dogwood, Golden Bell, Mag-nolia, Honeysuckle, Flowering Al-mond, and Viburnums which include bloom and select your favorites for planting on the home grounds.

-If your hotbed space is limited, it may be necessary to shift the early cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, and kohl rabi plants to coldframes before the warmer season crops may be seeded. At any rate it should be safe to get these cool weather plants into the coldframe just as soon after the first

of March as they are sufficiently large. -All hens used for egg hatching purposes should be dusted with a good Hopping and hobbling into the hut, he looked quickly about the interior of it. A soiled white bag was lying of it. A soiled white bag was lying buy you several horses as good as near the head of a pellet of cuits. A soiled white bag was lying buy you several horses as good as near the head of a pellet of cuits. distinguished by a butterfly bow of of sod in the bottom of the nest to self-fabric set in the front to accent prevent excessive evaporation. Set and hurriedly examined its contents. killed a man while you were doing the cleft of the brim. This is really two hens at a time so that the chicks a charming change from the more may be given to one hen later. Feed A thrill of joy seemed to sweep this job," he said sternly. "You dethrough his whole being and to put serve—oh, well, we'll do our part to orthodox small felts and will be found cracked or whole grains to the biddon't savvy much white-man talk, and it'll be easy to git out of answerin' questions."

What kind of a lookin' place is new life and courage into him. He see that you get what's coming to uttered a half-suppressed cheer. Moving with an added agility, he hoping to many a face which is dies, being careful to avoid feeds that white or white-man talk, hers?"

Well, it looks about like the rest of 'em. Hers is the second shack on the becoming to many a face which is more "interesting" than classical in its contours.

Well, it looks about like the rest of 'em. Hers is the second shack on the becoming to many a face which is more "interesting" to many a face which is dies, being careful to avoid feeds that will be coming to many a face which is simulate egg production of the rest of the becoming to many a face which is simulate egg production of the rest of the becoming to many a face which is the second shack on the becoming to many a face which is simulate egg production of the rest of the becoming to many a face which is the second shack on the becoming to many a face which is the second shack on the rest of the becoming to many a face which is the second shack on the second shack of the production of the rest of the second shack on the second shack on the second shack of the production of the second shack of the second shack on the second shack of Straws! Yes, of course these are sion specialists of the Pennsylvania State Colege.

PERENNIAL SOW THISTLE.

This is a very noxious weed that has been introduced from Europe. It afternoon wear the straw is almost has not been reported from many places in Pennsylvania. It seems,

A colony of this pest has been found recently along the Jonestown Road in Penbrook, almost if not, within the city limits of Harrisburg. A few of its novelty of trimming.

Said trimming consists of a wreath the city. Not only farmers but every of stuffed flowers, each one covered one should watch for this plant and be in the gay material of the Breton sure to destroy its roots and all when

The plant is very common in parts of Canada, where they have the folvigorous running rootstocks and the one of the most aggressive weed enon account of the difficulty of eradicating it and by reducing crop yields. Wherever established, it chokes out error by matching your bag with your the crops almost completely. It is much worse in this respect than any worst of all weed pests; in some cases wearer of this hat swings ofer the it has rendered whole fields unfit for grain production."

Should we allow a foreigner with One cannot enter into an exhaustive such a reputation to become a naturdiscussion of all the various types of alized citizen of our great agricultural that have gained entrance to the State of Pennsylvania in the same insidious manner. They are now very undesirable and expensive to Pennsylvanians. Let us see to it that Perennial Sow Thistle shall not overrun our State as these other pests have done.

Perennial Sow Thistle is distinguished by its large yellow flowers which resemble in size, color and appearance those of the common dandelion. The flower stalk and the scaly bracts (small leaf-like structures) surrounding the flower heads are covered with glandular, hairs with a yellowish knob on the end. The stem of the plant is hollow and grows from 1 to 5 feet tall. The leaves resemble in shape those of the dandelion or some of our wild lettuce plants. The teeth of the edge terminate in a rather soft yellow spine. The whole plant, if not too old and dry, is filled with a bit-

ter, milky juice. The seeds are brown and about \$ Florida would undoubtedly look just | inch long and contain a tuft of fine

white hairs called pappus. Fortunately for us most of the seeds examined from plants grown in not grow. Some, however, are fertile and since they are so easily blown about by the wind are the means by which the plant may rapidly spread from the vacant lots and waste places

ing farms. For methods of control and eradidustry, Harrisburg, Pa.