## IMMORTALITY.

There is no death. The winds of yester-

Have fled to stir the grasses otherwhere. Nothing shall die. The rose that bloomed last May Will wake next spring as sweet, as

subtly fair. The ripened seed that left its withered

But fell to earth to sleep beneath the snows;

It is not dead: nay, in the plan of God It will revive again when summer glows.

Nothing shall die. What though the darkness falls Across dim eyes that gaze their last

on light! Look up, oh Heart, to where the splen-

did halls Of God's great palace shine beyond the

There is no death. The flower may droop and fade, The ripe seed fall, the wind be hushed

to sleep; The night will pass, and, gloriously ar-

The Day Star burn above the eastern steep -- By Will Spencer in The Churchman

WHAT HE NEEDED

WAS TROUBLE. Machinery, Romance is dead. and a lot of other things combined to murder dear old Romance. This is the age of materialism, of matter-offactness, of prosaic dulness and such. That is, if you believe a lot of dodoes with hardened arteries, softened

bergh, and I don't believe them. Will realism kindly take a walk around the block while we chatter of

love, kisses and similar matters? "The trouble with you, Wilmington," said Doc Kilbane, "is that you

haven't any trouble." Young Frank Wilmington moved

"Come on, Doc," he pleaded, "forget that sort of stuff. My mind is o. k. I tell you it's the tummy." "And I tell you it isn't anything of

sound as a bell. Heart, liver, lungs, wrong with Frank Wilmington. blood-pressure-everything fine." "Yeah, everything great," sneered Wilmington. "And I don't sleep worth a hoot, and I don't eat, and I'm bored and I don't want to swim, or ride, or

play golf, or motor, or-anything." good old nothings into her shell-like to destruction. ear, eh?" suggested Doc. Kilbane.

vilmington snorted in disgust.

ten-or is it twenty millions? You've with coyness. a yacht, motors galore, town house, Lord knows what all besides. Your money is in tax-free securities. You have a cellar filled with pre-war stuff, so that you don't even need to worry about where the next case of Scotch young man, trouble,"

"And so you suggest a girl?" sneered Wilmington. "There's more trouble in one hunhas everything in the world he wants, he soon wants to want something. That's you. A little trouble, not too

clapped his panama on his curly head and left the doctor's office. He walked disgruntedly, up the Avenue and to Frank. his house. A servant, on watch for him, opened the door; his hat and stick were taken from him. When he met, and if you've ever been kissed reached his bedroom he found things you know the rest. for the evening all laid out. His bath shirt. The late afternoon—or early evening—cocktail was all prepared and handed to him. He didn't even have to shake it up.

He waved the valet from the room and sat down on the edge of his bed. look at you eight hours a day-" He'd been feeling like the deuce for weeks-maybe months. No interest in anything. Ate mechanically, drank ried I ought to keep my job, don't because someone handed him the you think?"

Martin, but to Jane Ogylvie.

They danced off together. glass, and tossed in bed most of the Yet Doc Kilbane-and there wasn't a better doctor-had examined him exhaustively and pronounced him

Could there be anything in the doctor's analysis? Did he need a bit of trouble? Was life so well oiled that it was becoming a burden? No, His mind was, as he'd told Kilbane, o. k. But just the same, with money enough to satisfy every possible depen that he had no desires?

the wrong track there. Gosh, he knew plenty of corking girls. But they didn't interest him. Well enough to dance with, or sit beside at a stupid dinner-party, but nothing more said. 'than that. All of them said the same and—" same people . . . Maybe that was it. Maybe he needed a change. The kind of change that would include a different way of living, meeting an entirely different class of recolor.

ment, then settled down to rest. Trouble, Doc. Kilbane had said.

to live accordingly? Here he was, so bored with the seashore that he'd come into town. But when he came to New York, what did he do? Dropped into the club, saw the same old gang, those of them week, heard them discuss the same

dining-room door. Mrs. Oldham—before the war and a huge plantation, but now reduced to running this Twenty-third Street boarding- I wishhouse—was ushering into the room a tall, slim young chap, obviously dressed in ready-made apparel, but nevertheless seeming the bestgroomed man in the room.

"We're just one big family here, Mr. Johnson," she was saying. "I like all my patrons to feel that they're transportation, increased population my guests, and that we're having a happy house-party. Now I 'll make you acquainted with everyone." The only vacant place at the table

was next to Jane Martin. The newcomer, presented to everyone, slipped into the chair next the pretty blonde.

Did I say "pretty?" Excuse me, everybody; a slip of the typewriter.

Look her over. Shingled hair that fluffed a bit at the temples. Violet brains, fallen arches and rising golf score. Myself, I take a look at Lindeyes shaded by the blackest lashes you ever saw in your life. Straight nose and curving lips. Round sweet throat, slightly sloping shoulders, and from there down matters that would

make Mr. Ziegfield stand right up and holler. A figure, if you understand me. Curves and such, if you get what I mean. The man that didn't want to kiss her had something wrong with him, and old Doc Kilbane himself is the sort," retorted the Doctor. "You're our authority that there was nothing

Ever see a landslide? It starts with a pebble slipping, then a rock then a mass of earth, and then the old mountain starts nose-diving down. with books, and I hate the theatre, That's how it was with Wilmington. He found the footing uneasy as he

y golf, or motor, or—anything." stood in the doorway with Mrs. Old-How about snuggling up to a girl, ham, he was losing his balance as he slipping the right arm about her lis- sat down, and by the time the lamb som waist, and whispering a lot of was served he was plunging headlong

But not alone! Right with him. "Listen, Doc, you're as good a man as the air rushing by her, was Jane old Freud himself. Do I act as if I Martin. Made for each other, everyhad any repressions? I tell you it one at the table was thinking. Nothmust be the liver." ing could stop a match there. It was "And I tell you that a bed of roses with every thorn extracted is bad dark young man, beautiful blond girl. medicine," replied Kilbane. "You've Send for the minister and have done

Later on that evening Jane Martin country places, shooting-boxes and studied herself in the not-too-bright mirror of her hall room. She tried to read in her eyes the answer to a question, which had already been supplied by her heart. And at the same time, in a similar room on the next floor above, Frank Wilmington studied his reactions.

Well, Doc Kilbane had suggested trouble as an antidete to his ailment, whatever it was, and trouble had dred and twelve pounds of girl than in a ton of dynamite," chuckled the older man. He lighted a cigar and beamed upon the patient. "If a man ed a room from Mrs. Oldham. He was, he professed, a young chap from New Hampshire, in the city looking for a job. And here, right off the much, but just enough to take your bat, he'd met the one and only girl

mind on a little excursion. Get out of here; I've really sick people waiting to see me."

Wilmington picked up his stick, other seven days, and—"

"Marry you?" said Jane a week later. "But we've only known each other seven days, and—"

"What difference does that make if we love each other?" demanded His arms encircled her; her averted down."

"I hate to think of any man giving was drawn for him; studs were in his shirt. The late afternoon—or early Jane smiled. "Not going to get

jealous of the boss, are you? Poor dear boss. He's sixty-five and-" Frank shook his head. "Certainly not. Only, the idea that anyone can

"But I have to work," she explained. "And even after we're mar-

Frank turned away to hide a smile. "If you think it's necessary, Jane dar-lin, why, of course—"

She became practical. "But it will be necessary, Frank You—you do not have a job yet, have you?" that it was becoming a burden? No, only blew into town last week, think-he didn't have any morbid thoughts. ing I'd look things over and land something. And the very first night I met you, and that sort of drove everything else out of my head. But sire on earth, why on earth couldn't l'll support you, all right. You don't he enjoy himself? Why did it hap-As soon as we're married I'll hustle

Girls? Well, the old Doc was on out and land something."
he wrong track there. Gosh, he She shook her head." "But don't

said. "That will keep us for a while, things, thought the same thoughts, went to the same places, knew the I haven't saved much of anything, She became more practical. "But

liked the location, hesitated a mo- Frank Johnson, ambitious young real persons whom we are? How do clerk from Portsmouth, who'd come to New York to better himself, was That was what he needed. How did one go about finding trouble? Surely the Doctor had not meant that his her—yet. Let it be a surprise on the

"And you'll marry me right away -tomorrow?"

She assented with a kiss. my Ted was the grandest boy on same people, the same things-I deearth, I hate to tell you what that cided to pretend I was a poor chap slim young devil could do to me if trying to get along, looking for a slim young devil could do to me if trying to get along, looking for a he caught me in one of them weak job, and found out that I'd been look-South Ca'lina Oldhams please; slaves ing for you. Sweetheart, we won't and willing moments." worry about my work. We won't

happy."
She stared at him. "A millionaire?
Frank Wilmington? Oh, my dear—

He didn't learn what she wished, A moment later he released her. "Tomorrow morning we're to be married," he announced. She nodded mutely. He took on authority.

"Now you go up-stairs to bed," he ordered. "I want my bride to have roses in her cheeks, to be rested, happy smiling. First thing in the morning you resign your job, and then—"
She leaned swiftly toward him and kissed him. Then she darted from the old-fashioned stoop, which they had been occupying exclusively, into the house. He heard her light foot steps as she ran up-stairs. He lighted another cigaret and gave himself over to a happy contemplation of the future.

How right Doc Kilbane had been! A girl was what he wanted, and he hadn't known it. A girl from a different milieu, a girl who instantly had fallen in love with jobless Frank Johnson, a girl who, unused to the things that wealth could bring, never would be bored but eternally thrilled by new luxuries, new joys. The old, boring round would be exciting in

her company. Next morning he delayed breakfast for her arrival. So late was she that he finally went up-stairs and knocked upon her door. She didn't answer. though he pounded on the panel. Alarmed, he sent for Mrs. Oldham. Together they opened the door. She

Incredulously, Frank and the landlady opened the closet, the dresser drawers. Not a paper, nothing that could be used in tracing her. Frank telephoned her employer. That indignant gentleman informed him that he had just received a note, obviously mailed at an early hour in the morntion from his employ.

had happened to his fiancee than he had been on that first morning. He even went to the town, up-state, from which she had supposedly come to New York. No one there ever had heard of Jane Martin. Mrs. Oldham had wanted to call in the police, but Frank had persuaded her not to do

"She just left. She didn't want to see me again. That's all," he told the landlady. "Something I did—something I said—but she loved me; she said she did; she kissed me-

They were, Wilmington decided. So strange that he never could love another. What on earth had he done to offend her, to make her steal away in the middle of the night?

You're all run but do something. The doctor had heard the story. "You can't let yourself go to pot because of her. Find another

Unfeeling people doctors, sometimes. Find another girl. Wilmington never could do that. No other girl ever would do. If he only knew why.

And then he learned. He had gone to the debut of Jim Reynolds's young sister. And he saw Jane Martin, dashed up to her, was stopped by Jim Reynolds and presented, not to Jane

They danced off together. "Why?" demanded Frank She looked at him. With lips that trembled, she answered him.

"Because it was too dreadfully silly," she replied. "Two of us masquerading, looking for true love, pretend-He shook his head, trying to look lugubrious. "You know," he said, "I ing to be poor—I was disappointed. I—I wanted romance. And here I was doing—and you were doing—the very thing that had been destined for us when we were born.'

"You mean, marrying the person we loved?" demanded Frank. "Not at all. I mean marrying the person who fitted into our social scheme, into our financial sphere. It was too absurd."

"But I love you and you love me," said Frank. "How do we know? You were the noble man who was to lift the beggar maid to splendor. I was the noble girl who would dazzle my true love

with my unexpected wealth "But haven't you missed me? Have you not ached for me?" demanded Frank. "I've been mad for you." "I've missed the poor boy who was going to work hard and support me," admitted Jane. "Just as you've missed tirely different class of people.

From somewhere in the void, where ideas are born, a thought came skidding along, hit a corner of his mind,

sweet thing. Practicality so ill became her. And she didn't dream that real each other, have we missed the we know? "Marry me and I'll teach you to

know," whispered Frank.
She shook her head. "You think you love me. Perhaps," she admitted, "I think I love you. But we each, per-

ly the Doctor had not meant that his patient should pick a fight with Tunney.

Young Wilmington studied Kilbane's utterance. The physician had given no advice; he simply had made a statement. Well, it was obvious that Wilmington couldn't, in sanity, get into trouble. But—and this was the idea that had found parking space in a cell of his brain—why couldn't he pretend that he had trouble, try to live accordingly?

her—yet. Let it be a surprise on the eve of their marriage.

"Listen, Sweetest," he pleaded.
"You trust me, don't you?" She turned dewy blue eyes to him. "Of course."

"Well, if I give you my word that everything will be all right, that I can support you amply, that I don't intend to live off my wife's earnings, will you believe me?"

"You know I will," she assured him. "Of think I love you. But we each, perhaps, love memories, and—memories can't be revived."

Then someone claimed her, she was danced away. And when he later looked for her, she was gone. But he knew her name, knew where she lived—the telephone book gave him this information, and half an hour later he had called her number. Yes, Miss Ogylvie had come home, but had gone out again.

gone out again. Next morning, next afternoon, next night, Frank telephoned. But Miss She assented with a kiss.

"Then I'll tell you something, right now, that I didn't intend to tell you wasn't eccentric. He could understand that were held to the city during the so soon. But if we're to be married and sympathize. Only, if she'd give tomorrow-Jane, dearest, my name him a chance to prove that Frank subjects in the same voices. . . . isn't Johnson. It's Wilmington. I Kitty Kennedy nudged Jane Martin. "Lamp the new sheik," she whispered excitedly. "If it wasn't that I thought is something was wrong with me. The could she have gone? But this was a silly question. The could she have gone? But this was a silly question. The could she have gone? But this was a silly question. Wilmington heir. She might have departed on her yacht, for anywhere.

"The only time you've been happy," said Doc Kilbane, "according to what you tell me, was when you lived at that West Twenty-third Street board-Jane Martin glanced toward the inning-room door. Mrs. Oldham— happy."

worry about my worry my worr said Frank.

"Well, you might meet another girl ther'e,' said Kilbane. Ridiculous, absurd, silly. Still, he had been happy there. And so, ten days after Jane's second disappearance, Frank presented himself to Mrs. Oldham.

"I'd like my old room back, Mrs. Oldham," he said. The landlady beamed. "Cant give you your old room, Mr.—Johnson," she said. "But another room-will it

do ?" He nodded carelessly. He picked up a suitcase and followed her upstairs. She opened a door. He saw feminine belongings scattered on the bed. He backed away, but Mrs. Oldham shoved him across the threshold and slammed the door upon him. There was Jane.

She stared at him. "Why did you come?" she asked. "Because-I don't know. I think because—I was happy here." "You didn't know I was here?" she

demanded. He shook his head. "And you, Jane?" "Because-I was happy here," she admitted.

"You knew," he cried, "that sooner or later I'd come back here."
"I felt that if it was love, not silly yearning for chivalry, you'd be here,

The rest of it is none of our business. Let's walk right out on this romantic episode and have some realism. Only, if you and your best-bewasn't there, nor had her bed been shept in. Mrs. Oldham discovered from me: season your lives with a bit

Some Things You Ought To Know.

Carload shipments of fresh fruit ing, which was Miss Martin's resigna- number during the last eight years. And that was all. Six months later ing watches, clocks and other deli-Some of the oil used for lubricat-Frank was no nearer finding out what cate instruments is obtained from the head of the porpoise. The better grades of neat's foot oil are also used similarly.

Leaflet 6-L of the U.S. Department of Agriculture will tell you all about the Experimental Fur farm of the Biological Survey at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and when it may be

Trees slightly damaged by field mice will usually recover soon if the injured parts are completely covered by mounding up soil around the bases, or if paint or other material "And you, "said Mrs. Oldham wonderingly, "just after telling her that you had all the money in the world—ain't girls strange?"

bases, or if paint or other material is used to prevent the wounds from drying out. When the injury is severe or the trees are entirely girdled, bridge grafting should be recorted to bridge grafting should be resorted to.

In 35 years the citrus fruit crops have increased tenfold, from 5,000,-000 to 50,000,000 boxes annually. A series of profitable years during and immediately after the war led to an Doc Kilbane was frankly worried. expansion of acreage which is not "I don't care what you do," he said, yet in full bearing, so the prospect yet in full bearing, so the prospect is for considerably increased production within a few years. In the five years from 1920 to 1924 nearly 10,-000,000 orange trees were planted in Florida, where the number of trees bearing fruit in 1924 numbered only 7,306,000.

## Will Plant Qauil.

A shipment of Hungarian quail has been made to Pennsylvania from Austria-Hungary. Ninety pairs will be distributed in the district of which W. C. Kelly, of DuBois, is the field superintendent, and of these about 50 pairs will be liberated in Clearfield and Jefferson counties.

Richard Reitz, of Brookville, the newest member of the State game commission, and incidentally one of the most active and enthusiastic members of the commission, was largely instrumental in purchasing the Hun- er till they disappear altogether, the garian quail. Four thousand have been purchased in Austria-Hungary dred. and this shipment numbers 1400.

The Hungarian quail is considerably larger than the bob white quail, native to this section, and in some instances is nearly as large as the native grouse. It is said to be much swifter in flight than either the bob

hunter than any other bird. The Hungarian quail, unlike the variably found in pairs—a cock bird

This shipment is the first to westleased in central Pennsylvania a year ago and these are said to have thrived | can be made in the form of patties. and multiplied.

-Subscribe for the "Watchman."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT The mistakes committed by woman are almost always the result of her faith in the good and her confidence in the truth.

-Balzac.

Of course, you are going to have a Valentine party. Even if you do not entertain at any other time of the year, you will find this a delightful occasion as the decorations and entertaining may be so easily arranged. A heart race will start things off hilariously. Give each contestant two red hearts of cardboard, about 12 inches across. He puts his foot on the one and holds the other ready to place in position for the other foot this seems to be a very good practice. to step on at a given signal. At each Of course, there is some waste, but it step he must place a heart before putting his foot down as he races to a

given spot and back. Pass telegraph blanks or pieces of paper and pencil to each guest. Give them three minutes to compose a telegram, the first letter of each word breeder. being taken from the word V-A-L-E-N-T-I-N-E. A prize is given for

As a part of the decorations have a large hoop wound with red crepe paper with streamers, at the end of which are red and silver hearts. the couples dance by each girl takes a silver heart and each man a red one. Partners for the next dance or for supper are selected by matching numbers on the hearts.

The table may be covered with a red satin or sateen under a filet cloth, or the usual white damask may be used with little red hearts scattered over it regularly. Crepe tablecloths are useful for a children's party or a hall, but not so nice for the home. A little tree which grows a crop of gay red hearts is a pretty centerpeice. The hearts may be gummed to the branches, or red roses in a crystal

bowl are beautiful. Favors may be flat boxes of powder for the ladies and of talcum for use after shaving for the men. They are wrapped in red paper with a heart on which a funny face has been drawn pasted on each, and a little white card for a place-card tied on with red ribbons. Very attractive hearts with faces may be had in all sizes. Strings of hearts for decorating the rooms are

new this year. There are all kinds of delightful Valentine candy in the shops. A dish of hearts will add interest if each reads the motto aloud. Vegetable salad garnished with hearts cut from beets, heart-shaped sandwiches of deviled ham and chopped green pep-pers, nut bread sandwiches, olives, coffee and heart-shaped cakes with red and white icing are a pleasing menu. Cherry or cranberry ice may be added and will be appropriate in color.

Certainly, short skirts, and the shorter the better! That is the slothat her suitcase was gone. She had no trunk, the landlady told Frank.

The landlady told Frank. gan of Miss Minnie Pallister, one of the next general election.

has put asunder, but if skirts are to be treated for worms. be worn at all there are only two possible lengths-knee or ground. knee-length shows a complete limb. the ground length no limbs, and any other length cuts the limb in two. Could anything be more ungraceful? "Why do humorists always pick out

plus-fours as the articles of men's clothing most suitable to make jokes Why does a man, who is adorable in knee breeches and irresistible in a dress suit, look a fool in plus-fours? Because plus-fours are the only garments in a man's wardrobe which cut his legs in half. "Of course when we come to crinolines and bustles and things it is another matter. In the days of crinolines women were not supposed to look like human beings. It was the height of indelicacy to do so. In their tiny bodices and enormous skirts they looked like frilly fuchsias, or inverted full-blown roses. If they showed no leg, they showed the whole lovely line of the shoulder and the whole arm except the ugly little bit where it

joins on, which they were wise and covered with a tiny puff.
"The Victorian silhouette was pretty in its own way—even the bunched skirts of Du Maurier's 'Punch' ladies were not unpleasing. Certainly both crinoline and trailing skirt charitably hid many deficiences, but obviously they cannot return. The modern woman is a real person, not an artificial flower. She knows too much about microbes to want her skirt to trail on the ground. She could not golf or drive a car or even get into a postwar house-to say nothing of a busin a wide crinoline.

"There remains only the kneelength, until such time as women become wise enough to wear kneebreeches for other things than riding. "Freedom of limb is as important as freedom of mind-indeed, it is doubtful whether it is possible to have full freedom of mind without freedom of limb. Physical stuffiness has a dreadful way of spreading to the mind and spirit.

Shorter skirts by all means. Shorter and shorter and shorter and shorter sooner the better, but longer—no, not if a million reach the age of a hun-

PUMPKIN-DATE PIE.

cupful sugar, one-half cupful chopped manner upon more than one flock of dates, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful allspice, one cupwhite quail or the grouse, and sportsmen who have hunted them say that

spoonful salt, two eggs, one-half teaeration is more of a harm than the spoonful ginger, one-quarter tea- relief obtained. spoonful nutmeg.

Blend all the ingredients to a cream. native variety, does not covey. They mate each season and are almost inseparately and fold in the whites the use and practice, or is there a better last thing. Pour into crusts and bake.

Serve cold with a layer of whipped chance for some young intelligent felcream on top flavored with a little low to get busy and put his improved vanilla and dotted, if liked, with a methods into use, preferably some ern Pennsylvania. A few were re- vanilla and dotted, if liked, with a few crystallized cherries. These pies

news while it is news.

## FARM NOTES.

The prospective builder should talk the matter over with his lumber dealer and see how little cash it takes to put up a shed in which to house ma-chinery. There is a depreciation of about 115 per cent each winter in that machinery allowed to stand uncovered and exposed to the weather. Some-times, this amount of depreciation on high-priced machinery will pay for constructing the building in which it should be housed.

Stacks of straw or hay make a good windbreak for any class of live stock. Horses and cattle are often allowed to run to stacks of straw. Indeed, saves a good deal of labor. Then, too, the fact that the stock can be kept outside in comfort many days through the winter when it would be impossible without such a windbreak is worth considering by any livestock

The packing industry in the interest of economy, moves to localities where its raw material—live stock is most readily available. The relations between the freight rates on pork products and live hogs is influential in determining the location of packing centers. Freight rates on hogs have advanced from 40 to 85 per cent above prewar levels. ease of shipping dressed meats as compared with shipping live animals is another factor.

The popularity of silage for steer feeding is increasing, especially since its use is becoming better understood. Through the growing period it can be fed to about the same extent as to dairy-fed animals of similar relative development, but with the approach of the fattening stage and its requirement for a more concentrated ration the grain is increased without a corresponding increase in the amount of silage fed.

The rate and economy of gains made by silage-fed steers justify the more general adoption of this feed for beef production, especially where pasturage is limited or uncertain. The same is true to a certain extent with sheep. Moderate feeding is the rule and more general regard to the quality of the silage.

The case of grazing animals presents certain special difficulties. They habitually soil their "table" with manure, insuring the prompt return to the body of the bacteria, worm eggs and larvae and other infectious agents passed in the manure. With sheep, experiments have shown that rotation of pastures or of different kinds of stock on the same pasture is an aid in the control of stomach worms, but it is far from being the effective control measure hoped for. Control of parasite diseases would go a long way toward solving the problme of losses among lambs. So far as sanitation is concerned, lambs should be given special preference in the matter of pasture. They should be placed on fairly dry hillsides-not on bottom e next general election.

"Any skirt is stupid, because it attempts to join together what nature ever possible, and the mothers should

An important source of bacteria in milk is the body of the cow, especially the part immediately above the milk pail. Manure, loose hair, bedding material, and other foreign matter laden with bacteria sometimes drop into the pail at the time of milking. Cows kept. in stables require a thorough grooming at least once every day, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Even those on pasture are more or less dusty, and need to be brushed before milking. It is advisable to clip the long hairs from the udder, flanks, and tail to prevent dirt clinging to them. In order to remove any dust or loose hairs before milking carefully wipe the udders, flanks, and bellies of all cows, using a clean. damp cloth. These parts if dirty will need washing. Keeping the stable well supplied with fresh bedding and the frequent removal of manure will also help to keep the cow clean. A type of stable providing ample ventilation and sunlight and so constructed as to be readily cleaned will likewise aid in maintaining the cow in a sanitary condition.

There are subjects even to this day that none of us can agree upon. That this is a fact one need only look about nevertheless I want to bring up an important question that affects at least one portion of our agricultural industry, and that is, grubs in sheep, writes H. W. Swope of Pennsylvania, in the Farmer's Guide. Ever since I was a boy, and that has been some years ago, I have been told that grubs in the heads of sheep can be successfully removed by cutting a disc of the bone over the nose, or nasal cavities of the sheep so treated. Then the grubs are taken out or they are driven out, as the case may be with the squirting in of some kind of liquid suitable or calculated to get rid of the grubs. Some say that the method is a good one, others say not. I have experimented upon sheep myself for the purose of finding out if there is anything in this sort of treatment for grubs. In one case, I lost two sheep, then, in another, I believe, this method did remove the trouble. However, I am inclined to believe that such a method is at best inefficient.

I know several men who have practiced this thing for years, and then I One pint pumpkin pulp, one-half successfully operated in the same sheep, for this annoying trouble is to be found in the best of flocks. Yet,

The question is whether it really does the work on a percentage basis one who is genuinely interested in sheep and their future possibilities, for at present the outlook for sheep -The Watchman gives all the raising is considered very good by most observers.