A THANKSGIVING FEAST.

We two are the last, my daughter! To set the table for two Where once were plates for twenty, Is a lonesome thing to do. But my boys and girls are scattered To the east and west afar, And one dearer than even the children Has passed through the gates ajar.

I'm wanting my bairns for Thanksgiving. I thought last night as I lay Awake in my bed and watching For the breaking of the day, Hoy my heart would leap in gladness If a letter should come this morn To say that they could not leave us here To keep the feast forlorn.

Samuel, my son, in Dakota, Is a rich man, so I hear, And he'll never let want approach us, Save the wanting of him near; While Jack is in San Francisco, And Edward over the sea, And only my little Jessie Is biding at home with me.

Oh! the happy time for a mother Is when her bairns are small, And into the nursery beds at night She tucks her darlings all. When the wee ones are about her, With gleeful noise and cry, And she hushes the tumult with a smile, Her brood beneath her eye.

But a mother must bear her burden, When her babes are bearded men; On 'Change, or in the army, Or scratching with a pen In some banker's dusty office-As Martin, is no doubt-A mother must bear her burden And learn to do without.

I know the Scripture teaching, To help the halt and the blind, And keep the homesick and the desolate At the festal hour in mind. Of the fat and the sweet a portion I'll send to the poor man's door, But I'm wearying for my children To sit at my board once more.

I tell you, Jessie, my darling, This living for money and pelf, It takes the heart from life, dear, It robs a man of himself. This old bleak hillside hamlet, That sends its boys away, Has a right to claim them back, dear, On this Thanksgiving Day.

Shame on my foolish frettings! Here are letters, a perfect sheaf! Open them quickly, dearest; Ah, me! 'Tis beyond belief. By ship and by train they're hasting, Rushing along on the way. Tell the neighbors that all my children Will be here Thanksgiving Day. -By Margaret E. Sangster.

LESLIE THISTLE'S WAR-TIME THANKSGIVING.

to help make things lively; but do out by the schoolhouse, crying, "A their best, they could not bring the old times. To be sure, Henry and John, boys of fourteen and lively losses!"

Interior was no one left to see a like Leslie's, not even Mrs. Thistle herself could have told which was her own daughter.

Interior was no one left to see a little figure fling itself down on the herself could have told which was her right down and wrote me all about it."

On my Clarissa! O, my store dolute.

On my clarissa! O, my store dolute. John, boys of fourteen and sixteen and the twins, Alexander and James, out to ask the man some questions. The arms around Leslie's neck besides eight-year-old Theodore, were always on hand to pop corn and roast apples; and then there wax a baby, Edwin and a girl, Leslie, just turned six, who Theodore said did not a condition of the Bellport boys were killed, but the man did not know their names.

O, the dreadful uncertainty! The Emily continued to hug Leslie, as though she had not heard the questions.

Emily continued to hug Leslie, as though she had not heard the questions.

Emily continued to hug Leslie, as though she had not heard the questions. who, Theodore said, did not count; but the two eldest boys, Malcolm and MacGregor, were far away in the Union army in Bank's division. Nothing could make up for their merry pranks and sallies. Malcolm and MacGregor were the tallest, handsomest lads in the village of Bellport. Everyone would have told you that.

lying in her lap crowing at her deep soft laugh, and Leslie sat on a green cricket at her feet. Mrs. Thistle was gazing pensively into the flames which leaped higher and higher. "Dear! dear!" they were saying to themselves, "when Mother Thistle has that expression on her face we know that she is thinking of Malcolm and MacGregor. Come! more noise, bothers. Do cheer up!" The boys were stretched at full length cracking walnuts on the stone hearth and between whiles teasing Leslie and

playing with Baby Edwin.

"What a queer Thanksgiving this will be without Malcolm and Mac-Gregor!" said James.

Leslie drew the head of her dollie, Clarissa, close to her breast. The quiet little maiden was thinking sweet thoughts of Brother Malcolm and Brother MacGregor, who had given her Clarissa. She was a real store dollie, Clarissa was, about ten inches long, made of wood, and had such cute arms and legs, All Leslie's other dollies were rag ones.

It was in September that Malcolm and MacGregor, with the other Bellport boys, took the steamer up to Bangor to Camp John Pope, where they stayed till they went to Boston in October. The Bellport people had a hig meeting with speeches to say a big meeting, with speeches, to say good-bye to the boys, in the town hall. Just before the boys marched down to the wharf Malcolm fastened a little pin in the form of a shield, with a red, white, and blue ribbon attached to it, on Leslie's dress, and Mac-Gregor placed Clarissa in her arms.

kin pie with their goose for their Thanksgiving dinner? Clarissa and I were talking it over this morning, and we could not remember when the boys had much of anything to eat besides hardtack."

I really cannot give you the reason -possibly it was owing to a strain of Scotch-Irish blood-but the Thistle family, in place of the customary chicken or turkey, always had roast goose for their Thanksgiving dinner.

feed Clarissa a walnut meat. "Why, they will not see the end of a goose's wing. I shall feel real mean when I am eating my drumstick. Malcolm you notice anything queer about and MacGregor always want drumsticks."

The sound of footsteps was heard about coming along the porch. A moment quee after Mr. Thistle entered the room. kin He was a pale, tired-looking man, and clement evening outside seemed to see her, and what do you think? She his arm chair at the right in the see her, and what do you think? She his arm chair at the right side of the fireplace. It was only a moment that he warmed his hands before the cheery blaze; then he lighted a lamp and opened the door of a room where there was a mail carpenter's bench.

Theodore sprang to his feet. father, what are you going to do?"

Mr. Thistle smiled at him, and taking up an old ax handle, laid it on a piece of ash, and proceeded to draw an outline of it.

"That is Mr. Nelson's ax handle, isn't it, father?" said Alec. "He breaks more ax handles than anyone

"What a smart man you are, father!" said Henry, carefully watching the progress of the pencil. "There and is not a boy's father around here who long works as hard as you do after hav-ing been busy in the woods all day. They are only just farmers and never learned a trade the same as you did. I heard Dr. Sewell tell Deacon Curtis yesterday that you were the greatest manager of any man that he

Cousin Abbie laughed. "I should think your pa would have to manage with all the bills he has to fill, and now your big brothers off in the army. Your father is smart, boys, and I can remember, as you cannot, when he used to make barrels even-Your father is smart, boys, ings; for he learned the cooper's trade. That was when Malcolm was four years old. They were the neatest, prettiest barrels. Then he would take the hayrack and fill it full of them and drive over to Faston and bring back barrels of flour and bags of meal in their place in the hayrack. But why didn't the doctor say something about your ma? There has never been a time in this house, to my knowing, when one could not find a crock of doughnuts and a pan of gingerbread, besides a row of pies, on the buttery shelf, not to speak of headcheese and other overses.

Mr. Thistle was now at work with his drawshave. "Mother," he called out, "if she has not been hindered, Daniel's daughter ought to be on the boat tomorrow morning."

"So she ought, father, if there is anything left of the child after that long journey."

On evenings now the fire in Mr. battle of Bull Run. He was shot Thistle's great old-fashioned fireplace down at the very beginning of the felt almost deserted. The big logs battle. Leslie and her young brothgreat-great-grand-father's brass ers were in the little red schoolhouse of the same size, too. If Emily had andirons sizzled and scolded and that July morning. A man on horse-crackled as loud as they possibly could back rode up through the village and crackled as loud as they possibly could back rode up through the village and like Leslie's, not even Mrs. Thistle

boys and girls who had brothers in that battle were pale with excitement. Alec and James shared the general alarm, for they knew that Uncle Daniel's Minnesota regiment must have been in that battle. Leslie was not old enough to realize this till she ran home and found her mother walking It was the evening before Thanksgiving, and Cousin Abbie White had driven over from the Cape for her semi-yearly visit. Baby Edwin was lying in her lan growing at her deep ing that Uncle Daniel had indeed the sitting room floor and weeping. ing that Uncle Daniel had, indeed, been killed in that battle.

> Now, five days ago Mr. Thistle had brought home another letter. shock had been too much for Uncle Daniel's sick wife, and she had followed Uncle Daniel. Little Emily, who was only ten days younger than Leslie, was to be sent to her mother's sister up in Monroe. A friend of Uncle Daniel's, who was coming East, would take charge of Emily as far as Boston, where he would put her in charge of the stewardess on the Bellport boat.

Some tears fell on Clarissa's wooden head as Leslie remembered that bitter day. "I never felt so badly for anyone in my life as I did for Emily,"

she whispered to Clarissa.

"What! tears!' sputtered a log.
There was a great snapping in the fireplace, and a shower of sparks flew out. Some fell at Leslie's feet, and others fell before Mrs. Thistle. John rushed with the tonges and Henry with the shovel. Leslie laughed heartily at the boys' antics, and the tears dried on her cheeks.

"That was the only thing that I ever had against Daniel," remarked Cousin Abbie, "his taking poor Winifred out to Minnesota, away from all her kith and kin, and she the slimmest of her family."

Mr. Thistle gave Cousin Abbie a funny look. "That surely was un-kind of Daniel. It would not have suited you at all; now, would it, Ab-

"Not but that Daniel did well with "I wonder, mamma, will they let his mills out there," continued Couson Emily's account.

Malcolm and MacGregor have pumpin Abbie, "but there has never been Mr. Thistle was a me leave the State of Maine."

"I cannot think of Daniel as really gone," said Mrs. Thistle, her voice taking on the sau tone
taking on the sau tone
taking on the sau tone
most alive of anyone that I knew.
Nothing could daunt or discourage judgment of the Lord's for my curbim.
O Abbie, think of a mother's iosity. I suppose that I have laid up one hundred and fifty questions to ask that child, if I have one."

"It is not half as bad as you think,"
Tohn. "You have goose for their Thanksgiving dinner. But see, Leslie has fallen asleep. CarThe children's playmates thought this very funny.

"Pumpkin pie! you goosie yourself," exclaimed John, pretending to was quiet under Mr. Thistle's roof,

"It is not half as bad as you think, father," spoke up John. "You have forgotten that I had old Captain little child shall teach them. I know alphabet one winter just for fun, The says but it is what it means."

"Alec, are you awake?" whispered James. "No, I am thinking. Say, Alec, did

mother today?"
"That is what I have been thinking

about, James. I did notice something queer. She did not make any pumpkin pies for our Thanksgiving din-

got the pumpkin all strained and took down the pie plates off the pantry shelf. She stood a moment with them in her hand; then she wiped her eyes and put the pie plates back upon the shelf."

"She must have been thinking about Malcolm and MacGregor,' said Alec, "and how they have not had many good things to eat. Henry and John have been off in the woods all day with father, so they do not know anything about it, and Leslie has been

isn't it, father?" said Alec. "He breaks more ax handles than anyone else in the neighborhood."

Mr. Thistle smiled his teasing smile at Alec. "Wrong, my son, this time. Dr. Sewell's ax is going to have a new handle."

"What a smort was handle, too taken up with dreaming about Emily's eyes shone, and she immediately responded with more signs.

"Twill be a strange dinner, you say, John?" they all cried out at speak regretfully, "but I do not blame mother for not feeling like making of us all, and she answered that she a switching if he makes a first lessie as been diately responded with more signs.

"I asked her if she liked the looks of us all, and she answered that she did, and especially Leslie's. She was

meeting house, to hear good old Dr. his hand. I told her that Alec was sermon, Henry took the two-wheeled chaise and started for the wharf to meet Emily. Leslie took up her station on a window seat between Mrs. Thistle's monthly roses, eager to anxious Leslie was. Bessie gave her hearted!" dainty head a toss as she reached the door, as much as to say, "Now, Leslie, see how well I have done!"

Henry brought in a bundle of

shawls and placed it on the cricket before the fire. It swayed a moment and rolled off onto the floor, where it kicked vigorously, vainly endeavoring to extricate its arms and legs.

Cousin Abbie rushed to the rescue.

"For the land's sake, Henry, couldn't you have wrapped that child up without making a hippopotamus of her?

Never mind, my plum, you will be all right in a minute." right in a minute.'

A few strong twitches given to Mr. Thistle's blanket shawl, and two laced boots and white knitted stockings headcheese and other extrys. And it is all extry, children—all extry. The Lord only promises us our daily bread. He does not say anything about gingerbread."

Mr. Third and the speak of boots and white knitted stockings revealed. Another twitch, and there was a black and white gingham gown, and above it a rounded flushed child face, surrounded with golden curls. child face, surrounded with golden curls. Cousin Abbie gave one look hurry him up. and dropped down in a chair. Then she reached with trembling hands to the table for her spectacles, wiped them and put them on, and stared at the

Leslie's blue-gray eyes grew big with interest and tender with feeling. Uncle Daniel had been killed at the battle of Bull Run. He was shot down at the very beginning of the battle leslie and her young broth-

though she had not heard the ques-Mrs. Thistle, thinking that perhaps she had not understood that the question was addressed to her, repeated it, calling her by name.

turn her head. "Poor little creature! She tired to talk," said Henry.

Mrs. Thistle stepped into the but- sympathy or mine. tery and returned with a plate of molasses cookies.

eagerly commenced eating a cookie.

"Don't you think that Clarissa is a beautiful dollie, Emily?" said Leslie. "She is the only store dollie that I ever had. Brother MacGregor gave her to me the day that he went to the war."

No reply. But the cookie seemed for."

"Don't you think that Clarissa is a beautiful dollie, Emily?" said Leslie and Winifred had been living among their own respectable kinsfolks, there would have been some one to have written us the news.

That is what the Lord gives us kindered for."

Experiments on the methods of manufacturing commercial so ur cream are being conducted by the cookie seemed for."

No reply. But the cookie seemed to have refreshed Emily, and she ran to a window, dragging Leslie by one hand, and stood looking at the flowers. Her eyes sparkled as she gazed up at a pink rose. She turned to Theodore watched his mother with Mrs. Thistle, gesticulating with her growing disapproval. "Mother, where

Mrs. Thistle's heart seemed to stop beating, and she saw in Cousin Abbie's eyes a question that she would not answer.

her shaking form close, and half an hour later when Mr. Thistle and the boys came in all glowing from their battle with the wind, Emily was still

clinging to her.
Cousin Abbie drew Mr. Thistle into a corner, and in a loud whisper told him of the painful discovery. Funnily enough, she was unmindful of the fact that she need not whisper

Mr. Thistle was a practical man, the man in Bellport that could make and his first thought was for Emily. me leave the State of Maine."

"Well, this is a pretty box! There is not one of us who knows the sign language. The child might as well be

captain once had a deaf-and-dumb

"Praise the Lord!" exclaimed Cous-in Abbie; "I never felt more like get-ting down on my knees than I do now. I might have known that John would help us out; for he was named for my father, and there never was such a man for taking the ship by the helm when everything appeared to be going

Emily had raised her head when the boys entered and was now peeking coyly at Theodore over Mrs. Thistle's shoulder. After some coaxing she allowed herself to be transferred to Mr. Thistle's lap, and there was a scene of pretty confusion.

Lohn dropped on one knee in front ty lot, and showed them to Emily. Emily petted them, but become much excited when Leslie tried to substitute one of them for Clarissa.

At bedtime Emily and Leslie were tucked up in one bed, and Clarissa reposed betwen them, Emily's left hand fast hold of Clarissa's arm.

When the little girls were asleep to pieces.

was a scene of pretty confusion.

John dropped on one knee in front of her, and the others formed a circle around He made some signs. Emily's eyes shone, and she imme-

a switching if he makes a fuss about the dearest little girl that she had ever seen, and had such a beautiful The next morning after Mr. Thistle dollie. Then she wanted me to tell and the other boys had set out on the her which one of the boys was Alec,

"My stars! but isn't she a bright young one?" said Alec, blushing over the unwonted compliment to his hair. catch the first glimpse of the stranger cousin. She did not have long to wait, for the boat was on time, and white Bessie trotted home in a great hurry, as though she knew how very anxious Leslie was Passic Grove her hearted!"

"Aren't we going to have any Thanksgiving dinner?" whined Theodore. "We can talk to Emily after

"Yes, yes, Theodore." Mrs. This-"Yes, yes, Theodore." Mrs. Thistle bravely tore herself away and hurried out to the kitchen. Cousin Abbie lingered to have John put a few questions to Emily on her behalf. When she too had gone to help hurry up the dinner the boys asked Emily funny questions, just to hear her smart answers.

Mrs. Thistle smiled pitifully. In her heart of hearts she did not for one moment believe that Mary ever could love Emily as she did at that moment. After the others had returned to the fireside she sat by the bed murmuring soft mother talk to the motherless litle one.

At five o'clock the following more her smart answers.

tween John and Leslie. Carlissa came to the table, too, and sat in Em-

asked grace, and he pickel up the carving knife and fork twice before he attacked the goose. Theodore had

child with an expression of awe.

Mrs. Thistle was staring oddly, too.

Emily looked frightened. Leslie tasted. He seemed to have something on his mind. "Mother, Daniel used to write you pretty regular as I reto write you pretty regular, as I remember.'

"Yes, indeed, father. Once a month anyway. There never was a more devoted brother than Daniel." "And Winifred? She was quite a

"Well, they used to have considerable to say about Emily, didn't they?"

"There never was much else in the

letters but about how she was growing, and how forward she was."
"And you do not call to mind one word that might have given you a hint that Emily was in any way unlike other children?"

"Not one word, father. I have had No answer. Emily did not even the biggest surprise of my life today, and I cannot understand it yet. But I do know this one thing-that two prouder people never walked the "She has not spoken a word since two prouder people never walked the she left the boat." cott. They could not have stood your a wan smile at the bright flame-

"Here is a cookie for you, my impressively. "Well, there is one thing that is perfectly clear to my Emily smiled brightly at her, and mind, and that is, that it all comes year of 1900.

Clarissa."

Thousand Islands Park, N. Y.— up. This can be done by feeding a good grain mash and some cod liver year of 1900.

The goose and its accompaniments having been disposed of, Mrs. Thistle proceeded to help the children to generous slices of gingerbread and

doughnuts. growing disapproval. "Mother, where are the pumpkin pies? Aren't we going to have any pumpkin pies for our Thanksgiving dinner?"

Mrs. Thistle looked troubled and rather shamefaced. She opened her line to give an evaluation

Mrs. Thistle took Emily up in her arms and rained down kisses on her blossom face. "Fatherless, mother-less, much much beginning to give an explanation." "It is all right, mother," called out blossom face. "Fatherless, mother-less, much much beginning to story beginning to story

less, lovely as an angel, and a deaf-mute—my Brother Daniel's baby."

The kisses and Mrs. Thistle's emo
Thanksgiving Day The kisses and Mrs. Thistle's emotion must have reminded Emily of her own mother, for she burst into a passion of weeping. Mrs. Thistle held her shaking form close and helf are must be stand beside his mother in the breach. "We do not want any pumpkin pies on Thanksgiving Day when Malcolm and MacGregor are faring so poorly." He threw a scornful look at Theodore. "And I will her shaking form close and helf are punch the head of the first fellow who is mean enough to say that he does. Theodore here is only a baby. He cannot be expected to know what he is talking about."

Emily saw that something was the matter and questioned John. He answered her that the folks were talking about Malcolm and MacGregor, and did not mention the pumpkin pies, so she contendedly ate her gingerbread and doughnuts.

Emily. "That was a good Thanksgiving There sermon of Dr. Woodbury's," commentate sign ed Mr. Thistle around the fireplace. "The doctor has an excellent gift, but I have been thinking that if he had on a desert island."

"O, Cousin Samuel," said Cousin Abbie, "I should most think it was a judgment of the Lord's for my curple that have children with tongues is that I have leid up that a property of the country of that can go like mill clappers wouldn't have needed any other

wouldn't have needed any other. Thanksgiving sermon."

Cousin Abbie laid her hand on Emily's head. "That is so, Samuel. A little child shall teach them. I know paper correspondent. "The number of the car."—Stratter of the car.

passenger who went around the world with him on the Sally, and I tell you the captain had plenty of time to practice with him."

"Praise the Lord!" exclaimed Coustin Abbia: "I never felt more like get, white kernels imm, and down in And now the shadows were gathwhite kernels jump up and down in the popper, and held Clarissa up to

see, too. Leslie's arms were so lonesome. She had never gone so long without holding Clarissa. She brought out all her rag dollies, and they were a pret-ty lot, and showed them to Emily.

When the little girls were asleep Mrs. Thistle called the house-hold to look at them. They fairly gasped. Of the two curly heads emerging from the white counterpane no one could tell which was Leslie's.

"And you and Daniel did not look any more alike than a crow and a red robin," ejaculated Cousin Abbie to Mrs. Thistle. "It certainly is a miracle."

"I could not tell how that child has grown into my heart today;" Mrs. Thistle kissed Emily's dimpled hand that lay upon the counterpane. "How can I give her up to Mary?"

Mr. Thistle became sober. "You

make it hard for me, mother. What if I should tell you that Emily must leave us in the morning? Mrs. Ames, of Monroe, is in the village, and told me after service this forenoon that Mary had charged her to bring Emily home with her. Mrs. Ames is going by the stage in the morning, and they will call for Emily. You know how Mary is, mother. She will fret herself sick till Emily gets there. And after all, Emily is as near to her as she is to you. When Mary has had she is to you. When Mary has had Emily with her for a spell and gets sort of used to her î will drive up and bring her back for a good visit."

Mrs. Thistle smiled pitifully. In her heart of hearts she did not for

quite calmly.

he attacked the goose. Theodore had to pull his coat sleeve in order to hurry him up.

The children chattered joyously and Emily beamed upon them with the air and graces of a princess. Her sorrows were all forgotten in this merry crowd.

Mr. Thistle's goose was still untasted. He seemed to have something on his mind. "Mother, Daniel used to write you pretty regular, as I re
Mathalf past five the stage stood before the door. After Emily had kissed everybody good-bye she kissed Clarissa, and tenderly laid her in Leslie's arms. Mr. Thistle then lifted Emily and placed her beside Mrs. Ames in the stage.

The driver cracked his whip.

"O, wait!" cried Leslie. "I want to give something to Emily."

"Where lard and sausage are the products desired, very large and very fat hogs will serve, but when shoulders, hams and loins are desired these

"O, my Clarissa! O, my store dollie!" Leslie wailed. She had given Clarissa to Emily, because she was so sorry for her, and she felt it was her heart's blood. "O, what shall I do without my Clarissa, that Brother MacGregor

gave me the day that he went to the A whole row of flamelets danced up from a log and glowed brightly at

Leslie. "But aren't you glad that Emily has Clarissa?" she heard them sing. "Sweet Emily, who cannot call the chickens and the bossies the same as you can." Leslie sat up straight, and smiled,

Cousin Abbie shook her gray curls "Yes, I am glad that Emily has

manufacturing commercial sour cream are being conducted by the stroyed by rats and mice. dairy department of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Experiment Station at State College.

This product is also known as "Jewish sour cream" because of its extensive use by Hebrew people. It is not restricted to them entirely, be-

The sour cream is, when properly made, a thick-bodied, smooth product with a clean, acid flavor. It finds use as a dressing for vegetables, either cooked or raw, as well as being the important ingredient in certain typical cold vegetable mixtures not un-

like salads. The most difficult problem in making commercial sour cream is to produce a body thick enough and smooth enough to satisfy the customers. The experiments at State College show that there are many factors to con-trol where a high quality product is desired. This work is expected to be of considerable aid to the milk dealers who are attempting to supply the market, says F. J. Doan, of the dairy manufacturing department.

-Anglican rector in the South of Ireland, wanting to replace his old church by a new building, ventured to send his appeal to the Roman Catholic priest of the parish, with whom he was on friendly terms. His response was: "I cannot subscribe to the building of your new church, but here is two guineas toward the demolition of the old one."

FARM NOTES.

—Many of the poultry houses that are used for laying quarters need some repairing or remodeling, says county agent, R. C. Blaney. Many outbreaks of colds and roup will be eliminated if the housing conditions are corrected before the fall rains and cold weather comes. Eliminate all draft from the houses by covering the east from the houses by covering the east, west, and north sides of the house

with 2-ply roofing paper.

Damp litter in the hen house is usally a result of poor ventilation or overcrowding rather than of a poor-ly constructed floor. If the greater part of the front of the house is inclosed with glass it is almost impossible to have dry litter without installing a ventilating system. The open front type of house with muslin curtains is recommended. The curtains must be replaced with

must be replaced with new muslin when they become dirty, so the air will pass through them.

Most laying houses do not have sufficient mash hopper space. Plan to have at least eight linear feet of hopper space for each problem. hopper space for each one hundred birds where the birds can eat from sides. Several small mash hoppers in a pen are more satisfactory than one long hopper. Also provide hopper space for feeding oyster shell and

It is a good plan to have a 2-inch mesh poultry wire stretched over the perches from the rear of the house to perches from the rear of the house to the front of the dropping boards. This wire will keep the birds out of the droppings on the dropping boards and will aid in cutting down the num-ber of dirty eggs and losses from dis-ease. When the wire is stretched across the top instead of being fast-ened to the under side of the perches ened to the under side of the perches there will be less sagging and it will last longer. The wire on top of the perches does not seem to injure the

—In curing pork scrupulous care and cleanliness are fully as essential as the salt, sugar and saltpeter. K. F. Warner, meat specialist of the United States Department of Agriculture, elaborates this point.

birds' feet.

"One hundred pounds of meat," he says, "can be cured with three pounds of salt or twelve pounds of At the dinner Emily was placed beween John and Leslie. Carlissa ame to the table, too, and sat in Emily's lap.

Mr. Thistle's voice trembled as he sked grace, and he pickel up the arving knife and fork twice before attacked the goose. Theodore had pull his contact the motherless litle one.

At five o'clock the following morning Mrs. Thistle awakened Emily, and to her that she was duct will be neither economical nor palatable. The boys complain considerably nowadays about the fussy crankiness with which grandpa learned his lesson in the hard school of experience, and he hard school of experience. meat is put down with care, refined almost to the degree of crankiness, the result will be unsatisfactory."

Her father swung her up, and she thrust Clarissa into Emily's hand.

Another crack of the whip, and the stage rolled out of the dooryard.

Another crack of the whor, and the stage rolled out of the dooryard.

Stage rolled out of the boryard.

Weight of the hog. the bacon strip ders, hams and loins are desired these Mr. Thistle and the boys went off weight of the hog, the bacon strip to the barn, and Mrs. Thistle and about 5 per cent. If one desires ten-Cousin Abbie disappeared into the pound hams the hogs should be butchered at about 140 to 150 pounds weight. If the family can make economical use of twenty-pound hams the weight of the hog may run up to 300 pounds."

> —An agricultural college in another State says that "there is more hope for the good farmer on poor land than for the poor farmer on good land. This is applicable to any State as many have frequently ob-

—Growers find that they can get from 10 to 25 cents a bushel more for apples that are well packed instead of being just poured into the basket. Honestly facing a bushel of apples does not improve the flavor or value of the fruit but it makes a more attractive package.

—If pullets are to lay well all winter their body weight must be kept up. This can be done by feeding a

-It is not necessary to put off overhauling the sprayer until spring. On rainy days it may be taken apart, oiled, and the worn parts replaced.

is not restricted to them entirely, being also very popular with the Slavic races generally and to a lesser extent with the Germans, Austrians, and ——Many vegetable growers and they can grow their own plants for early use ir the spring where they have proper equipment. Hundreds of Pennsylvania gardeners are using the small sash greenhouse planned and recommended by State College vegetable gardening extension specialists.

—Good Thanksgiving turkeys are well fed and fattened. A fat turkey carries a great deal of flesh and the meat is of higher quality. Fat turkeys are worth more on the market than those lacking finish. It pays to featen the hirds for market fatten the birds for market.

-With liberal feeding the brood sow will be able to recuperate from suckling her fall litter so that she will be thrifty and vigorous when mated for her next litter. Rations rich in protein and mineral content should prevail prior to mating as well as throughout the gestation period. A combination of corn and oats, plus tankage, fishmeal or buttermilk, will serve the purpose well.

-Protecting farm machinery from the weather now and during the win-ter will save heavy drains on the bank account next spring.

—Cutting the weed trees in the farm woodlot will improve the quality of the stand in future years.

-A cool temperature (above freezing) and a somewhat moist atmosphere is needed in storage for cab-bage, celery, chinese cabbage, kohlrabi, and the root crops.