



Milady's Mirror

There are women who are born to retain looks suggestive of youth up to a considerable age. Others achieve this summer time sweetness with considerable pains, and all those between look as old as they are, or older, which is a great sin in these enlightened times.

The road to beauty place must be worked on every day in quarter mile sections to get anything like good results in the way of breaking ground for permanent prettiness. Woman cannot let the sun set upon her idleness. She must practice young eyes, whip the forehead line that wants to trespass, chastise the lobes of her ears and teach her eyebrows the way they should go.

It seems a funny thing to say, but it is the neglected eyebrow which gives the first hint of the flight of time. Neglected eyebrows always look ragged, and when the period arrives for further misbehavior they develop into a long hair here and there, grow thin and sometimes fall out entirely. What must be done? Why, they must be brushed night and morning with a tiny soft brush kept entirely for the purpose. They must be groomed religiously every night with a feeding oil and at no time, day or night, must they be rubbed the wrong way.

The oil renews the coloring matter which advances years diminish, and the brushing promotes a silky quality and snips off the end of the too long hair or pulls it out entirely. The right grooming of the brows—from the center of the forehead to the temples—is a matter of good sense, for the hairs grow this way, and to brush them contrariwise is to encourage roughness.

Learn the Secret of Relaxation.

The household cat is an excellent model for the average woman to keep before her eyes. Let women learn her secret of relaxation, and they may keep the flexibility and grace of youth almost indefinitely. They can also keep their faces unlined for years after the woman who is always in a state of tension has begun to moan over crow's feet. Pussy has muscles of iron and terrible claws, which she can use to excellent effect when she wants to, but when she doesn't want to use them the muscles are in a state of absolute relaxation and the claws are sheathed in softest velvet. The average woman never relaxes either her mind or her body, and even in sleep she is all tied up in mental and physical knots. She becomes so accustomed to weariness that she does not recognize it as such, and as long as she is able to stand it does not occur to her that she is tired. Society, which has heaped so many petty cares on her shoulders, is more to blame for this characteristic than she is herself, but it isn't always necessary to carry the cares about all the time nor to continue the tension habit after the reason for it is gone.

Care of the Eyes.

Keep a shade on your lamp or gas burner.

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never read by twilight, moonlight or on cloudy days.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light of window or door.

It is best to let the light fall from above obliquely over the left shoulder.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Never sleep so that on first awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Never begin to read, write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to light.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes that moment stop using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up do not forcibly open them, but apply saliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world—then wash the eyes and face in warm water.

Oranges as Beautifiers.

As oranges act upon the liver they will do much to keep the complexion clear and fair. A famous beauty who lived to be nearly a hundred and kept her apple blossom complexion to the end attributed the remarkable preservation of her charms to her habit of eating oranges in large quantities. Ordinarily she consumed about three dozen a day, and when she left off oranges it was only to turn to other fruits. She drank only water and plenty of it and permitted herself no meat but chicken. This woman also kept her thirty-two teeth unimpaired to the end of her life.

A Camphorated Bath.

A camphorated bath is refreshing after a day's work and is not expensive. After your regular tub bath take a basin of cold water, drop enough of the mixture in the water to make it look milky and then sponge the body. It takes only a few moments, and you will feel repaid for the trouble. For camphorated bath: Tincture of camphor, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, one-half ounce; cologne, two ounces.

LINCOLN'S ORDER.

By F. A. MITCHEL.
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During the summer of 1862 while serving in the Army of the Potomac I was sent to Washington by my captain to purchase some supplies for his mess. Walking on Pennsylvania avenue, in uniform, I was stopped by an old lady, who said to me:

"I see that you are one of the noble boys who are fightin' for your country. I have a son down there across the Potomac. He was wounded in the fight the other day. I'm tryin' to get down there to take care of him. I tried this mornin' to cross Long bridge, but a man with a gun stopped me."

While I sympathized with the old lady, I was very much amused at her simplicity. I was but twenty years old and more full of Old Nick than common sense, so I concluded to chaff her a bit.

"If you wish that man with a gun to let you go down to see your boy you'll have to get a pass," I said to her.

"Who gives out passes?" she asked.

"The president."

"Where can I find him?" asked the old lady.

"At the White House. You follow this avenue along till you pass a jog in the street, turn to your right, then to your left, and you can't miss it. Tell him I sent you."

"What's your name?"

"Theodore Farnsworth,—th Pennsylvania."

Of course I gave her an assumed name.

"What kind of a lookin' man is the president?" she asked. "There's such a crowd of people pushin' their way in everywhere here that I'd like to know somepin about the man I'm lookin' for before I go to see him."

"Mr. Lincoln is a little bit of a fellow."

"I thought that was Senator Douglas."

"No; it's Mr. Lincoln. He's the smallest man in the United States."

"Oh, I got it the other way. I'm much obliged to you for givin' me all this information. I s'pect your mother's worritin' about you. If I knew her address I'd write her and tell her how kind you've been to me."

"This gave me a twinge of conscience. I certainly didn't propose that she should write my mother what I had told her and didn't furnish her with the address. The old lady went toward the White House, and I went about my business.

The same afternoon while on the street I heard a voice behind me:

"General Farnsworth!"

"I did not suspect that the voice called me, but it was so close to me that I turned. There was the old lady who had stopped me in the morning."

"General," she said. "Being a high private, I willed at being called 'general.' I want to thank you over and over again for the favor you done me this mornin'."

"Did you see the president?" I asked.

"No; I didn't see Mr. Lincoln, but I saw some one that done all I wanted."

"How was that?"

"Well, I went to the White House, as you told me to do, but the man at the door said Mr. Lincoln was busy just then. But he must 'a' told me an untruth, for a couple of men came down stairs just then, and I heard one of 'em say to the other, 'The president has just gone over to the war department.' So thinks I I'll just step over to the war department and see him there. I inquired the way, and as I went in I met a tall, thin man with a stopevine hat and an umbrella comin' out. I said to him:

"I heard the president is in here. I want to see him. Kin you tell me where to find him?"

"What do you want to see him about?" asked the man, bendin' down to hear my answer.

"I told him that my son had been wounded down in Virginia and I had started across the bridge to go down and take care of him, but the man with the gun I was tellin' you about had stopped me. I said I wanted Mr. Lincoln to tell that man with the gun to let me go by."

"Come with me," he said.

"So I trots along, the tall man takin' one step to my three—he has the longest legs I ever seen—and he asked me all about my son and what regiment he was in and all about him. When we got to the White House he just walked right by the man at the door and took me with him upstairs, just as if he had as good a right there as the president himself. He opened a door and said somepin to a young man writin' at a desk, but I didn't hear what it was. Then he set me down in a room, and that's the last I seen of him. But pretty soon the young man he spoke to came in and gave me this."

He handed me an envelope. I hurriedly took a paper from it and glanced at the signature. It was "A. Lincoln."

The paper was an order not only to pass the woman anywhere she liked on my lines, but to furnish her with transportation and any supplies of quartermaster or commissary or hospital stores she might need.

I was terribly ashamed of my boy's thoughtlessness.

"Madam," I said, "have you any money in your pocket?"

"Yes; I got \$2."

"You'll need more."

I pulled a small roll of bills from my pocket—\$20, all I had—and handed it to her, saying:

"You can pay this when you like to General Farnsworth."

And I got away from her before she could say another word.

HINTS FOR FARMERS

A Place For Everything.

Recently I stepped into a farmer's barn and looked about, writes a correspondent of Farm and Fireside. The harness was thrown on the hall floor in a promiscuous heap. The saddles were over in a corner, and I noticed the mice had been working on them. A currycomb and brush and three horse blankets lay near by. The hallway seemed to be a general "catch all." I even noticed a hatchet and saw lying loose, and several halters were stretched across the floor.

The owner of all this material was as slovenly with his farming as with his barn. There was no air of prosperity about his place.

A short time afterward I was in the barn that belonged to this man's neighbor, and it showed a different view. The owner seemed to have a place for everything. In the hallway was the harness, but each set hung on its own peg. A box near the stalls contained brush and currycomb. At one end of the hallway I found a machine work-shop and bench, and every tool was in its place. Horse covers and halters hung on nails in their corners, and everything about had the appearance of neatness. Needless to say, it was a prosperous, up to date farmer who owned this barn. Everything about the place showed the touch of his skilled hand.

Winter Manuring.

Some farmers condemn the practice of spreading stable manure on frozen land as wasteful and extravagant. Other prosperous men are enthusiastic in their praise of winter manuring. This difference of opinion is based partly, but not altogether, on experience obtained under different conditions.

I believe that the opinion that this method is wasteful is usually based on prejudice only.

Manure drawn out and spread from day to day in winter, on grass lands especially, I have found beneficial. It retards the melting of the snow, protects from the cold winds, and as the snow melts its juices are carried down to the roots, which hastens the growth of the grass. In the summer this manure protects the roots from the sun, and through increased growth of the top and the roots the humus in the soil is increased and the productiveness of the soil benefited.—Cor. Farm and Fireside.

Poultry Notes.

If the rats are destroyed how they cannot harm the little chicks later on.

Were chicken houses disinfected occasionally there would be fewer outbreaks of disease.

When killing meat animals do not neglect to save some of the scraps to feed the hens and ducks.

Any arrangement for supplying fresh water at all times is well worth serious consideration and installation.

In charcoal nature has provided a simple remedy for many of the common poultry ailments. Provide plenty of it.

There is no gift required for successful poultry raising. Plain common sense and willingness to work are the essentials.

Small potatoes and turnips saved when the crops were gathered are valuable poultry food at this time if well chopped.

The Farmer and the Incubator.

One point, and an important one, in favor of the incubator is the fact that it can be put to work early turning out chicks, and consequently the farmer can have all the March or April chicks he desires, says the Poultry Tribune. The cockerel from these hatches will be ready for the market at a time when they will bring the best prices, which is not possible, in any considerable number at least, in the case of hen hatched chicks for the simple reason that it is impossible to get a sufficient number of broody hens so early in the season. The pullets from these early hatches will begin laying early in the fall, while the hens are in molt and when eggs are high in price, and if given proper care will keep it up all winter. Early pullets properly cared for make the best of winter layers.

Selecting Brood Sows.

Prolificacy usually is a family characteristic, and it is wise to select a prospective brood sow from a large litter of robust pigs. The strongest pigs of a litter most suitable for prospective sows usually nurse from the teats nearest to the front of the udder. The prospective sow may therefore be chosen before she is taken from her dam. In selecting brood sows the highest possible standard of excellence should be retained, and all others should be marketed for pork.—Professor Fuller, Wisconsin Experiment Station.

Plant Fruit Trees.

Plant fruit trees on the uncultivated spots along the fence lines and in the fields. The investment is good—adds both to beauty of farm and to the value of it. Be sure fruit trees are set where they will have sufficient drainage. Many a tree is blamed by its owner for being a bad variety when the fault is in the drainage.—Farm and Ranch.

Cows Need Good Care.

Don't try to keep too many cows if your farm is small. Keep a few good ones and care for them well. Sometimes good cows and good feed may produce poor results if the management is not right.—Homestead.

A Tory Ruse

How General Washington Kept Information From Reaching the Enemy.

By VIRGINIA DARROW.

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At Dobbs Ferry, some thirty miles north of New York city, is a house which during the Revolutionary war was occupied by General Washington for his headquarters. It is a square frame house standing in the center of perhaps half an acre of ground, and in a niche in the wall separating the premises from the road is a monument with an inscription stating the fact that Washington worked there. Indeed, in that house he planned the Yorktown campaign, which closed the struggle for American independence.

One morning a girl of twenty stood in one of the rooms on the ground floor of this building—they were all occupied for offices by members of Washington's staff—while a young man in the uniform of a captain sat at the desk writing. When he had finished he handed her a slip of paper, saying:

"There is the pass, Janice. Remember, I am responsible that he who uses it is a patriot and will give no information to the British concerning what he has seen here. General Washington has no time to attend to such matters himself and delegates the issue of all passes to me. I say this to you because I know you to belong to a Tory family, and I understand that your sympathies are with the redcoats."

"I shall send a letter by him," replied the girl, "to a friend of mine in New York. He will not know what the letter contains."

"Sweetheart," said the young man impulsively, "I would not give this permit to any other living person than you."

The captain was sitting in one of the front rooms of the house overlooking the Hudson river and the heights beyond. But he did not see the river or a sloop that was lazily drifting down with the tide or the heights beyond. He was thinking that he had committed an unpardonable error in yielding to the persuasions of one he loved and risking possibly the very cause of American independence. Presently he sprang up and went into the office of the commander in chief, Washington, who was studying a map of that part of Virginia bordering on the Atlantic, looked up as the young man entered.

"General," said the aid, "I am fearful of having committed an error."

"What is it, captain?" asked the general anxiously, seeing that Captain Stewart appeared to have something of importance on his mind.

"Janice Arbutle has asked me for a pass for a friend of hers to go through the lines to New York. I have given it to her."

"Do you know who this friend of hers is?"

"I confess I do not, general."

Washington made no reply for a few moments. He appeared to be thinking.

"The Arbutles are ardent Tories. It has occurred to me only today that their hospitality to us may be to cover some deep laid scheme to benefit our enemies. Go after this man and assure yourself that he may be safely trusted to go through."

"I will, general."

Captain Stewart hurriedly left the office of his command, and going to a stable near by, a horse was led out to him. The captain mounted and galloped down the main road leading to New York. He had reached a point not far north of Spuyten Duyvil creek, the northern boundary of Manhattan Island, when he overtook a citizen (trading along slowly. Stewart accosted him, asking him whether he was going.

"To New York," the man replied.

"Have you a permit to go through the Continental lines?" asked the captain.

"That I have," replied the pedestrian. "I have the pass of General Washington himself."

"Let me see it."

The man showed the pass Stewart had written and given to Janice Arbutle but a short time before.

"This is indeed his excellency's pass," said Stewart, but I am instructed to see that no one passes our lines with any communication upon his person. I shall have to search you."

The man turned pale. "I have with me," he said, "only a letter from Mistress Janice Arbutle to a friend in New York. You would not examine a lady's epistle, would you?"

Stewart felt a twinge of shame at distrusting the girl he loved. Had it not been for the change in the man's countenance on being asked for papers he might not have pursued the matter further. As it was and remembering his commander's instructions, he called for the letter.

The man hesitated. "As a man," he said, "I protest against being forced to show a letter committed to my care by a lady. Perchance you who make this demand may not belong among those chivalrous people who are above examining a lady's correspondence."

Had it not been for the influence Washington exerted even when not present the taunt would have prevented the young man, who was chivalrous to a fault, from detaining the letter of a lady, and that lady the woman he loved.

THE GRANGE

Conducted by J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y., Press Correspondent New York State Grange.

KEYSTONE GRANGE.

State Master Talks on Good Roads. Law Changes Demanded.

The Pennsylvania state grange held its thirty-seventh annual session in the state college. There were over 2,000 delegates and visiting members present. The sessions were held in the auditorium of the college. The public session program included an address by State Master Creasy, J. L. Holmes, representing the college; Secretary J. T. Allman, Dr. Edward Sparks of the college and J. H. McSparran of the legislative committee of the grange. The tour through the institution, made the next day, was full of interest and benefit to the visitors. The sixth degree was conferred on a class of 400 candidates. The executive committee in its report vigorously denounced the highway department as being incompetent and demanded a reorganization of it. The grange also asked for an equitable revision of the tax laws of the state and an amendment to the banking law to permit the encouragement of national banks to loan capital on real estate and mortgages. The grange denounced the Aldrich tariff bill, the central banking scheme and ship subsidy. The grange demanded proportional representation in the national grange. It favors a representative vote for ordinary questions, the state vote to be used only when demanded. The keynote of the session was that through legislation the farmers of Pennsylvania will come into their own. State Master Creasy in his annual address urged Patrons to make an effort to have men nominated for governor and for other public offices that would give them a "square deal." He urged all to attend the primaries. Commenting on good roads and road legislation, Mr. Creasy said:

"I believe that the workings of this township road law, with the full amount of \$20 or \$25 per mile appropriation, will make more good roads in ten years than the department can build in thirty years. We are anxious to have the state build as many roads as possible, but we believe some additional knowledge is necessary before good roads can be built with any lasting qualities. The cost of these state roads makes it impossible for many sections to receive any benefit from them. Then, again, the annual cost of repairing these state roads is anywhere from \$400 to \$1,500 per mile. Some townships cannot afford this because their roads must be kept in a passable condition. Dirt roads cost on an average at least \$10 per mile per year. It is impossible to use all taxes collected for building a piece of good road and neglect the balance.

"The grange position on the road question is that since all use the roads all interests should contribute toward their maintenance and repair. A tax of 1 mill on corporate and personal property would make a good road fund that is fair, and we should stand by this grange plan."

VERMONT STATE GRANGE.

Interest in the Patrons Growing and Membership Increasing.

Vermont state grange held its thirty-eighth annual meeting in Burlington. The delegates numbered over 500, the largest number present in the history of the grange. There were also several hundred members in attendance. The financial report showed the permanent fund, including interest to July 1, 1909, to be \$23,51. The treasurer received during the year, including funds on hand at the close of last year's account, \$13,355.16. He had paid out but \$4,635.81. The report of secretary A. A. Priest showed that since the last meeting twenty-six granges had been instituted. The granges in good standing number 169, with a total membership of 18,491. The total number of Pomona granges is twenty-four, with a membership of 6,408. State Master C. F. Smith of Morrisville in his annual address advised co-operation in the matter of buying certain commodities in car lots, asked for annual training in public schools, remedial taxation measures, state support of paupers, reduced court expenses, another liquor law referendum, good roads, cow testing association, reforestation and an effort to prevent the repeal of the Grout bill in congress.

The committee on education reported in favor of a liberal policy of education and a general improvement and extension in the methods of agricultural training by increasing the facilities for the same. The committee on agriculture advocated scientific methods of farming and the abolishment of old, primitive methods. The committee also recommended that the program of the lecturer contain more agricultural topics.

Resolutions were passed favoring a referendum on the liquor question, a good roads movement, equal taxation, a parcels post, at least one agricultural high school, industrial education in schools and opposing congressional ship subsidy.

Bought \$10,000 Worth of Flour.

Since the organization of Pioneer grange of Michigan a little over two years ago the members have bought \$10,000 worth of flour and feed through a contract of their own making, besides patronizing state grange contracts liberally, says the Michigan Farmer.

"Facing the Music"

On the opening night of the Grand Theatre in this city Apr. 9th St. Mary's Guild of the St. John's Episcopal church will present the pleasing comedy "Facing the Music." Cast of characters as follows:

Rev. John Smith, Lentner Gallier John Smith, J. H. Johnston Dick Desmond, C. R. Moore Col. Duncan Smith, R. A. Felter Sergeant Duffell, Robt. Blackerby Mabel, Miss Edna Mills Nora, Mrs. R. A. Felter Mrs. Fotheringay, Mrs. J. H. Johnston.

Mrs. Ponting, Miss Aura Conger SYNOPSIS

ACT I Breakfast room in John Smith's flat; morning.

ACT II Same as act I; ten minutes later.

ACT III The same, ten minutes later. 11 21

The Easter services of the M. E. Sunday School were well carried out at the church Sunday night and the church was crowded to its utmost capacity to see the little folks and the big ones as well, perform. As is always the case, the greatest interest was centered in the little tots and they certainly gave a noble account of themselves, while at the same time the larger ones did good work also. A number of excellent drills were carried out, and in fact the entire program was one greatly to be commended.

Riverton Locals.

Andrew Miller and family have moved to Bandon.

Freeman Steward and family moved to Cunningham Creek.

Mrs. W. W. Kight' mother, Mrs. Prewett, was up from Bear Creek last week and spent several days visiting.

Mrs. Martha Nosler was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Roberts, last week.

Mrs. Mabel Bean is now visiting her mother in Myrtle Point.

Grandpa Smith was up from Alder Creek last week.

H. Adams will soon construct a fine dwelling on his ranch, so we are told.

Work was started on the Big Hill tunnel last Friday. They are now cleaning and retimbering the tunnel.

Mrs. C. T. Cessna returned last week from California. She was accompanied by her parents.

Mrs. Nedra Kelly was a visitor at the Elwood home, across the river last week. VERITAS,

New lot best barley 'Estabrook warehouse; \$1.25 per sack. 1111

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