

Commemorating a Boy-Stray Event at the Third St. M. E. Parsonage, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Feb. 21st, 1890.

(Published through the courtesy of Rev. John A. Wood Jr.—By William Bostel.

Three little men in the parsonage below, These little heroes, all in a row, Three pairs of feet treading softly the floor Bringing three little faces through Mamma's room door.

Wide with amazement open three pairs of eyes As they spy in the cradle a wondrous surprise For cuddled on pillows taking their ease Lay two more little heroes as snug as you please.

"Five kids!" Says Perry the voluble, when he sees these are truly two more little men; "That's a little too much" surveying the three, And grasping the fact, of five little brothers.

Though looking sweet enough to be kissed, These two little pets keep doubling their fists, And asserting by all the words (?) that they say, "We feel quite at home and have come here to stay."

Then Perry and Gilbert and John say "All right! Come to think of it now, it is quite a delight. A pair of new boys? Hurrah! What fine game, Now, for each of the darlings, let us pick out a name."

Mischievous, fun-loving, teasing Papa, Hints Jumbo and Midget, or Jacob and Esau, "Little John" then looks a determined "No thanks," And calls the wee bairns "Moody and Sankey."

Joseph Cook and Charles Wesley stand for a feat; Rather preponderous "wise-acres suggest," "More fitting to name them Silas and Paul" While another declares for Sam Jones and Sam Small.

The discussion keeps on, and until it is through We'll call the wee cherubs No. 1, No. 2. Be they "bishops" or "presidents" may multiplied joys Fill the house that is blessed with five little boys.

Do it.

- If you have a thing to say, Say it. If you have a debt to pay, Pay it. If you're something less than men— Say that you are just a hen. With an egg to lay—why, then, Lay it. If you have a log to hew, Hew it. If there's something you should rue, Rue it. For all things beneath the sun Teach us this as on we run— If there's aught that should be done, Do it.

THE AMERICAN.

We stood under the shed of the Panama railroad company's wharf, waiting for the tide to come in and with it the tug which was to carry us to the San Pedro. Captain Samuel Twizzle, master of that vessel, was stamping around, cursing the heat, which was excessive, the smells which were atrocious, and the dilatory tide; and his face also bore traces of the impatience that his tongue and limbs expressed. He was homeward bound, after two months in the Tropics, and in San Francisco there would meet him on the dock a woman of whom he dreamed continually.

In his wanderings in and out amid the rattle of freight piled high along the slips, he stopped under a huge thrashing-machine booming clumsily in bright red and green paint. "Look here," he grumbled, "did you ever see such an unseaman-like craft? American make, too. It's got a sign stenciled on it, Manufactured in Indiana, U. S. A. Well, old Indiana, you're American, anyway, among a lot of outlandish stuff." And he rapped soundly on its resonant side. As if in response to this invocation there thrust out of a slit in the machine a child's face. Twizzle stared at an open-mouthed "Is this a hotel? or an incubator?" he gasped presently. "Hey there, son! Live here?"

To our astonished gaze were disclosed two gray eyes set in a dark countenance dignified by an aquiline nose of the most pronounced character. "My name's Pat," said this creature in a curiously nasal tone. "Pat?" roared the captain. "You hawk monkey, where'd you get that name?" The boy put his head clear out, followed it by a meagre body and in two twists landed at our feet. "My dad was an American," he explained.

Our interest was now unaffected. The boy was the color of a café au lait, slender-limbed, pigeon-breasted, and in his lean face gleamed the two gray eyes that had first startled us. His nose was beyond doubt that of an aristocrat. His sole garment was a pair of ragged overalls, rolled at the waistband into a sort of sash around his narrow hips. He looked at Twizzle and then at myself with glances of keenness and unconcern. "What were you doing to that thrashing machine?" I asked blankly.

He turned his head and threw his aquiline profile against the lurid scarlet of the agricultural monstrosity. A thin finger was laid upon the gilt stencilling. "Made in America," he said shrilly. "My dad was an American."

"Can you read?" I demanded. The captain was quicker than I. "The United States are coming as well," he said. With sudden kindness in his eyes he bent over the lad. "Make you feel kind of homey, son?"

The boy met his look squarely. "My dad was an American," he said, and under the shadow of his dark skin showed a faint flush. "Good Lord!" answered Twizzle to my unspoken thought. "Nobody but a Yankee ever had that tin-horn voice. Who was your dad?"

"He's dead." The soft d's were foreign unmistakably. "But who was he? What did he do? Where did you come from?"

I can see the lad yet under the shapeless bulk and flagrant red of an American thrashing-machine on that Panama wharf, a meagre and angular little figure of a child, facing us in the pride of his blood, our own blood; his father an abstraction, he yet breathed the spirit and spoke the careless tongue that went with his gray eyes and hawk-like nose. It was as if that heavy, stolid machine, made in a town in Indiana, had suddenly stirred at the call of Twizzle's knuckles and had given birth to him—Pat, with a solitary inheritance of ancestry.

I looked about me, coned the outlandish paraphernalia scattered under the shed, listened to the slurring tones of some natives loafing in the shade. But my eyes returned perforce to the unwieldy machine and its spawn. It struck me as very odd that in this rickrack of a half-naked robin should have appeared upon two heavy men in this imperative and amazing fashion. Twizzle echoed my thought by exclaiming more vigorously than ever, "Good Lord!"

The boy caught up the ejaculation and twisted it into a vile Spanish expletive delivered with his marvelous American twang.

"Shut up!" said the captain sharply. "You're best messing with all this din since you were born. Where'd you learn English?"

"The men working on the railroad taught me," rejoined the youth. "I ain't messed with any black trash. I speak English all right, all right."

Never was such assurance nor such impudence. The captain turned to me. "He's got nobody to look after him," he suggested. "It ain't right. I ain't going to allow the kid of any American dad to stay here." Before I could interfere he had addressed the boy. "You come with me, son. I'll take you to the States."

Without a second's hesitation the child stepped forward. I was on the point of vehement speech, instinctively foreseeing a thousand complications if this bit of sun was taken into decency. The boy seemed to read my thoughts. He rested his gray eyes upon me. "My dad was an American," he said. I was silent. He claimed a birthright.

We never knew more of Pat's life than the facts he gave us on that wharf. With this vague and unsatisfactory past, in a pair of tattered overalls he came among the crew of the San Pedro. Twizzle called him a cabin-boy, and he was installed with the steward's crew in the funny quarters on the main-deck forward, where he was to learn to work, and thus fulfill in some measure the duties of his inherited blood. It may have been a token of his father's habits that the boy was cleanly in person.

The San Pedro, being a cargo-steamer and carrying no passengers, called at every port on the Central American coast. This meant exhausting toil for all and little leisure. For two days after we left Panama I caught only glimpses of Pat. I observed that he had attained the dignity of a singlet and shoes in addition to the overalls. The third day, as I smoked an evening pipe with Twizzle on the upper deck, I discerned in the faint glow after sunset, an aquiline profile against the white paint of a life-buoy near which we stood. It was Pat, huddling in the shadow. "Hello," I said, "there's that kid."

Twizzle removed his pipe from between his teeth and called to the boy to come out and show himself. He came, silent in tress as a native. "How'd you getting on?" demanded the captain. "All right," he said. "Where'd you get that out on your cheek?"

"The bo'n's bit me." "What mischief had you been into?" demanded Twizzle. The lips under that Yankee nose quivered slightly. I said—and he said, "Shut up, you nigger," and I hit him. My dad was an American."

"An American wouldn't say—," said Twizzle slowly. Never have I seen greater shame on any face. Pat's gray eyes were clouded, his swarthy skin was under-run by a furious blush, a blush so deep that even in the dim light we both saw it and knew that his boast was true. The captain's mouth worked under his beard as he scanned that lean and childish countenance in its distress. But all he said as the boy walked away in humiliation was, "Good Lord!"

Later we interviewed the bo'n's. "Pat's a good chap," said this worthy. "But he's full of the Old Nick. Where he picked up his talk, I ain't sure, sir. He talks Simon pure, stamps and that face of his is mighty high white."

"I understand," said Twizzle, "that he tried to knock you out."

The bo'n's grew shy instantly. His manner seemed to demand: "Who's been tattling?" He stammered and the captain's face grew dark. Suddenly, after a moment's backing and filling, the bo'n's came out plumply. But he fights clean, sir, little as he is. Doesn't bite the kick, sir."

Twizzle's frown vanished, and as we left the bo'n's he remarked to the sky, "I reckon the boy's American, all right. Blood always tells on itself in a scrap. And when a clean fighter steps into a man forty times his size," he went on, suddenly directing his words to me, "he's got pluck. These niggers will bite and kick at an elephant, but they trust to foul means. Good Lord!"

That Pat heard. Suddenly Twizzle sniffed and leaned forward. With a quick jerk he whipped the singlet over the lad's head. On the scabby flesh of the pigeon-breast shone an unclean sheen. In the furrows of his ribs stuck, white and incriminating, small lumps of the missing cold cream. "You have been using it yourself, you nigger!" bellowed the captain. "You're plastered with it!"

Pat gazed at his judge with what struck me as a very pleading look. But Twizzle was thinking of nothing save the loss of his paragon. "What did you think that stuff was for?" he howled. "Do you pose that was for a black-skinned cabin-boy to grease his dirty hide with? Answer me! What did you mean by stealing that?"

Pat cast his gray eyes over to me and then looked down. His lips moved. "Nothing!" repeated Twizzle. "Look here, nigger, I'll tie to me. Americans don't like lies."

Again that deep flush under the shadowed skin and Pat slowly raised his eyes to his judge. His childish face was wreathed with shame and his slender arms were tight against his sides. "I thought—," he began, and stopped.

"You thought what?" roared the captain. "Go easy," I put in. "He'll tell you." Neither heard me. Twizzle's ruddy face was bent loweringly upon the child and his huge forefinger tapped on that chest as if to evoke the truth hidden somewhere in its little depths. "I wanted," Pat began again, "I thought—," he paused an instant—"I thought it would make my skin white, same as you and the rest. My dad was an American."

Twizzle's heavy forefinger was slowly withdrawn from the boy's chest. Rough and calloused as it was, the finger had shown remarkably white against the coffee-tinted flesh. The pitiful reason, the shame of his confession and that simple plea of his parents seemed to overwhelm the captain, and as Pat left, dismissed by a nod, he mumbled in his beard, breaking out once more with a curt "Good Lord!"

The incident was never referred to again. As the steamer worked up the coast Pat was seen on deck no more. Gradually he was initiated into such duties of a sailor as protect on a steamer, and when we left the stern. Here he would sit, leaning with the hand-gear, examining the life-boys lashed to the rail or gazing up at the Stars and Stripes floating from the staff. Every evening when we were at dinner and the evenings were being taken in for the night, we could hear his shrill tones through the skylight as he chaffed and joked with the men. One night we came on deck and found the boy still sitting, though the sun had set and the air was cold. Twizzle's eye caught it and he bellowed for a quartermaster. "What d'ye mean," he stormed, "he's not taking in the flag? Are you going to let it whip itself into rags all night? Stop lively!"

As the man threw the halyards off the pin Twizzle started forward, leaving me to see that it was properly done. The flag sank—down the pole and into the quartermaster's arms. I caught his eye. "The kid always likes to do this job," he mumbled, "and he's busy below for a few minutes. Thought it would do no harm to wait on him, sir. He's so stuck on it. Sort of takes to the old rag, sir."

Later the same night I found Pat on the grating by the after-wheel, staring at the Southern Cross just burning above the horizon. "When he sees me he whistles a little. 'Don't run off,' I said. 'Tell me how you are getting along.'"

"All right," he replied shyly. "Looking at the stars?" "Yesir."

We were silent awhile, he once more engaged in some dim astronomy, I in watching him and pondering on the history that lay behind the pale blue whistles and mummings by a low question. "Where are the stripes?"

"He tossed his head toward the top of the staff from which the flag floated in daytime. 'I see the stars,' he said simply. 'But I can't find the stripes. There ain't no stripes in the sky.'"

Some impulse urged me to probe a little deeper into this heart, to find something more definite of the spirit peering out from Pat's gray eyes. Without answering his impossible question, I asked him, "Do you ever say your prayers?"

He brought his gaze down from the vault and with incomparable assurance and arrogance said, "Now, only Dagooes pray. My dad was an American."

This was my last endeavor in that direction of estabing his thoughts. Thereafter he assumed toward me an attitude of respectful contempt. That foolish and unconsidered question had undone me with the possessor of lively gray eyes and the nose of an aristocrat. And he never asked me any more problems in astronomy. The San Pedro finally paid her last call before going up the California coast and as we left Mazatlan to cross the Gulf we breathed the shrewd air of the Trades with keen satisfaction. "Eight days more," said Twizzle, with a grunt. "Then home."

"It is," assented the captain. "If I had a decent sailor aboard, I'd rest easy. But these blasted hands in the fo'e'sle—well, I'd hate to risk any of their worthless lives. If the funnel-stay fetches away, over the side with someone."

"It looks to me as if the sooner we got at it, the better for all hands," I suggested. "All right," said Twizzle with decision. "Fetch up a small cable and we'll fix it now while it's time. Mustn't let it get away from us."

Half an hour later we were on top of the boiler-house, Twizzle superintending, making ready to slip a loop of wire cable over the top of the funnel. Our plan was to do this, and then from the loop bring down new stays to the deck. The hard part was to get the loop in place. It would have been simplicity itself if we had been sure of the old stays. But they were rotten and not to be trusted.

"Now," said the captain, when all was ready, "of you men climb up there and get in position over the collar."

A man stepped to a stay, swung up on it and started to climb. Before he had gone ten feet the wire frayed, snapped the last strand, and he fell to the deck. "Are they as rotten as all that?" exclaimed Twizzle. "Take the after-stay and try it again."

The men hesitated. The top of the seaway funnel was a good forty feet from the deck, thirty from the top of the boiler-house. The broken end of the stay lashed cruelly against the resonant cylinder at every roll. Twizzle roared at them. A couple moved forward and then stopped. "Haven't I got a single American seaman on this ship?" Twizzle yelled. "Are you all a lot of greasers?"

The flood of his profanity fell among them futilely. They were afraid. They steeled up at the huge stack and winced as it jerked and plucked to the three remaining stays. A voice rose above their murmured protests. It was a thin, nasal pipe, and it said: "I'll go, sir."

"You!" was the bellowed response. "You can't do the work. This needs men."

"I can do it," was the determined response. Pat stepped out in singlet and overalls, ridiculously small. Twizzle halted the boy went on and caught hold of the leaping stay. The captain nodded. "Up with you," he said quickly, "you're the only man in the fo'e'sle. Anyway, you're light and won't break anything."

A moment later Pat's large face was turned down upon us. "All right, sir," he called. We went up the loop and it was gradually, by great exertions on the lad's part, fitted around the huge barrel of the funnel, Pat holding on desperately when the steamer lay over angrily, as if to shake him off. The job was nearly done. All that remained was to take up the slack of the wire loop and bring down from it the new stays. Two of them were already bent and the ends in hand to make fast.

"Stand clear!" howled Twizzle to the boy above us. "Don't let the loop slip down on you. Make fast there!"

Just then the San Pedro rolled to leeward and parted and the funnel was brought up with a jerk in the loop. But the breaking of the stays had thrown Pat against the round of the funnel, and as he hung there, the steel cable had slipped down over his body.

For one instant we listened to hear some cry. There was none. He hung in that gigantic grip, his breast crushed against his slender arms, his legs limply pendant, his slender chest thrust against the cylinder above him. We could not see his face. At the end of the instant, the steamer recovered and as the funnel lurched back the childish body dropped to the deck.

The bo'n's and I lifted Pat up and carried him to the main hatch, where we laid him on a moment later Twizzle and the others came from securing the funnel and joined us. "Is he dead?" asked a voice. The bo'n's shook his head. "He is dying," I said, my finger on his pulse.

Without further sound we stood about him. The gray eyes were open upon us. The hawk-like face had lost none of its piquancy. But on the little pigeon-breast were marks that rose and fell quickly. The very word and sea had withdrawn that we might hear the rasp of his last breathing. As we watched, the eyes grew full of pleading and the childish face was turned, as far as might be, to some unknown quarter, in search of some unknown thing. Twizzle stooped over him. "What is it, son?" he asked hoarsely.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A DAILY THOUGHT.

Life ought to be measured by thought and action not by time.—Lord Avebury.

CHOOSING A HAT.

The following advice is given by a well-known fashionable milliner: "I have one rule for most women. I match the hat to the hair. The result is always good. Of course, if the woman is old, with white hair, it is not so satisfactory. But the woman with brown hair should wear a brown hat, and the woman with red hair should wear a hat in dark red tones, and so on, if you are going to buy a hat, match your hair."

"The second best thing is to match the hat to the eyes. The woman with big brown eyes should wear a big brown hat. The girl with saucer blue eyes can wear a blue hat, and the girl with hazel eyes ought to cultivate hats that are hazel and light brown and yellow brown."

PIGS IN BLANKETS.

For the lad who wishes to display his skill with the chafing dish, pigs in blankets offer a fascinating study. Select rather large oysters and lay them for ten minutes in lemon juice, seasoned with salt and pepper then remove and wrap each little "pig" in a very thin slice of bacon, fastening at the edges with a wooden toothpick. Put a little butter (a teaspoonful will do), in a blazer of the chafing dish and fry the pigs until their bacon blankets are crisp. Serve with brown bread cut thin or toasted, or, if easier, with crackers.

A half hour's sleep after dinner is, to many women, worth two hours' sleep in the morning.

The woman with an unduly large hand should be careful to wear sleeves that are long and wide at the wrist, no matter what the vogue may be. The apparent size of the cuff increases. That is why in the old portraits of bishops their lordships always seem to have small hands. They wore frilled cuffs of large size.

A sick woman was advised to take Pepsi. She did not like the remedy, so a friend counseled her to eat pineapple instead, assuring her that pineapple did contain Pepsi. That is not the case. Pineapples contain a very useful digestive principle, known as bromelain; but it is quite distinct from Pepsi. Juice of pineapple may be tried when meat will not digest.

A person rescued from drowning should be turned face downward with a cushion or rolled coat under the stomach. The tongue should be pulled forward to allow the water to run out freely. This done turn the patient on his back and exercise the arms and legs freely, but not violently, and rub the body well. Two or three animations are necessary sometimes to secure animation. To excite respiration tickle the throat with a feather.

It is a good thing to eat fresh fruit for breakfast, and baked or stewed apples generally agrees with the most delicate digestion. Green or half-ripe apples, stewed and sweetened are always a good summer dish, and raw apples are better than many liver pills. Oranges are extremely wholesome as a rule, and tomatoes are very beneficial, but the skins of the latter should not be eaten. Less bacon and more fruit during the hot weather is a good rule, and the old saying, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away" has like many old sayings, a good deal of common sense and wisdom in its jingle.

The following course of treatment will work wonders, it is said, with a wrinkled throat and flabby chin if persisted in faithfully: First, wash the chin and throat in hot water. Moisten the finger tips with god cold cream, and starting with the left hand and the right ear, draw it briskly from the right hand and repeat the movement from the left side. The pressure from ear to chin should be light, but the chin pressure should be firm. Ten minutes of this exercise should be followed by a douche of cold water, to which has been added a little astringent fluid, either a toilet water or tincture of benzoin.

Put two tablespoons of pearl barley to boil in one quart of water; boil gently for two hours. Add one quart of good beef stock and the following vegetables cut very fine: One white turnip, one carrot, a half head of celery, two onions and a half cabbage. After boiling an hour and a half longer, add three potatoes cut fine and season with salt and pepper. Then cook an hour longer.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Put two tablespoons of pearl barley to boil in one quart of water; boil gently for two hours. Add one quart of good beef stock and the following vegetables cut very fine: One white turnip, one carrot, a half head of celery, two onions and a half cabbage. After boiling an hour and a half longer, add three potatoes cut fine and season with salt and pepper. Then cook an hour longer.

Don't bestow less care upon the teeth than upon the complexion and hair.

Don't brush across the teeth, but up and down; the upper teeth from the gums downward and the lower teeth from the gums upward.

Don't go to bed without brushing the teeth, for it is at night that the acid of the saliva gets in its work on the teeth.

Don't let tartar accumulate on the teeth, for it brings a whole train of evils in its wake. Have it removed by a dentist at least once a year.

Don't use a tooth powder which contains gritty acid or irritating substances.

Don't fail to rinse the teeth thoroughly with an alkaline wash after taking acids, such as lemon juice, vinegar or strong medicines.

Don't swallow food without mastication. Modern cookery, by making mastication almost unnecessary, is responsible for much decay of the teeth.

Don't use one side of the mouth only when eating, for then the teeth have not all the same amount of exercise, and decay sets in more rapidly on one side than the other.

Don't crack nuts or bite threads with the teeth.

Don't fail to ponder occasionally on these facts: That Without good teeth there cannot be thorough mastication. Without perfect digestion there cannot be proper assimilation. Without proper assimilation there cannot be health. Without health what is life worth?

Without health what is life worth?

FARM NOTES.

—Clover is richer than grass in the muscle formers; for young animals it is the better feed.

—There is no loss of any material that is applied to the soil if the ground is well prepared and ready for a crop, provided the soil is not too porous.

—The value of any kind of farm stock depends upon the progress made by each animal during the first year of its life, whether purchased or not.

—The white-leaved and weeping lindens are regarded as excellent trees for lawns in this climate, as they are hardy, grow rapidly and are free from insect attacks, compared with some kinds.

—The age of the animal has much to do with the gain, and, other things being equal, a young growing animal will make a greater gain from a bushel of corn than one near maturity.

—Markets exist in the small towns as well as in large cities. Farmers ship their produce to cities when their nearest towns may be buying from cities in order to supply the home demand.

—Onions should go in rich ground, but the most important work with growing them is to get them planted early and to keep the ground clear of weeds at the beginning. It is the quick start that makes the onion crop large.

—The location of bee hives during summer is important. Bees do not work contentedly in a hive that is exposed to the sun. During midday, when the temperature of the atmosphere is high, work within the hive, such as comb building, must be suspended, as the heat is then too great for comfort, especially as the bodies of the little workers also give off considerable warmth.

—Do not miss having small patches of sage, mint, thyme and other pot plants. Parsley can be grown from seed the first year, and will last two or more seasons, if cared for. Sparsmint will grow and increase from a few plants, and will thrive on a damp location. Sage, if once established, will remain for years. Pot plants take up but little room and can be made ornamental in a garden.

—Plow the garden location deep, and work it well with the harrow until the ground is very fine. One-half the labor will be saved if this is done, as the laying off of the rows and the covering of the seed can only be done well when the ground is fine. For a small garden there is no tool so serviceable as a steel hand rake, as it can be used not only for making the soil fine but also for destroying young weeds.

—When selecting peas for an early supply the dwarf varieties will be found most suitable, as they do not have to make heavy growth of vine before coming into bearing. The more wrinkled the seed the better the quality of the pea, though some of the earliest peas are not wrinkled. The Champion is one of the best in quality, but is not early, and is not as prolific as some varieties. This is an excellent time for planting early peas, if the ground will permit.

—Where it is desired to thicken grass, or increase the variety in lawns or dooryards, much may be done by simply sowing seed. The sprouting will be favored by the shade of the grass, and the growth of the young plants will be frequent clipping, so that by late summer, or before a good seed will be established. The principle is that cutting prevents shading the young grass and supplies it with sun and air, thus giving it an equal chance with the old grass, if the ground is rich enough, as it generally is in lawns and dooryards.

—Nearly all apple trees are too high-headed. The object of some planters and early trainers seems to have been that it would not do to let branches hang so low that the largest horse could not plow or cultivate close to them without injury. The consequence is that the stems mostly run up seven or eight feet without a limb, and some of the fruit, exposed to winds, is blown off and spoiled for marketing. Keep the surface under the tree well mulched, and this will suppress most of the grass that would otherwise creep in. Many of the apples thus grown can be picked from the ground, or by low step-ladders set under the trees.

—The most convincing proof of the importance of early handing is shown by breaking at the same time two horses of equal age, one of which has been taught as a foal to lead, whilst the other was taken in hand for the first time in its life. It will be found that the former is fit to go into harness, when the other is still being loughed. It is difficult to get a lesser into a horse's head, but, on the other hand, it is impossible to get it out. In nine cases out of ten it is timidity that causes the breaker to rebel, and the patience of the breaker is most likely to be in allaying and removing his unreasonable alarm.

This can only be done by gentleness and firmness. Loss of patience and undeserved punishment will only convert timidity into vice. Punishment is, of course, necessary, but it must be inflicted at the moment the fault is committed.

—In bulletin 46, just issued, J. H. Grisale, central experiment farm, Ottawa, summarizes the points to be noted in growing alfalfa as follows:

- 1. Sow sufficient seed. 2. Sow good seed; that is, germinable seed. 3. Sow on well-prepared land in good state of fertility. 4. Sowing without nurse crop overcomes in some measure poverty of soil. 5. Proper preparation of the right kind of seedbed and careful observance of directions for first year treatment are necessary to secure a long series of remunerative crops. 6. Before sowing be sure that a sufficient quantity of plant food exists in the surface soil to grow a good crop (40 bushels to the acre) of oats.

—Winter eggs are far more profitable than eggs produced in the spring or summer. This is due to several reasons. One is that there are fewer eggs produced in the winter and they are higher on that account. Another factor is that eggs are more uniformly good in the winter, and there is a larger demand for them, especially in hotels, restaurants and railroad trains. People that travel more generally call for eggs in the winter than in the summer.

The cost of producing the winter eggs, says the Farmer's Review, is not much greater than the cost of producing the summer egg, because in the winter the hens have to be kept and fed whether they are laying or not, and this winter cost of keeping has to be charged against the production of the summer egg if the hen produces eggs only in the summer. Every farmer should therefore try to secure most of his eggs in the winter season.