Bellefonte, Pa., May 10, 1907.

SPRING WAKING.

A Snowdrop lay in the sweet dark ground. "Come out," said the Sun, "Come out?" But she lay quite still and she heard no sound; "Asleep," said the Sun. "No doubt?"

The Snowdrop heard, for she raised her head "Look spry," said the Sun, "look spry !" "It's warm," said the Snowdrop, "here in bed.
"O, fie!" said the Sun, "O, fie!"

"You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you do!" "No, no," said the Sun, "O, no !" "There's something above and I can't see

through." "It's snow," said the Sun, "just snow."

"But I say, Mr. Sun, are the Robins here?" "Maybe," said the Sun, "Maybe," "There wasn't a bird when you called las year."

"Come out," said the Sun, "and see !" The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap And there wasn't a bird in sight,

But she popped out of bed in her white night "That's right," said the Sun, "That's

right !

And, soon as that small night-cap was seen, A Robin began to sing, The air grew warm, and the grass turned

green. "'Tis Spring!" laughed the Sun, "'Ti Spring !"

-Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in St. Nicholas.

THÉ HERB DOCTOR.

Hetty Griswold lived in the little house beyond the pine woods on the Fairfax road. It was a bleak-looking house in winter, but when summer came the tangled front vard bloomed out gloriously. Over the front door was a sign in rude lettering, rather faded: "Herb Doctor and Eclectic Physician." The air in that part of the town had odors of its own. There was the smell of pine and the crisp tang of the upland breeze. People who came to Hetty's door for herbs always felt irrationally helped by the air itself. No wonder, they told her, she looked so brown and well. To-night she was cooking her supper over the kitchen stove. It was bright autumn weather, and the early dusk was falling, with a touch of cold. Hetty stirred briskly about seasoning and tasting, and, as she always did, eating balf her supper while it was in process. She was very little, and tanned brown by her outdoor life. Her bright eyes looked as if they were fitted for exactly the use she put them to: peering under forest shadows for herbs, and separating healing roots. There was a knock at the front door. Hetty was in the act of turning out her browned hash upon a plate. "The laud!" she breathed; and while she was setting the hash on the table the knock came again. She hurried through the formal sitting-room, half office, where bottles of tonic were ranged in the corner cupboard and a smell of herbs arose, to the little front entry. She dragged at the sag-ging door and, when it opened, almost fell back with the weight of it and her surprise at what she saw. It was an eager woman as small as herself, with a faded fair skin, and blond hair that had once been beautiful pulled back from her face and wound into a knot. Hetty regarded her almost with terror.

"What is it?" she breathed, and the added tumultuously, as if she must:

'Anybody sick?" The other woman faced her with a look as eager. She seemed much moved, but in a fashion that made her cold rather than hot. Her bare hands, hard and uncared for, were clasped outside ber shawl, and once she set her rusty trown hat straight, with a kind of scorn of any such pretense

at palliation. Mebbe you don't know who I am?' she began in an eager plunge, upon the heels of which Hetty's voice came curtly: "I guess I know's much as anybody could tell me. You was Mattie Green, an' you married my husband after be was di vorced from me so't you could."

The statement sounded, not barsh, but merely blunt and true. Hetty seemed to have been constrained to make it, chiefly by the surprise of the moment. It shook out of her a classification she had often dwelt on in solitude, for the enlightenment of her own brooding mind. It did not sting. It scarcely made a ripple upon the other woman's great disquiet. "He's sick," she said, with simple

pathos "Who's sick?" Hetty asked it with the vague obstinacy of one who could assume no knowledge of the household that had once been hers. "Enoch. He wants you should do

suthin' for him." Hetty's tanned face looked suddenly stricken, though perhaps only with wonder. But immediately she seemed older. and a distinct anxiety overspread her.

"You come in," she said. "I ain't had my supper yet." She led the way into the tchen, and the other woman unhesitatingly followed her. Hetty drew a low rocking chair to the stove and opened the oven door. "You can put your feet in, if you're cold," she said abruptly, and Mattie immediately took the chair and lifted her pathetically ill-shod feet to the flood-ing warmth. Hetty gave a glance at her table, and, finding it needed butter, brought it from the cellarway. She placed her own chair, and then she hesitated.

"Won't you draw up?" she asked. But the woman shook her head. "I had me a cup o' tea afore I started," she exclaimed. "I ain't had much appetite for some time. Where was I? Oh! I told you he's sick. Well, he's been up an' down goin' on ten months now, fust sciatica an' then kinder beat out all over. Now he's took to his bed, an' if suthin' don't rouse him it's my belief he never'll leave it." She paused to wipe away a tear

with the corner of her shawl. Yet it had

hardly the dignity of a tear lying in the

meagre hollow about her eyes; it might

have been brought by the cold and not through grief. Meantime Hetty had been eating steadily, helping herself to the hash and her cup steaming tea, like one who sees something difficult before her and knows, through custom, that the body must heartened by good food. The other wom-an, in her dry despair, looked as if she had ng given up all thought of such aids to life, as if she spent her strength recklessly, knowing the outcome was sure to be the same. She held her hands to the stove and

went on again: "He's bore it pretty well up to now, but day 'fore yesterday he kinder give out. 'Mattie, says he to me then—'twas as if he couldn't help it-'if Hetty was only here she'd see what was the matter o' me. She'd

know weat to do.' "

continued to eat as if she had no other did not look at her. thought. But once she glanced up, and her eyes were brimming.
"I knew you was a kind of a doctor,"

said the wife. "Once I rode by here an' I see your sign over the door—"
"That was uncle's sign," said Hetty, in a steady voice. "He lived here a good many year, an' when he died I let the sign be, same's it was. I keep up the herb trade, but I ain't eclectic. I couldn't hold

a candle to him. But the woman had not heard. "I says to him," she continued, " 'Why I'll go right over an' see. Mebbe she'd know in a minute. Mebbe she's got some trade on hand.' So I got Sally Dwight to set with him this arternoon, an' I clipped it right through the woods. You got anything put up?" she added anxiously, "any kind of a tonic you'd recommend?"
"No." said Hetty, "I don't know's I

The coldness of her denial seemed to rouse the woman like a new rebuff from

hostile destiny. She rose hastily. "Se' down." said Hetty, roughly. Mattie sank into her chair, and Hetty leaned back in hers, regarding her plate with unseeing eyes. Half an hour before she had been a woman of middle age, in assured and vigorous health. Her face had crumbled into lines. Her mouth shut bitterly and dropped at the corners. She look

"Wait a minute," she said. "You wait."

The woman waited, as it seemed to her for a long time. Then she stole a glance at the window and at the deepening shadows, and felt constrained to speak;

"Mebbe if you could send him suthin'," she suggested timidly, "whether or no you thought twould do much good, it might cheer him up a mite.

Hetty got upon her feet with the haste of a quick resolve. "You set a spell," she said. "I'm goin"

along with ye." While she made her swift preparations, the wife continued to stare at her with eyes of wonder. They followed her about the room in a dull interrogation until once Hetty, confronted as she turned from making up her little bundle, was on the point of crying, "Don't!" adding, in her mind, 'you make me so nervous as a witch." But instead she announced, and not un-

"Now we'll be gettin' along. You step out, an' I'll lock up."

Mattle scurried over the doorstep with the haste of running water, and began climbing the boundary wall between

kindly:

Hetty's little garden and the woods. 'You know the way 'acrost?" she call-

Hetty was tying her key in her handkerchief, and now she thrust both into the bottom of a long pocket. She nodded, put her steady foot upon a stone she knew of old, and stepped over.

"Lemuel Dwight, be kinder marked out the path for me," Mattie explained, as they went on through the narrow way. "I dunno what he thought I wanted on't, but I'd made up my mind to come."

Hetty made no answer. She went steadily ahead, down the knoll and over the stepping stones of the hurrying brook. As the path widened, so that they walked for a moment abreast, she said abruptly: 'He used to have sick spells.'

"He said so," returned Mattie, eager for mmunion. "He said sometimes he laid communion. for months all beat out, an' nobody knew what ailed him nor he didn't himself." "Twice," confirmed Hetty, in her un-

moved voice. "'Twas twice in all." Half an hour later, as they were ing the brown stubble of a field, she spoke again. "His heart ain't right. It never

bas be'n." 'So he said,'' avowed Mattie, in wonder at their agreement. "I'm worried to death."

Thereafter Hetty's mind dwelt upon Mattie berself with a kind of wondering scorn. She had never seen anybody with so little brain, or a brain so feebly adapted to work. Mattie had always been a mystery to her, first in the power of her blonde prettiness when she came to visit a neighbor, and Enoch had followed her. Hetty wondered why. There was scarcely a night now, after all the years of separation, when she did not go to sleep asking berself why Enoch bad been carried away by Mattie James. But she never guessed. She knew Enoch well, and it would not have surprised her if he had been bewitched by certain women she had seen. He had wild moods and wandaring blood in him. He was a farmer by force of circumstance, and yet at heart a man born at least to bunger for adventure if he might not share it. And from the moment of her quitting his house, to leave it for another tenant, until tonight, she had never been able to see any thing but a meagre foolishness in the affair that lured him from the track.

It was dark when they walked up to the great weather-worn house they knew. "Take care," said Mattie at the door, "there's a kind of a holler there."

"I know it," said Hetty, with an involuntary sharpness; but she followed meekly in, and while Mattie hurried through into the west room where Enoch lay, she stood taking off her bonnet in the entry. She folded her shawl with firm bands, placed it with the bonnet on the table, and then smoothed her hair and waited, her face unmoved. Mattie returned in a moment, tremulous with haste.

"He can't bardly sense it," she explained. "I've sent Sally Dwight home t'other way. Mebbe you better come right in an'

see him." Hetty gave a sound of commonplace sent, but, at the threshold her foot halted : she steadied herself by a hand upon the casing of the door. When she crossed the sitting-room her eyes were blurred, not, indeed, by tears, but through some inward wavering. She could not have told whether the room had stayed unchanged. Only the ticking of the clock drew her eyes fo a swift, recognizing look. It was the old eight-day, and the moon was in the last quarter. In the bedroom a lamp was burning, and a fire blazed upon the hearth. Enoch lay high upon his pillows and watched the door. He was an old man, older in looks than his years warranted through the nervous whirlwinds that had driven him on difficult roads. His red bair had no gray in it, and his red brown eyes were full of a hungry light; yet he was worn out. Within sight of him, Hetty in-stantly lost her immobility and relaxed into a sane and kind humanity. She advanced to the bedside and sat down in the chair. There she regarded him pleasantly. though she did not touch the hand that had stirred feebly for an instant, as if to

meet ber own. "How be you?" she asked soothingly. He was studying her face, as if his eyes would never leave it.

Mattie pressed forward a step into the light, not as if to share the moment, but ing.

Hetty looked steadily into her plate, and with a candid wish to do him service. He

"I could count the times I've seen you," he went on, "all these years."
"You feel any appetite?" Hetty asked him, from the same resolute calm.

He langhed. "That's like you for all the world," he said. This time he did include the other woman in a confidential glance. "I should know who 'twas among a thousand. Al-ways fixin' folks up with suthin' to eat!" Hetty, too, laughed as women humor

men. She rose.
"Well," she said, "if you ain't had any

nodded "No," Enoch was murmuring. "No. Don't you go. You set here by me."
"Bymeby," called Hetty cheerfully from the doorway. "We'll both on us be in a minute."

Mattie, after a word with him, had followed her into the sitting-room, where Hetty stood by the window now, gripping the sash with both hands and looking out into the night. The wife came up behind her and waited.

"Well," she said timidly, after a monent, "how's he seem to you?" Hetty answered, without turning. Her pice was dry and hard.

"He'll never see another spring." Mattie sank into the chair beside her and began a noiseless crying into her apron. Hetty, turning, looked at her a moment as if she were a part of the furnishing of the room that might have to be moved elsewhere. Then she laid a hand on her shoulder and shook it lightly.
"Stop that," she said. "He'll hear ye.

Besides, there's things to do." Mattie rose, her face a blur of tears and the waste of them dripping down unheeded, and went into the pautry with a step

from which the force of the last hour had gone away. "Here," she called. "You goin' to stir up a mite o' porridge? Here's the flour.'

Hetty also had risen, to open her little bondle and take an apron from it. She tied on the apron as if it were a panoply of war, and, so equipped, she might enter upon the service she understood. Mattie left her quite free, with a bright fire, and withdrew into Enoch's room ; and Hetty found herself busy in her own kitchen, as it had used to be, cooking at the old stove, whose faults and crankiness she remembered as if the other life had been of yesterday. When she went into the bed-room again Enoch regarded her eagerly, as if his eyes had long been watching for her.

"You wou't think o' goin' back night?" he said timidly, as one proffering petition. Mattie spoke at once, with an air of

wishing to do her utmost, yet not knowing how it would be taken. "It'll be terrible dark goin' acrost them

"I'll stretch out on the sittin'-room lounge," sai! Hetty casually. "I can sleep 'most anywheres.'

Then Enoch took his broth and was con tent. That night Hetty kept watch in the sitting-room, stealing out from time to time to feed the fire, and twice when Mattie appeared, like a tired ghost, heating a cup of something, and waving her away with it to the sick man. In the morning she had breakfast ready, and looked, in her healthy endurance, as if she had slept profoundly. The other woman, worn with work, plucked up a little courage, seeing She felt in a vague way not only that Enoch had somebody to stand by him, but that she had somebody to stand by her. The right thing would be done. Later in the afternoon, when Mattie had gone into the sitting-room to sleep, and a broad track of sunlight lay across the bedroom floor, Hetty sat by the window, a stocking in her hand, and knit and talked. By day, Enoch's face, in its ravaged state, dreadful to her. He was painfully thin, and the lonesome look of his eyes betrayed an apprehensive mind. But they lighted a little now in their devastated hollows. Hetty was telling him some story of her peddling herbs across the river, and coming upon a man in the same business, who proposed to buy the recipe for her tonic, and who yet hardly knew pennyroyal from dock. Her eyes gleamed over the satire of a situation she appreciated, and a little color came into her cheeks. Enoch smiled too; but presently he said wonderingly :

"You ain't changed so much as any body'd think. Seems as if you wan't hard ly a day older than when I see you last. Hetty laughed again, not mirthfully, but as one evades a moment she must no

consider. "I was always as old as the hills," said ruthlessly. "If I ain't changed, it's because there's nothin' about me wuth chaugin', I guess. When I wan't more'n sixteen, they used to call me old Gra'mother Thurston.

Enoch laughed at that, and Mattie, coming in from her nap, but just begun, as she had an uneasy way of doing, looked at him in wonder.

Thereafter the days went on in an ever course.

Hetty did not propose going nor did the other woman dream she would. Enoch settled into a placid acceptance of his sick state, and seemed to gain some strength from acquiescence. One day Hetty came out of his room with something new, something alert and bright, shining from her eyes. She followed Mattie into the shed where the little futile, painstaking creature was picking up kindling.

"I dunno's I was right," Hetty began abruptly. "When I see him that fust night I thought he was struck o' death.

Now seems if mebbe he'd pull through." Mattie dropped the basket and sank down beside it. Two tears gathered and rolled over her wan face. But what she said was amazing to Hetty.

pull him through."

ly. "Not yet, leastways." Vhen it came to her that if he did get well, they would not be living half in another world and half in this, as it had been of late, and she added, with a hasty resolution: "I ain't goin' to spend the winter anyways. I'm goin to shet up my house. Mebbe I shall go out West."

Mebbe I shall go out West."

But the hope in her face had changed it. and when she went in to carry Euch the big apple a neighbor had sent him, he

caught at a new brightness. "Seems if you never'd bad a day's sickness in your life," he mused. that's how you've kep' so young."

"Mebbe it's because I'm ouidoors much," said Hetty practically. "I'm a kind of a woodsman, that's what I be." But she went out into the kilolow, also Mattie sat rocking by the window, also of hope. "Look cherishing a fragment of hope. "Look here," said Hetty, not unkindly, "you stir "Don't it seem strange?" he said, half yourself an' git up an' crimp your hair." Mattie put one bewildered hand to pale

srands she had twisted back in her comb-

demurred

"Besides, I don't ever crimp it." "You git up au' do it," said Hetty un-

flinchingly.

"There was suthin' you used to do to it. A look slate pencils or suthin'. I never done it an's face. myself. I hadn't no faculty that way; but one time 'twas all the go. You clip it up chamber an' fix yourself up." Mattie gazed at her. "Come!" urged Mattie gazed at her. Hetty.

"Come! You've got nothin' else to do. for I'm goin' to set the dinner on the table. You hunt up a piece o' blue ribbon, too, milk porridge. I'm goin' to make you a an' pin it on some'eres. I'm tired an' sick mite." She looked at Mattie and the wife o' seenin' you look as if you's sent for."

Mattie rose like an uncomplaining little drudge and went upstairs, as she had fol-lowed all Hetty's commands in their strange relation. She patiently adorned herself, and even discovered, in her bureau drawer, some lace and ribbon for her neck. There was no vestige of old coquetry alive in her. She had dressed years ago from the instinct that bids the mating animal preen itself, and, still the slave of nature, she had lost the desire when it would no longer serve. She came timidly into the kitchen, seeking Hetty's eye for approval or dissent. Hetty regarded her brief dissatisfaction. She had, she found, expected the old radiant vision, of milk-

white youth.
"Well," she said, "that's suthin'. Now, you go in an' read the paper out loud.' Mattie, siding into the room with the paper, did not look at Enoch until he interrogated her with a languid interest:

'What you dressed up for?" "She's goin' to play lady now," said Hetty, coming in on the heels of his speech. "She got kinder beat out 'fore I come, an' now I'm goin' to clean house an' let her set by." "I s'pose she did," said Enoch, "I s'pose

she did git beat out. Well, mebbe 'twon't last long. Seems if I was inchin' along.' Then Hetty, a little at a time, began to clean house. Mattie was an indifferent housekeeper. There was no "passion for perfection" within her: only the acquiescent habit of making things doflew at the house she had once so loved with the ardor of the heart returned to a possession long withheld. There were obsecure corners now, all clutter and dis-array, and she exposed them unflinchingly to the light. One by one, beginning at the top, the rooms were made to shine with neatness, and the air smelled of soap. She even picked over the rags in readiness for the pedler, and made sundry rolls for braiding and drawing in. Enoch, hearing the bustle and stir outside his room, and learning from the two women the hourly

accomplishment, grew wholesomely inter-

ested, and presently ventured: "Mebbe I can git up 'fore long an' see how things seem.' The three had settled into a life of their own, as self-bounded as if it were on a lonely island. At first, when the news went about that Enoch's wife had come back, the neighbors flocked in to assure themselves, and one or two acquaintances drove from a distance because they could not believe their ears. But Mattie came out from the bedroom to receive them, and Hetty was always hard at work, either in the kitchen or coming in from another room to exchange a commonplace word, and they went away to accept the situation, perplexed, and yet pleased, in a kindly way, because Mattie had some one to stand by her in her straits. The doctor came and mused a little, as he left, over the wholesomeness of human nature, and the minister called to inquire and merely prayed instead, a good general prayer calculated to hurt no one. The two women where, help needed, it was given and accepted with no admixture of passion or hot blood. Every day Enoch gained a little, though whether in contentment or in bodily strength not even the doctor knew.

strengthen, though the days were short, Hetty remarked to the wife: "You needn't say anything to bim; but guess this week I'll be pickin' up my things.

And one night when the cold had begun to

Mattie looked the terror of a child about be left alone in the dark. "Where you goin'?" she demanded Hetty answered briskly: "I've got to go home an'

for I go away. "You goin' away?" faltered the woman "Yes. I ain' sayin' much about it, but I've got a kind of a plan. One o' these

nights I'll slipout an' nobody needn't know it till I'm gone."
"He never'd ba' got well in this world if it hadn't been for you," said Mattie. Her eyes were wet, and she looked as if, but for her timidity, she would have said

things further to the purpose. "That tonic's the beateree," said Hetty. 'I guess if the doctors knew all uncle could ha' told 'em, they'd do better'n what

they do." That night Enoch had the mysterious chill that caused the two women to rouse the next neighbor and send for the doctor Then there were three days of pain and terror, and on the night of the third he was very weak. Mattie was sleeping a moment, in the sitting-room, and Hetty sat beside his bed. Suddenly from his

doze, be fixed clear eyes upon her. "I didn't do the right thing by you, he said. She bent over him and gave the sheet a

tender touch she could not give to him. "You try an' drap off a minute now she said, in a tone not even he had heard from her.

"I ain't done the right thing by you he repeated, as if it were a confession he was bound to make. "I knew it at the time. I said to myself I should be sorry for it, the longest day I lived-an' I have

ye can't git good out of, if ye try." She spoke soothingly, not so much to convince him, as with the hope that the words would bear him into sleep. His eyes were fixed upon her solemnly. She had seen it

"Seems strange we never come acrost one another all this time," he went on. "Mebbe we tried not to. I know I never took that road. Mebby you kep' away

Hetty laughed in what seemed a passing

"Law," she said, "I've kinder lived in the woods. I have to, gettin' herts an' so. It's made me real tough, but it's kep me away from folks. Now you lay still a minute an' see if you can't drop off.' He moved his hand slightly.

"You-you take hold o' me," he said, and Hetty laid ber hand firmly npon his Then he shut his eyes and seemed to rest. In cn hour or more she heard Mattie stirring in the kitchen, and watching his face meantime, she gently took her hand

"Why, I ain't goin' anywheres," she from the tightening grasp. She rose noise-

lessly and met Mattie at the door. "You go an' set down au' take hold of his hand," she whispered to her. "Hold it real warm an' close. 'Twon't be long."

A look of terror flitted over the wom-

"Don't you go away," she breathed. Hetty spoke tenderly, almost with the

brooding note she had used to the dving "I'll stay right by. Don't you be afraid."

Mattie sank into the chair and placed a timid hand upon the one pathetically waiting. Then Hetty sat down on the other side of the hed. At twelve she rose again. "There!" she said. "There! it's over."-By Alice Brown, in Collier's.

Why Do We Wish to be Young

The assertion that middle age might be a happier time than youth has aroused doubts in the minds of certain readers.

"Is it possible that any other period of life can be compared with 'halcyon youth'? Are not the poets forever yearning for it? Is it not the great universal truism that youth is the happiest time? Is not anyone who says the contrary, simply trying to be a 'sulphite'—to say "the unusual

thing'?" It may be pretty confidently affirmed that the chief reason for the prevalent prejudice against old age is on account of its infirmities. If the old age of everybody hearty octogenarians such as we often meet we should bear little of its terrors.

But is not one pretty sure to become deaf or blind, or to be knotted up with rheumatism, or choking with asthma, by the time one reaches threescore and ten? One surely is, but if people were taught how to take care of themselves, or even lived up to what they know, they would probably, harring accidents, have a healthy

and normal old age.
Thus a distinguished Brooklyn woman long a victim of neuralgia, confesses that she first acquired it from getting up at night to read, usually becoming chilled through and through, after her parents thought she was in bed.

Another of our most prominent women became a wreck from nervous prostration. She bad a passion for sitting up at night. If she wished to finish a gown or a book she would simply sit up "until she was ready to drop" with fatigue. She deserved the fate which came to her.

The profoundest philosophers insist that we were meant to grow happier and happier, until the end of life, and would so develop, except that we have "sought out many inventions." The human machine, intelligently cared for, should move on comfortably, accidents aside, until it is quite worn out, and fails at last, as many actually do, from sheer old age. Good health and some sort of sound religion should support a brave soul from one decade to another, ever-increasing calmness and thankfulness, to the very end, with never a wish to return to the foolish gayety

of raw and undisciplined vouth. There are two questions which pertain to this subject. One is, "What ought we

to most desire in life?" The other is, What do we really most desire in life?" Of course, what we really ought to want is what is considered now a "banal" and "obvious" thing-namely, constant progress in virtue (which Plate and Aristotlee did not mind talking about in plain terms, though the famous Henry James does;) and the greatest amount of wisdom.

What most of us women really do want and the man had found themselves reduced like form, the care free thoughtlessness to the simplest possible state of being and all the other surface attractions and volatile emotions of youth.

Now, everyone who has lived an honest and faithful life is sure to be far better at sixty than at twenty, and infinitely wiser. Therefore, is not this absurd desire for youth simply a bald confession that we would rather be not so good than better, and would rather be idiots than wise? Which is a pretty silly and shameful

condition. But good health is the main preparation for the gaining of wisdom and goodnessand all the other lofty joys of old age .-

[Kate Upson Clark, in Brooklyn Eagle. Can the Small Farmer Live !

I am asked for my opinion as to whether the small farmer can live. I answer by saying that many small farmers are living in comfort and peace of mind. I have recently visited a truck farmer near New York City. He owns thirty acres of land and rents ten acres more. Eighteen years ago he moved on this land with a capital of \$140, renting the place. Now the land has paid for itself, and the net proceeds of the place run from \$1,500 to \$1,900 a year, counting only cash sales. Aside from this return should be counted free rent and a good part of the daily living. This case be unusual, but it is not remarkable. At all events, it shows what can be done.

But I suppose my questioner had in mind to ask whether the farming of the future is to be large-area capitalized farming or small area specialized farming. It is to be both. Where markets are quick and near-by, small area farming will increase. The proceeds from fifty acres will be sufficient to provide comfortable support. But the limit of profit will soon be reached on these farms. unless they are devoted to very high-class specialties. The man who is ambitious for large affairs, will go farther back to the open country, assemble several farms, employ much labor, organize the business, and apply the kind of generalship that is applied to manufacturing or large merchandizing. More and more, the type of man who now runs a small farm will find it to his advantage to work under the direction of a man of larger executive ability. It will soon be demonstrated that capital can be made to yield a profit when put into well-farmed land. Young men with good technical education and first-class executive ability will take the bandling of such lands. Small farmers who have technical skill and knowledge, but who lack business ability, will be drawn under the leadership of such men, to the betterment of both. At present every farmer is at the same time a specialist and a business man. Division of labor must come in farming as it long ago came in commerce

Rather Mixed

In the course of her first call upon one of her husband's parishioners young Mrs. Gray spoke feelingly of his noble, generous

"He is as nearly an altroist as man may be," she said proudly and affectionately.
"Is he an altruist?" said her hostess,
with mild surprise. "I thought from the
tone of his voice that he probably was a

-If this world is not God's world no other will be.

-Faith for the future is the undying

WHEN SHALL WE ALL MEET

When shall we all meet again? When shall we all meet again? Oft shall glowing hope expire. Oft shall wearied love retire. Oft shall death and sorrow reign,

Ere we three shall meet again. Though in distant lands we hie. Parched beneath a burning sky : Though the deep between us rolls, Friendship still unites our souls, Still in Fancy's rich domain Oft shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine, Moss shall creep and ivy twine ; When our burnished locks are gray, Thinned by many a toil-spent day May this long-lov'd bower remain, 'Till we three shall meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled. When its wasted lamp is dead ; When in cold oblivion's shade Beauty, power and fame are laid ; When immortal spirits reign. There shall we three meet again,

A Chance to be American

We like to be thought patriotic; we boast of being Americans. But sometimes it would seem as if the European idea of our patriotism being superficial is only too true. Take, for example, the present fashion of giving names to our country homes. How often will you find a truly American name? could be like that of certain hale and Or, let us name a new street, a new town, a new building, or rename any of these, and what name do we give ? For the most part, a name either lamentably silly (which is especially true of our country homes), or some name that is either meaningless or of foreign derivation. Why can we not be more American in these names? How far more suitable, how infinitely more American would it be if we used the Indian names, which are so beautifully melodious in themselves and so full of poetic meaning in their significance.

Take such names as these for country

Tekenink, meaning "In the woods." Wompanand, meaning "God of the

Dawn. Munnohannit, meaning "On an island." Egwanulti, meaning "By the river." Udabli, meaning "Married." Nunokomuk, meaning "A

Wadchukontu, meaning "Among the mountains."

Wosumonk, meaning "Brightness." Sowania, meaning "Southerners." Wastena, meaning "Pretty." Neboshshon, meaning "Bend of a river." Ishpiming, meaning "Above all." Ggeedankee, meaning "Up the hill."
Kemah, meaning "In the face of the

Mushkoday, meaning "Meadowland." Pahatu, meaning "Blue hills." Or these for a hotel or inn : Wehpsttituck, meaning "Let us eat to-

gether.' Waiku, meaning "Invitation to a feast." Would it not mean a little more to the American people, and at the same time be an unconscious educative influence to the public and to the children, if more Indian names were used wherever names are needed in a public way, for cars, towns, streets, squares, buildings, city blocks or homes? Let us do what we can to preserve the Indian names. We have nothing more dis-tinctively American, and as we have so little that is distinctively American let us perpetuate what we have-Ladies' Home

Journal.

One Untimely Hollday Thanksgiving and Christmas are the only real festivals that, as a people, we celebrate. Thanksgiving, which has spread from the Puritans pretty generally throughout the country, comes at a poor season of the year for festival purposes. It is too near to Christmas, and the end of November is one of the least lovely periods of the twelve months. It should be moved to an earlier date, not later than the last week of Oc-

tober, and take the place of the old harvest home and of Hallowe'en. Schools and colleges find it convenient to observe Easter by granting a short vacation. A spring festival, such as Easter was in its crigin, is most appropriate, and should be secular as well as religious. For that end it would be well to have it fixed, rather than movable, somewhere about the first

of April. There is good reason for holding a summer festival which could have something more of the season in it than the Fourth of July. Perhaps the custom of "old home week"-which has been successfully tried in New England and elsewhere-to be between "bay and harvest," might be made into a real festival over the whole breadth of the country.

Four festival seasons each year are none too many for a strenuous people that needs to relax and cultivate the joy of living. For the festival should be something more than a holiday like the Fourth or Labor day. It should be an occasion for city folk to get back to the country, for renewing old associations, for enjoying the changing gifts of the seasons. There should be cheer and jollity, games and special customs. The oftener and the nearer man gets to the earth that feeds him the better he will for it.

Old Clothes and Old Furniture

We change our clothes so often; we wear them out so soon; we cannot bear to look at our old photographs because they picture us in such righteous garments. We turn from them with a fear of being old-fashioned, or worse-unfashionable. With furniture the older it is the better. The clothes of princes go at last to deck a scarecrow, but the cottage dresser decorates a hall in villadom and grows in dignity with age. Our neighbors do not despise us because we inherited our chairs, but what would they say if for a moment they suspected that we wore second-hand clothes? The poor may covet the furbelows and frills of the rich, they may envy the gloss of the black coat and the gleam of the white linen; but even they would prefer new clothes if they could get them, and they are not very grateful for cast-off apparel.

An Ingenious Burgiar.

An ingenious burglar in Berlin found a new and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it each burglary he sent a run account pay-to the daily newspapers and received pay-to the name way. By ment for the report in the usual way. and by the editors became suspicious, and the police were communicated with. They soon discovered how the amateur reporter obtained his information and speedily placed him out of further temptation.

The best way to talk of love to God is by labor for man.

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