

"MOTHER"

I'm gettin' old—I know—
It seems so long ago—
So long since John was here!

For this, a number of country cabbages,
root and all, had been secured. From the
top of each a few leaves had been removed

To see her is to love her,
And love but to love her.
SCENA.
The reason firm, the temperate will,

Half the cabbages, those containing
descriptions of the men were planted on the
right side of the barn, those describing
women on the left.

One by one, the company donned light
wraps and stole silently into the crisp
October night hushed in soft autumnal
noisings.

In a few words the gipsy explained that
she had become separated by night-fall
from the rest of her caravan, and sought
shelter.

A HALLOWEEN BARN FROLIC.

The new barn was completed and the
idea of having a Halloween Barn Frolic
suggested itself to a country club.

Among these were a small number of
English walnuts which were found to con-
tain amusing "fortunes" written on tissue
paper.

Winter Wheat Varieties.

As a result of continued experiments
with wheat the Pennsylvania Experiment
Station says:

1. There is no relation between straw
yield and grain yield in wheat.

2. No single variety of wheat can be
pointed out as the best. The best variety
of one season may be among the poorest of
another, and vice versa.

3. Long year averages seem best for de-
termining variety qualities. The best yield
as a basis for the five best varieties for con-
ditions as they exist at the Station farm are:

stagnished, it became an easy matter to
paste a number upon this line and to iden-
tify the figures with others in the note-
book which told an interesting tale, and
all kinds of romantic facts were read in the
flames.—By Mary Dawson, in the Defen-
sor.

Taking Care of Goldfish.
Many boys and girls have goldfish for
pets, and would like to know, perhaps, the
best way to take care of them.

The economic importance of the Sumatra
leaf in the American cigar industry may
be judged from the fact that though the
manufacturer pays for it \$3.50 to \$5 a
pound, the cigar trade used of it in the
census year, 5,000,000 pounds.

Tobacco Worth \$3 a Pound.

The economic importance of the Sumatra
leaf in the American cigar industry may
be judged from the fact that though the
manufacturer pays for it \$3.50 to \$5 a
pound, the cigar trade used of it in the
census year, 5,000,000 pounds.

Winter Wheat Varieties.

As a result of continued experiments
with wheat the Pennsylvania Experiment
Station says:

1. There is no relation between straw
yield and grain yield in wheat.

2. No single variety of wheat can be
pointed out as the best. The best variety
of one season may be among the poorest of
another, and vice versa.

3. Long year averages seem best for de-
termining variety qualities. The best yield
as a basis for the five best varieties for con-
ditions as they exist at the Station farm are:

HIRAM PERKINS' CURE.

THERE are two pictures extant
of Timothy Portley, the one in
which he stands among a group
of packing house employees in
high boots, trousers and woolen shirt,



DAISY WAS KNOCKED TO A DISTANCE OF TWENTY FEET.

past his place to the city, but they are
not good enough, certainly not fast
enough, for him. He has his own au-
tomobile, capable of making a mile a
minute, and it has often taken him
from his house to his office in half an
hour.

The Arlington turnpike furnished a
direct line between Mr. Portley's house
and his office, and on that pike is a
straight piece of road over which he
gave his chauffeur orders to make fifty
miles an hour.

The next thing to fall under Mr.
Portley's judgment was something
that could not be paid for in money.
Daisy Burton, fourteen years old, was
crossing the road when she heard the
squawk of a horn and saw Mr. Portley's
automobile coming.

Hiram Perkins, a middle aged,
weather beaten farmer, whose skin
hung loose in grooves on his face and
neck, lived on the next farm to the
Burtons. The only thing in the world
he loved was Daisy. From the time
she could toddle across the fields be-
tween his and her father's house he
had made a pet of her.

The only inconvenience it occasioned
Mr. Portley was having to take the
train every morning to the city instead
of his automobile. He dared not go
over the Arlington pike till the dam-
age had been paid, and there was no
other direct road to town. Farmer
Burton did not come at once to a frame
of mind to accept money for the injury
to his child, and it was some time be-
fore the matter was settled.

While the others talked there was
one man who thought. Hiram Perkins
did not recover from having seen his
little pet made a cripple. He resolved
that Portley's automobile should never
pass his place again. But how was he
to prevent it? By means of the law?
Portley's pocketbook was mightier
than the law. Dig a trench across the
road and mask it? That would be
murder. One day Hiram read an ad-
vertisement of the sale of government

condemned goods. This gave him an
idea, and his idea grew to a plan.

At a quarter past 10 on the morning
after Farmer Burton had signed an
instrument acknowledging full indem-
nity for the injury done his daughter
and had received his check Mr. Portley's
automobile came down the road at its
accustomed speed.

"What's that?" he asked of his
chauffeur.
"Looks as if soldiers were firing
across the road," replied the chauffeur,
slowing up.

"What do you mean," roared Portley,
"by monopolizing the road in that
fashion?"
"Who's monopolizin' the road?" asked
Hiram, ceasing to turn the crank.

"You haven't a right to obstruct the
road."
Portley was puzzled, but only for a
moment. He was sure of the farmer's
motive.

"How much do you want to stop
your practicing when I want to pass
your farm?"
There was a world of calm intensity
in Hiram's tone and manner as he re-
plied:

"You haven't got money enough to
stop my practicin' on this road."
Mr. Portley refrained from further
argument. He felt sure that if he
couldn't buy his way from the farmer
he could buy it through a lawyer. He
gave orders to his chauffeur to turn
and hurried back in no good humor to
take another road, doubling the dis-
tance to the city. On reaching it he
went straight to his lawyer's office,
told how Hiram Perkins was monopoli-
zing the highway and asked how he
should proceed.

"There's no law," said the lawyer.
"to prevent a man bring on his own
property, even if the highway runs
through it."
"What! No law to keep him from
shooting me as I pass his farm?"
"If he shoots you intentionally, it's
murder; if unintentionally, you have
an action for damages."

"I don't want no damages after I'm
dead!" exclaimed Mr. Portley. In his
irritation dropping into the double
negative of his earlier years.
"The only way I see out of it," the
lawyer went on, looking at the ceiling
thoughtfully, "is to meet what I am

four. The chauffeur climbed over to the
back seat, leaving the wheel for his
employer. Portley took it and moved



PORTLEY BACKED HIS MACHINE.

to within a few feet of the dead line.
Hiram was looking away from him at
an angle of 90 degrees. A shot a
trifle out of line whistled ominously
near Portley's nose. It was the will
of a multimillionaire again—a simple
farmer. The farmer won. Portley
backed his machine, turned about and
disappeared in a cloud of dust. Hiram
looked after him. There was the same
quiescence in his outward appearance,
but a close observer would have noticed
a light in his eye and a slightly
quicker breathing.

"Perkins' method," as it was called,
spread among the farmers, and where-
ever a man owned property on both
sides of the road he stationed himself
before his house with a weapon, some
with repeating rifles, some with re-
volvers, and one ingenious farmer con-
structed a catapult to throw stones at
the rate of one every five seconds. No-
tices were put up along the road that
ten miles an hour was the limit of
speed allowed. All automobiles run-
ning faster were sure to find some
farmer who apparently realizing that
Uncle Sam needed to produce a nation
of marksmen, had set up a target
across the road and was sure to be
practicing when the biggest and fast-
est machine passed. Some automobil-
ists drove faster than ever, slowing up
at the danger point, but they were re-
ported by the farmers to those doing
the practicing and on the next trip
were obliged to turn back, losing the
right to use the road altogether. No
law was violated; no automobilist was
injured. Persons driving their ma-
chines on the road at a moderate rate
never heard or saw any firing, and
many of them wondered while passing
Perkins' farm to what use he could
possibly put his old rapid fire gun.

Daisy Burton will limp all her life
and will find it hard if she has to
make her own living. There are those
among the farmers' wives—women can
see further ahead in such matters
than men—who declare that the day
will come when she will have a strong,
level headed husband to work for her
in Hiram Perkins.

What He Needed.

Employed in one of the largest iron
foundries in Baltimore there is a man
who has a wooden leg. None of his
fellow workers, however, knew of this
until recently, so perfectly did the ar-
tificial support take the place of the
missing member.

One day not very long ago something
happened to the bolting in the machine
shop. Being an expert mechanic, this
man was sent to repair the break. He
climbed up a high ladder with as much
grace and agility as could any man
with two perfectly sound legs. But
while busily engaged on the bolting
the ladder slipped from under him,
and, with a crash, man and ladder
landed in a heap on the floor.

The man's head struck against a
piece of machinery, and he was ren-
dered unconscious. Some one tele-
phoned for a doctor. Before the phys-
ician arrived the injured workman re-
gained consciousness. He did not
make any attempt to get up, however,
but simply lay on the floor with one
of his legs doubled up under him.

Then the physician came and made a
hasty examination. He pulled the bent
limb from under the man, straightened
it out, took one long look and, turn-
ing to those gathered round, said
gravely:
"This is no case for me, gentlemen.
What this man needs is not a doctor,
but a carpenter!"—Baltimore News.

Trouble Ahead.

"Then your husband won't give up
his club?" queried the friend.
"No," replied the patient young wife,
"and I don't propose to give up mine."
"Yours? Why, I didn't know you
had one."
"Neither does he, but the next time
he comes home late from his I'll be on
hand with mine."—Catholic Standard
and Times.

Former Rough Rider Slain.

York, Pa., Oct. 15.—Warren Peter-
son, colored, a Rough Rider during
the Spanish-American war, was shot
and instantly killed at Jacob's mill,
near here. The shooting was done by
Richard McGill, colored, of Philadel-
phia. Both men were employed on
the work of building the trolley line
between here and Hanover. The shooting
was the outgrowth of a dispute over
the commissary department. The dead
man was from Olean, N. Y.