

THE EAGLE.

Adrift, adrift in the blue of the sky. On dauntless wings of white and gray; Adrift, adrift as the hours go by.

THE FAILURES.

It was not the sort of day that you would expect a man to commit suicide upon. Neither was it the sort of place that you would expect him to pick out for the act.

They had met in the roadway. Matt, instead of inviting his brother to the house, had led him toward the lake. He had acted as if the politician had come to buy a cow and must not be encouraged to think that the owner of the cow was aware of what he had come for.

deliberately—you can't have it. I don't want it." The brother looked at him, summing him up, in a grim control of his surprise and anger.

"You could make farming pay as well here as anywhere, if you had the capital behind you. You could work it on shares if you liked."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Two gifts there are of value far Beyond great wealth or lands.

FARM NOTES. On windy days when your horses are standing exposed about the farm, slip a blanket over them. It may save them from taking a bad cold.