

WHAT KNOW WE?

What know we of the gnawing grief That dims perchance our neighbor's way. The fretting worry, secret pain That may be his from day to day? Then let us idle word of ours Sting to his heart with more dismay.

THE MAGIC FIFE.

The following true story was told by the author at a dinner of the Indiana Society of Chicago, given in that city on December 11th, 1909. It is worthy a wider audience and so is published for the first time.

One day soon after the Cuban war had begun to gladden the hearts of belligerent Americans, I was sitting in my law office in Shelbyville, which city, as you may know, is almost the exact center of Indiana and of the United States, and, for aught I know, of the universe at large, wondering where my next victim would come from, when the door opened and, as if in response to my unspoken prayer, in walked three victims.

Perhaps I should say one, for the victim was that joyous trinity, a man, a woman, and a baby. After I had enjoyed gazing at the baby for a moment, I turned my attention to the man and found him to be a huge, long-legged, rustic Apollo, very young, and evidently so green that he would have sprouted standing in the mud. With the true spirit of chivalry, he carried the baby, and I must confess looked very handsome, notwithstanding his rough clothes and more or less unkempt general condition.

However, masculine beauty never did drive me wild with delight, so with small delay I turned to the woman, or I should say the girl victim, for she was a girl perhaps eighteen, and found her beauty very satisfying. She was small—she looked very small beside the gigantic man victim—and was built on the dumpling plan; a style of human architecture pleasing to most men and distracting to many. I'll not describe her. She was a typical Hoosier girl and could have won all Hebe's money in the game of health and youth without buying a second stack. Green? Of course she was. There was no need for her to stand in the mud to sprout. She could have sprouted as she ran.

"Come in," said I, with true lawyer unctuous, "and take chairs." The girl victim sat down near me and took the baby from the man. Then he glances at her, and after many elephantine evolutions sat down with all the ease and grace of an overgrown young kangaroo. When all was quiet, the baby turned toward me, smiled and cooed. Immediately the victim business was forgotten and I was floating fathoms high in the sweet azure sea of babyland, for in all the siren repertoire, there is no music so enticing as a baby's coo.

But I was called to earth again by the voice of the girl victim, asking, "Be you a lawyer?" "That is the assumption," I answered. She looked at me wonderingly, then to the man victim. He shook his head as if to say he did not know who was talking about, so, after a moment's hesitation, she repeated, "Be you a lawyer?" "Yes, What can I do for you?" I answered.

She sighed; her eyes showed signs of coming tears, but she controlled herself and said, "He's in a heap 'o' trouble." "I am sorry," I returned. "What is it?" "Well," answered the Dumpling, "he plays the fife, you know. Hain't you ever heard of his fife?" "I believe not," I answered. "What is the name, please?" "His'n or mine?" she asked. "Both," I suggested. "Are not you his wife?"

A look of mild reproach and a tender glance toward baby answered my question. Then she turned to the man victim, saying, "I told you we orter 'a' fetched the stiffate." "The what?" I asked. "The stiffate, the preacher give us when we got married," she replied. "No, no. That's not at all necessary," I said. "Tell me about your troubles."

She took a long breath, shifted the baby, and began: "Well, he plays the fife the most beautiful like! He had a fife—No. 174. Oliver Ditson's best. Got it at Carlin & Lenox's to Indiana—seven fifty. But he'll never play it again."

"Tell me your names, please, and where do you live?" I asked. "His name is Joe Parrs. Mine is Mary Parrs. Baby's name was Fife, but since the fife got us into all this here trouble we changed it, and now her name's Mandolin Parrs. We live six miles north of Lincoln Brooks's farm. He's a-clearin' woods land for Lincoln. We built a log house in the woods and we was so happy, but now the fife's gone and—"

"Yes, yes, of course I have," I answered. "I reckoned you had," she rejoined. "Nearly every one has. Even the President of the United States has heard of him, and that's what's made all this here trouble."

Tears choked her voice, and she nodded to the man victim, saying between her sobs, "Show it to him." The man drew forth a letter and handed it to me. The victims watched me intently. The sobbing stopped and even the baby sat up and took particular notice. The letter was written on a letter-head of the sheriff of the county, and was as follows:

"Mr. Joe Parrs: "Take notice that you are to be at the court house next Wednesday morning at nine o'clock. I've heard of your fifeing. Your country needs you to lead her armies against the Spaniards. You will be in the front rank, where the bullets fly thickest, but you hain't afraid to die for your country. Bring your fife, No. 174, Oliver Ditson's best, ten-fifty. If you ain't there you'll be hung."

"Yours truly, "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

When I had finished reading the letter aloud, the girl victim almost threw the baby to the floor and falling to her knees, flung her arms around the man's neck, weeping as if her heart would break. He stealthily kissed her hair, patted her shoulder caressingly, and lifted her, oh so tenderly to her chair. One could easily see that the real sting for him in all this trouble was the pain it brought to her. Self had no part in what he felt. Spanish bullets had not terror for him, and fear of losing his life, I felt sure had given him no concern. Dumping and baby were his life, and their pain was his agony. He told me all this most convincingly without speaking a word.

"Oh, I can't let him go," she sobbed. "I'd rather give up the baby a thousand times. I'll die. I know I'll die, if they take him to the war. Please, mister, please help us!"

Now it so happened that Brooks, on whose farm the Parrs lived, was an acquaintance of mine. He was a rollicking young blade of the Brom Bones type, and was a great practical joker. Although he considered himself very "smart," he was quite as gullible in many respects as the poor suffering victims before me. I knew at once that Brooks had purloined a letter-head from the sheriff's office and had perpetrated the cruel joke. I knew also that I could not relieve the men's anguish of my interesting victims by telling them that their trouble was all the result of a joke. So I took a little time to think.

"When did you get the letter?" I asked. "Yesterday afternoon," the Dumpling replied. "What did you do when you got it?" "He read it. I can't read," she answered, casting down her eyes for a moment. "Have you spoken to any one about it?" I asked.

"No, no, we was afraid," she replied. "We waited till after dark, and then we went out to a big gum stump over by the road, and I made him bust up the fife with an axe and leave the pieces on the stump. Then we went home and I cried all night. He tried to keep me from cryin'." He's powerful good to me. He's a powerful good man. His father was a preacher down in old Posey."

The last statement doubtless saved Joe's life from Spanish bullets, for it furnished me a definite plan of defence. "You say his father was a preacher?" I asked seriously. "Yes, sir," she sobbed. "A Baptist preacher down in old Posey."

"Well I'm glad you told me," I responded, "for now I can easily get you out of your trouble. Preachers' sons are exempt from military duty."

She reached his hand and gave him a look such as many a man never receives. Then she snatched the baby from the floor, hugged it to her breast, and kissed it passionately. Baby had come to its own again. Mother love had returned. "Are you sure?" she asked. "Absolutely sure," I answered. "Here is the law, I'll show it to you."

I knew that her respect for a law-book would be in proportion to its size, so I took down Webster's International Dictionary and read the law exempting preachers' sons. More than that I showed her the law, though I did not show it to him. He could read. He did not ask to see the law. In truth, he had not spoken a word, and I was beginning to think I had caught a dumb victim. But the Dumpling was talkative enough for both, and the baby was constantly wanting to break into the conversation with its coo.

"Yes," I continued. "I'll telegraph the President, informing him that your husband is the son of a preacher. He didn't know it, or he would not have written this letter. Now, you go home. Don't worry, and come back the day after tomorrow."

They rose to go. She placed the baby in the man's arms, laughed softly, turned to me and smiled. The baby cooed its thanks and I pocketed the sweet little fee, tucking it away in my memory, never to be forgotten. I sent a messenger to Brooks, telling him to come to my office the next morning early on important business. I had letters written on White House stationery so I caused the original of one to be erased, and in its place wrote the following: "Mr. Attorney at Law, "DEAR SIR: "I just received a telegram stating that one Lincoln Brooks has forged my name in a letter to one Joe Parrs. To forge the name of a private citizen carries with it imprisonment. To forge the name of the President of the United States, as you know, is treason and the punishment is death. Please investigate this matter for me and report."

Very truly yours, "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

The next morning Brooks offered to deed me one of his farms if I saved him. That morning edition of Brom Bones perspired more in ten minutes than in all the preceding years of his life put together. He swore, he groaned, he begged, but through it all I heard only the Dumpling's soft glad laugh and baby's coo. I said haltingly: "I think I have a plan that may save you. We must induce Parrs to authorize me to destroy the letter. Then there will be no evidence against you. But you must not speak to Parrs about the letter, for that would be admitting that you had written it, and no power on earth could save you from hanging. But I believe that if we can get Parrs in a good humor, I can persuade him to let me destroy the letter."

"Never mind about that now," I interrupted. "You go to Carlin & Lenox and get a fife, No. 174, Oliver Ditson's best—cost, seven-fifty. Bring it back this evening. Wrap it in banknotes if you want to, and late tonight place it on the gum stump where Parrs broke up his fife. When you leave the new fife, be careful to collect all the pieces of the old one and take them away. Parrs will find what you leave, and I feel sure he will permit me to destroy the letter, and you will be saved."

Brooks lost no time, and that night the fife was lying on the gum stump wrapped in twenty-dollar bills. Brooks wanted to be sure that the bills were large enough to serve their purpose. The next morning my victims returned as directed. When they entered the door, Joe's face was like the sun. The Dumpling's eyes were like great brown joyful stars, and the baby—well, the baby was the sweetest little asteroid you ever saw.

"We found the fife on the gum stump this morning!" cried the Dumpling, almost breathless with joy, "and it was wrapped in money, too. We went out to get the silver bands, and there it was, whole and good as ever again!"

"Yes, and I may tell after from the President, apologizing for having tried to draft a preacher's son," said I. Then I read to her the President's letter, and proved the truth of my reading by showing her the writing, though I was careful to hold it well away from sight.

"How do you suppose the fife came to be on the stump?" I asked. "Lordec! Don't ask me!" she answered, laughing and damping in a manner which I think is really criminal and should not be allowed in public.

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"Do you want to hear him play?" "I would be delighted," I answered. She nodded to him. He drew out Fife No. 174, Oliver Ditson's best—seven-fifty and after elaborately moistening his lips, gave me his repertoire from "Dixie" to "The Mockin' Bird." In the second never equalled by any fife, living or dead, if one might judge of the performance by the joy it gave the Dumpling.

When the recital was over, Dumping, who seemed to be the purser, got out her money and offered to pay me. "I can't do it, no, I don't want you to pay me in money." Her face grew brighter, the dimples became positively criminal again, and she certainly was as entrancing as it is possible for even a Dumpling to be, as she said.

"Well, we thank you a heap, for you got us out of an awful trouble, and we'll be mighty glad to pay you any way we can." Then I said, "I just want you to let me kiss the baby."

"Dumping looked upon the request in the light of a noble obligation rather than a payment. Silent Joe remained silent. Baby cooed its eagerness to pay the family debt. So I took my fee. "As my victims were leaving the office I asked again, "How do you suppose the fife came to be on the gum stump?"

Dumpling shook her head and looked musingly out the door. Silent Joe turned to me, smiled the only smile I ever saw on his face, exhibited the only twinkle of mirth I ever saw in his eyes, and said, "He'll feel him think of one word 'Brooks'."

This silent Joe passed out of my life, I never having heard him utter a word. As they were going out through the doorway, baby smiled back to me over Silent Joe's shoulder and said "goodby" as best it could in a series of smile-wreathed coos. The sort that makes a man just want to go out and corner the whole baby-market and have them all for his own.

Then I sat down by the window and was foolish enough to be as happy as if I had had a real cash victim. Green? Not a cent of heart and pure of purpose. Green? Yes, but honest of soul and strong in an unconscious striving for the right. Yes, but of such is at least one variety of the salt of the earth, found in all varieties, and as common as eyebrows, in every niche and corner of the home of Ben-Hur and the land of "The Old Swimm'n' Hole."—By Charles Major.

A tree in the orchard begins to droop, its leaves begin to wither. There's no apparent injury to the tree, no visible parasite preying on its life. But the tree keeps on failing, at length the farmer digs around it, he loosens the soil at the roots, and in digging he comes on a great flat stone, which had cut the tree off from proper nourishment. When the stone is taken away the tree regains its original beauty and strength. Women fail and droop sometimes. There's no apparent cause. They take care of themselves but in spite of all they droop daily. They begin to think the cause must be within them and hidden. When, in this condition, they turn to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the result is almost always a complete cure. "Favorite Prescription" searches out and removes all obstructions to woman's health. It not only heals the local organs but enriches the whole body.

Peat and Coal. Coal is fossil peat. The peat bogs of today may be seen in some of the geological age. The Germans contend that there is strict parallelism between the different kinds of peat and of coal. When the remains of plants collect under terrestrial conditions an ordinary peat bog is formed. This corresponds with "bright" coal, the remains collect underwater an organic slime is formed and this corresponds with "dull," or cannel, coal. When terrestrial and aquatic conditions have alternated during the collection of the remains "strata peat" results, and this corresponds with coal deposits consisting of alternate layers of bright and dull coal. The chemical and physical properties of the various kinds of peat and coal show a similar correspondence.

Archimedes said, "Give me a fulcrum for my lever and I will move the world." Nature, like Archimedes, demands a fulcrum for her lever. She will lift the sick up to health, move mountains of disease, but she must have a fulcrum for the lever to help. That fulcrum is just what is supplied in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. No medicine can help the sick which does not work with Nature. That medicine is most helpful which most readily lends itself to Nature's use. Golden Medical Discovery works with Nature, by removing the obstructions from her way, by "making her paths straight," and enabling her to work her healing without let or hindrance.

Real Estate Transfers.

Ira C. Harpster to George E. Rider, 8 acres of land in Half Moon Twp.; \$48.37.

John L. Holmes et al to Irvin L. Foster tract of land in Ferguson Twp.; \$250.

Robert Cook et ux to Matthew Rodgers, Jr., 450 acres of land in Howard Twp.; \$800.

Mary Ellen Bryan et bar to Andrew Curtin Bryan, 35 acres of land in Taylor Twp.;

Mary J. Peeling et al to H. F. Kessinger, tract of land in Liberty Twp.; \$60.

Henry A. Garner admr to Daniel Garner, 83 acres of land in Ferguson Twp.; \$3200.

John Workman et ux to William J. McHugh, trustee, 2 acres of land in Walker Twp.; \$275.

Cyrus Gordon et ux to William J. McHugh trustee, 10 acres of land in Walker Twp.; \$1250.

Isaac Strunk et ux to William J. McHugh trustee, 20 acres of land in Walker Twp.; \$1500.

Fred M. Rogers et ux to Julius H. Seibert, 325 acres of land in Snow Shoe Twp.; \$100.

Kate A. Rogers et bar to Julius H. Seibert, 400 acres of land in Snow Shoe Twp.; \$100.

Kate A. Rogers et bar to Julius H. Seibert, 300 acres of land in Snow Shoe Twp.; \$100.

Zachias Fulton to Emma May Fulton, tract of land in Philipsburg; \$1.

John F. Beck, 51 acres of land in Miles Twp.; \$1.

Benjamin Beck et ux to John F. Beck, 51 acres of land in Miles Twp.; \$1.

Harry Fulton et ux to Zachias Fulton, house and lot in Philipsburg; \$1.

Bees as Incubators. An ingenious American, while tending his bees in an ordinary beehive, noticed one day when handling a swarm that the temperature within the hive appeared to be similar to that in his incubator.

He thereupon put the matter to the test by means of the thermometer, and found that his senses had guided him aright. It then occurred to him, he says, that he might combine the industries of honey-making and egg-hatching, and make the superfluous warmth from the one provide the necessary temperature for the other. He placed twenty eggs in the upper portion of the hive and separated them from the working apartments of the bees by means of a cotton cloth. The eggs were further protected by cushions made from a quilt, and were left in their unique position for the requisite number of days. The American says that eighteen of the twenty eggs hatched out.

It is never too late to do right, but sometimes it is uncomfortable. Smart women have decreed that the stiff frill must go.

"AND MY WIFE, ROSIE," TOO

Bridegroom Who Had Forgotten to Register His New Better Half Quickly Makes Amends.

In splick and span raiment, carrying each a new suit case and a timid expression, they entered the Hotel Narragansett and inquired the way unhesitatingly to the desk, says the Providence Journal.

Spraying a kernel of rice on the youth's hat brim, the clerk smiled covertly, whirled the register with an encouraging flourish and placed the inked pen in the nervous hand. "John B., New Bedford, Mass.," wrote the youth, pushed back his hat, upset the kernel of rice and wiped his beaded brow.

"But, er—the lady?" inquired the clerk soothingly. "She's my wife," quoth the youth, straightening up, bristling. "She ought to be registered," advised the clerk thoughtfully. "Ain't you put me down?" the lady murmured, looking over the youth's shoulder.

"O, sure, I—I forgot. Gimme the pen," said the youth, quickly. Whereupon he smiled and wrote: "And my wife, Rosie."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT. A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men back to religion.—Bacon.

Just at present the return of the straight lace trimmed jabot, that was in vogue for so many years, is predicted.

Pleated tulle jabots are also candidates, but they are not practical, although usually most becoming.

The simple bodice, with the low shoulder finished by a wide hem and the full-length close-fitting sleeves attached to the lining of the bodice, is a feature of some of the newest frocks, although the majority of gowns show the elbow-length peasant sleeve such as we have worn for some time past.

This sleeve and the modified peasant sleeve will undoubtedly be worn during the summer. The skirts of all semi-dressy frocks escape the ground all around and are as narrow as ever. They are made either quite simple and trimmed with a row of ball buttons down the entire length of the front, a smart new feature, or they have the knee-deep tunic.

Foreign fashion tendencies and Paris forecasts especially, strongly indicate another long-glove season, says the Dry Goods Economist. The waists, dresses and costumes which are now being turned out by our home manufacturers also point to a season of short sleeves and which will grow more especially the latter.

There is not much likelihood that there will be a scarcity in wrist-length fabric gloves unless it be in the finger tip black silks. While another white season is anticipated, nevertheless a fair proportion of colors will be required, these being largely of the shades which are classed as masticque, biscuit, pongee, gold, khaki and light tans. Navys, also, will be in request with the usual evening shades.

Elbow sleeves, not being worn in the daytime, undersleeves have to be added to last year's gowns, and these are generally made of self-colored chiffon. The low-cut kimono should be filled in with a net underfoot, with high collar band.

Evening dresses may be renovated by overdraping them on the cross in front with some thin fabric. The choice is large, from net to chiffon. White satin can be draped with black most effectively, and contrasting colored tunics, whether in satin or thin fabrics, are certainly the mode. Lace overdresses bordered with fur transform an evening dress and one for demi-toilette.

It is not necessary to be an expert needlewoman to do some of the beautiful work that we find in the homes of today. The shops are filled with lovely cushion covers, tablecovers and centrepieces. There are also aprons for chafing dish parties or for embroidery, with a pocket to hold the needle.

Of late years dress patterns cut and ready to work. One finds new stitches coming up every season and new work introduced. It is not one of the passing fads, but an art that has come to stay with us.

Every woman loves to hold a pretty piece of embroidery in her hands. She can entertain a friend even while she is working out some pretty device. She may do beaded work and still she would be embroidering, for that is one of the present-day methods of decorative art.

The punch work and the eyelet holds its own. There is nothing daintier than the open work embroidery. It has a rich tone to it and is old-fashioned enough to be stylish. At all events it is very effective.

The cross stitch work offers an opportunity to the young girl to decorate her room beautifully. There are the prettiest models of sofa cushions to be done in cross stitch. There are wreaths of roses and also scroll designs which are simpler still. However, one has merely to follow the cross and do the work evenly and any young woman can do this. The work looks like the work of the old samples when it is done in the soft pretty colors, so much in vogue at present for embroidery.

Towels are always done in cross stitch by the woman who has little time for embroidery, and many times she prefers it. There is nothing readier or more serviceable than this mode of embroidery for the towel, which is laundered so often.

In every woman's magazine today we find a page or two devoted to the latest embroidery notions. It only shows how very important a feature it is of the woman's life. She teaches her children the different stitches, just as she would teach them to hem or run a straight seam. If you are never obliged to be your own dressmaker you will at least enjoy doing your own embroidery for the centre table or a handsome white cut workpiece of embroidery for a centre-table on your dinner table.

There are now handsome embroidered tablecovers done on the Japanese linen. Some of them have the cherry blossom, others have the snowball pattern, but all are lovely and the white embroidery on the yellowish linen so sheer and fine is very attractive. One woman of fashion bought one of these embroidered tablecovers and paid \$150 for it. She had the cover cleaned instead of washed to preclude the possibility of losing its texture and the yellow color of the cloth.

Another lady bought the small covers for her tea tables and served afternoon tea on these expensive and handsome little embroidered cloths. The monogram for tablecloths and hemstitching is alone elegant and considered quite enough work, for the life of a tablecloth is not long if it is used frequently.

FARM NOTES.

—Keep a little gas-tar on hand and apply it for scaly legs. —Never whip a horse when he shies. It will increase his fear.

—Don't let the cows out in the storms to stand around. It doesn't pay. —In fitting horses for hard work increase the grain ration but not the hay.

—February hatched chicks are apt to molt in the fall, and will not be worth anything for egg production in winter. —Horses are very fond of a variety, and fussing always pays in the better condition and greater usefulness of the horse.

—It is best to reduce the milk producing food, so that a mature cow will dry rest for a month to six weeks before calving. —Take care that none of the soapy water from the house gets into the milk fed the hogs. Almost sure to cause bowel troubles.

—Turkeys more than any other poultry seem to require fresh air. They will roost in trees during a snow-storm and not seem to mind it a bit. —Forcing laying hens with stimulants of any kind, except those nature supplies in good food, is a dangerous and costly process in the long run.

—Ground oats, wheat bran and a little oilmeal, together with some alfalfa or clover hay, will keep the brood sows from becoming feverish. —The first milk of the cow is of a peculiar character—called colostrum—acting as a purgative, and this puts the bowels of the young calf in perfect working condition.

—The sheep know their master's voice —there is no doubt about that; but it is more important to know what they do when they hear it—whether they flee in fear or come with expectancy. —If a young pig becomes chilled, take it to the house and plunge it in warm water (as hot as you can bear your hand) several times, and then wrap in warm flannel and put in warm place.

—Soak stale bread in sweet skim-milk, press out the milk as completely as possible, and feed the chicks. Also keep coarse sand before them; without it the chicks can not grind their food. —Sheep, like other animals, are creatures of habit, and should always be handled by the same attendant, who should be among them gently and give notice of his approach by speaking to the flock.

—When a stormy day comes, spend a few hours looking over the garden seeds for the coming season. See that they are not being affected by dampness nor by excessive heat. The mice may be helping themselves. —One of the biggest mistakes farmers make is in scrimping themselves on the amount of grass-seed sown to the acre. Of late years seed has been high, and the tendency has been to sow less than was needed to bring a good crop. Better save some where else.

—The farmer has one thing in his favor, what he knows he knows. There is no chance for a bluff in tilling the soil. Everything shows right up for just what it is worth. If he is a success he cannot hide the fact, and if he is a failure the neighbors are quick to know the particulars. —Before planting any large quantity of small grain, grass or clover seed, send a sample to your state experiment station for examination. The seeds of many noxious plants are to be found in impure and unreliable seeds. It is far easier to do this than to eradicate some pestiferous weed that obtains a firm foothold on your farm.

—Early rhubarb can be grown in any ordinary cellar, thus; When a thaw comes dig up one or more rhubarb clumps from the garden, with considerable soil clinging to the roots, and put them on the cellar floor; the warmer the cellar the sooner growth will begin. Give them a little water occasionally, and await results. Light does not seem to be necessary, for the stalks grow all right in even a dark place.

—Put some oats in a box that will not leak; wet them thoroughly with warm water, cover them well, let them stand one whole day, then turn them into a box that does leak. Keep putting warm water on them morning and night till sprouts are well started. Spread them out thinly, moisten more, and keep this up till the sprouts are of the required length. Some folk let them grow a foot long. No finer feast for the birds than oat sprouts.

—Thousands of dollars are wasted in commercial fertilizer every year, not because the fertilizer is not all right, but because we do not know whether the kind we use is the kind our land needs. It is a great study and one that we should make for ourselves. Make some simple experiments this year. Put in a strip with the fertilizer you have been in the habit of using, and just beside it another without it. This will be worth a great deal more to you than the opinion of some interested agent.

—Hens will soon be bringing good prices, and the high price will tempt many farmers to sell their hens off too closely. It will pay the average farmer to keep a goodly number of hens the year around. When hatching time comes, if incubators and brooders are not used, it takes several hens to do the work of hatching and rearing the chicks, and we like to have enough others to keep the egg-basket filled. Eggs to sell every week means a small bill at the grocery. Can't have the eggs unless we hold enough hens.

—The roller for breaking snow paths has been found one of the great devices to smooth and give open traffic on country thoroughfares. When farmers union in breaking out roads, two good results are achieved: The roads are made good in short order and, better still, the roads between hearts are improved and made pleasant. Union and cooperation are great factors in bringing in friendly relationship. Cooperative working, selling or buying is often the beginning of a broader, freer, more neighborly life in a community. It leads to doing things for the other fellow, and this never hurts the human heart. We are all prone to narrow into ourselves too much. If your community life is at low ebb, call the neighbors together and form a union for some purpose.—From Farm Journal.